

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

1881.



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LONDON: NATIONAL TEMPERANCE PUBLICATION LEAGUE DEPOT, 337, STRAND;
F. PITMAN, 20, PATERNOSTER ROW.

EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER. By S. Knowles.

15 Nos., 1d. each; First 12 in 2 Parts, 6d. each; or in 1 vol., 1s. Others preparing.

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No Land Compares with Ours.
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The Drunkard's Boy.
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Three Girls

THE
 **BAND OF**  **HOPE**

TREASURY.

1881.

Paper cover, 6d. ; Boards, 9d. ; Cloth, 1/4.

*** A few of former years on sale.*

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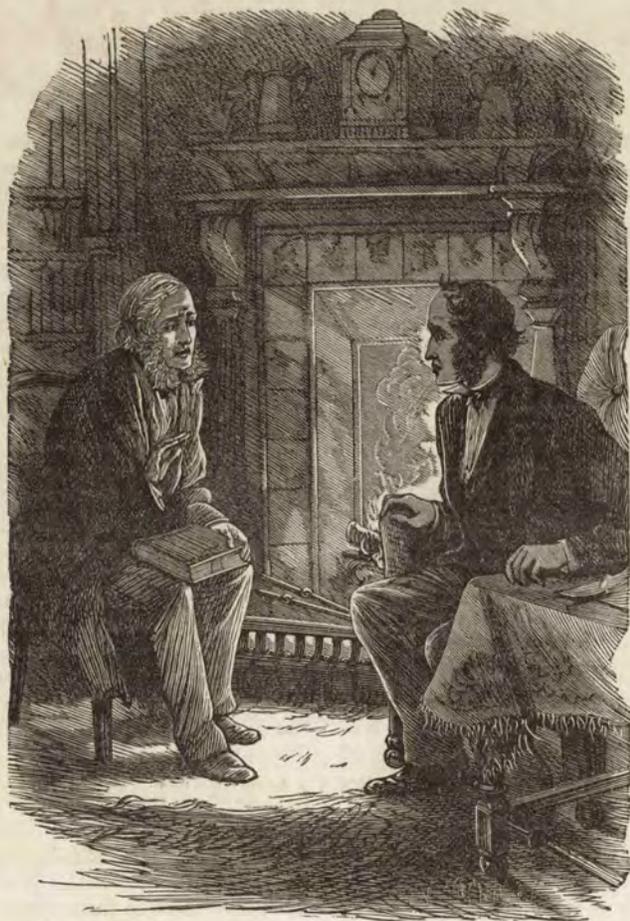
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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 133, January, 1881.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



BETTER OFF (?)

21/16

BETTER OFF(?)

MR. MANBY was not superstitious, but he was nevertheless a little startled by this singular apparition which had come he knew not whence, and entered the room he knew not how. He had just overcome his surprise, and was about to question the intruder, when the visitor, seating himself at one side of the fireplace, and resting the great book upon his knee and his hands upon the book, looked Mr. Manby steadily in the face, with a gaze that stopped the question which was proceeding from the merchant's half-opened lips.

"You thought to be alone this evening, John Manby, and I see I am not welcome; but I think you will excuse my intrusion when you know my errand."

"Who are you?"

"A friend."

"I never saw you before."

"You are right in saying that you have never seen me before, and perhaps you would not have seen me now but for two words which I heard you speak a few minutes ago."

"Indeed! What were they?"

"Better off!"

"What then? Why should they have brought you here?"

"They are not true!"

"But they are true. You say you have known me all my life; now, if you had known me twenty years ago, you would never say that I am not better off now than I was then."

"It is just because I knew you twenty years ago that I do say so. You keep a diary?"

"Well, yes, in a way."

"So do I—a diary about you. It is fuller than yours. I have never neglected to write it up, and I have set down a great

deal that you have never thought of. In keeping this diary I have no interest to serve but yours, and if I tell you something of what is in it, it will be that you may be what you think you are—better off. Here," pointing to the book upon his knee, "is one volume of it, and if you would like you shall look into it presently."

* * * *

"I am here to warn you that you are NOT better off than you were three-and-twenty years ago, but a great deal worse off. If the troubles of three-and-twenty years ago were now to come upon you you could not bear them. Three-and-twenty years ago you felt that God was with you, you told Him everything, and were never so happy as when doing this. You had a Bible that was a reality to you—a light in your darkness, a friend, a helper. You had a joy in the worship of God, and in the companionship of good people, which often made you forget both poverty and sorrow. You had friends like Peter Norton, whose coming brought heaven into your house, and whose company brought you nearer to heaven and God. All these you have lost, or nearly so, and what have you got in their place? You have got this comfortable house, a flourishing business, plenty of money for your need, and plenty to leave behind you; a position in the world, and honour amongst men. . . . These are all good things; not a word say I against them. The question is, are they better things than those you are giving up as the price of them? You are not a young man, John Manby, and the years fly more rapidly with you now-a-days. The past twenty-three years you say appear as nothing; twenty-three years hence where will you be? Long before then, in all probability, you will want what you

had twenty-three years ago. Shall you think yourself 'better off' if not one of these things is left to you, provided you can say, 'I die worth £30,000?' When that time comes will you be 'better off' without such friends as Peter Norton, provided you have such as those who wouldn't visit you so long as you went to church, and whom you now prize so much? Will they come and do better for you, think you, than old Peter did when little Bessie died? Three-and-twenty years ago you had a poor home on earth, but you were intensely happy when you thought of the good home in heaven. To-night you have a good home here, but you don't care much about the home yonder—and yet you say you are 'better off.' Forgive my intrusion, I want you to be better off, and God wants it."—*Mr. Manby's Midnight Visitor,* by Rev. W. O. Preston. Price 1/6.

THE SONG OF THE DRINK.

This beautiful poem, after the model of the "Song of the Shirt," is by an Irish lady.

WITH a voice that was hoarse and low,

Then shrill as the night winds shriek,

A woman, weary with want and woe,

Wan, and worn, and weak.

A woman sang this song;

Oh, that into men's hearts it would sink!

This song of anguish, and ruin and wrong,
She sang this song of the drink.

A skeleton hung with rags,

In the glare of the gin-shop's light,

She sat on the city's pitiless flags,

In the cold of the Winter's night;

She sat with his head in her lap,

Of what a man once had been,

That with her poor tatters she tried to wrap,

To cover, and hide, and screen.

A thing in muddy rags clad,
That lay dead drunk in the sink.

She sang—I think she was mad—

She sang this song of the drink:

Drink, drink, drink,

While there's a penny to spend,

Drink, drink, drink,

While pawn-shops a penny will lend.

Gin, and brandy, and rum,

Rum, and brandy, and gin,

Till the eyes are blind, and the tongue is dumb,

And the heart is corrupt within.

O men, with souls to be saved,

O men, drawing living breath,

It is not liquor alone you're pouring out,

But misery, ruin, and death.

Drink, drink, drink,

O, drink-sellers, out you dole,

With hands that won't shrink, while ever coins clink,

Destruction to body and soul;

Destruction! but why do I talk

To you and the like? I think

If the devil would there to your counter walk,

You'd still go on selling drink.

He'd look so like yourselves,

We'd hardly know which was which,

With your plate-glass, and gas, and mahogany shelves,

And souls damned that you may be rich.

Drink, drink, drink,

He is always drinking now,

And I must slave, for the price he'll have

Of the drink, no matter how.

And I must famish and starve,

Must beg or steal, or worse;

Though I am his wife, he'd have my life

If I hadn't the price of the curse.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,

Until I am ready to sink;

With weary feet, and nothing to eat,

And all to get money for drink.

Rum, and whisky, and gin,
 Gin, and whisky, and rum,
 No bed, no bread, no roof to my head,
 And I wish the end was come;
 And oh! that the drink is cheap,
 And so cruel and easy to find;
 And oh! is there no way men to keep
 From what drives them out of their
 mind.

From what drives them raging mad,
 And makes them devils—not men?
 For when he's sober he's not that bad,
 And he swears he'll not drink again.
 And oh! for the days gone by,
 Before he took to the drink,
 When he was happy, and so was I,
 'Twas just like heaven, I think.

I think so now, at least,
 For then we had food and clothes;
 Now look at him lying there like a beast,
 And I'm black and blue from his blows.
 Blows, and curses, and kicks,
 Kicks, and curses, and blows,
 A curse to drink sticks with its devilish
 tricks,
 And how it will end, God knows.

I think he will have my life—
 'Tis often he says he will;
 And I'm tired of the labour, and hunger
 and strife,
 There's not much of me left to kill.
 For oh! drink killed the best
 Of me—body, and heart, and soul—
 When it killed the innocent babe at my
 breast,
 And my brain was a burning coal.

When I think of my baby child—
 Her eyes, her laugh, her smiles—
 Again I go raving wild,
 Again my brain madly whirls.
 I never, oh, never will
 Forget the blow, the oath;
 I see it all still, till I think I could kill
 Him, or myself, or both.

But it's thankful I ought to be; glad
 That she's safe with the Lord in heaven;
 For she'd only be wretched like me, or bad,
 To sin by suffering driven—
 Driven by hunger to sell
 Body and soul for bread.
 There's nothing so well as drink helps
 them to hell;
 Thank God, my baby is dead.

Sin, and sorrow, and shame,
 Shame, and sorrow, and sin,
 And the cause and the blame is ever the
 same—
 Whisky, and brandy, and gin.
 The devil's best work is done
 For ever and evermore,
 Of all the places under the sun,
 Inside the dram-shop's door.

A BAND OF HOPE HERO.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

I KNEW a flaxen-headed boy,
 A noble lad was he,
 Though he had scarce eight summers seen,
 He acted manfully.

At home, at school, or at his play,
 He always proved the same,
 Ready to help, and ever kind,
 He won a hero's name.

He'd take the part of lesser boys,
 And aided the oppressed;
 With love and kindness in his tone,
 He every one addressed.

A member of the Band of Hope,
 He others tried to gain,
 And in the Sabbath School he sought
 Pure knowledge to attain.

'Twas nigh unto the Christmastide,
 Misfortune him befel,
 When drawing water from a well,
 He to the bottom fell.

When taken up, and nearly drowned,
 Almost of life deprived,
 Some one a drop of brandy fetched,
 That he might be revived.

But when 'twas placed unto his lips,
 Although he could not speak,
 He kept his teeth securely closed,
 Lest he the pledge might break.

In vain they tried to make him drink,
 As senses quickly came;
 "I will not take it!" he exclaimed,
 Although they tried again.

His wet clothes taken off with speed,
 He soon resumed his play,—
 A hero of the Temperance cause,—
 A victor true that day.

He thus a noble victory gained
 O'er England's greatest foe—
 Strong Drink—the curse of every land—
 The source of many a woe.

May Band of Hope boys everywhere,
 And Band of Hope girls too,
 Take this example as their guide,
 To crush the deadly foe.

THE ENEMY IN THE GATE.

BY JANET HAMILTON.

NAY, all this availeth thee nothing—
 Thy prestige, thy power, and estate,
 Thy glory, honour, and riches;
 An enemy sits in the gate.
 Thy place 'mong the nations is highest;
 Britannia, thou sitt'st as a Queen;
 Unequalled in commerce—in warfare
 Unrivall'd thy conquests have been.

The seed of the Word ever sowing,
 Thou toilest still early and late;
 Yet all this availeth thee nothing,
 Thy enemy sits in the gate.
 Thy charities great and abundant
 Relief to the needy dispense:

To open the portals of knowledge,
 Unsparing of time and expense.

Yet all this availeth thee nothing—
 Thy commerce, thy conquests, and state,
 Thy charities, teachings, and sowings,
 Thy enemy sits in the gate.
 For in thee for ever abideth
 A demon most potent and fell,
 The land is bestrewn with his victims,
 His slain, who their numbers may tell?

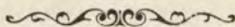
The cup of deep anguish he brimmeth,
 For parents bemoaning the fate
 Of sons in the clutch of the demon,
 Who sits evermore in the gate.
 The wife often steepeth her pillow
 With tears, as she listens by night
 The voice and the tread of the demon,
 Whose breath sheddeth cursing and
 blight.

He filleth the gaol and the workhouse
 With numbers astounding and great;
 He feedeth the hulks and the gibbet,
 And still he sits fast in the gate.
 On children, pale, ragged and famish'd,
 He blows with his pestilent breath,
 They wither, and wander in darkness,
 And pine in the shadows of death.

We struggle to vanquish the demon,
 To banish him forth from the State,
 To save from perdition his victims,
 But still he sits fast in the gate.
 So all this availeth us nothing,
 While revenue coffers he fills
 With gold, from his fiery alembics,
 Distillery coppers and stills.

Avant thee! dread Demon, avant thee!
 Too long we have courted our fate,
 Drunk deep of thy cup of enchantment,
 And, perishing, fell in the gate.
 Britannia, who lately deliver'd
 The captives of dark Theodore,
 Has captives by thousands in bondage,
 The captives of Drink, on her shore.

FATHER, SIGN THE PLEDGE TO-NIGHT.



J. H. FILMORE.

KEY F \sharp | m : - m | f . m : r . d | l , : - | - : | s , : - d | t , . d : f . m | r : - | - : |

Fa - ther, sign the pledge to-night, Grant but this re-quest to me!

| m : - m | f . m : r . d | l , : - | - : | s , : - d | d . t , : m . r | d : - | - : |

If you on-ly would, pa - pa, Oh, how glad my heart would be!

| r : - r | m . r : d e . r | s : - | - : | f e : - m | r . d : l . r | t , : - | - : |

With me to the meet-ing go, Oh, how nice it will be there!

| r : -r | m . r : de . r | s : - | - : | f : - . m | r . r : m . fe | s : - | - : |
 Go and sign the pledge, pa-pa, And the bon-ny rib-bon wear.

CHORUS.

Fa - ther, sign the pledge to - night, Grant but this re - quest to me!
 { s : - . s | s . s : l . s | s : - | - : | m : - . m | s . s : f . m r : - | - : |
 t₁ : - . t₁ | t₁ . t₁ : t₁ . t₁ | d : - | - : | d : - . d | d . d : s₁ . d t₁ : - | - : |
 f : - . f | f . f : f . f | m : - | - : | s : - . s | s . s : s . s | s : - | - : |
 s₁ : - . s₁ | s₁ . s₁ : s₁ . s₁ | d : - | - : | d : - . d | m . m : r . d s₁ : - | - : |

RIT.

If you on - ly would, pa - pa, Oh, how glad my heart would be!
 { m : - . m | f . m : r . d | l₁ : - | - : f | s₁ : - . d | d t₁ : m . r d : - | - : |
 d : - . d | d . d : s₁ . s₁ | l₁ : - | - : | s₁ : - . s₁ | s . s₁ : t₁ . s₁ | s₁ : - | - : |
 s : - . t | l . s : f . m | f : - | - : d | m : - . m | m . r : s . f | m : - | - : |
 d : - . d | d . d : d . d | f₁ : - | - : | s₁ : - . s₁ | s₁ . s₁ : s₁ . s₁ | d : - | - : |

2 Father, sign the pledge to-night,
 For the sake of poor mama!
 How her heart would leap for joy,
 If you only would, papa!
 Others have their names put down,
 More to-night will take the vow,
 Say that you will take it too:
 Promise me, dear father, now.
 Father, sign the pledge to-night, &c.

3 Father, sign the pledge to-night,
 Do not wait another day;
 If you only would, papa,
 How our griefs would fly away!
 With me to the meeting go,
 Oh, how nice it will be there!
 Go and sign the pledge, papa,
 And the bonny ribbon wear.
 Father, sign the pledge to-night, &c.

A SILLY SET!

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS.

BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," ETC., ETC.

Enter Maude, in walking dress, intently reading a book. Annie enters from opposite side of platform, and almost runs against Maude.

Annie.

MELL, I do declare, if it isn't Maude Makin!

Maude. Well, I do declare, if it isn't Annie Walker!

A. What a time it must be since we last saw each other! How are you, dear Maude?

M. I am very well, thank you; I don't think you are looking so well as when I saw you last—have you been ill, Annie?

A. Yes; I have been very ill—almost at death's door. It is only a few weeks since I returned from the sea-side; and even now I don't feel very strong. You are looking well!

M. Yes; I have nothing to complain about—a head-ache now and then, that is all.

A. No wonder you have head-aches, poring over books as you do. Why, the very last time I met you, you were so buried in a book that I had to rouse you up before you saw me; and just now I almost ran against you. You surely must be studying for M.D., or perhaps for the "bar"—you would make a handsome "bar-maid."

M. (*laughing.*) Nothing of the sort, Annie. I suppose ladies do study medicine, but I don't think we have got so far as the law yet.

A. Then what were you so intent on when I met you just now?

M. I am learning a piece of poetry to recite at one of our Band of Hope Meetings. We are going to have our Annual Tea Meeting, and I am anxious to acquit myself decently on that occasion.

A. Why, are you a Band of Hoper?

M. Yes; of course, I am. Aren't you?

A. Me! Not I, indeed. You don't catch me joining such a silly set as that seems to be.

M. Then I suppose you haven't attended any of their meetings, and know nothing about them, Annie?

A. No; and what's more I have no particular desire to make their acquaintance.

M. Then why do you call them a *silly* set?

A. Ah, I suppose they *are* a silly set; what else can they be?

M. You are sadly mistaken, young lady, and you have no right to express yourself so strongly on subjects of which you know nothing. But why do you suppose they are silly—you must have some reason for saying such a thing?

A. Oh, I have heard my cousins, the Morrissions, speak of them.

M. But, I believe your uncle keeps a public-house, and therefore his children could not be expected to speak very favourably of Band of Hope Societies.

A. They certainly don't speak favourably of them; and my uncle always laughs when the subject is mentioned—*fools*, he calls the teetotalers.

M. Well, I suppose your word *silly* and your uncle's word *fools* amount to about the same. But, Annie, I very much question whether your uncle is quite so sure of the Band of Hope people being fools after all. He knows quite well, though he may not openly acknowledge

the fact, that the Band of Hope Societies will some day prove too much for the public-houses. You see what he would call his *interests* are at stake. When Bands of Hope are strong—and just in proportion as they spread and grow stronger—the business of the publican will become less prosperous. No wonder your uncle rails against us! But, dear Annie, *his* doing so is no reason why *you* should. I assure you we are neither *silly* nor *fools*, and that you would soon acknowledge if you knew more about us.

A. What is your object?

M. Ah, now that is a sensible question, and I can answer you. We are simply young people pledged not to touch, taste, or handle intoxicating drinks. We meet together at stated times and sing teetotal songs, recite teetotal poems and dialogues, and thus encourage and instruct each other in teetotal truths and principles. We also persuade all we can to join us. The pledge we sign is for life; and though some break their pledge in after years, most keep true to their principles. Thus you see society is gradually, but not the less surely, becoming impregnated with views opposed to drink, and some day, as I have said before, the public-houses will be closed for ever!

(Enter Miss Faithful.)

Miss F. Why, Maude and Annie, you seem in earnest conversation about something—I actually heard Maude's voice before I turned the corner. Pray, what are you talking about?

A. Bands of Hope, Miss Faithful. Maude seems full of the subject.

Miss F. And you, which side do you take, Annie?

A. Oh, I'm rather inclined to ridicule.

M. She says we are a *silly* set, Miss Faithful, but I tell her she is mistaken, and knows nothing about the matter.

Miss F. A *silly* set, do you call us, well—?

A. Are you one of them, Miss Faithful?

Miss F. Certainly I am, and feel proud to belong to such a noble band of workers.

A. Ah, I must beg your pardon; I'm very sorry I spoke so disrespectfully. I wasn't aware that such persons as *you* took an interest in this kind of thing.

Miss F. And why not such persons as *me* take an interest in the Band of Hope movement?

A. Oh, I—that is to say—

Miss F. I suppose you thought only *silly* people would trouble themselves about such silly matters as training children to grow up good and pure and temperate? You should be careful, Annie, what you say, or *you* will be considered silly by those who are wiser than yourself.

A. Pray, forgive me, Miss Faithful.

Miss F. I will forgive you, Annie, on one condition.

A. What is that?

Miss F. That you come with me *now* to a Band of Hope Meeting. I am on my way there. I know Maude will come.

A. Thank you; I will come and see and hear for myself.

M. Ah, when you have been you won't call us *silly*, I'm sure, Annie.

A. It was very wrong for me to use the word at all, Maude, and I can assure you, after what Miss Faithful has said, I shall be more careful in future. I have been misled by hearing my uncle's remarks about Temperance people; but I can now clearly see that it is to his interest to speak disparagingly of both them and their work, though after what I have heard, I think it is very wrong for the sake of money for any one to continue in a questionable business.

Miss F. Come along, girls. It is not the Band of Hope people who are silly; it is those people who drink strong drinks

who are deceived. But wait a little longer; we will shew the publicans, and the brewers, and the distillers that they are no longer needed; they will have to find some other means of gaining a livelihood than by making and selling strong drinks, which curse mankind wherever they are found. Come along, girls; come along. (*Exit all three.*)

THE NOSE OUT OF JOINT.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

GH! a comical thing is a nose out of
 There is a wee chap [joint!
 Who met this mishap;
 He looked very glum,
 And grew almost dumb;
 Then he stood in the corner to pout,
 No doubt,
 Decidedly hurt and put out.
 Oh! the curious phase of a nose out of
 He tried to appear [joint!
 In excellent cheer.
 In one eye a smile,
 A tear all the while
 In the other, led one to believe
 And grieve
 That clearly he tried to deceive!
 Oh! the innocent cause of a nose out of
 Ten pink little toes, [joint!
 A wee, funny nose,
 And eyes, bright and new,
 Of robin's egg blue,
 All up-stairs in a soft cradle-nest,
 At rest,
 With tiniest hands on its breast!
 Oh! the wonderful cure of a nose out of
 A mother's fond call, [joint!
 A gentle footfall;
 A sweet word of joy,
 A kiss for her boy,
 And a shy little brotherly peep,
 And deep
 Springs love for the baby asleep!

—*New York Independent.*

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

TROSSED through the dark and stormy
 night,
 When clouds eclipsed the moon's soft
 light,
 The shipwrecked passengers and crew
 Clung to a raft, when, lo! in view,
 Revealed by the red, rising sun
 Which lit the circling horizon,
 A ship appeared, dressed in full sail,
 Bounding before a prosperous gale,
 When from the planks of wretchedness
 Waved the sad flag of sore distress.
 The lifeboat lowered into the waves
 Rescued the men from watery graves.
 How many venture out upon
 The sea of life who never won
 The victory of self-control,
 Risking the loss of life and soul!
 Wrecked on the sea of drunkenness,
 Their rags their banners of distress,
 They must have sunk in shame and night
 But for the Temperance Ship in sight,
 And lifeboats dropped from fore and aft,
 That picked them from their sinking raft.
 Let praise ascend from heart and lip
 In honour of the Temperance Ship.
 Her snow-white canvas in the air
 Is filled with the sweet breath of prayer;
 Truth is the pilot at the wheel
 That holds and serves the hidden keel;
 Faith is her bulwark, fixed and strong,
 Though angry waves about her throng;
 She sails in safety on the sea,
 Bearing aloft her Banner free. [tides
 Speed on, good ship! Though adverse
 Deluge with spray thy storm-stained sides,
 Thy streamers shall triumphant wave
 Where'er thy mission is to save.
 Sail on beneath the smiling skies;
 The sun of hope begins to rise.
 It is the bright dawn of the day
 When light shall drive the clouds away
 And Temperance and Truth shall be
 Triumphant over land and sea.

G. W. B.

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No. 134, February, 1881.]

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YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

THE little pet, so pure and innocent, sleeping so sweetly on grandfather's breast, represents the morning of life. The dear old man, whose face is about as pure and sweet as the little one's, represents the evening time. His countenance fairly beams with love and gentleness, kindness and goodwill to all. It looks just as a Christian's face should look, and especially an aged Christian, who has finished his work and only awaits the Master's call to "come up higher."

He has perhaps a more pitying love

than any one else for the child, because of his greater experience; he can look so far back to the time when he too was a child, and then on to youth and early manhood, when he stepped into the world of work, and took upon him cares and responsibilities which must come to every one. If he sees mistakes and sins he wishes that the little one may be wiser and avoid them. Above all he earnestly prays that it may early give its heart to Christ; and after all this is the secret of a happy life and the surety of a peaceful old age.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE FOOLS' PENCE.

THE gin-shop was, not many years ago,
Of all resorts the lowest of the low;
A few small tubs the dusty window graced,
Or long-necked bottles in the vilest taste.
Whoever can compare *those* times with
these

Must own gin-shops are now gin-palaces;
How this has come to pass my story shows,
Explained by Mistress Crowder of "The
Rose."

A poor thin man sat drinking gin and ale;
His coat was ragged, and his cheeks were
pale; [pence,

And, as he squandered thus his time and
He to the hostess paid these compliments:
"Why, Mrs. Crowder, how you do get on!
What handsome chairs for us to sit upon!
What showy paper! and your lamps, how
fine!

And how both you and your two daughters
shine!

I scarce believe you are the same I knew
Looking so dowdy-like in thirty-two.
I know I find it very hard to live;
My wife is always asking me to give

For this, for that—'tis ever the same
clang;

I part from every penny with a pang,
Out of the moderate wages which I earn.
How do you manage? I should like to
learn!"

A group of half-starved tipplers then
came in

To club their half-pence for a glass of gin:
And the proud landlady, with scornful
smile, [while,

Eyeing contemptuously the crowd the
"'Tis the fools' pence" (and archly wagged
her head)—

"'Tis the fools' pence that does it all,"
she said.

An honest carpenter who (standing by,
By name George Manly) heard her thus
reply,

Struck with her words, and with her
manner too,

Gazed on the sickly, pale, and ragged crew,
Who, with sunk cheeks and haggard eyes
inflamed,

Seemed like the very beings she had
named,

With vacant stare, the eyeball void of sense,

To make her rich subscribing their *fools' pence*;

Glanced from the tattered throng of thoughtless poor

To the gay parlor through the open door:
Pictures in gilded frames the wainscot grace,

And a rich carpet covered all the place.
The vintner's daughter, too, in gay attire,
Was singing "Hope, thou nurse of young desire."

"How strange is this!" thought he, "to turn one's eye

On all this wretchedness and misery,
And think the vice that thousands soon destroys

Should add to its promoters' wealth and joys!"

George pensive stood—a calculation made
Of weekly earnings at his thriving trade,
And then how much of that he could devote

(And which had all been wasted down his throat)

His faithful partner's comforts to improve,
And two kind daughters, worthy of his love.

He wished not Jane in Mrs. Crowder's case,

With colored ribbons, and her cap of lace,
Her golden drops, large necklace, and her rings—

He meant to give her far more useful things.

At length he said, "I hope, ma'am, no offence,

A pint of ale, and—there are the 'fools' pence';

To your good health and mine, and they shall be

The last fools' pence you'll ever get from me."

JESUS STANDING ON THE SHORE.

John xxi. 4.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

G THE glory soon unfolding,
When the present life is o'er,
And the pleasure of beholding
Jesus standing on the shore.

Chorus.

Soon, O soon, we shall see Jesus,
Standing on the glorious shore,
Where He waiteth to receive us,
When we'll meet to part no more.

When death's icy fingers stealing,
Shall our bodies overpower;
To our spirits then revealing,
Jesus standing on the shore.

When the joyous morning dawneth,
And the sun its bright rays pour,
How our souls to see, now longeth,
Jesus standing on the shore.

What though clouds our pathway darken,
Lightning flash and thunders roar,
To that voice, above it, hearken—
Jesus standing on the shore.

When the river we are crossing,
Cold and deep the waters pour,
He will calm the wild wave's tossing,—
Jesus standing on the shore.

Haste, happy day! life's toil ending,
Sin and sorrow felt no more,
To begin the never-ending,—
Jesus standing on the shore.

Then in mansions 'rapt in glory,
We shall be for evermore;
Tell to angels the glad story—
Jesus standing on the shore.

Hallelujah! there beholding
Him who for us once was poor,
And the glories still unfolding—
Jesus standing on the shore.

BAND OF HOPE BOAT.

BY T. T. SESSFORD.

OUR boat is sailing along, sailing along,
On the wide and open sea,
Amidst a gaily throng, a gaily throng,
Where all are happy and free.

Our Band is singing aloud, singing aloud,
On the ever rolling wave,
Removing a dark cloud, a dark cloud,
The poor drunkards now to save.

Our Band is calling for aid, calling for aid,
To help them on their way,
Friends, don't be afraid, don't be afraid,
We are sure to win the day.

Help us one and all, one and all,
Our cause is noble and true,
Against King Alcohol, King Alcohol,
Then, Friends, say what will you do?

The drink is very bad, is very bad,
Which no one can deny,
The heart is very sad, is very sad,
When we pass the drunkard by.

Come now, make no delay, make no delay,
For time is on the wing,
Many are going astray, are going astray,
Where alcohol is their King.

Christian, don't despair, don't despair,
And we shall ever pray,
That God will answer prayer, answer
To drive the drink away. [prayer,

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAT.

OUT in the street, with naked feet,
I saw the sad-faced drunkard's
daughter;
Her tattered shawl was thin and small,
She little knew, for no one taught her.

Her skin was fair, her golden hair
Was blown about her oval forehead;
Her sweet pale face wore hunger's trace,
And want, and woe, that were not
borrowed.

Heart-broken child! she seldom smiled,
Hope promised her no bright to-morrow,
Or if its light flashed on her night,
It was eclipsed with clouds of sorrow.

She softly said, "We have no bread,
No wood to keep the fire a-burning."
The child was ill, the winds were chill,
Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.

But men well fed scorned what she said,
And women robed in richest fashion
Passed on the side where no one cried
To them in sorrow for compassion.

Slowly the night fled, and the light
Of morning came in beauty shining;
Then dome and spire, and roof on fire
Reflected the sky's golden lining.

Asleep, alone, as cold as stone,
Where no kind parent sought her,
In winding sheet of snow and sleet [ter.
Was found the drunkard's pallid daugh-

COME JOIN OUR BAND OF HOPE!

BY T. T. SESSFORD.

COME join our Band of Hope!
Come join without delay:
Come join our young abstainers,
For we shall win the day.

Come join our Band of Hope!
Come join in battle array,
Come join our noble army,
For we shall win the day.

Come join our Band of Hope!
Our Church will not say nay:
Come join our congregation,
For we shall win the day.

Come join our Band of Hope!
 Our Captain sails to-day:
 Come join our gallant sailors,
 For we shall win the day.

Come join our Band of Hope!
 And we shall ever pray
 That God lead you safely,
 For we shall win the day.

Come join our Band of Hope!
 The Teacher paves the way:
 Come join our little scholars,
 For we shall win the day.

Come join our Band of Hope!
 Our Government leads the way
 For men to vote for only those
 Who'll drive the drink away.

THE TEETOTAL LAD'S SONG.

BY CHARLES ALLOWAY.

TUNE—"When I was a Lad," etc.—H.M.S. 'Pinafore.'

WHEN I was a child in baby clothes,
 With a dimpled chin, and a tiny
 nose;
 Before I'd a tooth that could do any good,
 Or a tongue long enough to be understood;
 I would shout and scream in a splendid
 tone,
 'Cause I thought it aggravating to be left
 alone.

But when I grew up to be four years old,
 They said I was worth my weight in gold;
 And according to some old stupid rule
 I was dressed like a lad and sent to school:
 Though I liked my books I was fond of
 play,
 And I never said, "No, thank you," to a
 holiday.

Since then I've risen, and I mean to rise,
 Nor shall I ever rest till I win the prize;
 For 'tis better to work both night and day
 Than to trifle your time and your health
 away.

And you, too, may rise to the top of the
 tree,
 But in case you want a stimulus, pray,
 think of me.

Just five years ago the pledge I signed,
 And many good results from the same I
 find;

Cold water I'll praise with all my might;
 And if you follow me, you will never get
 tight.

Always stick to the pledge, and if water
 disagree,
 Then there's lemonade and coffee, cocoa,
 milk and tea.

THE CHILDREN'S ARMY.

BY BELLE KELLOGG TOWNE.

WE can hear the glad sound of their
 coming,

The fall of their feet by the way,
 And we know by the murmurs which
 reach us

That numbered by thousands are they,
 'Tis a royal road they are treading,
 These children so sturdy and true,
 And above them floats out a bright banner:
 The banner of red, white, or blue.

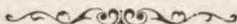
'Tis the army of children, yet ever
 To conquests anew they march on,
 And though many the enemies conquered,
 Their warfare is hardly begun.

Not a fear of the demon Intemperance
 Lurks near them as onward they go,
 But they cry, "We are valiantly ready
 To strike at the heart of our foe."

O children! be brave and be steadfast;
 To you do we look to fulfil
 All these hopes which the heart of the
 nation

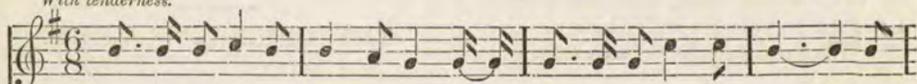
Now feels but the embryo thrill.
 To the winds toss your banner out proudly,
 The red, white, or blue, let it wave;
 For no flag was there ever unfolded
 More worthy to shadow the brave.

WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?



R. L.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

With tenderness.

KEY G. | m ., m : m | f :- : m | m :- : r | d :- : d | d ., d : d | f :- : f | m :- : | :- : m |

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night— The boy of my tend'rest care, The



| m ., m : m | f :- : m | s :- : f | m :- : d | r ., s, : s, | m :- : r | d :- : | :- : ||

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?



CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My

{	m	f	:d	:d		d	:-:r	m	:-:	:-:s	s	:r	:r		r	:-:m	r	:-:	:-:r
	s	l	:l	:l		l	:-:l	s	:-:	:-:s	t	:t	:t		l	:-:l	t	:-:	:-:t
	d	d	:d	:d		d	:-:d	d	:-:	:-:m	r	:s	:s		fe	:-:fe	s	:-:	:-:s
	d	f	:f	:f		f	:-:f	d	:-:	:-:d	s	:s	:s		r	:-:r	s	:-:	:-:s

heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

{	m	:-:s		m	:-:d		d	:r	:m		f	:-:f		m	.,r	:d		r	:-:d		d	:-:	:-:
	d	:-:d		d	:-:s		s	:s	:d		d	:-:d		d	.,t	:d		s	:-:s		s	:-:	:-:
	s	:-:m		s	:-:m		m	:r	:s		f	:-:l		s	.,f	:m		f	:-:m		m	:-:	:-:
	d	:-:d		d	:-:d		d	:t	:t		l	:-:f		s	.,s	:s		s	:-:d		d	:-:	:-:

Once he was pure as morning dew,
 As he knelt at his mother's knee;
 No face was so bright, no heart more true,
 And none was so sweet as he.
 O where is my boy to-night? &c.

O could I see you now, my boy,
 As fair as in olden time,
 When prattle and smile made home a joy,
 And life was a merry chime!
 O where is my boy to-night? &c.

Go for my wand'ring boy to-night;
 Go, search for him where you will;
 But bring him to me with all his blight,
 And tell him I love him still.
 O where is my boy to-night? &c.

I CAN DO A LITTLE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. GEORGE SELF-SUFFICIENT AND LITTLE TIMOTHY SMART.

Mr. Self-Sufficient.

WELL, my little fellow, what is that you have in your button-hole?

Timothy. A ribbon, sir.

Mr. S. S. And what do you wear a ribbon for?

T. O sir! it is a badge of the Band of Hope.

Mr. S. S. Band of Hope! What is that? What are you little fellows hoping to do?

T. Why, sir, we are hoping to overthrow the tyrant Alcohol, and drive him from the land.

Mr. S. S. What! you little fellows!

T. O sir! little fellows can do a little, and that is all that can be expected. Sometimes in a great battle little fellows carry the powder, and sometimes they hold the match while the gun is loading.

Mr. S. S. And what do you suppose you little fellows can do to stop drinking?

T. O sir! we can do a little. If we can't do any more, we can keep ourselves from drinking; and if there are fifty of us, as there are, we can stop fifty drinks.

Mr. S. S. Pretty small drinks. What do you suppose Mr. Thompson, who sells his barrel a week, cares for that?

T. I don't know, sir; but the other day, when we passed his shop with our banner, and on it in large letters, "You Don't Get Us," he stood at the door and looked mighty sober; and Mr. Williams, the distiller, was heard to say his distillery would not be worth much when we grow up.

Mr. S. S. And what else can you do?

T. We can carry tracts, sir, and put them into all the drunkards' houses, and

into the gin-shops too. We can go where grown folks cannot, for no one will hurt us. We get many thanks for our tracts, sir.

Mr. S. S. And what else can you do?

T. We can help to save the drunkard, sir. Three of our little girls, sir, sang songs to one, till they got him to sign the pledge, and then coaxed him into one of their meetings, and that brought comfort to his family. His little boys and girls we can get into our Band of Hope, and there we can keep them from the drunkard's drink and make them happy. And by and by, sir, if we keep to work, we shall make a happy town. The little coral insects do but little work at a time; but by and by their work gets above the surface of the ocean, and then there comes the beautiful island on the coral reef.

Mr. S. S. O my little fellow! I see you are worth something. Go on with your work, and God bless you!

—*The Youth's Temperance Banner.*

ALL WRONG! VERY WRONG!

AT THE HOUSE WITH THE PICTURE HUNG
OVER THE DOOR.

A Dialogue for Two.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

Tom.

COME along, Cousin Jack, have a drop of good beer, [Tom Moore; With Captain Trevelyan and Uncle It is far the best drink to be had over there, [the door.

At the house with the picture hung over

Jack.

Ah, no! Tom Penvarton, I never will go Where the landlord gets rich and the people get poor;

He may seem as a friend, but he's the
poor man's foe,
At the house with the picture hung over
the door.

Tom.

What's the matter, Jack Sharp, you are
testy a bit?

A drop of home-brewed will cheer thee
I'm sure, [fit,
And a pipe of tobacco will cure thy sad
At the house with the picture hung over
the door.

Jack.

I am testy, indeed, and vexed to the eyes!
To think that I spent so much money
before; [lies,
I found I was wrong, led away with the
At the house with the picture hung over
the door.

Tom.

Come, come, Mister Sharp, there is some-
thing wrong, [roar
You used to go with us, and join in the
Of jolly companions, who sang a good song,
At the house with the picture hung over
the door.

Jack.

You say something is wrong? I say very
wrong, too,
When men spend their money, and keep
themselves poor,
While their children want bread; not the
publican's so,
At the house with the picture hung over
the door.

Tom.

As to spending the whole, you make a
mistake;
I mind those at home, sometimes less,
sometimes more,
When I wipe out old scores, which shil-
lings may take
At the house with the picture hung over
the door.

Jack.

Ah, then it is wrong! Drink yourself
into debt,

Which, if not all settled, you cannot get
more;
Such customers the landlord is sure to
reject,
At the house with the picture hung over
the door.

Tom.

Now that is too bad on the landlords,
old friend,
I never was served so; but of this I am
sure, [spend
If it happened but once, no more would I
At the house with the picture hung over
the door.

Jack.

Just think, Tom Penvarton, 'twas last
Christmas eve,
A week before pay day, when you did
implore,
And beg for a gallon, on ticket of leave,
At the house with the picture hung over
the door.

Tom.

Oh, yes, so he did, the old landlord himself,
He told me I must pay off the old score
Before he would trust me, the greedy old
elf, [the door.
At the house with the picture hung over

Jack.

Then do as I've done, Tom—sign the
teetotal pledge,
Not to touch, taste, or handle the drink
any more!
And you'll find it far better to give up the
drink,
At the house with the picture hung over
the door.

Tom.

So I will, my kind friend, 'tis true what
you say;
'Tis all wrong—very wrong—ourselves
to keep poor,

By spending our wages that we work for
each day,
At the house with the picture hung over
the door.

Jack.

Shake hands, Tom Penvarton; to the
meeting we'll go,
This evening some good we shall get I
am sure;
I am glad, my old friend, you've renouncèd
the foe,
At the house with the picture hung over
the door.

STICK TOGETHER.

For Declamation.

WHEN 'midst the wreck of fire and
smoke,

When cannons rend the skies asunder,
And fierce dragons, with quick'ning
stroke,

Upon the reeling regiments thunder,
The ranks close up to sharp command,
Till helmet's feather touches feather;
Compact, the furious shock they stand
And conquer, for they stick together!

When now, 'mid clouds of woe and want,
Our comrade's wail rise fast and faster,
And, charging wildly in our front,
Come the black legions of disaster,
Shall we present a wavering band,
And fly like leaves before wild weather?
No! Side by side, and hand in hand,
We'll stand our ground and stick to-
gether!

God gave us hands—one left, one right;
The first to help ourselves: the other
To stretch abroad in kindly might,
And help along our fallen brother,
Then if you see a brother fall
And bow his head before the weather,
If you be not dastards all,
You'll help him up and stick together.

—From *Readings and Recitations*, No. 2.

NO ANSWER BUT A KISS.

GUR home is bright and joyous now,
Dear mother smiles again;
No shade of care is on her brow,
Her heart is free from pain.
I often wonder who or what
Has turned our grief to bliss,
But I can get no answer yet
From mother but a kiss.

Both cold and hungry she has lain,
And called upon His name;
In anguish sobbed, and wept, and prayed
For bread that seldom came.
But now she does not sit and weep
The evening hours away,
Or cry out wildly in her sleep
In accents of dismay.

When father's footsteps now I hear
I do not try to hide,
But run to meet him, take his hand,
And toddle by his side.
Oh! tell me, tell me, who or what
Could make a change like this?
For I can get no answer yet
From mother but a kiss.

One night—I know 'twas but a dream—
I saw a happy band;
An angel standing in their midst
Held father by the hand, [mean?
Oh! tell me, what does "Temperance"
'Twas written on her brow
As plainly as when in my dream—
I think I see it now.

I tried to ask dear father once;
A tear stole down his cheek,
He pressed me fondly in his arms,
And sighed, but did not speak.
Sometimes I think this angel is
The cause of all our bliss,
But I can get no answer yet
From mother but a kiss.

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(Signed) “ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D.”
*Author of “Food and its Adulterations,” “Adulterations
Detected,” and late Editor of “Food and Water.”*

(Signed) “OTTO HEHNER, F.C.S., ANALYST.”

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Boys' Sailor Suits	"	3/6	Boys' "Sydney" Suits	"	14/6
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No. 135, March, 1881.]

NEW SERIES.

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DICK MARTIN'S LAST VISIT TO THE NAG'S HEAD.

DICK MARTIN'S LAST VISIT TO THE NAG'S HEAD.

IT was nearly ten o'clock, and a noisy throng were assembled in the tap-room at the Nag's Head. Coarse jokes, low songs, interspersed with profane oaths were flying from mouth to mouth, making it an unfit resort for any sober, thinking man. It needs not my pen to describe the inside of a tap-room, "that tap-root of all evil," as Dr. Guthrie so well calls it. Suffice it to say that making one of this noisy group was Dick Martin, lounging on a seat by the fire, a short pipe in his mouth, a tankard of ale before him.

One minute Mrs. Lees stood hesitating on the threshold; the next she had noiselessly entered, and going straight to where Dick sat, she spoke to him a few words. His surprise at being accosted by a lady, in such a place, at such a time of night, was so great, that he rose to his feet at once, and tossing off the remainder of the draught before him, he followed her out of the house, leaving his mates to wonder what had happened to make Dick so suddenly leave them.

That night was the turning-point of Dick's life. In after years he used to say, that he never could get over a lady taking the trouble, on such a night, to fetch him

out of a public house. She must indeed care to save him. It was a work of time, however, and more than once those who were interested in his welfare had to mourn over his return for a few days to the old habit; but from that night a struggle with the evil one began in Dick's heart, and though he was sometimes defeated, in the end he gained the victory, for finding out his own utter weakness, he sought pardon for the past, and grace and strength for the future, where alone they can be found, in the death and life of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners.

Would that all who give up strong drink would act thus: too many men and women try to abstain in their own strength, and therefore continually return to their evil courses, thus fulfilling the Lord's own words, "without Me ye can do nothing." On the other hand, Martin proved the truth of those other blessed words, as thank God many have in all ages, "I can do *all things* through Christ which strengtheneth me." Yes, even overcome a besetting sin, through that help, which is almighty, and which never fails those who seek it.—*Tales from Life, No. 3, by H. S. S. Price 1d. each.*

AID THE FALLEN.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

LET us aid our fallen brothers,
And our sisters gone astray;
Sixty thousand, onward, ever,
Thro' the drunkard's downward way.

CHORUS.

Let us pray for strength to aid them
Ere they reach the brink of woe;

And when rescued from the tempter,
Bid them to the Saviour go.

Many lured from highest stations
Through the ruby wine-cup's charm;
Many brothers, many sisters,
Soon may perish! Sound alarm!

From the ministerial office,
From the sacred pulpit hurled;
Oh, how many thus have fallen,
While the serpent round them curled.

Husbands, fathers, in vast numbers,
From the homestead torn away,
Through the moderate drinking customs
Of our native land to-day.

Sons and daughters from their parents
Forced to ruin and despair,
By the drink found on the tables—
Freely taken everywhere.

Some there are but just beginning ;
"Moderation" is their boast !
Oh, persuade them to denounce it,
Or for ever they are lost.

Others sunk in vile intemperance,
Reeling, staggering, almost gone !
Stop them ! warn them of their danger ;
Try to save them every one.

Onward they in mighty phalanx,
Rush towards the drunkard's grave ;
Ere they perish—hasten quickly—
Try to rescue—try to save.

Be not Cain-like, self-excusing,
"Am I my brother's keeper?" nay :
He that turneth one from error,
Saves a soul, the Scriptures say.

May be sung to Tune No. 169 in "The Evergreen,"
published by F. Pitman, Paternoster Row, London,
(from which melody the first line is taken).

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

KEEP your temper ! you may need it
In this weary world of strife ;
Passion always works some mischief,
Causing sorrow all through life.

Keep your temper ! if you've beauty
Anger will blot out each trace,
While the meek, though far from fairest,
Seem possessed of winning grace.

Keep your temper ! for full early
You may feel the chastening rod ;
How can you, if swayed by passion,
Turn for comfort to your God.

Keep your temper ! for by Eden
Anger ruled, and Satan smiled ;
While the poor, heart-stricken parents,
Gazed in anguish on their child.

Keep your temper ! see the outcast
Hurrying from the outstretched dead,
Marked, complaining, rushing onward,
Full of guilt and full of dread.

Keep your temper ! for a blessing
Christ bestows upon the meek ;
Oh be patient ! keep your temper !
And the Saviour's blessing seek.

JOHN HOWE SCHOLES.

THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY.

THREE cheers for the Blue Ribbon
Army,
A great and good work it will do,
Making happy the sad and dejected,
And raising the fallen ones too.

It fights against sin and all evil,
Assaults the great tyrant Strong Drink ;
And carries the Gospel of Temperance
To those upon ruin's dread brink.

It seeks to point all to the Saviour—
The Saviour who loves our lost race ;
And tells of His love and compassion,
His pity and infinite grace.

Then success to the Blue Ribbon Army,
God bless it with help from above,
Its conquests be hearts of redeemed ones,
Established and grounded in love.

And when all its triumphs are ended,
And King Alcohol fallen and slain,
May the Blue Ribbon Army all gather,
And join in this glorious refrain.

All glory to God in the highest,
And honour, dominion, and praise,
For earth being freed from her bondage,
Now is ruled by "The Ancient of Days."

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

CONVERSATION.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth.

THE subject I have taken for this Lecture is one which you would do well to consider for a short time very reflectively. We sometimes are very unguarded and very unthinking in our conversation. This often brings us great trouble and pain of conscience. Of course we expect more from those who belong to a Sunday School and Band of Hope. We look to them as being helpers in the cause of religion and temperance. While the poor drunkard continues in his state of drunkenness we cannot expect much from him. His conversation, when under the influence of intoxicating liquor, is often wicked and aggravating to those with whom he comes in contact, and many times fighting, even unto death, is the result.

We look to you to show, by your conduct and conversation, that you have learned better and are taught better. We expect that you will pray that your conversation should be agreeable to your profession. You may then expect to have a great influence for the better on your friends and companions.

There was once an old slave, called Uncle Ben, who was noted as a man of prayer. His masters resolved that there should be no more praying on their plantations, and in order to terrify Ben, they brutally killed another slave, put his head on a poll, and marched to Ben's dwelling. "Do you know that head, Ben?" "Yes, Massa, I knows him." "Well, that's what he got by his praying; and the next time we catch you praying, we'll do just the same for your head." All are waiting anxiously to see what will occur, when the old negro turns to his companions and says, "Bredren, let us pray."

Look, dear young friends, at the great

influence this poor negro exerted on his companions by his conversation. He lived and no doubt died a Christian. We should do a greater amount of good work if we only by our lives and conversation showed to those around us that we are taught by the great Teacher, Jesus. Try to be always early in your attendance, and show by your good example and conversation that your profession is not vain, and may Jesus bless you all.

HERE AND THERE.

(Written by the late Maria Sandow, 1878.)

TWO little graves lie side by side,
Just under the elm tree's shade;
One has been there the whole year through,
But the other is newly made.

Two little forms lie underneath,
Their two journeys done;
Two little flowers that bloometh awhile,
Then faded—one by one.

Two little birds, whose longing wings
Droop'd 'mid our earthly love;
Two little voices hushed below,
But swelling the notes above.

Two little vacant chairs at home,
One little empty bed;
And a pillow, that only a week ago,
Rested a golden head.

And a solemn silence throughout the house,
And over the garden shed;
Just like the hush that falls on a Church
After the blessing is said.

And other children live and play,—
I can hear their shouts of glee;
Their laugh and song, in ringing tones
Are borne on the breeze to me.

While I sit on in my solitude,
My heart benumbed with pain,
And weep for the sound of childish tones
I shall never hear again.

Weep for the touch of little hands
That will nestle in mine no more ;
For the pattering rush of childish feet
Now treading the golden floor.

And so it will be for a "little while,"
Silence, where song hath been ;
Shadow for sunlight, gloom for mirth,
And anguish deep and keen.

Then, at the end of a "little while,"
Through a Father's pitying love,
Another grave 'neath the elm tree's shade,
And another harp above.

LET THE CHILDREN GATHER.

LET the children gather
In the temperance cause,
Love to sing its praises,
Learn to know its laws ;
Strong through self-denial,
'Mid pleasures that allure,
Keep the young feet steady,
Keep the young heart pure.

For the sake of Jesus
First let them abstain,
Gladly for His honour
Even suffer pain.
Let them stand out bravely
On the side of right,
Pledged against all evil
In His name to fight.

For the sake of others
Let them now abstain ;
Often may their elders
The little children gain.
"Take the pledge, dear father,"
Softly they will say ;
"Mother, brothers, sisters,
Join our band to-day."

For their own sake also,
Let the young abstain ;
Early break the fetter
Time would forge a chain.

Brightest at their lessons,
Quickest at their play,
See the young abstainers
Sure to gain the day.

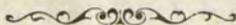
THE SINGING BROOKS.

BY JENNIE E. CHENEY.

DO you know, do you know,
That under the snow,
Under the fetters of ice and snow,
The little rivulets singing go ?
They keep in their hearts the joy of May,
So they sing to themselves in a dreamy way,
Under the snow,
Of springing grass and budding trees,
Of sunny skies and fragrant breeze.
They think with a thrill of the shy sweet
things
That have waked into life in the far-off
springs ;
They remember the flutter of happy wings,
And the joy of living the spring-time
brings.
They have gathered close and folded down
For a song to cheer when the woods are
brown,
When snows lie heavy and bitterly cold,
When the violets sleep beneath the mould,
And they know, ah ! they know
That the winter will go ;
So they keep in their hearts the joy of
May,
And singing go on their ice-bound way.
And I think that some lives
(Where hope survives),
Chilled and fettered by earthly wrongs,
Sing low in their hearts the sweetest songs.

"Father," said a little boy, after he
had heard him pray fervently for the
poor at family worship—"Father, I wish I
had your corn-crib." "Why, my son ?"
"Because then I would answer your
prayers."

BROTHER, COME.



Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

O why will you tar - ry, my bro - ther, A slave to the temp'er's chain? O

KEY B \flat .

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break from his fet - ters that bind you, Nor yield to his pow'r a - gain.

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REFRAIN.

Bro - ther, come ; Bro - ther, come, With the peo - ple of the Lord now u -

{	m .m	r : -	- : f	f m	:-	- : m	r d	.d	:l	.d		m	: r	.d
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nite ; O come, and the Sa-viour will help you ; God grant you may come to - night.

{	r : m	f : f	m : d ₁	s ₁ l ₁ .l ₁ : t ₁	d : -	r : m	f : m	.r	d	: t ₁	d : -	-
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O why will you tarry, my brother?

We plead in the Saviour's name ;
Be warned by the voice of the Spirit,
And let Him your soul reclaim.

Brother, come, &c.

O why will you tarry, my brother?

This life has no joy for you ;
Renounce it at once, and repenting,
To God and yourself be true.

Brother, come, &c.

O tarry no longer, my brother,

Look not on the ruby wine ;
But come, in the strength of the Saviour,
Resolving the pledge to sign.

Brother, come, &c.

THE BLUE RIBBON MOVEMENT.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

George.

HERE seems to me to be as many sorts of Teetotalers as there are religious sects. There are the United Kingdom Alliance, Good Templars, Rechabites, Sons of Temperance, Scottish Temperance League, Bands of Hope, and any quantity more; and, as if not enough, there's another started called the "Blue Ribbon Movement." What next? I should like to know.

Richard. The more the merrier, say I; and God prosper them all. For though they may have different names, their object is exactly the same—the destruction of the liquor traffic, and sobriety among the people.

G. If the object of all these different societies is the same, why not unite them, and make one strong society? You know, Richard, "Unity is Strength."

R. Aye, so it is; but a servile uniformity may be a source of weakness. For my part, I prefer unity without uniformity, rather than uniformity without unity.

G. Please explain yourself. If there is unity among the people there will of necessity be uniformity; if otherwise, how can there be unity?

R. Let me show you! I think you will admit that in the British army the greatest unity prevails, and yet it is divided into sections: artillery, infantry, cavalry, engineers, doctors, and so on, and these great divisions are again subdivided into regiments and companies. The dress of each section differs from that of all the rest, and the work each section has to do is also different. So you see we have unity without uniformity.

G. In that sense no doubt you have; but these different sections are needed to make a strong and united army—the artillery could not do what the infantry does.

R. You are quite right there; it is *one army*, but *many regiments*. So with our great Temperance cause; we have many sections, still there is but one purpose actuating the whole. We may be divided, but the division is that which springs from, and is the necessity of, unity.

G. You make a pretty good case out for yourself. Now tell me what is the particular work assigned to this new movement called the "Blue Ribbon Movement"?

R. I cannot tell you more than this, that it seeks to put an end to the liquor traffic.

G. But it has another name besides that. If I remember rightly, it also calls itself, "The Gospel Temperance Union."

R. Well, that name clearly tells its mission. *Gospel*—you know what that is, don't you? *Temperance*—you know what that is? And the *Union* is combining the two. What can be more natural?

G. I have nothing to say against them being united.

R. But I have everything to say in favour of them being united, and such a union ought never to be divorced. The Gospel and Temperance have the same work to do,—to save men. The Gospel may have the higher mission,—to save men's souls,—but Temperance seeks to save men's bodies from the bondage of sin and drunkenness, and thus prepares the way for the Gospel.

G. Right you are again, Richard, my

boy. When men are sober they think, and think seriously; and it is much more likely that they will meditate upon the future life and try to prepare for it, than when living to gratify their appetites and passions. But what about this Blue Ribbon that so many people are wearing? That is not needed surely, either to save men's bodies or their souls?

R. Not needed, certainly; but still, it has its use, and an important use too. The Blue Ribbon is the outward and visible sign that the wearer is earnestly identified with the Temperance movement. The Blue Ribbon makes the wearer a living witness in favour of sobriety, and an active protester against the liquor traffic; and, further, it is a constant reminder to the one who wears it, of the solemn pledge he has taken never to touch intoxicating drink, and thus it becomes his safeguard and his glory.

G. You seem to have a good reason ready for every point I raise. But tell me, could not people be sober and temperate without a Blue Ribbon as well as with one.

R. Why, certainly! The Blue Ribbon movement has only just begun; but there have been sober and teetotal people for a good many years past. But you know the temperance cause is growing fast, and it is becoming more and more necessary every day that those who belong to it should show themselves, and the little piece of Blue Ribbon does the work most effectually. It tells to the world just as powerfully that the wearer professes the principles of temperance as though he had some more conspicuous object to show it. But here comes Elizabeth Gregg.

Elizabeth. (Advancing.) Whatever are you two talking about? It must be something which you suppose to be important.

G. Why, it's about the Blue Ribbon movement!

R. I have been trying to show George the good that may arise from showing our colours, and wearing the Blue Ribbon.

E. Good, it does: surely George does not question that, does he? May I tell you a little incident to show it may be useful.

G. Certainly; I shall be most pleased to hear it.

E. Well, I was going along the street one day after a heavy snow storm, and seeing a boy actively engaged clearing away the snow, I said to him, What is the use of taking so much trouble to clear away the snow, when in a short time another fall may take place? He replied, If it does, there'll be less to remove the second time! But why, said I, do you take so much trouble to remove the hard trodden snow? and he replied, Because I want to keep people from slipping. Seeing a piece of blue ribbon on his jacket, I said, Ah, I see you belong to the Blue Ribbon Army? Yes, I do! was his reply. Now, tell me, my boy, why you wear that piece of ribbon? For a moment he seemed confused, but soon his face was radiant with smiles, and looking me in the face, said, "Because I want to keep people from slipping."

R. Your anecdote is very nice. What do you think of it, George? The cause represented by the Blue Ribbon is intended "to keep people from slipping."

G. And if I understand it properly, to keep people from *slipping* as well.

E. Yes, George, you are right. *Sipping leads to slipping, and slipping to falling, and many who fall through drink never rise again.*

R. If I thought my wearing a Blue Ribbon on my breast would be the means of keeping any one from slipping through drink I'd never be seen without one.

E. Neither would I!

R. Now, George, my dear fellow, we've

let you into the secrets of this mysterious Blue Ribbon. What do you say about wearing one?

G. If it will do good, I don't mind; but I'd rather think more about it.

E. It's well to think over everything we do, but when the cause is good and noble, and seeks to bless mankind, it surely can't need much thinking about.

"Do it quickly, while your heart is warm,
The act you'll never rue;
Come take the pledge, and proudly wear
Our little bow of blue."

G. Well, then, here goes; and let us give three hearty cheers for the Gospel Temperance Union and the Blue Ribbon Movement.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN."

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

SUFFER the little children
To come unto me, He said,
And laid His loving fingers
Upon each innocent head;
For of such is the Father's kingdom
In the land of light and grace;
And the God of the good, the great, the
Loveth each little face. [wise,

Then a man in his Maker's image
Rose up with a brimming bowl,
And cried, "I bid for the children—
A bid for every soul,

"In behalf of Satan's kingdom,
Its stain, its sin, and its slime;
And I will lead them into the darkness
Through lanes of sin and crime."

"And who speaks for Christ's kingdom?"
Cried an angel robed in white;
"And who will lead these children
Away from the realms of night?"

Then rose up a temperance worker,
A woman fair and sweet:

"I'll care for the little children,
I'll guide their tender feet."

Then she gathered them under her banner,
The little ones and all,
The sign was a cup of water,
The scene was a temperance hall.

Then the messenger of Satan
Went back to his foul retreat,
And the gates of Satan's kingdom
Shut down on his passing feet.

But the voices of the children
Rose up to the blue above,
And the burden of all the singing
Was the Victory of Love.

KEEPING AWAY FROM EVIL.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

NO, sir, I will not go
Into that gilded den;
Danger lurks there, I know,
For boys as well as men;
I know it is a cruel foe
Who seeks to lure me in.

My feet shall never stray
Where sin and evil dwell,
And I will shun the way
Where many boys have fall'n—
The warning voice I will obey,
And shun the drunkard's hell.

I have read somewhere that among the prisoners taken captive at the battle of Waterloo there was a Highland piper. Napoleon, struck with his dress, and with his noble martial bearing, asked him to play upon his instrument, which he had learned first to sound among the glens and mountains of Scotland. "Play a pibroch," said Napoleon, and the Highlander played it. "Play a march." It was done. "Now play a retreat." "No," said the Highlander, "I never learned to play a retreat."

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*Author of “Food and its Adulterations,” “Adulterations
Detected,” and late Editor of “Food and Water.”*

(Signed) “OTTO HEHNER, F.C.S., ANALYST.”

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In consequence of the large amount of room at disposal, a Stock of Fancy Suits is kept, for the display of which there has not been space in the Shop at the corner of Spring Gardens. RICHARDS intends to continue selling at a low rate of profit, the large increase in his last year's trade has amply rewarded him for the great reduction he made in his prices. A few leading prices are given, but Clothing of the lowest and of the very highest class is kept in stock, all of equally good value.

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Boys' "Prince" Suits	" 6/9	Boys' Scotch Kilt Suits	" 15/6

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Youths' Tweed Knicker Suitsfrom	10/6
Youths' Black and Blue Knicker Suits	"	21/-
Youths' Tweed Trousers Suits	"	12/6
Youths' Black and Blue Trousers Suits	"	25/-

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No. 136, April, 1881.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



LITTLE SAMUEL.

LITTLE SAMUEL.

“THE little folks pressed around the lamp in the sitting room, and their papa took their own Bible picture book from the shelves, and turning to the picture which you will see on the first page.

“‘Oh, I know who that is—Little Samuel!’

“‘Tell me what you know about him,’ said the Doctor.

“‘He lived there, in the House of the Lord, with the priest Eli,’ said Laura.

“‘His mother brought him there, to stay and serve God always,’ added Jimmy.

“‘And he waked up in the night and heard some one call him,’ said Arthur; ‘you tell the rest, please, Uncle Doctor.’

“‘He went to Eli once, twice, and again, saying, ‘Here am I, for thou didst call me,’ until at last Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child; and he said:

“‘Go, lie down; and it shall be, if He call thee, that thou shalt say: Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.’

“‘Think now of Samuel going back to

his place, in the Court of the Tabernacle probably, to listen to the voice of God, and answer.’

“The children bent over the picture, and Paul asked, softly: ‘Was it dark, Papa?’

“‘No; the lamp was burning before the most holy place; but probably there was but a dim light in the court where Samuel was.

“‘Why was he not afraid, Arthur?’

“‘I suppose because he loved God,’ said the little boy.

“‘Yes; he was a child of God, and he trusted in Him; so he did not fear to hear His voice, and to know that God was very near him.

“‘And, surely, God’s little children, who know that He is near them, need not be afraid of any ‘terror by night,’ or of dangers by day; for God is able to keep them from all evil, if they trust in Him.’”

—From “*A Houseful of Children*,” published by *Tubbs, Brook, and Chrystal, Manchester*.

THE CUP TO CHOOSE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THERE is a cup that yieldeth up
A misery unbounded; [appear,
Though bright and clear the draught

By demons ’tis compounded.
Then neither touch nor taste of such
An evil combination,
But rather prize the drink that lies
In the pure cup of salvation.

With poisoned breath, from life to death
The precious soul conveying,

The sons of sin beguile it in,

And laugh at its betraying.

But as they laugh they idly quaff

The cup of condemnation;
Let them not break or from thee take
The cup of thy salvation.

The depth of woe we ne’er can know

When once the torch is lighted

Within the cup that flameth up

Till every joy is blighted.

We’ll pity them, but ne’er condemn

Their yielding to temptation;

By grace we stand, and in our hand

The cup of consecration.

The bitter draught we oft have quaffed
 Beside the fount of sorrow,
 Has ne'er destroyed the hope enjoyed
 Of recompense to-morrow.
 But, oh! the cup that yieldeth up
 Despair, without dissembling,
 That hurrieth the soul to death,
 Is the cup—the cup of trembling!

Then dash it down, and bravely frown
 At those who mourn thy folly;
 The drink for thee is water free,
 That brings no melancholy.
 Though in the wine appears no sign
 Of Satan's occupation;
 Beware! beware! the fatal snare!
 The cup of lamentation.

AN OLD TEMPERANCE ODE.

"O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hadst
 no name by which to know thee, we would call
 thee Devil."—*Shakespeare*.

I SEE the devotee extol thee,
 And thy wondrous virtues sum,
 But the worst of names I'll call thee,
 O, thou hydra-monster, Rum.

Pimple-maker, visage bloater,
 Health-corrupter, idler's mate,
 Mischief-breeder, vice-promoter,
 Credit-spoiler, devil's bait,

Almshouse-builder, pauper-maker,
 Trust-destroyer, sorrow's source,
 Pocket-emptier, Sabbath-breaker,
 Conscience-stifler, guilt's recourse,

Nerve enfeebler, system shatterer,
 Thirst increaser, vagrant thief,
 Cough producer, treacherous flatterer,
 Mud bedauber, mock relief,

Business hinderer, spleen instiller,
 Woe begetter, friendship's bane,
 Anger heater, Bridewell's filler,
 Debt involver, toper's chain,

Memory drowner, honour wrecker,
 Judgment warper, blue-faced quack,
 Feud beginner, rags bedecker,
 Strife enkindler, fortune's wreck,

Summer's cooler, Winter's warmer,
 Blood polluter, specious snare,
 Mob collector, man's transformer,
 Bond undoer, gambler's fare,

Speech bewrangler, headlong bringer,
 Vitals burner, deadly fire,
 Riot mover, firebrand flinger,
 Discord kindler, misery's sire,

Sinew's robber, worth depriver,
 Strength subduer, hideous foe,
 Reason thwarter, fraud contriver,
 Money waster, nation's woe,

Vile seducer, joy dispeller,
 Peace disturber, blackguard's guest,
 Sloth implanter, liver sweller,
 Brain distracter, hateful pest,

Pain inflicter, eyes inflamer,
 Heart corrupter, folly's nurse,
 Secret babbler, body maimer,
 Thrift defeater, loathsome curse,

Wit destroyer, joy impairer,
 Scandal dealer, foul-mouthed scourge,
 Senses blunter, youth ensnarer,
 Crime inventor, ruin's verge,

Virtue blaster, base deceiver,
 Rage displayer, sot's delight,
 Noise exciter, stomach heaver,
 Falsehood spreader, scorpion's bite,

Quarrel plotter, rage discharger,
 Giant conqueror, wasteful sway,
 Chin carbuncle, tongue enlarger,
 Malice venter, death's broad way,

Tempest scatterer, window smasher,
 Death forerunner, hell's dire brink,
 Ravenous murderer, windpipe slasher,
 Drunkard's lodging, food and drink!

—*The Christian Colonist*.

THAT CRAZY MEERSCHAUM.

A DIALOGUE, BY W. HOYLE.

PART FIRST.—George and Mary—a Domestic Scene, in which Mary asserts her rights.
G. sits reading and M. is sewing.

Mary.

GEORGE, you've been smoking!

George. Nonsense, Mary!

M. I know you have, George. Do you think I cannot smell? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

G. Ashamed—what for, Mary? Cannot I enjoy a pipe quietly in my own home?

M. Look at my good, clean curtains!—only hung last Friday—they'll not look a bit better for washing soon. I wish all the pipes were at—

G. Now, my dear, don't get in a temper. I'll buy you some *new* curtains when these are done.

M. I'm not troubled about *new* curtains, George; it's this everlasting smoke nuisance that disgusts any woman who wants to keep her house clean and respectable. You are puffing! puffing with that crazy meerschaum morning, noon, and night, until every picture and ornament in the house actually stinks again!

G. Now, Mary dear, there is another side to this question.

M. Yes, George, there are many sides to the question of smoking, but they all go to prove the utter folly and uselessness of the practice.

G. Mary!—remember!

M. George!—I remember I'm your wife; and who is more fitted to reprove you when you do wrong?

G. Now—listen to me—a woman's *place* is at home.

M. Yes, George! and a woman's *duty* is to put down all filthy practices that disgrace her home!

G. Now, will you listen to me? I

never knew a woman yet that could bridle her tongue.

M. You never knew a woman with any sense of decency that would defile her mouth with tobacco.

G. Now—for the third time—will you let me speak; after I have spoken you can have your full say. A woman's place is at home. Her little round of domestic duties are light and trivial compared with the load of care and mental strain which men of business have to endure. Business men must have something to soothe the mind and restore the equilibrium.

M. Indeed!

G. Certainly.

M. And is this all you can advance in defence of smoking?

G. Well, much more might be said, but—

M. But it is all on the other side. Listen to me, George. I'm your wife, and although you speak so lightly of a woman's duties, let me tell you that a good wife—such as I trust I have proved to you—may not be a stranger to the so-called mental strain and worry which business men endure. What were women sent into the world for?

G. To take care of the *house*, of course.

M. Yes, and to take care of their *husbands* too. Here you are telling your cares and troubles to that crazy meerschaum until you become as stupid and oblivious almost as the silly opium eater. George, why cannot you trust me with your business cares, and try whether a wife's love and tenderness cannot soothe your mind better than that crazy meerschaum.

G. Don't I speak to you, Mary?

M. Yes, George, about your food, your linen, or the children; but what else? Hasn't a wife got a mission higher than these? Is she not man's help-meet in a nobler and more exalted sense? Is there no soothing influence for your distracted energies except the fumes of that crazy meerschaum?

G. There now, you're off again, Mary, like a barrel of gunpowder. (*Looks at his watch.*) I shall be home to-night at six—all being well—we will take the children to see the panorama. You'll have my tea quite ready, won't you, dear? By-bye, love. (*Exit.*)

M. (*Picking up some letters.*) It's just like him—he's gone and forgot his letters! That crazy meerschaum will drive him silly yet. I suppose I must post them myself, as usual. (*Exit.*)

PART SECOND.

SCENE—Third class compartment in a railway carriage, in which three passengers enter into conversation.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Robinson.....An elderly gentleman of good habits.
Miss Bentley.....A young lady of education.
George.....Mary's husband.
Railway Porter.....A robust individual, with powerful voice.

(*Enter Railway Porter, hurriedly. R., B., and G. approach platform slowly.*)

Porter. Now, mum, are you going—time's up—get in please, get in! (*All three get seated.*) Show your tickets, please. Tickets all ready—(*moving about as from one carriage to another repeating above, while voices from behind platform are representing sundry passengers calling*)

Porter, is this the North Sandwich line?

P. Which line do you mean?

Voice. The Sandwich, of course.

P. We have no sandwiches here. Why didn't you get your breakfast before you came?

Porter, how soon are we going?

Porter, have you seen my luggage all right. I've a japanned tin box, a carpet bag, two umbrellas, and a satchel.

Porter, here's a gentleman here been insulting me—turn him out. He said I was old enough to be his grandmother, which I wasn't.

P. Keep in there—keep in. The train's moving. (*Railway whistle. Exit R. P.*)

George. I'm glad we're off at last. What a row these ignorant people make at railway stations. How lovely the country looks!

Robinson. Charming!

G. I'm a great admirer of nature.

R. Indeed!

G. Yes! I like the spring time especially, when the young buds are opening, the flowers are putting forth their fragrance, the birds are singing sweetest melody, and all nature waking to—ah—(*pulling out a meerschaum pipe*) you don't object to smoking, sir?

R. Certainly I do! This is not a smoking compartment.

G. (*Preparing for a smoke.*) Yes, sir, I'm a great admirer of nature.

R. Whether you are an admirer of nature or not, I don't admire you smoking here; and I tell you plainly, I object!

G. Why, bless me, all the professors in our Literary and Stumpological Society now are smokers!

R. More's the pity!

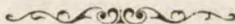
G. Sir, let me tell you, you are behind the age. There is a marvellous soothing efficacy in tobacco. These learned men were slow to take up the weed, but now, sir, there is not one that would abandon his pipe.

R. What next, I wonder!

G. What next! Why, sir, I am told that over one thousand ladies have sent boxes of cigars to the Queen, praying her Majesty to initiate the habit of smoking

(*Continued page 38.*)

TEMPERANCE WORK.



SOLO.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

KEY Ab. | s₁ . s₁ | s₁ : l₁ : t₁ | d : m : r | d : - : t₁ : - : s₁ | s₁ : t₁ : d | r : f : m | r : - : d : - : m . f |

It's a work of pre - ven - tion and cure, A work for the rich and the poor; A

| s : f : m | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - : d : - : l₁ | s₁ : d : m | r : d : t₁ | d : - : d : - ||

work that is slow and yet sure; A work that will ev - er en - dure.

DECLAMATORY STYLE.

With vigour, and strong accent.

Then shout for it, hear-er and preach-er! Shout for it, Mas-ter and man! Shout for it, scholar and

{	s ₁	r:r:r r:d:r	m:-:d:-:	m:f:s l:s:m	r:-:~:-:		s:s:s f:f:f
	s ₁	t:t:t t:l:t	d:-:s:-:	d:t:d d:d:d	t:-:~:-:		d:d:d d:d:d
	s	s:s:s s:s:s	s:-:m:-:	s:s:s f:s:s	s:-:~:-:		s:s:s l:l:l
	s ₁	s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁ s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	d:-:~:-:	d:r:m f:m:d	s:-:~:-:		m,m,m f:f:f

teach-er, Praise it wher-ev-er you can—you can—Oh! praise it wher-ev-er you can.

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	m	:-: f	:-: r:r:r	r:m:f	m	:-: s	f:-: f	m	:r:d	s:r:f	m	:-: ~:-:
	l	:-: r	:-: s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	d	:-: t	l	:-: f	s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	d	:-: ~:-:

Temperance lessens the stealers,—
 Robbing by day and by night ;
 Temperance adds to the kneelers
 Who in true religion delight.
 Then shout for it, &c.

It's a work for the pen and the tongue ;
 A work for the pulpit and pew ;
 It's a work for the old and the young,
 A work that's for me and for you.
 Then shout for it, &c.

among ladies, so that gentlemen may not have all the luxury to themselves.

Miss B. Who told you that nonsense?

G. Who told me, ma'am—

B. Yes, who told you? It is a shameful libel on the fair sex. A baser falsehood was never uttered. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

R. Don't believe a word he says, ma'am. He takes you and me for simpletons; but he shan't smoke while I am here.

G. Do you insinuate that I am a simpleton—(*growing excited, and putting pipe away*)—let me tell you, sir, I have forgotten far more than some people ever knew.

R. I dare say; at any rate you seem to have forgotten your good manners.

G. Whether I have or not, I am prepared to discuss with you on any science or subject you mention. Astronomy, gastronomy, phrenology, geology, zoology, biology, history, mystery, religion, or politics.

R. An empty vessel makes most noise. Look here, young man, do you understand the science of *Self Control*?

G. Let me see; the Latin of that is septimus ominous controlimus.

R. Never mind the Latin, let us have the English of it.

G. (*Pausing.*) *Self Control*—of course you refer to the—ah—regulating principle—ah—appertaining to the science of—ah—

Miss B. Young gentleman, I'm sorry for you. I pity your wife, if you have one.

R. Never mind him, ma'am, I'll deal with him. He's only a specimen of the so-called modern society. How long have you been a smoker?

G. Long enough to appreciate the value of it.

Miss B. Not long enough to discover the folly of it.

R. Did you ever study the physiological effects of tobacco?

G. Why should I, indeed!

R. Have you read the testimony of Sir Benjamin Brodie?

G. Brodie! Brodie! let me see. Was he a member of the Stumpological Society?

R. No; but he was Sir Benjamin Brodie, Baronet, F.R.S., and physician to the Queen.

G. O indeed! He ought to know something.

R. Let me give you his opinion. After a long course of observation, he says, "There are very few who do not suffer harm from the use of tobacco to a greater or less extent."

G. O, but doctors differ.

R. Take another witness—the eminent Dr. Arnot. He says, "The habit of smoking drains the life sap out of the smoker's cheeks."

G. Strong language.

R. Take another witness, that distinguished physician, Dr. C. J. Russell. He says, "I affirm without fear of successful contradiction, that no unnatural practice in which men indulge is fraught with more mischief to body and mind than the habitual use of tobacco."

G. All the doctors in the world would not make me believe that. Why, dear-ah-me, to think that a man who indulges in a whiff of tobacco must be stigmatized in that way.

Miss B. Have you any family?

G. Family; yes, I've three of the finest boys in creation.

Miss B. A pretty nice example you are setting them. Look out for the young smokers, sir; the boys will follow their father. Example draws where precept fails!

(*Enter Railway Porter.*)

P. Change here for Bangum, Slangum,

Wrexum, Vexum, Sendum, Endum, Flog-gum and Joggum. Tickets all ready! Tickets all ready! (*While this is being repeated by the Porter, voices are heard behind the platform calling in different tones, representing sundry passengers.*)

Porter, do we change here?

Porter, is this Wiggleton Junction?

Porter, will you look after my luggage? I've a jappanned tin box, a carpet bag, two umbrellas, and a satchel.

Porter, here's a fellow been smoking all the way from Hangum Station.

P. Well, hang him yourself; don't bother me.

Porter, there's a good fellow, just help me out with this baby and perambulator.

Porter, have you got a match?

Porter, there's a lady here fainting; bring a glass of water.

P. Why don't you smoke in your own compartment? Ladies may well faint! Get in there! get in! The train's going. (*Rings bell—train off—all retire.*)

PART THIRD.

GEORGE AND MARY.—In which George makes a sad discovery—is convicted of folly and vows amendment.

(*George is reading and Mary sewing.*)

G. What time does the panorama begin, Mary?

M. Eight o'clock.

G. I don't know about going to-night. I feel out of sorts.

M. Was there something wrong at the warehouse?

G. No.

M. An accident on the line?

G. No.

M. Then it's that crazy meerschaum again. George, you're not blessed with too much brains, but the little you have will be all gone soon if you don't stop smoking.

G. I was wishing to myself to-day that I had never been a smoker.

M. Why don't you give it up, then? You must see the folly of it if you only keep your eyes open.

G. It wasn't eyes exactly, but ears.

M. Then somebody's been giving you a lecture in the train, I suppose. Well, I only hope they'll do you good, for my pleading doesn't affect you.

G. My old grandmother used to say, "It was all the comfort she had," and I suppose I take after her; at least they used to say so.

M. Your old grandmother! George, I'd be a man, not a baby! What comfort do you want? Am not I working all day like a slave to make you comfortable—cooking, washing, starching, ironing, scrubbing, baking, sewing your buttons on, getting your linen up, cleaning your boots, making your tea and toast, boiling eggs for you and ham, getting you cauliflowers and sausages, and—why, bless me, man, what more *can* you have? You don't want *comfort*, George, I'm sure; it's common sense that you want; and if somebody would only knock that into your head, you would soon give up smoking.

G. I'm glad nobody is listening to you.

M. Why?

G. They might think I was henpecked, and no mistake.

M. Never mind what people think, you know different. If I didn't care for you, like some wives, I would let you smoke on until you killed yourself; but you know whether I love you or not, George. When I took you for better or worse, I made up my mind that if there was any worse about you I would do all that a true woman could to shift it. I wish every husband had such a wife as I have been to you.

G. You are a brave, true woman, Mary.

M. I have seen so many fall from smoking to drinking, George, that I have trembled to think that you might some day break your pledge! Then I have thought about the dear boys, George. I know you think the world of them, and they are looking up to you, their father, as a pattern of excellence. Would you like them to begin smoking?

G. Certainly not, Mary; it would be disastrous to young boys. I can't bear to think of it.

M. But you are setting the example, what better can you expect? Is it not natural as sowing and reaping? Don't you sometimes say, "Ill weeds will grow."

G. You put the case strongly, Mary. I wish I could give it up. I've tried many a time; it's a terrible habit to overcome, but I will, some day, you'll see.

M. I would do anything for you, George, if you would only give it up; but I have little faith in *some day* promises. Think of your home, your wife and children.

G. Well, after all, there's no place like home, Mary, is there? You never sing me that old song now, Mary—Home, *sweet home*!

M. Must I tell you why, George?

G. Tell me! certainly, Mary.

M. Because the chorus would have to be altered. It isn't "*Home, sweet home*" now, George.

G. (*Astonished*.) Mary! what do you mean?

M. I used to sing *Home, sweet home*, when we were first married. Everything *was* sweet then, George. It was not so large a house, but there was no crazy meerschau to spoil all my nice curtains and ornaments. I do try to sing *Home, sweet home*, now, George, when you're not in, but something rises in my throat

to choke me when I see all my ornaments and things getting spoiled.

G. Mary, if my pipe has silenced the music of your familiar voice, it shall do so no more. (*Throws his pipe away*.) It shall be Home, *sweet home* again. I have listened to many arguments and appeals, but nothing has moved me like this! You shall sing the old song again, dear!

M. Thank heaven! thank heaven! my prayer is answered. (*Exit*.)

ALPHABET OF INTEMPERANCE.

A IS the young man's first glass of ale,
B is the beer which next will prevail,
C is the cider, so simple at first,

Causing in future unquenchable thirst,

D is the dram, taken, morn, noon, and eve,

E is the extra one, at eleven, I believe.

F is the flip, thought so good for a cold,

G is the gin, not so pure as of old.

H is the hotel, where often he goes,

I is the inner room he so well knows,

J is the jug he there fills to the brim,

K is the knocking of conscience within.

L is the landlord, who smiles as you drink,

M is your money he's getting, I think.

N is the nightmare which visits your brain,

O is the orgies of a midnight train.

P is the poor, penniless pauper you become

Q is the quarrel, the product of rum;

R is the ruin rum brings to your door.

S is the suffering ne'er known before,

T is the tremens, and mark this as true,

They make few calls ere death must ensue;

U is the undertaker who comes to your aid,

V is the valley where your body is laid,

W is the wretchedness, wailing and woe,

X ecrable drunkards alone can know;

Y is the yearning for misspent time,

Z is the zenith of the drunkard's clime.

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*Author of “Food and its Adulterations,” “Adulterations
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(Signed) “OTTO HEHNER, F.C.S., ANALYST.”

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In consequence of the large amount of room at disposal, a Stock of Fancy Suits is kept, for the display of which there has not been space in the Shop at the corner of Spring Gardens. RICHARDS intends to continue selling at a low rate of profit, the large increase in his last year's trade has amply rewarded him for the great reduction he made in his prices. A few leading prices are given, but Clothing of the lowest and of the very highest class is kept in stock, all of equally good value.

Boys' Knicker Suits from 3/6 Boys' Sailor Suits " 3/6 Boys' "Prince" Suits " 6/9		Boys' "Athole" Suits from 12/6 Boys' "Sydney" Suits " 14/6 Boys' Scotch Kilt Suits " 15/6
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A Variety of Fancy Suits in Worsted, Diagonals, Velvets, and Best Makes of Tweeds, from 15/-.

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- SELECT MEASURE DEPARTMENT.

RICHARDS,

MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 137, May, 1881.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



LITTLE ROSE.

LITTLE ROSE.

NE bright morning, Rose was promised, that if she would get her lessons done to the satisfaction of her governess, she should have a holiday in the afternoon; and instead of being troubled with those disagreeable school books, as she called them, she might have a scamper in the garden with the dear little dog her Papa bought for her some weeks ago; and she might also have the nice red balloon which her loving Mamma gave her a few days before. So Rose did her best in the school-room, and to her great delight, so satisfied her teacher, that she fairly earned the half-holiday. Our artist has chosen the mo-

ment when both doggie and her young mistress are fresh at their play, and they are both evidently enjoying their outdoor exercise to their hearts' content. Until quite recently, Rose had her brother Fred as a playmate; but he is now at boarding school, some distance from home, where it is to be hoped he will make good use of his time, so that when he returns home for the holidays he will be a wiser and a better lad. In the absence of Fred, Rose makes quite a pet of the dog, who is as glad as his mistress to have a run in the garden and grounds which surround the house.

THE LOVE OF ALCOHOL REPROVED;
OR, THE MODERATION HYPOCRISY
DETECTED.

(AFTER COWPER.)

THUS says the prophet of the bottle:
" Good people, never be teetotal;
Yet there's a certain point in drinking
Where there's some danger, to my thinking,
And *that*, what'er his inclination,
On pain of mad intoxication,
No moderate drinker e'er can pass—
Beware, then, lest you take that glass!"

Mysterious was that prophet's charge,
For he had left the point at large;
Since had the limit been expressed,
They might, with safety, drink the rest;
But for one glass they thought it hard,
All liquors to be debarred;
And set their wits at work to find
What drink their prophet had in mind;
What poison they might safely swallow,
Which drunkenness might never follow.

Much controversy straight arose—
These choose the wine, the brandy those;
By some, 'tis confidently said,

That whiskey never hurt the head;
While others at the doctrine rail,
And, piously, prefer pale ale.
Thus conscience freed from every clog,
These drinkers swallow up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—the tale applied
May make you laugh on t'other side.
" Look not on wine?" the preacher cries.
" We don't," a Christian crowd replies.
While one *his* wine at lunch contends
Is medicine, which he gives his friends;
And one, whatever you may say,
For heat or cold, drinks every day.
Some say they take it with a grace,
And never think it out of place;
Disputing loudly, for this reason,
They like it in and out of season.

Reviled yet loved, renounced yet swallowed,
They drink the poison cup unhallowed;
Each thinks his neighbour drinks too free,
Yet likes his drop as well as he;
With sophistry their glass they sweeten,
Till Alcohol their soul has eaten.

J. A. D.

Adelaide, Feb. 14th, 1881.

LITTLE DIALOGUES FOR THE YOUNG.

By Thomas Heath, Sunday School, Superintendent,
Plymouth.

STAND FIRM TO YOUR PLEDGE.

(FOR TWO.)

Harry.

WELL, William, I hear you were at the Band of Hope last evening; I do not think it is much fit for big chaps to go to.

William. I may tell you that I was at our Band of Hope last evening, and I can tell you further, that there were many fellows there as big as myself. Ned Williams and Tommy Taylor even took part in a dialogue.

H. What weak-minded fellows they must be to mix up with a lot of little ones to help to recite a dialogue.

W. I think you are very much mistaken when you say that they are weak-minded. I knew one tall youth who was once an abstainer, that was laughed out of his temperance principles altogether. This I think was weak-minded.

H. O, there are many who do not care much about Bands of Hope. They get tired of it and give up going.

W. Yes! this shews great weakness of mind and want of courage. You forget how Bands of Hope are increasing everywhere, which proves that they must be liked, and that they are a good thing.

H. I like to enjoy my own opinion, and do as I like.

W. Many would tell you the same before they joined our great movement. They made lots of excuses and objections; but they were fully convinced of the good of Bands of Hope and the temperance cause, and thus they joined us.

H. Well, I must be off, I shall have a little more to say to you next time we meet.

W. Let me advise you to join us, and we will do you good. By the help of God you will stand firm to the pledge. I shall not be frightened out of my temperance principles. I am going to our Band of Hope to-night, and should like you to go with me. There is going to be a nice address by Mr. Thomas, a dialogue, melodies sung, and recitations given. Let me say before we part, that thousands of ladies and gentlemen throughout the country take part in our Bands of Hope; and I hope as a great army of abstainers that we shall all stand firm to our pledge. Good-bye.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A FATHER?

TUNE—"What is home without a Mother?"

BY UNCLE JOHN.

WHAT is home without a father,
Whom the wine-cup doth enslave;
Madly drinking the vile poison,
Swiftly hastening to the grave?
Other homes where drunkards revel,
Where foul jests are often heard,
There he spends his health—his substance—
Which his own home scarce hath shar'd.

Chorus.

Oh! what is home without a father?
He, whom the wine-cup doth enslave;
Madly drinking the vile poison,
Swiftly hastening to the grave.

What is home without a father,
Who is revelling far away?
Leaving wife (more than a widow),
Slowly pining in dismay.
She, whom he had sworn to foster,
Left in sadness long to mourn,
While he smiles upon all others
Where they ne'er the wine-cup spurn.

What is home without a father,
Who for drink will love forego?
Which his children lacketh sadly,
Which the darlings ne'er can know:—
They, whom his home-coming scareth;
They, who hideth from his frown;
But how different is his conduct
When the flowing glass goes round.

It's a home where discord reigneth,
 Evil spirits gather there,
 Love and peace and joy have left it,
 Giving place to gaunt despair.
 This is home without a father,
 Whom the wine-cup hath ensnar'd,
 Where the blight and curse o'erpowers,
 All that home has e'er endear'd. |

WORKING TOGETHER WITH GOD.

(IMPROMPTU.)

THIS world they say is upside down,
 And therefore downside up,
 Just like the man who tarries long,
 At drink's accurséd cup.

So there's a work for us to do,
 To put these wrong things right,
 And it will tax our utmost strength,
 Our energy and might.

But though the work to us is great,
 Our strength, but feebleness;
 Yet we can claim Almighty power,
 To help us and to bless.

'Tis ours to use the strength we have,
 Nor grieve about results;
 The work is His, who all things knows,
 And mortal ne'er consults.

With such a power, in such a work,
 Why should we then despair?
 Let us cast all our doubts aside,
 In faith and earnest prayer.

And in our work trust to His grace,
 Nor on ourselves rely,
 But do our duty in His name,
 And sin's great host defy.

'Tis thus we may put wrong things right,
 And make the crooked straight;
 The rough shall thus then smooth become,
 The barren sweet delight.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

BEAUTIFUL CHILDHOOD.

BEAUTIFUL childhood, fresh and free,
 Fair as a lily, blithe as a bee,
 Free from the weight of the world's dull care,
 With beautiful spirits light as air,
 Gambol and play in your innocent glee;
 Youth is the time to be merry and free.

While you are merry, be wise, be wise;
 Let your bright hopes like the lark arise—
 He sings as he soars in the bright blue sky,
 And fills the clear air with rich melody.
 Gambol and play in your innocent glee;
 Ever be wise while you're merry and free.

Oft will the tempter sing and say,
 Away to the revel, away, away;
 The purple wine sip, and laugh at care,
 And scoff at the friends who say "Beware!"
 Gambol and play in your innocent glee;
 Heed not the tempter, wherever he be.

Touch not the cup, though it sparkles bright;
 Over youth's flower it spreads a blight.
 Never can wine true pleasure bring;
 Just like a serpent, it charms to sting.
 Gambol and play in your innocent glee;
 Ever the charms of the wine-cup flee.

MERRY RAIN.

BY FLETA FORRESTER.

SPRINKLE, sprinkle comes the rain,
 Tapping on the window-pane;
 Trickling, coursing,
 Crowding, forcing
 Tiny rills

To the dripping window-sills.

Laughing rain-drops, light and swift
 Through the air they fall and sift;

Dancing, tripping,
 Bounding, skipping
 Through the street,

With their thousand merry feet.

Every blade of grass around

Is a ladder to the ground

Clinging, striding,
 Slipping, sliding,
 On they come

With their busy zip and hum.

In the woods, by twig and spray,
To the roots they find their way;
Pushing, creeping,
Doubling, leaping,
Down they go

To the waiting life below.

O the brisk and merry rain,
Bringing gladness in its train!

Falling, glancing,
Tinkling, dancing

All around—

Listen to its cheery sound!

—*St. Nicholas.*

ONLY A GLASS OF WINE.

“ONLY a glass of wine!”
And the red lips prettily pout,
As the jewelled fingers, white and fair,
The juice of the grape pour out.

Ah! maiden, did you but know
What woe doth the wine cup hold,
You would cast it into the ocean deep,
Though each drop were molten gold.

“Only a glass of wine,
Sparkling, rosy, and bright;
Drink, for I kissed its crystal rim,
And dream of me, love, to-night.”

Oh! woman has power to bind
The noblest hearts in thrall:—
“Only a glass of wine” was quaffed;
Ah! God! would that were all!

Only a wretched form
Staggering through the night,
Leaving on wife and child unborn
A withering, deadly blight.

“Only a glass of wine,” at first:—
Ah! me, what a potent spell
Must lie embalmed in the fragrant wine,
Ennobling thoughts to quell!

Only a drunken brute
Found in the gutter, dead?
While a famished wife and new-born babe
Are dying from lack of bread!

“Only a glass of wine?” No! no!
Away with the tempter’s thrall!
For wine is a demon dire that robs
Of God, and manhood, and all.

MAKING BELIEVE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I THINK it’s true of every boy,
Or almost every one,
To want to be a soldier
And carry round a gun.
They like to play at fighting,
And “make believe” a war,
But I think there are some boys who
know
Just what they’re fighting for.

I fight for right and principle,
Sobriety and truth;
My enemies are all strong drinks,
The licensed foes of youth.
But sometimes, just for rare good
fun,
To make it lively work,
I imagine I’m a Russiam
And that cider is a *Turk*.

Again I am a border-man,
Just ready for the strife,
And cider is an Indian,
Who means to take my life.
You ought to see me skirmish then,
You ought to hear me shout;
Where’er the red foe lurks I mean
To wholly beat him out.

Ah! boys, we need to be alive,
And ready for the work;
For worse than any Indian,
More cruel than a Turk,
Our cider foe is gaining ground,
The subtle, crafty thief!
And we must leave no stone unturned
To bring the wretch to grief.

—*Young People’s Comrade.*

THE COOLING STREAM.



W. O. PERKINS.

We'll look not on the tempt-ing cup, When the wine is gleam-ing; There's dan-ger in its

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CHORUS.

fa - tal draught, Poi - son in its beam - ing. From the mer - ry, laugh - ing rill, As it

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glides a - long the hill, We will drink and re - joice, At its spark - ling glow ; And our

{	l .,l : l .,l s : m .,f s : m .,f s : d' .,d' t : l s : r .,m
	f .,f : f .,f m : d .,r m : d .,r m : m .,m r : d t : t, .,d
	d' .,d' : d' .,d' d' : s .,s d : s .,s d : s .,s s : fe s : s .,s
	f .,f : f .,f d : d .,d d : d .,d d : d .,d r : r s : s, .,s,

mer - ry song shall be, O, the cool - ing draught for me, O, the bright, cool - ing stream for me.

{	f .,f : f .,m r : m .,f s .,s : s .,f m : l .,l s : s .,f m : r d : —
	r .,r : r .,d t : d .,r m .,m : m .,r d : d .,d d : d .,r d : t, d : —
	s .,s : s .,s s : s .,s d' .,d' : d' .,s s : f .,f m : m .,s s : f m : —
	s, .,s : s, .,s, s : d .,d d .,d : d .,d d : f, .,f s : s, .,s, s : s, d : —

- 2 We'll taste it not, the ruby wine,
 All our senses stealing ;
 It chills the heart, destroys the brain,
 Drowns each nobler feeling.
 From the merry, &c.
- 3 Say, would you wear the rose of health,
 Brother, son, and daughter,
 Then shun the bright deceptive bowl,
 Drink the pure, cold water.
 From the merry, &c.

HOW TO BE USEFUL.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY G. W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

Edward.

MELL, David my boy, here we are again, on the way to the Band of Hope meeting.

David. Yes, weeks go by quickly; but none too quickly for me. I like to go to the Band of Hope meeting, and wish they were held oftener.

E. I'm glad to hear you say that, for I feel like it myself; but then, you know, we have other duties in life beyond going to meetings and getting good.

D. Ah, yes; no doubt of that—besides getting, we ought also to strive to do good.

E. That's just what I was going to say myself. Well now, as you have hit the right nail on the head, perhaps you'll tell me what good you are trying to do.

D. I don't know that I need be ashamed to do that;—only a few minutes since I led a poor blind woman across the street; that was lending a helping hand, and thus doing good, wasn't it?

E. Yes, certainly; and I'm proud of you for doing it; but I referred to the good you were doing as a member of the Band of Hope.

D. Don't fear, my boy, I don't forget the Band of Hope during the six days when there's no meeting. It's not too much to say that I think of it every day. Why, when I say my prayers morning and night, I ask God to bless and prosper our Band of Hope and make people sober.

E. That's just as it ought to be; but I must confess, that deep as my interest is in our Band of Hope, I never thought to pray about it.

D. Then, the sooner you begin the better.

E. So I will, and I thank you, David, for the good suggestion. What else do you do?

D. Why, I always carry a small book in my pocket; and when I have a few minutes to spare, I employ them in committing to memory a piece of poetry, or a part of a Dialogue, and thus I'm always ready to give a fresh piece when called upon.

E. That's another good idea. I've many a time wondered how you could always take the longest part in a dialogue, and were always ready with a nice piece of poetry, that you'd never recited before.

D. Then, I've solved the mystery for you. You cannot do better than follow my example.

E. It always looks to me a pity to go to all the trouble of learning a piece of poetry or a part of a dialogue, just to recite it once, and then to have the pleasure of forgetting what I've learned.

D. If I were to call that by its right name, I should call it *idleness*. But you don't so easily forget what you learn, and every piece is so much mental exercise which strengthens the memory, and thus makes it easier to learn the next.

E. That's one way of looking at it, certainly.

D. And the right way too. As to your idea about reciting pieces once, why I've recited every one I know many a time.

E. Indeed, how so? I've never heard you give the same piece twice!

D. That may be, because you only go to our own Band of Hope meeting. You never visit your neighbours. Now, I do! and the pieces I learn for our own meetings, I recite at the other meetings; and thus, one piece well committed to memory does good many times over.

E. Right you are again, David. I wish I could do the same.

D. Do the same? why if you really

wished to do the same you could easily manage it. What's to hinder you? You would just be as welcome at the meetings I attend as I am.

E. But then you see you know the pieces to recite, I don't.

D. And you never will until you try. I understand now why you are always giving readings, because you don't like the trouble of learning them!

E. That's about right; but readings are not to be sneered at, they are well and good in their place!

D. In their place, certainly, they are good; but with you, they are always in their place, that is, in the book and never in your head.

E. That's a rather hard hit, my boy; but in reading you acquire the sense of the writer, though not his words.

D. But you cannot interest your audience half as much when you have a book between them and yourself, instead of looking every one of them in the face and using your hands and arms, and if need be, your legs, to "suit the action to the words."

E. I think you are right again, David. "Actions speak louder than words," but when words and actions speak together it must have a wonderful power.

D. Well, now, try it, and I'll tell the chairman of our next meeting that you'll give a recitation instead of the usual reading.

E. I think I will, and if I find it goes better recited than read, I'll begin to carry a book in my pocket too as you do.

D. That's right, I'm glad I've influenced you for good. You see that's another case of doing good; you wanted me to tell you what good I was doing; perhaps you'll put this last sentence of all in your note book.

E. I'll record it in the book of my memory and on the tablet of my heart.

D. Those are two good places upon which to make the record. †

E. Well, there it shall find a place.

D. Now, come, I've given you a few instances of the good I'm trying in my little way to do; let me hear from you what good you are trying to do.

E. Well, before we began this conversation, I thought I was doing all I could; but I find you are doing so much more than I, I'm ashamed of the smallness of my work.

D. Smallness of your work! No work in a good cause is small. It may appear small, but small causes may produce great results; and we must judge by results.

E. Truly. I can give you an illustration of that. I once spoke a few words in a casual sort of way to a friend of mine in course of conversation, and these words, though I'd forgotten ever having used them, fastened themselves upon the mind and heart of my friend, and caused him to give up a bad habit.

D. That's good. But that was only casual. What good are you trying to do in a regular and systematic way?

E. My chief work is in trying to get people to sign the pledge. I always carry a book for that purpose in my pocket, and I've got a good number to do so, and I also invite them to our meetings.

D. Bravo, bravo! If I've given you a wrinkle, you've also given me one; and as you have promised to follow my example, I'll promise also to follow yours.

E. You'll have your pockets pretty well full of books.

D. Never mind that, I might have them filled with many worse things than pledge and recitation books.

E. I think we've done each other good, and if we only follow each other's example, we may be able to do much good to others.

D. I'll try.

E. And so will I.

I CAN'T.

NEVER say, "I can't," my dear—
Never say it.

When such words as those I hear,
From the lips of boy or girl,
Oft they make me doubt and fear;
Never say it.

Boys and girls that nimbly play
Never say it.

They can jump and run away,
Skip and toss and play their pranks;
Even dull ones, when they're gay,
Never say it.

Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it.

Find some one who knows, and ask,
Till you have your lesson learned;
Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it.

Men who do the noblest deeds
Never say it.

He who lacks the strength he needs,
Tries his best, and ne'er gives o'er,
Surely will at last succeed;
Never say it.

But when tempted to do wrong
Always say it.

In your virtue, firm and strong,
Drive the tempter from your sight;
And when follies round you throng,
Ever say it.

A VOICE FROM GOD.

THE Bible comes to us as a voice—a voice from God. When we read the Bible, even when we read it by ourselves, we ought to feel that it is like listening to the voice of God. Whenever we open the Bible we should be ready to say with Samuel, "Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth." These words are God's words. These thoughts are God's thoughts. Every command given us in this Book is a law from God. The pro-

mises and the threatenings alike come from Him. It was He who spoke by Moses, and by Isaiah, and by Paul, and by Peter, and so on. He gave the message, and they brought it.

No. 13 IS NOW READY, of
Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter,

BY S. KNOWLES.

Containing—

The Song of the Demon.
My Uncle Ned. A Horrible Tale.

Where is he now?
Little Tommy's New Father.
Rescued from Death!
The Orphan Boy.

"I'd rather not go."

WELL, I NEVER! A Musical Dialogue for Three,
with Original Songs and Music, "Staunch
Double T," and "The Temperance Hearth."

A BIT OF A TIFE. A Domestic Dialogue for
Five.

"I must have more!"

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(Signed) “OTTO HEHNER, F.C.S., ANALYST.”

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IN the Premises at the corner of High Street, which RICHARDS has just opened to meet the daily increasing requirements of his trade, Parents and Friends of Children will find a degree of comfort and completeness in the arrangements which can only be met with in a large concern, and in one specially built for the business. The Stock must naturally be extensive and varied; it is also fresh in the Newest Styles.

In consequence of the large amount of room at disposal, a Stock of Fancy Suits is kept, for the display of which there has not been space in the Shop at the corner of Spring Gardens. RICHARDS intends to continue selling at a low rate of profit, the large increase in his last year's trade has amply rewarded him for the great reduction he made in his prices. A few leading prices are given, but Clothing of the lowest and of the very highest class is kept in stock, all of equally good value.

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RICHARDS,
MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 138, June, 1881.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



LITTLE HANDS IN MISCHIEF.

LITTLE HANDS IN MISCHIEF.

ONE morning Jimmy Simpson came running in and asked: "Mamma, may Arthur and Laura and I go up to Jabez Dorr's shop? We want to consult him about some of our work. At least we boys do; and Laura wants to see his funny shop!"

"And the funny old man, too!" said Laura. "He is so odd, and he wears such queer clothes."

"You may go; but, Laura, you must not laugh at Mr. Dorr, or make fun of what he says or does. That would be rude, you know."

"I won't, Auntie. Wait, Jimmy, until I get my hat!"

"Bring my hat!" cried little Marion; "I want to go with Jimmy, too! Take me, Jimmy!"

"May she go, mamma?" Jimmy asked. "I'll take care of her."

Mamma consented, and Marie set out with the rest; only it was impossible for her to walk with the rest, for she was in such high spirits that she could not walk at all. She went with a hop, skip, and jump.

When they reached the shop, old Jabez, as people called him, was within, and the boys began at once to talk to him about their cabinet-making plans.

Jabez was not a cabinet-maker exactly, but he had handled a great many pieces of furniture in his way; he was a general tinker and mender of all sorts of articles; his glue-pot was always handy, and his shop was a real "curiosity shop" to children—there were so many odds and ends of all sorts lying about.

Laura was eagerly listening to the conversation about the bracket saw work, and all forgot little Marie for a few minutes.

She soon brought herself to mind by a loud cry.

"Hi, hi!" said old Jabez, "what's the little missy doing?"

Little missy, it proved, had been trying to manage some tools which lay on a bench within her reach, and had cut her finger, and then screamed at sight of the blood.

"There, there!" said the old man kindly, "don't cry; sit up here, and we'll bind it up directly."

He went to find a bit of rag; and when he had done up the finger, the old man said, "There! it's all right, but the little missy mustn't touch the tools. Why, a little girl once got a sharp hook into her finger here, and I had to cut it out—only think of that!"

WHO'LL BID FOR THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

ADDITIONAL VERSES BY UNCLE JOHN.

WHO'LL bid for the little children,
Body, and soul, and brain?
Who'll bid for the little children,
Young, and without a stain?

"I'll bid," cried beggary, howling;
"I'll buy them up, one and all;
I'll teach them a thousand lessons,
To lie, and skulk, and crawl."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Cried crime, with wolfish grin:
"I love to lead the children
In the pleasant ways of sin."

"They shall swarm the streets to pilfer;
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay."

Who'll bid for the little children?
Said the demon Drink, "I will;
I'll bid 'gainst Crime and Beggary,
For I'll bid higher still.

"I'll take the children, one and all,
No matter, rich or poor,
And train them up for Beggary,
In rags from door to door.

"I'll get their parents them to teach
The moderation charm,
And so they'll grow to love me,
With nothing to alarm.

"In many a gentle household,
Where so-called Christians dwell,
With little drops, well sweetened,
They'll train the children well.

"And in the homes more humble,
The tiny glass will be
The first step in the ladder
To Crime and Beggary.

"So that by my bidding largely,
For children, body and soul,
What Crime and Beggary do in part,
I certainly do the whole.

"And I'll lead them on so gently,
By moderation scale,
Till they're secure both body and soul
By brandy, wine, or ale.

"When in my meshes firmly bound,
Each knot more tightly riven;
Too late—they'll find the drunkard
Can never enter heaven."

"Oh! monstrous!" cried bold Tem-
"I'll to the rescue come, [perance
It's wrong to sell the children thus
To an eternal doom."

"Oh! shame!" cried True Religion,
"Oh, shame that this should be:

I'll take the little children,
I'll take them all to Thee.

"I'll raise them up with kindness,
From the mire where they have trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing;
I'll lead them up to God."

And Temperance and True Religion
In Bands of Hope combined,
Are leading the young to Jesus
With cords of love entwined.

I HAVE SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

I HAVE signed the pledge, the tem-
perance pledge!

Such a little boy as I? you say;
Oh! yes, I am small; and so is the edge
Of your broad axe; but it spreads away
To a noble head, and the chips must go
When it hews to the line with blow on blow!

I have signed the pledge, the guardian
pledge,

That none who walk are too small to sign.
Too small? 'Tis the *little* end of the wedge
That starts the crack in the knotted pine;
Let it begin *there*, and it rips
The sturdiest oak into basket-strips.

I have signed the pledge, the beautiful
pledge;

I will *keep* it—it keeps *me* no less;
You guard young corn with a sturdy hedge,
Our young souls need it as well, I guess;
We little blades beginning to shoot
Have a tempting look to the old black goat!

I have signed the pledge, the glorious
pledge;

And though I am small and my years
are few,

I grow—'tis a smart boy's privilege!—
And I'll pick up time as fast as you!
The wedge grows into me, one live bough,
As the buds you set in a sapling grow!

I have signed the pledge, the living pledge;
 One chance the jail and the poor-house
 lose;
 There's one chance less for the river-dredge
 To be clogged with a sot in its dripping
 ooze;
 And one bid more for the crown that waits
 The virtuous man at the golden gates.

THE YOUTHFUL ADVOCATE.

BY UNCLE POTTER.

I AM but a little teetotal man, [I can
 And cannot do much, but I do what
 To promote the temperance cause.
 I never drink ale or any such thing
 As brandy or rum, wine, whiskey, or gin—
 Man's curse and the cause of his woes.
 I drink cold water, so clear and so sweet;
 It quenches my thirst, gives health to my
 cheek,
 And brings neither sorrows nor woes.
 It comes from above, so bright and so free;
 In dewdrops it shines like pearls from the
 sea;
 And in streams of abundance it flows.
 Enriching the soil, it supplies us with bread,
 Gives life to the flowers in the green,
 grassy mead,
 And meets us where'er we may rove.
 The beautiful birds, in the midst of their
 song,
 Stop and drink from the brook as it
 murmurs along
 Through brake and through woodland
 and grove.
 Would you sing, like the birds with sweet-
 ness and power,
 Or blooming in beauty, outrival the flower,
 With cheeks fresh and healthy as
 mine?
 Make water your drink, and unite heart
 and hand,
 To rescue and save every child in the land,
 And the pledge of true temperance
 sign.

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR MUST NEVER TOUCH MINE.

YOU are coming to woo me, but not as of
 yore, [door;
 When I hastened to welcome your ring at the
 For I trusted that he who stood waiting me
 then, [men.
 Was the brightest, the truest, the noblest of
 Your lips, on my own when they printed
 "Farewell," [hell;"
 Had never been soiled by "The beverage of
 But they come to me now with the bacchanal
 sign, [mine.
 And the lips that touch liquor must never touch
 I think of that night in the garden alone,
 When in whispers you told me your heart was
 my own, [be
 That your love in the future should faithfully
 Unshared by another, kept only for me.
 O sweet to my soul is the memory still—
 Of the lips which met mine, when they mur-
 mured "I will;"
 But now to their pressure no more they incline,
 For the lips that touch liquor must never touch
 mine.
 Oh, John! how it crushed me, when first in
 your face ["disgrace;"
 The pen of the "Rum Fiend" had written
 And turned me in silence and tears from that
 breath—
 All poisoned and foul from the chalice of death.
 It scattered the hopes I had treasured to last—
 It darkened the future and clouded the past—
 It shattered my Idol, and ruined the shrine,
 For the lips that touch liquor must never touch
 mine.
 I loved you—O dearer than language can tell,
 And you saw it, you proved it, you knew it
 too well!
 But the man of my love was far other than he
 Who now from the "Tap-room" comes reeling
 to me.
 In manhood and honor so noble and right—
 His heart was so true, and his genius so
 bright— [wine—
 And his soul was unstained, unpolluted by
 But the lips that touch liquor must never touch
 mine.
 You promised reform, but I trusted in vain;
 Your pledge was but made to be broken again;

And the lover so false to his promises now,
Will not, as a husband, be true to his vow.
The word must be spoken that bids you
depart— [heart—
Tho' the effort to speak it should shatter my
Tho' in silence, with blighted affection, I pine,
Yet the lips that touch liquor must never touch
mine.

If one spark, in your bosom, of virtue remain,
Go fan it with prayer till it kindle again;
Resolved, with "God helping," in future to be
From wine and its follies unshackled and free:
And when you have conquered this foe of your
soul,
In manhood and honor beyond his control—
This heart will again beat responsive to thine,
And the lips free from liquor be welcome to
mine.

GEORGE W. YOUNG.

LITTLE DIALOGUES FOR THE YOUNG.

*By Thomas Heath, Sunday School Superintendent,
Plymouth.*

RESCUE THE DRUNKARD.

Robert.

WHAT a stupid chap you are,
Sam; everyone you come in
contact with that takes a drop
of beer, you are always having
something to say to them.

Sam. Well, I think it is quite right
too, being a member of the Band of Hope.
I consider it my duty to get all I can to
join the great Temperance Army.

R. You are always minding other
people's business. Let people do as they
like; you do as you like, therefore let
other people do the same.

S. I suppose you are one of those who
care little or nothing about others who
are sorrowing and suffering through the
various forms of evil. Let me tell you,
that the cursed drink customs of our land
have produced more trouble than anything
else; and shall those who are members of

the Temperance Army turn a deaf ear to
the cries of the fallen, and not make the
slightest effort to rescue them eventually
from a drunkard's grave?

R. I do not for a moment hold with
drunkenness.

S. We find that there is no regular
line for Moderation. What some call
Moderation, would produce drunkenness in
others. Besides, tens of thousands of the
drunkards of to-day that walk our streets,
if asked, would nearly all of them tell
you that they never intended to become
drunkards.

R. Well, I do not intend to give way
to excessive drinking.

S. This is a very poor safeguard. The
only way—the best way—the safest way
—let me tell you, is to give it up altogether.
This is my advice to you. I do not mind
what you said to me, that I am always
speaking to those who take a drop of beer;
I mean always to do so, God giving me
His help, that I may win some; that I
may rescue some from the Drink Army,
and get as many as I can to join the great
Temperance Army.

R. You seem a lot of weak people
who cannot take a little beer in modera-
tion, without leading to drunkenness. You
say that we who differ from you in
opinion, must leave it off altogether.

S. Yes, we cannot trust Moderation;
besides it does no good—does harm, wast-
ing money to produce fearful sorrow and
woe in the land. It is poison, as many
eminent doctors tell us, and shortens life;
so you see I am anxious to rescue the
drunkard, and even those who take it in
moderation, I am advising to join our
Army before they become drunkards.

R. Well, Sam, you have some very
good ideas on the subject; I will think
it over, and see you again soon.

S. I hope, if spared, we shall; and
that you, *too*, will join us.

MARCHING ON WE COME.



ELLA DALE.

W. H. DOANE.

March-ing on we come with the gush of joy, Break-ing forth this hap-py, hap-py day,

KEY B \flat

{	m ₁ . f ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : l ₁ . t ₁ d : d d : t ₁ . d r : d l ₁ . d : d . , l ₁ s ₁ : - - :
	d ₁ . r ₁ m ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ : f ₁ . f ₁ m ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ : f ₁ . s ₁ l ₁ : l ₁ f ₁ . f ₁ : f ₁ . f ₁ m ₁ : - - :
	s ₁ . s ₁ d : d d : s ₁ . s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ . d d : f d . l ₁ : l ₁ . d d : - - :
	d ₁ . d ₁ d ₁ : d ₁ d ₁ : d ₁ . d ₁ d ₁ : d ₁ d ₁ : r ₁ . m ₁ f ₁ : f ₁ f ₁ . f ₁ : f ₁ . f ₁ d ₁ : - - :

In a greet-ing warm to the fair young spring, And her open-ing flow'rs so gay.

{	m ₁ . f ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : l ₁ . t ₁ d : r m : f . r d : - . r d : t ₁ d : - - :
	d ₁ . r ₁ m ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ : f ₁ . f ₁ m ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : l ₁ . l ₁ s ₁ : - . s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : - - :
	s ₁ . s ₁ d : d d : s ₁ . s ₁ s ₁ : t ₁ d : d . f m : - . f m : r . f m : - - :
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REFRAIN.

March-ing on with hap-py songs we come,

March-ing on with hap-py

{	d .,r	m : —		m .r : d .m		m : r		r : t ₁ .,d		r : —		r .d : t ₁ .r	
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	d : d		d .t ₁ : d .d		d : t ₁ t ₁ :		t ₁ : t ₁ t ₁ .m : r .f		t ₁ : t ₁ t ₁ .m : r .f		t ₁ : t ₁ t ₁ .m : r .f		t ₁ : t ₁ t ₁ .m : r .f
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songs we come; We will shout for joy as we hail the light Of our year-ly fes-tive day.

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	f : m		m : d .t ₁		d : d d : d .d		d : d d : s .f		m : .f m : r .f		m : — : —
	s ₁ : d ₁ d ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁		d : d d : d ₁ .d ₁		f ₁ : f ₁ f ₁ : f ₁ .f ₁		s ₁ : .s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁		d ₁ : — : —		d ₁ : — : —

2 Marching on we come like a soldier band,
 Keeping step with merry merry glee;
 We are in the ranks of the Sunday School,
 Where we always love to be.
 Marching on, &c.

3 May the eye that looks on the humblest plant,
 And beholds the tiny sparrow fall,
 Keep a constant watch on the path we tread,
 And a loving smile for all.
 Marching on, &c.

BOUND AND TIGHT.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO.

Jim.



HALLO, there, Harry! where are you bound?

Harry. Bound? I'm not bound at all. I am as free as the mountain air.

J. Oh! pshaw! Why don't you answer me? You know what I mean.

H. I know what you say; and if that is not what you mean, then say it over again, and improve upon it.

J. What is the use to be always haggling over words? I never speak to please you.

H. Words, Jim, should be the expression of our thoughts; and if you speak what you do not mean, 'tis your own fault if you are misunderstood. We should be accurate in our speech and in our life.

J. Well, then, I'll try it on again. Master Harry, where are you going?

H. I am on my way to the hall of the Sons of Temperance—a place where I find good society, pure enjoyment, and the means of improving my mind and heart.

J. Sons of Temperance! Ha! ha! Well, go in. I'm bound for a time, at Bunker's saloon.

H. Yes, you are bound for a time. In this use of the word *bound*, I fear you are correct—*bound* by your attachment to bad society, by your love of unnatural and unhealthy excitement, and by your habit of using strong drinks.

J. That's putting it rather steep. I shall expect to hear you call me a drunkard the next time we meet.

H. I trust you will be disappointed in that, for I always intend to speak just as I mean; and to call you a drunkard would give me inexpressible pain.

H. But you do say that I am a slave to strong drink; that I cannot resist

temptation, and am therefore *bound* to visit Bunker's saloon.

H. I think, if you are not thus bound, you are a very passive and foolish victim. You see what others are who have long frequented that place, and if you are ready and willing to be like them, you are the first young man I ever saw who could coolly and deliberately make up your mind to go the downward way to ruin.

J. Oh! nonsense! Can't a fellow go occasionally, and not make a fool of himself? I never got drunk in my life.

H. No one can go on in such a way as you did at Bunker's a week ago, and not be far gone in his folly.

J. What do you mean by that?

H. You say that you never got drunk; but did you not acknowledge to me the other day that you were a little tight?

J. Tight? Oh! that's nothing. Half the young fellows do that.

H. And what is the exact difference between getting *tight* and getting *drunk*? Can you tell me?

J. Why, that is clear enough to be seen, but I don't know as I can express it to suit you.

H. Please do the best you can, for I really would like to know.

J. Well, I should say the fellow who is *tight* is a little set up; while he who is *drunk* is a good deal set down.

H. Both, then, are in an unnatural state, and from the same cause. If he who is *set up* by liquor should drink a little more, he would be *set down*. Is that it?

J. Yes, I suppose that is about the fact of the case. We'll call it so, at any rate.

H. Then he who is *tight* is slightly drunk—that is, he has begun to be drunk. Do you agree to that also?

J. Why do you insist on the term *drunk*? That is a degrading and offensive word. I do not wish you to apply it to me directly or indirectly.

H. Have you not applied it to yourself? You say that he who is *tight* is a little drunk; and you acknowledge that a week ago you were a little *tight*.

J. I will not get offended, for I know you are my friend; but I confess that I do not like this attempt to degrade me by that offensive word. Why do you seek to force it upon me?

H. Because it belongs to you by your own decision. You are going in the way of evil men. You are in the incipient state of drunkenness. You are already bound (not hopelessly so, I trust) by a degrading habit, and I wish you to see your condition as it is. You do not like the name of *drunkard*, neither do I; but you are courting it, and it will be given you, whether you like it or not, unless you turn from the path in which you are now walking, and fly the danger which now threatens you. Jim, you do not look upon these things as they are. I love you, and therefore speak thus plainly.

J. I know you love me, Harry; and if any one else said these things, I would have knocked him down. There is to me a new thought in your words, and I will ponder it till we meet again. I shall not go to Bunker's to day.

H. Thank God for that! Keep thinking, and you will soon find that it is best for every young man to be neither *bound* nor *tight*. Keep *free* from all bad habits, and in *temperance* and *sobriety* become what you *may* and *should* be—a respectable and noble man.



WHAT WHISKY DID FOR ME.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

To be Recited in Character.

KIND friends, I'm glad to meet you here,

I stand before you all,
A soldier who has served his time
With old King Alcohol.
I've stood by him through thick and thin,
Until they call me sot,
And when for him I sold my coat
This was the coat I got.

I fought for him, I bled for him,
As through the street I'd rave,
And when through him I lost my hat
This is the hat he gave.
My boots were of the neatest fit,
As fine as boots could be;
For him I gave away my boots,
And then he booted me.

My eyes were of the deepest blue,
Nor lustre did they lack;
But now you see they both are red,
And one is also black!
My nose was never beautiful,
But still was not amiss;
Old Alcohol, he touched it up,
And what d'ye think of this?

He promised I should courage have
For all the ills of life;
The bravest thing he made me do
Was beat my little wife.

He promised he would give me wit,
And I should ne'er be sad,
Instead of which he took away
The little sense I had.

The health and wealth he promised me
He never, never gave;
But when he'd taken all I had,
I found myself a slave.
So now I'll fight for him no more,
For woe is all his pay;
He's cheated me and lied to me—
I'll join the "Sons" to-day!

BED TIME AGAIN.

TWO little girls in their night gowns
As white as the newest snow,
And Ted in his little flannel suit
Like a fur-clad Esquimaux—

Beg just for a single story
Before they creep to bed.
So while the room is summer warm
And the coal-grate cherry red,
I huddle them close and cosy
As a little flock of sheep,
Which I their shepherd strove to lead
Into the fold of sleep—

And tell them about the daughter
Of Pharaoh the king.
Who went to bathe at the river side
And saw a curious thing

'Mong the water-flags, half hidden,
And just at the brink afloat;
It was neither drifting trunk nor bough,
Nor yet was an anchored boat.

Outside, with pitch well guarded;
Inside, a soft green braid;
'Twas a cradle woven of bulrushes,
In which the babe was laid.

Then the princess sent her maidens
To fetch it to her side.
And when she opened the little ark,
Behold! the baby cried.

"This is one of the Hebrew's children,"
With pitying voice, she said;
And perhaps a tender tear was dropped
Upon his little head.

And then came the baby's sister,
Who had waited near to see [asked
That harm came not, and she trembling
"Shall I bring a nurse for thee?"

"Yes, bring a nurse"—and the mother
Was brought—the very one
Who had made the cradle of bulrushes
To save her little son.

And the princess called him Moses;
God saved him thus to bless

His chosen people, as their guide
Out of the wilderness.

For when he had grown to manhood
And saw their wrongs and woes,
Filled with the courage of the Lord
His mighty spirit rose—

And with faith and love and patience
And powerful to command,
He placed their homeless, weary feet
At last in the promised land.

— N. W. Advocate.

WHAT MATTERS ?

BY AUGUSTUS LEONARD.

WHAT matters how the time goes by,
If ever with its flight
Our feet keep pace with steady tread
In duty's path of right?
If every passing year could say
A year of duties done,
Of wisdom gained, of added strength,
Of victories fairly won.

What matters though time swiftly flies,
When youthful days are gone,
If in the way our Master leads
Our feet are hastening on.
If we have wept with those who weep,
Rejoice when they are glad,
Give cooling drink and kindly word
To thirsty one and sad.

If we have scattered wide the seed
Of wisdom, truth and love,
The fruits of which shall make our world
Like unto that above,
If we have freely cast our bread
Upon the waters wide,
Nor stopped to watch its onward course
Upon the swelling tide;

If in the war 'twixt bad and good
We've boldly taken stand,
Defended right, opposed the wrong,
Obeying God's command.

Then let the days glide swiftly on,
And brown hair turn to gray,
And feeble pulse and faltering step,
And human strength decay.

God over all is just and good;
He slumbers not nor sleeps,
And over childhood's youth and age
His loving watch e'er keeps.

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*DR. A. H. HASSALL, M.D., and OTTO HEHNER, F.R.C.S., of the
Analytical Sanitary Institution, London,*

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(Signed) “ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D.”
*Author of “Food and its Adulterations,” “Adulterations
Detected,” and late Editor of “Food and Water.”*

(Signed) “OTTO HEHNER, F.C.S., ANALYST.”

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No. 139, July, 1881.]

NEW SERIES.

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THE TWO SISTERS.

THE TWO SISTERS.

GERTRUDE and Elizabeth Smith when at play one dinner time exhibited a little temper, as, unfortunately, children, as well as upgrown people, will occasionally do. Unkind words were said, which are more readily uttered than forgotten, and faces which usually were sweet and pleasant, betrayed such passion as to make them really ugly. Their Mamma, who was an unobserved witness of the scene, had, on the return of her children from school, a little serious talk with the eldest, pointing out how foolish and wrong it was to be unkind to anyone, more especially to a

younger sister. So impressed was Gertie at the wise and affectionate remarks of her Mamma, that, after expressing her regret she had been so naughty, she went at once to Elizabeth, and said how sorry she was they had been so unfriendly at play, and hoped they should not be so again. Our artist has chosen the moment when the reconciliation has taken place. It is to be hoped the words of their Mamma will bear good fruit, and that when there is a danger of a little quarrel, they will remember their former one, and kiss and be affectionate to each other as Two Sisters ought to be.

AWAY TO THE WOODS.

BY SARAH LOUISA MOORE.

COME where the tempting nuts hang
In rich clusters overhead; [down
Where, through the leaves of russet-brown,
Gleam the berries bright and red. [ring
We will laugh, Ha! ha! till the wild woods
With our mirthful strains to-day;
While sunbeams dance and merry birds
O, haste to the woods, away! [sing,
O, come let us break the solitude
Of the grave and grand old trees;
They, too, shall share our joyous mood,
And laugh with the laughing breeze.
We will laugh Ha! ha! till the echoes wake
In the dales both far and near;
And answer to our glad song make,
In measures soft and clear.
O, come, for the ground is all aglow
With the golden moss to-day;
O, come where the purple heath doth grow,
And the flowering grasses play.
We will laugh Ha! ha! for our hearts are
We will sing for very glee; [light;
For the sun is high and the day is bright,
Away to the woods with me!

THOUGHTS THAT COME WITH
THE TWILIGHT.

BY FRANK W. GODFREY.

HERE I watch the sunset beauty,
Seated by the open door;
And my mind does wander backward
To the happy days of yore:
When in childish joys we wander
In the woodland far away,
Gathering wild flowers in the meadows,
Happy in our childish way.

When the darkness gathered round us,
And all nature seemed so still,
To the cottage back we wandered,
List'ning to the whip-poor-will;
And again we gathered violets,
After years had passed away,
As we lingered in the wildwood,
At the closing of the day.

How I loved the little fairy,
Words of mine can never tell;
Now she lays beneath the daisies,
Down in yonder shady dell;

But it seems that I can see her,
 At this glowing sunset time,
 In the rays of golden beauty,
 In that shining elfin clime.

Others, too, have crossed the river,
 Gone beyond this world of care,
 Dear ones that I loved and cherished,
 As the angels do the fair;
 But they lie beneath the daisies,
 Where the zephyrs wave the flowers,
 And I love to wander thither,
 At the gentle twilight hours.

Now alone I wander onward,
 Toward the river bright and fair,
 Yonder is the shore celestial,
 And I know I'll soon be there.
 Earthly ties begin to loosen,
 When the boatman plies the oar,
 I shall gladly cross the river,
 For they'll meet me on the shore.

A LITTLE BOW OF BLUE.

MY heart was very heavy,
 For my children cried for bread;
 I wept to see my little ones
 Go supperless to bed.
 I listened for a footstep,
 As I'd often done before,
 Waiting for a staggering man,
 To stumble through the door.
 But his step came firm and steady,
 And his eye was clear and true,
 And on his ragged coat he wore—
 A little bow of blue.

CHORUS.

A bit of ribbon blue,
 May little seem to you,
 But oh, how much it meant to me,
 That little bow of blue.

He came and stood beside me,
 And stooped to kiss my face,
 Where tears (but lately wiped away)
 Had left their burning trace.

Then, as my arm embraced his neck,
 Sweet hope came back anew;
 For on his ragged coat I saw—
 A little bow of blue.
 And his step was firm and steady,
 And his eyes were clear and true,
 And on his ragged coat he wore—
 A little bow of blue.
 A bit of ribbon blue, &c.

We knelt down by the bedside,
 Where the children lay asleep,
 And prayed the Lord to give him
 strength

His new made vow to keep.
 Then to my lifted eyes a bow
 Of promise rose to view; [sky
 The bow that spanned my brightened
 Was just a bow of blue.
 For his step was firm and steady,
 And his eyes were clear and true,
 And on his manly breast he wore—
 A little bow of blue.
 A bit of ribbon blue, &c.

And is there one before me now
 Addicted to the cup?
 Oh! listen to a woman's voice,
 And give the idol up.
 Do it quickly, while your heart is warm,
 The act you'll never rue;
 Come, take our pledge, and proudly wear
 Our little bow of blue.
 Then with hand that's firm and steady,
 And a mind that's clear and true,
 Renounce strong drink, wear on your
 Our little bow of blue. [breast—
 A bit of ribbon blue, &c.

THE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE BADGE.

GH, what a stir is in the town,
 And what a great commotion,
 Thousands have signed the Temperance
 pledge,—
 That strange teetotal notion!

But what is stranger still, I'm told,
 These thousands wear a sign,—
 A sign that tells to every one,
 That they strong drink decline.

That sign is but a bow of blue,
 Of narrow silken ribbon ;
 And on the breast it may be seen,
 The token of decision.

For they who wear it make a vow,
 From strong drink to abstain ;
 And by their words, and actions, too,
 Drink's victims to regain.

And being blessed they try to bless,
 And reach a helping hand,
 To those who've fallen through the drink,
 The curse of this fair land.

Let us, then, join this noble band,
 Of patriots good and true,
 And sign the pledge, and wear the badge,
 This little bow of blue.

B E E R .

BY A HOOD-LUM.

BEER—beer—beer—beer—
 Bright and yellow—cold and clear ;
 Kegg'd and bottled, cheap and dear,
 Tipped by millions far and near,
 Swill'd by the sot with drunken leer,
 Sipp'd by the swell at barmaid's ear ;
 A drainless draught throughout the year,
 Till stomachs are sick and eyes are blear.
 It meets us still wherever we steer,
 And young and old its magic revere.
 Sometimes solemn and sometimes queer,
 In how many shades its fumes appear ;
 But every rank, from van to rear,
 Is charmed by its spell or pierced by its
 spear.

Doctor and lawyer, priest and seer,
 Master and servant, peasant and peer ;
 It is quaffed by the youth in his gay career,
 It is clutched by hands all palsied and sere ;

It is praised in the reveller's festive cheer,
 It is cursed in the dying felon's fear ;
 Oh, God ! what a fountain of guilt is
 here—

What a well of the ever-burning tear.

Beer—beer—beer—beer,

How the fates of its victims vary—
 One dies in the gutter, and is buried in
 deal ;

One seeks the river with drunken reel ;
 One severs his jugular vein with steel ;
 One starves to death for want of a meal ;
 One, strapped in a madhouse cell, will
 squeal ; [feel

One, tortured and racked in his joints, will
 What all the hospitals cannot heal ;
 And one at the gallows' steps will kneel—
 And from lips, in which the blood will
 congeal,

For mercy will make his last appeal
 To the Son of the Virgin Mary.

—*Melbourne Punch.*

TRUTH IS SURE TO WIN.

BY J. ATKINSON.

STEP by step the Temperance cause
 Advances to the goal :
 And bit by bit it takes the loaf,
 Until it gets the whole.

Although with slow yet steady pace,
 It urges on its way ;
 Before it Bacchus shall recede,
 As night before the day.

And wicked men against the truth
 May fight, but fight in vain ;
 A little while they seem to win,
 But truth is sure to reign.

Truly in vain shall earth and hell
 The march of truth oppose ;
 For truth shall live, forever live,
 Triumphant o'er her foes.

TRUSTY AND TRUE.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR. BY CLARA A. SYLVESTER.

CHARACTERS: Mr. Soule, a Merchant, John Russell, Frank Grey, Amasa Drew, Clerks.

SCENE I.—Counting room. Russell seated at a desk, busy with day book and ledger. Drew and Grey enter unperceived by him.

Russell (speaking to himself).

HERE you are! I've conquered you at last. All those long columns of figures are right, sir! Now, John Russell, I think a page of algebra will get the cobwebs out of your brains. So, here's at it, my boy!

Drew (slapping him on the shoulder). So, here's your den, where you hide yourself, old fellow! What a fool you are, to work two hours after the rest are out!

Grey. And, now he talks about algebra! I'd go sailing up Salt-river, with a radical sign over me, before I'd touch an algebra. Sure enough! what do you stay here for so late o'nights?

R. Well, to-night I staid to do a little work for Mr. Soule—a few figures that somehow wouldn't add up right. But I've balanced everything all straight; and I'm glad of it. They were in a snarl, somewhat, but it's all right.

D. And the algebra?

R. Oh, you know Mr. Soule told us the other day he must do with less help soon. And as I'm the youngest clerk, I expect to be one to be turned off. So I'm brushing up a little. Just to prepare for a winter campaign of teaching. That's all.

G. (putting his hands in his pockets, and looking solemnly at Russell). Russell, how old are you?

R. (smiling). Oh, I'm almost eighteen. Rather young, I know. But I taught last winter with pretty good success. I'll do better this year.

G. Well, I'm glad you are not quite a hundred. A fellow'd think though, to hear you talk, that you came out of the ark.

D. Looks arkish, don't he, Frank? Well, one thing I know. You're a fool to work over your hours for old Soule. You'll never get any thanks for it. He don't pay you extra?

R. I don't ask anything for a little kindness like that. Mr. Soule is a kind, considerate employer, and does a great deal for us, you know. I'm glad to do him any little favor, I'm sure.

G. Well, old fellow, don't stay here moping all the evening. It's a splendid night! Come with us and have some fun.

R. What kind of fun?

G. Oh, most anything. A hand at euchre perhaps.

R. My dear fellow, I don't know one card from another. In the Ark, where I was brought up, cards are *non est*.

D. Of course. Well, say a game of billiards, for variety.

R. I am not going to the billiard-room again. I confess to a fondness for the game, but they make it a regular gambling operation; and such a set of profane half-drunken rowdies as they get in. *No sir!* I beg to be excused. I wish you wouldn't go, boys.

D. I've no conscientious scruples, and I'm not afraid. I wasn't brought up in the Ark, thank fortune!

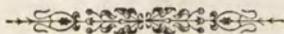
R. Mine was a blessed, restful, safe old Ark, thank Heaven! The memory of it has been a safe-guard in many a temptation.

G. Yes; yes; no doubt! You make me home-sick; for your words bring to mind my dear old home in the country.

D. There, boys, don't be spoonies! We'll just go it while we're young and

[Continued on page 68.]

OUR BANNER SONG.



Words by E. Z. C. JUDSON.

Music by CHARLES E. PRATT.

♩

KEY C. | s, s | s : m. f | s : l ., l | s : d' ., r' | m' : - . d', d' | f' : m' ., m' | r' : d' ., d'

Up, up with the flag of the cold wa - ter clan, Down, down with the foe that is

| t : d' ., d' | r' : - . s, s | s : m ., f | s : s : l ., l | s : d' ., r' | m' : - . m' |

hos - tile to man; The tears of the wid - ow run - ning bit - ter and fast, The

CHORUS.

cries of the or - phan are an - swer'd at last. An ar - my is form'd To

{ r' : t ., s | r : d' ., t | l : m ., fe | s :

|| s | s : m. f | s : l |
f | m : d ., r | m : f |
t | d' : s ., s | d' : d' |
s | d : d ., d | d : d |

com-bat the foe, Their works shall be storm'd, Their ram-parts laid low! An ar-my is form'd To

{	s : m' ,r' d' :-s l : l ,l s : f.m' r' : r' ,m' r' :-s s : m ,f s : l
	m : s ,f m :-m f : f ,f s : s fe : fe ,fe s :-f m : d ,r m : f
	d : t ,t d' :-d' d : d ,d d : de, r : d ,d t :-t d' : s ,s d' : d'
	d : s ,s d :-d f : f ,f m : l, r : r ,r s.f:m.r d : d ,d d : d

com-bat the foe, Their works shall be storm'd, Their ram-parts laid low!

{	s : m' ,r' d' :-s l : t ,t d' : s' .f' m' : m' ,r' d' :
	m : s ,f m :-m f : se ,se l : l s : s ,f m :
	d' : t ,t d' :-d' d' : m ,m m : r d' : t ,t d' :
	d : s ,s d :-d f : m ,m l : f s : s, ,s, d :

2 Then up with our flag on the land and the wave,
The good will be glad while the bad only rave ;
The tempted will pray and the wrong'd will rejoice,
While the people in strength will cry with one voice.
An army is form'd, &c.

3 To your work, to your work in the Temperance ranks,
Look to God for success, to the good for your thanks ;
Let the enemy rage, it proves that they feel ;
Our motto is this : "We wound but to heal."
Our army is form'd, &c.

have a good time. See here, Russell, we came in to ask you to take a sail with us to-morrow. There's a party of us going over to the island—it's going to be a splendid day!

R. You don't mean to-morrow. To-morrow's Sunday! You've forgotten.

D. Forgotten! Just as if it could be any harm for us poor fellows, who are shut up within brick walls six days out of seven, to take a sail on Sunday!

G. You can go to church twice and attend your Sunday-school, and then go. That wouldn't be breaking the Sabbath.

D. Come, Russell! do go just for once. I tell you Diamond Island is just splendid now. Come!

R. Stop a moment. Let me think. I tell you, boys, *I'd like to go!* I've been in the city ten months, and all the country I've seen is that pitiful little common, and the bit of green in front of my boarding house. I'd like to go, if it was right, but—

G. Hurra! "the man that deliberates is lost." He'll go, Drew; it only wants him to complete our number. We'll have a gay old time.

R. See here, boys, don't be too fast. Just let me read you a part of my mother's last letter. (*Takes a letter from his breast pocket and opens it*). You see, I carry it next my heart. (*Reads:*) "I hope, my child, you will never be tempted to spend any portion of the Sabbath in a way that your mother would not approve. I know you must be lonely on that day, and that you must miss us all. But do not forget that day *belongs to God*. You cannot expect His blessing, if you do not 'remember the Sabbath.'" Now, boys, you see I sat right down and wrote to my mother that I wouldn't be tempted to do anything on the Sabbath that she wouldn't like me to. So you see I can't go.

G. Well, you needn't preach any more.

We'll get enough of that to-morrow.

R. I beg your pardon, boys. I think I never intruded my opinions upon you before. But, honest, I don't think it right to go sailing on Sunday.

G. And honest, I don't—so there!

R. Oh, then, be true to your conscience and don't go.

G. I've promised, and I must this once. But it shall be the *very last time!*

D. Hold your tongue, Grey, and don't be a fool. Russell, you've always been a clever fellow, never poking your nose into other folk's business, and you've never "let on" about us fellows that don't think as you do. I respect you for it. And now I want you to do us a favour, will you?

R. Certainly, if I can.

D. Well, you can. Tell us where old Soule keeps the key to his boat-house?

G. You are not supposed to mistrust what we want to know for.

D. Oh, we want to know just for information. We have enquiring minds, you see. That's all.

R. But I *do* suspect. You want to get the "Favorite" to go sailing with to-morrow.

D. Granted. He's a stingy old scamp. He won't let his boat, and there isn't another to be had, for love or money. All you've got to do about it is to say, accidentally, where he keeps the key. We know you have charge of it.

R. (*walking about, as if thinking deeply and then speaking*). Can you keep a secret, boys?

D. Mum's the word. Nobody shall ever know. The rack couldn't wring it from us.

G. Oh, yes; we can keep a secret and we will.

R. *So can I;* and so I will! Mr. Soule gave me the care of the boat-house key. I promised him I would neither let it go out of my possession, nor tell where

I kept it. I know you'll both be offended, but I can't help it. My motto is "trusty and true" and I'll stick to it as long as I live.

D. You're a booby and a spooney, and a coward! I cut your acquaintance for ever. (*Goes out.*)

G. (*following Drew, takes Russell's hand in passing, and speaks in a low voice.*) I respect you, Russell—I don't blame you! Don't forget me.

R. Well, they have gone. Heigho! And I've made a life-time enemy. But I can't help it! I'm a booby and a spooney, may be, but I'm not a coward! I know I'd rather march up to the cannon's mouth than to face such music as this. Oh, dear! wouldn't I like to have somebody tell me I'm *not* a booby. I wish somebody cared about us poor stranger-boys. It does seem as if nobody cares how many of us go to the bad. When I'm a man, I'll hunt up all the young fellows and just let them see that somebody has an interest in them. I'll ask them to church and Sabbath-school, and—ah! well! that's another of my foolish notions. I suppose I *must* be a little unfinished in the upper story. I'll off to bed and to sleep. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—*Place same as before. Time, Monday morning. Mr. Soule sitting by desk. Enter Russell.*

Russell. You wish to see me, sir?

Mr. Soule. Ah, Russell! (*giving him his hand*) glad to see you so prompt! Sit down here. I want to have a little talk with you.

R. (*taking a seat*). Thank you, sir, I've been expecting this for a week. I suppose you're about to make the change you spoke of. I'm sorry to go, sir, but as I'm the youngest clerk, I expected to be the first one turned off.

Mr. S. Yes, I am making some changes in my business; and some two or three must be discharged. You found

the snarl here (*laying his hand on the Ledger*), and unravelled it, I see.

R. Yes, sir; I think it is all right.

Mr. S. All right, Russell, and very well done. Have you seen Drew this morning?

R. No, sir; neither Drew nor Grey. I wondered where they are to-day. I noticed neither of their desks were filled?

Mr. S. Then you haven't heard the news?

R. No sir! What news?

Mr. S. Frank Grey had his eye put out last night, in a billiard saloon—in a drunken quarrel!

R. Frank Grey! Poor fellow! You don't mean to say *he* had been drinking, Mr. Soule?

Mr. S. No, I think not. He got mixed up in the quarrel somehow. It is a great pity he was ever tempted to go there at all. Grey is not very wicked yet—only a little weak.

R. Perhaps this may save him; I hope so. He's good-hearted. Poor Frank! Lost an eye! How terrible!

Mr. S. Yes, but it might have been worse. If the loss of an eye will reform his character and make his life useful, it will be a mercy after all. There's another piece of bad news; which I presume you haven't heard. Drew is in the lockup.

R. (*astonished*). In the *where*?

Mr. S. In "durance vile," Russell. On a charge of breaking and entering.

R. Whose store? *Can* it be true, Mr. Soule?

Mr. S. Captain Nelson's boat-house. He stole Nelson's Yacht, he and some other fellows, and went pleasuring. Nelson's angry, of course, and had them arrested this morning.

R. It is a sad thing! I am very sorry. Was Grey one of the party?

Mr. S. No, he wasn't. He had a sick head ache all day, and it is a great pity it hadn't lasted all the evening, as well.

R. Somebody coaxed him off. The poor fellow couldn't ever say "no."

Mr. S. It's a great pity. The fact is, he isn't "trusty and true." Very few young men are. When I find one that is, I consider him worth his weight in diamonds—eh, Frank?

R. Yes, sir; I suppose so, sir! That is—my parents always taught me so.

Mr. S. Don't blush so, Russell, my dear fellow. I didn't mean to play eaves-dropper last Saturday night, but I heard your conversation with Drew and Grey. You have been well taught and you do your parents honor. You shall not suffer for your defence of me and my property, I assure you.

R. I only did my duty, sir. When do you want me to leave? To-day?

Mr. S. I don't wish you to leave at all.

R. I thought you said——

Mr. S. You musn't jump at conclusions. I said I was about making some change, and I am. I sent for you to offer you the clerkship made vacant by Drew. That gives you a jump over four years, and will more than double your salary.

R. Oh, Mr. Soule, how can I thank you? Do you think I am competent to do his work?

Mr. S. I *think* so. That is his work you righted up on Saturday night.

R. Mr. Soule, you never can know what you have done for us all,—mother and sister and me. I hope you will *never* have cause to regret your kindness.

Mr. S. I never shall, if you continue *trusty and true*. That is all I ask of you. For no man can be that to the full without being more—a true Christian. (*He shakes Russell's hand and exit.*)

R. (*pinching himself*) It isn't me. I must be dreaming. John Russell the booby, spooney, coward! Oh, mother, it all comes of your teaching. And earnestly will I pray that I be not led into temptation, but ever be trusty and true.

THE EMPTY NEST.

WILLIE Gunn! Willie Gunn!
Oh! what have you done
With that nestful of birds in the clover?
There were four there, I know,
Just a few days ago,
For I counted them, over and over.
Such queer little things,
With pink, fuzzy wings, [ing-
And their great hungry mouths all a-gap-
I tried to step light,
For their eyes were shut tight, [napping.
And I thought that may be they were
I pulled the long grass
Down over the place,
To hide them from cats, and from you, sir;
And now there's not one
In the nest, Willie Gunn, [sir!
And I just b'lieve you've robbed it. I do,
I'm sure I don't know
Why boys should do so.
Just think of that poor little mother!
"You did it for fun?"
Why—y Will—ie Gunn!
You'll be sorry, sir, some day or other.

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logue for Three Girls

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 140, August, 1881.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



RUTH AT THE WINDOW.

RUTH AT THE WINDOW.

DURING the warm summer weather it is much more enjoyable for Students to be conning their lessons at the open window than in the warm class-room or close study. So Ruth Hall thinks; and so think many others who have not such a sweet prospect from their windows as the Halls enjoy. Those living in large towns, with may be narrow streets, are short of many advantages which are common to those who live in

the country, but of course they have others which partially make up for their want of country pleasures. It is to be hoped Ruth is thankful for the many blessings she enjoys, and that her heart is lifted in gratitude to the Maker of all things. Judging by the bright happy countenance we should imagine she has a contented spirit, and that daily she thanks the Father of all for His goodness.

BUSTIN' THE TEMPERANCE MAN.

(AN AMERICAN SKETCH.)

HOARSELY demanding, "Gimme a drink!"

He sidled up to the bar, [of one
And he handled his glass with the air
Who had often before "been thar";
And a terrible glance shot out of his eyes,
And over his hearers ran,
As he muttered: "I'm hangin' around
this town

Fer to bust that temp'rance man!

"I've heerd he's a'comin' with singin' and
sich,

And prayin' and heaps of talk,
And allows he'll make all fellers what
drink

Toe square to the temp'rance chalk.
I reckon"—and here he pulled out a
knife

That was two feet long or more,
And he handled his pistols familiarly,
While a crowd made a break for the
door.

"I reckon as how he allows too much,
Fer thar's one rip-snorter right here
That'll carve that feller in ninety-four bits,
And chaw him from hoof to ear!

I'm a howler at home, I'm a roarer abroad,
And I'm bound fer to have his gore!
I'll light on his back like a cord of wood,
And slide him to Canaan's shore!"

The good man came, and his voice was
kind,

And his ways were meek and mild;
"But I'm goin' ter bust him!" the
roarer said—

"Jess wait till he gits me riled!"
Then he playfully felt at his pistol-belt,
And took up his place on the stage,
And waited in wrath for the temperance
man

To further excite his rage.

But the orator didn't; he was'nt that sort,
For he talked right straight to the heart;
And somehow or other the roarer felt

The trembling tear-drops start,
As he thought of the wife who had loved
him well,

And the children that climbed his knee;
And he said, as the terrible pictures were
drawn;

"He's got it kerect—that's me!"

Then his thoughts went back to the years
gone by,

When his mother had kissed his brow,

As she tearfully told of the evils of drink,
And he made her a solemn vow,
That he never would touch the poisonous
cup,

Which had ruined so many before;
And the tears fell fast as he lowly said:
"He's a ketchin' me more and more!"

He loosened his hold on the pistols and
knife,

And covered his streaming eyes,
And though it was homely, his prayer
went up—

Straight up to the starlit skies.
Then he signed his name to the temper-
ance pledge,

And holding it high said he:
"I came here to bust that temperance
chap

But I reckon he's busted me."

LITTLE DIALOGUES FOR THE YOUNG.

By Thomas Heath, Sunday School Superintendent,
Plymouth.

SHOW YOUR COLORS.

John.

WHAT a fuss you Band of Hope
chaps make about Temperance.
I think you are very fond of
making a great deal of show
and talk about it.

Tom. I do not know we make more
fuss than is required, and I do not think
that many who have joined our glorious
Army talk enough and speak sufficiently
about the blessings of total abstinence.

J. O get along with you, there is a lot
too much said about it; just because you
leave off taking a little beer to go about
lecturing other people because *they* take a
little drop.

T. I am sorry you talk so lightly about
a great question—a question of such social
importance that it has been the means of
producing in thousands of homes incalcul-
able blessings. I am sure if you knew

but only a little what thousands of child-
ren suffer through the little drop you
make so light of, you would not talk in
such an unthinking manner.

J. You seem to attach great importance
to the Temperance Army. I have not
thought much about it; but lately I have
heard many speak about it.

T. I am very anxious that all mem-
bers of our Band of Hope shall show
their Colors to the world wherever they
are and wherever they go. If you will
listen to me I will tell you what I mean.
There was once a little lad who fell into
the water, and some went to his rescue.
When taken out of the water, he was
offered some spirits, but he frankly re-
fused, and declared that he was a teetotaller
still. This, I contend, was practically
showing his Colors.

J. Well, you are I think, trying to
show your Colors to-night. I suppose
you are trying to persuade me to join
your Army of water drinkers.

T. Yes; I always mean, God helping
me, to show my Colors, and let the world
know what side I am on. Perhaps you
will not be in haste to go before I tell you
of another little lad who showed his
Colors. This lad was sent to the brewery
by his father with a message, when he was
offered drink, but he refused it; then they
tried to force it down his throat, but he
kept his mouth firmly shut, and they
could not get him to speak. He was
afraid lest they may throw it down his
throat. You see he was very firm to his
pledge, and showed his Colors even in a
brew-house.

J. Well, I shall think about what you
say. I have not attended any Band of
Hope meeting yet. I do not know how I
should like it.

T. I am sure you will like it if you
were to go once. It is a very interesting
meeting, I can assure you. Many speak

as you do before they join us; but hear their testimony now. They will tell you that they would not leave the Band of Hope Army, but would try to get others to join.

J. I am almost inclined next Band of Hope meeting to go with you, and see how I shall like it.

T. I shall be only too glad, if spared to meet you, to go with you. I hope you will sign that very night the total abstinence pledge, and thus make one more to swell our great Army. I trust you will thus show our Colors, and thus "Stand up, stand up for Jesus."

J. I shall meet you according to promise.

T. All right! I hope we shall, and may God bless us in all our efforts for the cause of Religion and Temperance.

THE PUBLICAN PRAYING.

AT evening he retired to pray,
And, kneeling low, began to say:
'Our Father, still in heaven the same,
Hallowed be Thy glorious name;
When Conscience, rising in his breast,
The prostrate suppliant thus addressed:
'Daily you sell that drink for gain
Which makes your neighbour so profane.
With boisterous hand and poisoned
breath,
He scatters firebrands, arrows, death!
Can then your heart one wish afford,
That God's great name should be
adored?'

Although convicted, almost dumb,
He still proceeds—"Thy kingdom come!"
Again does the reprover rise—
The monitor within replies:
'You still pursue that deadly craft,—
Still vend the soul-destroying draught,
Which so obstructs that kingdom's
course,
And adds to sin and Satan's force;

How dare you now pretend to plead
That heavenly kingdom to succeed?'
Still venturing on once more he said,
'Give us this day our daily bread'—
'What! while your bins and bags contain,
Exchanged for drink, the poor man's
gain;

Or in your till the price is laid
Which should have bought his children
bread?'

His soul with keen conviction stung,
With struggling heart and faltering
tongue

He cries: 'Forgive! grant me salva-
tion,

And henceforth keep me from tempta-
tion:

Nor any longer will I lay
Temptation in my neighbour's way.
What thus is gain, when understood,
I see to be the price of blood;
I'd rather dig, or beg, or serve—
Yea, henceforth, sooner will I starve,
Rather than once again I'll stain
My hand with such unrighteous gain!"

THE BUREAU-DRAWER.

THE man who will invent a bureau-drawer which will move out and in without a hitch will not only secure a fortune, but will attain to an eminence in history not second to the greatest warriors. There is nothing, perhaps (always excepting a stove pipe), that will so exasperate a man as a drawer which will not shut. It is a deceptive article. It will start off all right; then it pauses at one end while the other swings in as far as it can. It is the custom to throw the whole weight of the person against the end which sticks. If any one has succeeded in closing a drawer by so doing, he will confer a favor by sending me his address. We have seen men do this several times, and then run from the other side of the room, and jump with both feet against the obstinate end. This doesn't appear to answer the purpose any better; but it is very satisfy-

ing. Mrs. Holcomb was trying to shut a drawer, on Saturday morning; but it was an abortive effort. Finally she burst into tears. Then Mr. Holcomb told her to stand aside, and see him do it.

"You see," observed Mr. Holcomb with quiet dignity, "that the drawer is all awry. That's what makes it stick. Now, anybody but a woman would see at once, that to move a drawer standing in that position would be impossible. I now bring out this other end even with the other,—so; then I take hold of both knobs, and, with an equal pressure from each hand, the drawer moves easily in. See!"

The dreadful thing moved readily forward for a distance of nearly two inches; then it stopped abruptly.

"Ah!" observed Mrs. Holcomb, beginning to look happy again.

Mr. Holcomb very properly made no response to this ungenerous expression; but he gently worked each end of the drawer to and fro, but without success. Then he pulled the drawer all the way out, adjusted it properly, and started it carefully back: it moved as if it was on oiled wheels. Mr. Holcomb smiled. Then it stopped. Mr. Holcomb looked solemn.

"Perhaps you ain't got the ends adjusted," suggested the unhappy Mrs. Holcomb.

Mr. Holcomb made no reply. Were it not for an increased flush in his face, it might have been doubted if he heard the remark at all. He pushed harder at the drawer than was apparent to her; but it didn't move. He tried to bring it back again; but it would not come.

"Are you sure you have got every thing out of here you want?" he finally asked, with a desperate effort to appear composed.

"Oh! *that's* what you are stopping for, is it? But you needn't: I have got what I wanted: you can shut it right up." Then she smiled a very wicked smile.

He grew redder in the face, and set his teeth firmly together, and put all his strength to the obdurate drawer, while a hard look gleamed in his eye.

But it did not move. He pushed harder.

"Ooh, ooh!" he groaned.

"I'm afraid you haven't got the ends adjusted," she maliciously suggested.

A scowl settled on his face, while he strained every muscle in the pressure.

"What fool put this drawer together, I'd like to know!" he snapped out. She made no reply; but she felt that she had not known such happiness since the day she stood before the altar with him, and orange-blossoms in her hair.

"I'd like to know what in thunder you've been doing to this drawer, Jane Holcomb?" he jerked out.

"I ain't done anything to it,"

"I know better," he asserted.

"Well, know what you please, for all I care," she sympathizingly retorted.

The cords swelled up on his neck, and the corners of his mouth grew white.

"I'll shut that drawer, or I'll know the reason of it!" he shouted; and he jumped up, and gave it a passionate kick.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed.

He dropped on his knees again, and grabbed hold of the knobs, and swayed and pushed at them with all his might. But it didn't move.

"Why don't you open the window? Do you want to smother me?" he passionately cried.

It was warm, dreadfully warm. The perspiration stood in great drops on his face, or ran down into his neck. The birds sang merrily out the door, and the glad sunshine lay in golden sheets upon the earth; but he did not notice them. He would have given five pounds if he had not touched the accursed drawer; he would have given ten if he had never been born. He threw all his weight on both knobs. It moved then. It went to its place with a suddenness that threw him from his balance and brought his burning face against the drawer with force enough to skin his nose, and fill his eyes with water to a degree that was blinding.

Then he went out on the back-stoop and sat there for an hour, scowling at the scenery.

YOU have heard of "the snake in the grass," my boy,

Of the terrible snake in the grass;

But now you must know

Man's deadliest foe

Is a snake of a different class.

Alas!

'Tis the venomous snake in the glass!

—J. G. Saxe.

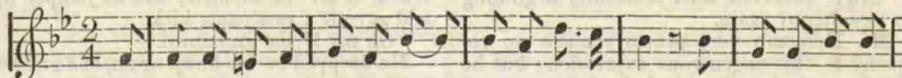
[The words only of this Song appeared inadvertently in last month's *Treasury*.]

A LITTLE BOW OF BLUE.

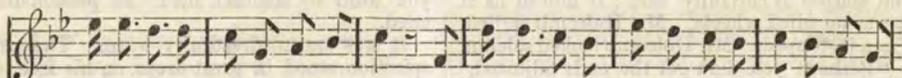


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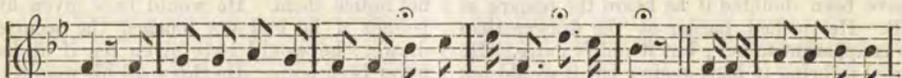
Music by ALFRED LANG.



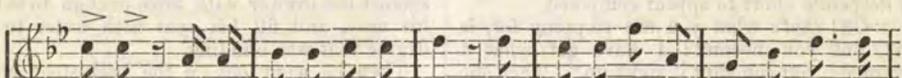
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My heart was ve - ry hea - vy, For my chil - dren cried for bread, I wept to see my



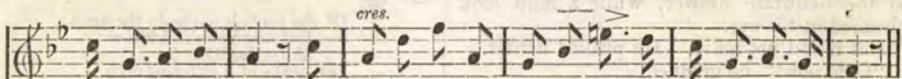
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lit - tle ones Go sup - per - less to bed; I listened for a foot - step As I'd oft - en done be -



| s₁ - : s₁ | l₁ . l₁ : t₁ . l₁ | s₁ . s₁ : d₁ . r₁ | m₁ . s₁ - : m₁ . r₁ | d₁ : || s₁ . s₁ | t₁ . t₁ : d₁ . d₁ |
fore, Wait - ing for a stag - ger - ing man To stumble thro' the door. But his step came firm and



| r₁ . r₁ : . t₁ . t₁ | d₁ . d₁ : r₁ . r₁ | m₁ : . m₁ | r₁ . r₁ : s₁ . t₁ | l₁ . d₁ : m₁ . m₁ |
stead - y, And his eyes were clear and true, And on his rag - ged coat he wore A



| r₁ . l₁ - : t₁ . d₁ | t₁ : . r₁ | t₁ . m₁ : s₁ . t₁ | l₁ . d₁ : fe₁ . m₁ | r₁ . l₁ - : t₁ . l₁ | s₁ : . l₁ |
lit - tle bow of blue, And on his rag - ged coat he wore A lit - tle bow of blue.

CHORUS.

A bit of rib-bon blue May seem lit-tle perhaps to you, But

{	s.	m.	.m.	:f	.f.	-	s.	:	.s.	,s.		l	,l	-:	t.	,d		r	:	.s.	
	s.	d.	.d.	:r	.r.	-	m.	:	.m.	,m.		f	,f	-:	fe	,fe		s.	:	.s.	
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	s.	d.	.d.	:d	.d.	-	d.	:	.d	,d		f	,f	-:	f.	,f		s.	:	.s.	

oh, how much it meant to me, That lit-tle bow of blue.

{	s	.m	:d	.r		m	.f	:l	.l		s	,d	-:	m	,r		d	:	-	
	d	.d	:s	.s		s	.l	:f	.f		m	,s	-:	s	,f		m	:	-	
	m	.m	:d	.d		d	.d	:d	.d		d	,m	-:	d	,t		d	:	-	
	d	.d	:m	.m		f	.f	:f	.f		s	,s	-:	s	,s		d	:	-	

2 He came and stood beside me,
And stooped and kissed my face,
Where tears but lately wiped away
Had left a burning trace.
Then, as my arm embraced his neck,
Sweet hope came back anew;
For on his ragged coat I saw
A little bow of blue.
And his step came firm and steady,
And his eye was clear and true;
And on his ragged coat I saw
A little bow of blue.—*Chorus.*

3 We knelt down by the bedside,
Where the children lay asleep,
And prayed the Lord to give him strength
His new-made vow to keep.
Then to my lifted eyes a bow
Of promise rose in view;

The bow that spanned my brightened sky
Was just a bow of blue.
For his step is firm and steady,
And his eye is clear and true;
And on his manly breast he wears
A little bow of blue.—*Chorus.*

4 And is there one before me now
Addicted to the cup?
Oh! listen to a woman's voice,
And give the idol up.
Do it quickly while your heart is warm—
An act you'll never rue;
Come, take our vow, and proudly wear
Our little bow of blue.
Then with step that's firm and steady,
And eye both clear and true,
Wear in your heart and on your breast
Our little bow of blue.—*Chorus.*

AUNT TABBYS SECRET.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO GIRLS.

BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," &c., &c.

Polly.

ILL never go and see Aunt Tabby again, that I won't. She's a queer, ill-tempered old lady, and doesn't seem to remember that she was once young herself, and I dare say, if the truth were known, as giddy a girl as any. But now! oh my! just to see her turn up her grey eyes, and hear her solemn words, and see her long face! she might be an undertaker, that she might. "Polly," she says, "I hear that you were at Jones's party the other night." "Yes, aunt," says I. "And I hear that the Jones's supplied all the young people with wine." "Yes, aunt." "And, my dear, did you take any?" "Just a little." That was enough for her. She clasped her hands together, and leaned back in her chair, and closed her eyes, and I actually saw a tear run down her face. I almost laughed, and yet I almost cried; for I couldn't tell what the old lady was after. I thought she must be in bodily pain, for I have heard my mother say that Aunt Tabby had suffered a great deal. Well, after a while she opened her eyes and began to lecture me about wine-drinking; said how dangerous it was, and wanted me to promise never to drink any more. I couldn't promise that, so in a bit I bade her good evening and came out. And, to my thinking, I'll never go and see her again!

(Miss Love, in walking dress, has been listening to Polly, and now approaches and lays her hand on the girl's shoulder.)

Miss Love. What is all this talk about, Polly? You seem to have a wish for every passer by to know your business.

P. Was I talking aloud? What a

little simpleton I must be to do that. But really I feel so annoyed that I dare say I shall do something worse before the evening is over than talk aloud to myself.

Miss L. Who is this that you won't again go to see?

P. Aunt Tabby; you know she is queer, don't you? And she has been lecturing me.

Miss L. I *don't* know that your aunt is queer, Polly; on the contrary, I do know she is a kind-hearted, Christian lady, who wouldn't hurt a fly. But what has she been lecturing you about?

P. Because I drank a glass of wine at Mrs. Jones's party the other night; and she wanted me to promise never to drink wine again—as if there was any harm in a glass of wine!

Miss L. Well, did you promise?

P. Why should I?

Miss L. Nay, I should say, why shouldn't you? I think it would have been better and safer for you to have given the promise at once, and have kept it.

P. Why, I declare, you are as queer as Aunt Tabby. Is it so very awful to take a glass of wine?

Miss L. It is not the simple glass of wine that is dangerous—though there is danger in that; it is the possibility of those who take one glass liking the wine so well that they take more. All intoxicating drinks have this danger about them, that they never satisfy, but create an appetite as they are used. These are the steps:—one glass; two glasses; three glasses; four glasses; and so on, until in time, a whole bottle is drunk at one sitting.

P. But why should Aunt Tabby lecture

me about the wine; she doesn't surely think I am going to take one, two, three, four, and then a whole bottle. I expect it is gentlemen who do that sort of thing, not ladies.

Miss L. Both ladies and gentlemen. Your Aunt is quite right in asking you to abstain from it altogether; and you may depend upon it she has good reasons.

P. Why, I never heard of any of *our* family causing trouble through drunkenness. Aunt never had any daughters that I know of, nor sons either, so she needn't lecture other people's children so much.

Miss L. Shall I tell you a story, Polly?

P. If you like; I am fond of a good story, as you know.

Miss L. Well, it is not a long one, but it has some bearing on the subject of wine-drinking, and may do you good. There was once a widow lady with one son and one daughter. Her husband had left her in comfortable circumstances, and after his death her children were to her, as you may suppose, her only earthly comfort. She gave them both an excellent education, and did everything to promote their welfare and happiness—excepting *one thing*.

P. And what was that?

Miss L. She believed that wine was needful for them, and they were allowed to take it when they choose. The son went to Oxford in due course, and the daughter grew to be a woman.

P. And I suppose all went merry as a marriage bell, as is usual with stories.

Miss L. Alas, no; this lady's son neglected his studies, and fell into sad disgrace. One day when out in a boat with a number of other young men like himself—all more or less drunk with wine—the boat capsized, and this young man was drowned.

P. How sad for the poor mother!

Miss L. Yes; but worse still, she discovered shortly after her son's untimely death that her only remaining child—her daughter—was also a drunkard. This daughter was to have been married to the curate of the Church they attended; the license was procured; everything was arranged. But the night before the wedding morn the curate called to see her whom he was about to make his wife, and she met him staggering under the influence of wine! The wedding never took place; the young lady was covered with shame and flew to the wine-cup for comfort. The end was death—a miserable death.

P. Poor thing! How sad for her suffering mother. Is what you have told me true?

Miss L. Alas, too true. That mother was your Aunt Tabby; those two were your own cousins!

P. Surely not! And I have never heard of this before! Oh, dear Aunt, how foolish you must think me. I see now why you are so afraid of wine, why you shed tears when I told you I had partaken of it! I must go at once and ask her to forgive me, and promise her never again to touch the dangerous stuff.

Miss L. Do, dear; but don't mention what I have told you. It would but open afresh the wounds in her heart, and God knows she has suffered enough already.

P. Yes, indeed, she must have suffered keenly. I suppose I was never told of Aunt Tabby's secret because of the disgrace the conduct of my cousins brought upon the family.

Miss L. No doubt; and also to avoid any reference to a subject which cannot but be painful to your Aunt. Go to her, my dear, and tell her that you have decided to be a life-long teetotaler. It will give her joy, for I know she loves you dearly.

P. Good-bye, Miss Love, I will go to Aunt at once. I am so glad we have had this conversation.

Miss L. Good-bye, dear, and may God bless you.

(They kiss, and go different ways.)

THE HARVEST OF WRONG.

DAVID CUTHBERTSON.

I.

UPON the trembling autumn air
A weary cry
Comes laden with its grief
And like a pent-up sigh,
Which searches for relief,
Unbosoming its care—
So wrongs, accumulating long,
Now, like Pandora's box, are op'ed
at last!
And, 'mid the laughter and the song,
Is heard above the blast
A cry for vengeance on the erring, slain
By that which is the nation's bane
And Britain's sorest foe,
Which, mandrake-like,
Still spreads its roots so deep,
While rearing naught but woe,
As thousands wail and weep!

II.

O! Freedom, waken yet once more,
And o'er each hearth
Unfurl thy banner bright!
Till from our shore
This blight of earth
Roll, like some horrid night,
With deadly gore,
And pass with groanings all away.
Then, strike the hydra-headed mon-
ster sure,
Which poisons with its fangs each day
Lives which were good and pure.
On to the conflict ere the day be past,
Strike till the demon dies at last!

For yet there cometh still
A mournful sigh
From hearts bowed down with wrong—
And a strong pleading cry—
How long? O Lord! How long?"

MOTHER'S BOYS.

YES, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household whiteness
All fresh in its purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharm'd by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded,
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in your own unmolested
And dream the soft quiet way!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides,
Where I must stand watchful each
night,
While you may go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright!

Now I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I am fond of all dainty belongings;
Yet I would not change places with you;

No! keep your fair home, with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise!
And keep your own fanciful leisure;
But give me my four splendid boys!

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(Signed) “OTTO HEHNER, F.C.S., ANALYST.”

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No. 141, September, 1881.]

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LITTLE FRANK.

LITTLE FRANK.

LITTLE Frank had fallen asleep on the couch one Sunday afternoon when his elder sisters and brothers had gone to school, and Mrs. Sherwin, taking up a magazine, thought she would have a quiet hour's reading; but after a while feeling drowsy, she leaned her head back on the chair and was soon fast asleep. Little Frank was first to wake up, and seeing his mamma asleep he slid off the couch and looked round the room for some object with which to amuse himself. His eye fell upon Floss the cat, who was lying full length on the hearthrug, and to her Frank speedily directed his attention. Floss and he were on the whole good friends, and when Frank stroked her she opened her eyes and "purred" her pleasure. But Frank was not content with merely stroking Floss; he began to twist her tail round as he had seen the organ-man turn the handle of his organ. At first Floss took this in good part, but when Frank increased the speed of his

turning she did not like it, for suddenly putting out her paw, she drew her sharp claws down his soft, plump hand, causing a smart pain, and then bounded out of the room. Little Frank didn't cry. His mamma had often cautioned him about teasing Floss, and he knew it was wrong to do it. He sat for a few minutes on the hearthrug looking at the red lines on his hand, and then feeling lonely he climbed on the couch, leaned over the chair on which his mamma sat, and pressed his soft lips to hers, waking her with kisses. How her heart leaped with joy as she felt her darling's kisses, and how lovingly she lifted him on to her knee and pressed him to her breast. Frank will no doubt be more thoughtful and tender with Floss by and by, for his mamma is a Christian lady, and never forgets to impress upon her children the truth of the golden text—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—S. K.

WHY LITTLE BIRDS HOP AND OTHER BIRDS WALK.

A LITTLE bird sat on the twig of a tree,

A swinging and singing as glad as could be,
And shaking his tail, and smoothing his dress,

And having such fun as you never could

And when he had finished his gay little song,

He flew down in the street, and went hopping along,

This way and that way with both little feet,
While his sharp little eyes looked for something to eat.

A little boy said to him: "Little bird, stop!

And tell me the reason you go with a hop; Why don't you walk, as boys do, and men, One foot at a time, like a dove or a hen?"

'How queer it would look if, when you go out,

You should see little boys go jumping about

Like you, little bird! And you don't know what fun

It is to be able to walk and to run."

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop,

And he laughed, and he laughed as he

And he said : " Little boy, there are some birds that talk,
And some birds that hop, and some birds that walk.

" Use your eyes, little boy ; watch closely and see

What little birds hop, both feet, just like me,

And what little birds walk, like the duck and the hen,

And when you know that you know more than some men.

" Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk ;

Every bird that can wade in the water can walk ;

Every bird that has claws to catch prey with can walk ;

One foot at a time—that is why they can walk.

" But most little birds who can sing you a song

Are so small that their legs are not very strong

To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things—that's why

They hop with both feet.* Little boy, goodbye."

* The exceptions to the above rule are rare. The rule is generally correct, and so simple as to be easily remembered.

—L. J. Bates, in *Wide Awake*.

DARE AND DO!

BY REV. J. W. WHITFIELD.

WHY dost thou look where thou dost fear to climb?

Why dost thou love what thou dost fear to win?

Why hope to dwell in some untainted clime,

Yet revel on in sin?

At once, O man, begin

To make thy life sublime.

Gaze with an eye of trusting faith above,
And turn thy feet and climb the dizzy height;

Look up to God, and, looking, dare to love
With all thy soul and might;
Make him thy heart's delight:

His promised blessing prove.

Live as a dying mortal should, below,
Forsaking every tinselled joy of earth;
Chain down each passion as thou would'st a foe;

Let evil have no birth,
Give life alone to worth;
Do good where'er you go.

* * * * *

While countless thousands, 'neath the wine-cup's spell, [grave,

Go crowding yearly to a drunkard's Or grope, rum-blinded, to a fearful hell,

Hast thou no friend to save?

O brother, quick, be brave!

Him of his danger tell.

Let not thy tongue in guilty silence lie:
A word may turn a mortal's erring feet
From downward paths to those that lead on high,

Yea, to an angel's seat!

A word may make complete

Thy life;—speak, ere thou die!

Store well thy mind with priceless gems of thought;

Search thou for wisdom, 'tis more rare than gold—

Yea, 'tis a treasure never can be bought

And never can be sold;

For ever shalt thou hold

The joys by wisdom bought.

Live thou for others—not thyself alone!

All men are brothers, be they bond or free; [thrown,

Then be thy arms of kindness 'round them Shouldst thou the helpless see,

And God will show to thee

The mercy thou hast shown.

EVER SOBER BE!

BY UNCLE JOHN.

Tune—"Make each other Happy."
See *Treasury* for 1880, page 67.

JOIN the Band of Hope, boys,
Girls, come, do the same;
See upon the pledge book
Bold appears your name.

CHORUS.

Sober, sober, sober, sober,
Ever sober be.

Join the noble army,
The blue ribbon wear,
Ever show your colours,
Ever be sincere.

Shun the drink of drunkards,
Sugared drops decline;
Touch not beer or brandy,
Cider, rum, or wine.

Heed not moderator's
Vaunting power to stand,
This has made the drunkards
Of our native land.

'Tis the first glass taken,
That may lead astray;
Abstinence from drink
Is the better way.

Boys and girls uniting,
Be decided now,
True cold-water-drinkers—
Keep your Temperance vow.

Show the world how firmly
To the pledge you're bound,
And if tempted sorely,
Nobly stand your ground.

Noble Band of Hope girls,
Noble boys as well,
Join our cheering chorus,
Let its echoes swell.
Sober, sober, sober, sober,
Ever sober be.

ROBIN.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

WHAT do you think Red Robin
Found by a mow of hay?

Why, a flask, brimfull of liquor,
That the mowers brought that day,
To slake their thirst in the hay-field.
And robin, he shook his head,
"Now I wonder what they call it,
And how it tastes?" he said.

"I have seen the mowers drink it,—
Why isn't it good for me?

So I'll just draw out the stopple
And get at the stuff, and see!"

But alas for the curious Robin,
One draught—and he burned his throat,
From his bill, to his poor crop's lining,
And he could not utter a note.

And his head grew light and dizzy,
And he staggered, left and right,
Tipped over the flask of brandy,
And spilled it, every mite.

But after a while, he sobered
And quietly flew away,
And he never has tasted liquor,
Or touched it, since that day.

But I heard him say to his kindred,
In the course of a friendly chat,
"These men think they are *above us*,
Yet they drink such stuff as that!
Oh, the poor degraded creatures!
I am glad I am only a bird!"

Then he flew up, over the meadow,
And that was all I heard.

SIGN THE PLEDGE, DEAR CHILDREN.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

Tune.—"Yield Not to the Tempter."
See *Treasury* for 1880, page 106.

SIGN the pledge, dear children,
Sign it in your youth,
"Add to knowledge temperance,"
Says the Book of Truth;

And to "Temperance patience,"
 You will need it here,
 To "patience godliness"—
 Ever be sincere.

Sign the pledge, dear children,
 Ever to abstain!
 Touch, taste, or handle not,
 Drunkards' drink again.
 Heed not what some may say—
 "Moderation's good—
 'Tis like the beginning
 Of a mighty flood.

Sign the pledge, dear children,
 Ever steadfast be,
 Nor ashamed to boast of
 Your sobriety!
 Ever shun the tempter,
 Whether friend or foe;
 And when press'd to take drink,
 Boldly answer "No!"

Sign the pledge, dear children,
 'Twill a safeguard prove,
 'Gainst the sin—intemperance—
 As you onward move.
 But it will not save you
 From each sinful stain,
 Then look to Jesus only—
 Life eternal gain.

ISN'T TO-DAY TO-MORROW.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

ISN'T to-day to-morrow?"
 Asked a maiden grave and wise,
 The sunshine of four sweet summers
 Deep down in her hazel eyes.

"Isn't to-day to-morrow?"
 I'm sure I can hardly tell—
 To-day is to-day, my darling,
 It has been to-morrow as well.

And soon it will be yesterday,
 Gone like a cloud I see,

Sometimes for a passing moment,
 When your eyes are turned from me.

To-morrow was full of promise,
 Which to-day will not fulfil;
 But do not grieve, my darling,
 There is something left us still.

If we cannot walk in sunshine,
 Or sit where the wild birds throng,
 We'll gather the flowers of story,
 And visit the land of song.

"Isn't to-day to-morrow?"
 O childhood so fair and sweet!
 Your to-days and bright to-morrows
 All blend in a Summer sweet.

—*Watchman.*

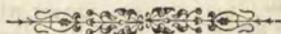
THOUGHTS OF THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

IT makes me mad to see the man,
 Who sells that curse, go by
 With his glittering rings, and chains of
 gold,
 Holding his head so high.
 'Tis hard to see his wife and girls
 In silks and satins shine,
 And to know the money which they spend
 Should some of it be mine.
 And I'm ready oftentimes to wish
 That all the drink could be
 With those that make and those that sell,
 Flung down into the sea;
 For almost all the country's woe
 And crime would with them sink,
 And men might have a chance for good,
 If it was not for the drink.

—*A. L. Westcombe.*

DRINK.—The only drink God has made for man, and the only drink that man can ever use in perfect accordance with the vital properties and laws of his nature, is pure water; and this is best supplied by the juices of such fruits and succulent vegetables as compose a part of the natural food of man; and they pursue the wisest course of life, whose dietetic and other habits are such that the aqueous matter which the vital economy of their system requires, is abundantly furnished by their regular food.—*Sylvester Graham.*

DRINK OF THE STREAMLET.



Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Lively.

Music by A. J. ABBEY.

Touch not the wine-cup, taste not the wine, Its bright drops are mingled with sor-row and pain;

KEY E♭	}	m : m , f l : s d : d , r m :- . m r : r , m r : s : - t l : l , t s :- .
		d : d , r f : m d : d , d d :- . d t ₁ : t ₁ , d t ₁ t ₁ : - r d : d , r t ₁ :- .
		s : s , s d' : d' m : m , f s :- . s s : s , s s : s : - s fe : fe , fe s :- .
		d : d , d d : d d : d , d d :- . d s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ , s ₁ : - s ₁ r : r , r s ₁ :- .

It mock-eth the heart, it de- ceiv-eth the eye, It steal-eth the sense, and be- wil-ders the brain.

}	s : s s : m , f s : s , s l : f , s l - . t d' : r . d' t : l . s l : m . fe s :
	f m : d , r m : m , m f : f , f f - . f m : m . m r : d . t , d : d . d t ₁ :
	t d' : s , s d' : d' , d' d' : l , t d' - . s s : s . s s : l . t l : l . l s :
	s ₁ d : d , d d : d , d f : f , f f - . r d : d . d r : r . r r : r . r s ₁ :

CHORUS. *Faster. Tempo.*

There is health in the cool and crys-tal stream, There is joy in its sil-v'ry lay:

{	s .,s s :s .,s fe :s l :s d' :t .,l s :s .,l s :f m : - -
	m .,m m :m .,m re :m f :m m :d .,d d :d .,d t, :t, d : - -
	s .,s s :d' .,d' d' :d' d' :d' s :f .,f m :m .,f r :s s : - -
	d .,d d :d .,d d :d d :d d :f, .,f, s, :s, .,s, s, :s, d : - -

cres. It mur-murs a song as it rip-ples a - long *f* Cheer - i - ly all the day.

{	<i>m.f</i> s :m .,f s :s .,s l .l :f d' :- <i>f</i> s .s :d' d' :t d : - - :
	<i>d .r</i> m :d .,r m :m .,m f .f :f f :- m .m :m r :f m : - - :
	s d' :s .,s d' :d' .,d d' .d' :l l :- d' .d' :d' s :s s : - - :
	d d :d .,d d :d .,d f .f :f f :- s .s :s s, :s, d : - - :

Touch not the wine-cup, taste not the wine,
 The hand and the voice of the tempter are there;
 He smiles when a victim to ruin is born:
 Remember the warning, beware, oh, beware!

Touch not the wine-cup, taste not the wine,
 It wounds like an arrow the hearts that were glad;
 It taketh the light from the dwellings they love,
 And leaveth them lonely, deserted, and sad.

Drink of the streamlet, happy and free,
 That sparkles and dances with joy and delight;
 Cold water, cold water, our motto shall be;
 Hurrah for the pledge! let us stand by the right.

A CURE FOR INDIGESTION.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO MALES AND ONE FEMALE.

BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," &c., &c.

(ROBIN AND STUART enter the room together, ROBIN handing STUART a chair.)

Robin.

TAKE a seat, old friend, take a seat; it is a real pleasure to see you, and looking so well, too!

Stuart. Thank you, Robin, I'll sit a few minutes. It's a long time since I was in this part before, and I thought I'd just drop in, and see how you all are. You are not looking so well as I have seen you look.

R. No, I am far from well—indigestion the doctor says I'm troubled with. I have to be very careful what I eat, or I suffer a good deal.

S. Well, I'm glad to say my digestive powers seem as strong as ever. I can eat almost anything, and enjoy my food too. Let me see, there isn't *much* difference in our age, I think. No, I remember; I am a few months older than you.

R. There's no accounting for differences in constitutions. I *used* to be strong, and had good digestion—nothing came amiss; now nothing comes right. But, what have I been thinking of not to ask you what you will have? We have all sorts in the house—rum, brandy, whisky, or gin; or if you prefer you can have a glass of good ale. I quite forgot my manners in the pleasure of seeing you.

S. I'll take nothing, old friend, unless it be a glass of water.

R. Tut, nonsense, it's no trouble, man; I have it handy here on the sideboard, and Jane will bring in hot and cold water, so that you can have which you like.

S. Do you often take spirits, Robin?

R. Well, no, not often; once or twice a day, and a glass or two before going to bed. I should soon be in my grave if it wasn't for a drop of brandy; and it helps

me to sleep. Come, now, what will you take?

S. Nothing at all. I'm a teetotaler.

R. Oh, I see; well then, I won't press you. But you hadn't used to be teetotal, I remember.

S. No, that is true; and although I never took much, it was more than I ought to have taken.

R. Don't you think a drop would do you good?

S. I'm certain it wouldn't, and I fancy, old friend, your indigestion and those spirit bottles have a close connection. If you take brandy daily, even only once or twice, and a glass or two before going to bed at night, the wonder to me is that you can eat anything at all.

R. (*Shaking his head.*) You talk like the rest of teetotalers—every evil to which flesh is heir to is laid to the charge of drink. It is an extreme way of looking at the matter. I know a glass now and then does me good. It helps my digestion rather than hinders it, and as I told you before, I should soon be in my grave if it wasn't for a drop of brandy.

(*Enter Jane, housemaid.*)

R. What is it, Jane?

Jane. Please, sir, the man has called with the dozen bottles of brandy, half a dozen bottles of whisky, and a bottle of gin and rum, and he wishes to know if that will be sufficient.

R. Yes, that will do at present, Jane.

J. He wishes, sir, to take back the empty bottles.

R. Very well, here they are (*hands out the empty bottles and counts*), one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. That's

the lot, Jane. Give the man a glass of beer before he goes, I dare say he will be thirsty.

J. (*Taking up the bottles.*) Thank you, sir. (*Exit.*)

R. I was just saying a drop of brandy does me good, Stuart.

S. Well, it seems as if you were laying in a good supply of medicine, at any rate. I should fancy, if there is any virtue in spirits, you ought to be well. How long will that stock last you?

R. About a month. Friends drop in occasionally and so help to clear it off.

S. Does the doctor know you take brandy?

R. Certainly; he very often takes a glass with me when he calls. He's a jolly sort of man; but clever, very clever.

S. He wouldn't suit me for a doctor, Robin. He must know that spirit-drinking is bad for the stomach, the heart, the blood, and the brain—indeed it is bad for the body altogether. But, I suspect, he is one of those doctors who like *pleasing* his patients rather than curing them. Now, I durst guarantee a large sum, that if you were to leave off your doses, and drink nothing but cold water, your indigestion would soon be better, and, unless you have injured your stomach seriously, you would soon be entirely cured. The *best* medical evidence goes to prove that spirits destroy the secretions of the stomach which ought to mix with the food passed into it, and indigestion is the result. Of course I am not going to say that all indigestion is caused in this way, but I am certain in the majority of cases it is so.

R. I can't see it, Stuart.

S. But, dear old friend, because you can't see it, it doesn't follow that it is not so. I don't wonder at you not looking well; the wonder is that you are living at all.

R. I durstn't try it. If I miss taking my glass at the usual time I feel quite sick, and I'm sure I should die!

S. Nonsense; you wouldn't die at all; but you very soon will die if you keep on drinking brandy. It is one of the greatest fallacies to suppose that brandy is a good medicine; it is nothing of the kind. It doubtless stimulates, but at what a cost!

R. Well, now, if I thought it *was* the brandy that did it, I would try and do without it.

S. I have no doubt it *is* the brandy, and if you are wise, old friend, you will take no more of it. I dare say you may feel worse for a short time, but depend upon it you will be better in the long run.

R. But why didn't the doctor tell me this?

S. Because he evidently likes a glass himself, and so shuts his eyes to his patient's interests. Doctors are but men, and some of them act very foolishly and inconsistently. I know a case in which a young man was pronounced by the doctors, two of them, to be in a consumption. He was ordered to take a little brandy daily, and to go away to his own native air. Neither the change of air nor the brandy did him any good, and he was ordered home again. On passing up the street from the station he met one of the doctors who had ordered him to take the brandy. "Well," said the doctor, "I see you are no better." "No," said the young man. "You still keep to the brandy?" "Yes." "That's right, you can take nothing better." The young man said,—"Doctor, how long do you think I shall live if I leave off the brandy?" "I can't say, but it would be dangerous." "How long may I live if I take it?" "Well, to speak plainly and honestly, you won't live many weeks." "Then, Doctor, I'll take no more brandy. It won't make much difference either way." The doctor was offended, but the young man stuck to his resolution.

R. Did he die, Stuart?

S. Die? Not he; he is now living, a fine, broad-shouldered, healthy man, the father of a large family, and one of the foremost men of business.

R. That is a remarkable case. To speak the truth, Stuart, I have had my doubts whether I was acting wisely or not—I have indeed, more than once.

S. Then try what being without will do. My word for it your indigestion will vanish, and you will feel a different man in three months' time.

R. (*calling aloud*) Jane! Jane!

Jane. (*Entering hurriedly.*) What is it sir; are you ill?

R. No, not more than usual. Is the man who brought the spirits gone?

J. No, sir, he has been resting a bit, for he has been on his feet all the day. Did you want him?

R. I want you to take all these bottles back to him, and tell him I will call and see his master about them.

J. But, sir, you will have no brandy for to-night!

R. Never mind; take them away.

(*Jane carries away the bottles.*)

R. Now, Stuart, I'll try your plan, and if I feel better I will never touch spirits again.

S. That's right, Robin, I have no fear of the result. I must away now, but be sure I will call again, when I come round, to see how you are. I know you will then thank me for my "Cure for Indigestion."

R. (*shaking Stuart by the hand*) I'll stick to my text, dear friend. Good-bye!
(*Exit both heartily shaking hands.*)

TEMPERANCE AND THE RIGHT.

FOR Temperance, Justice, and the Right! we cheer the burning words—A battle-cry that thrills us like a thousand unsheath'd swords.

It rings along the crowded streets, and stirs the busy squares,

And fires as with a lightning flash the workshops' murky airs. [*battle-cry.*]
It rouses to no bloodied strife—this noble A fitter never shook the airs of an applauding sky.

'Tis Duty's voice that bids us come; 'tis Truth that heads the van,

And fast and wide from every side we gather, man to man. [*call is heard,*

Within the palace of the great the holy And also where, before the forge, the brow

of toil is bared. [*on the bleak hill brow,* The shepherd hears the clarion call high

The glensman in his lonely hut, the rustic at the plough; [*one brief hour,*

It calls on men to bury creeds, if but for To sink the jealousies of place, the haughty

pride of power; [*the holy fight,* And shoulder unto shoulder laid, to dare

Which echoes with the battle-cry—for Temp'rance and the Right!

What, ho, there! voters of the North!—shall we be counted slack,

When marshalling for the coming fray, the foe is on the track?

Awake from apathy and ease, from dreams of chance and trust,

And let the weapon'd votes ye bear show neither blot nor rust;

And lo, in long and deep array, the million'd voters come,

A grander music in their tread than roll of trump and drum;

The grave and gay, the rich and poor, united heart and hand

To wrest from blind ambition's grasp the honour of the land;

That peace may reign, and commerce still assert o'er land and sea

The triumphs born of trade and toil—our true supremacy.

Ho, gather then! all true-soul'd men, and and dare the noble fight—

Your conquering swords the stirring words —for Temp'rance and the Right!

—*Weekly Mail.*

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(Signed) “OTTO HEHNER, F.C.S., ANALYST.”

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No. 142, October, 1881.]

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PUSSY'S PERFORMANCE.

PUSSY'S PERFORMANCE.

HVA caught up poor, unwilling Tab, and put her paw on the piano. "Oh, Eva, that's like what I was just reading about!" cried Arthur. "Listen to this. Cats do play on the piano sometimes! It's a letter from an old lady to some little children, and she says:

"Our pussy loves music. Isn't that funny? But she does. For every time she can get into the parlour, she will jump up and walk on the keys of the piano, to hear the sound. Sometimes she will stand upon the piano stool, and touch the keys, one after another, with her paws. Mrs. Brown says she is trying to practise the scales!

"I am sorry to say that sometimes she comes in from out of doors, and runs into the parlour without washing her paws. Then she leaves little round, muddy prints upon the white keys.

"What a careless puss! You know better than to run into Mamma's parlour with muddy feet, don't you, little ones.

"Of course you do; and our little boy here knows that he must wash his hands first, if he wants to play Yankee Doodle on the piano. But then we cannot teach cats as we can our dear little children. I must tell you what happened to Pussy the other night.

"We do not like to let Puss stay about

the house at night. Mrs. Brown wants her to stay in the cellar, or in the outer kitchen, and keep the rats away like a good useful cat.

"But Pussy loves dearly to stay around the house when all the folks are asleep; then she can do just what she likes, with no one to say: "Ah, ah, Pussy!" or, "Scat, naughty Puss!" So she tries to hide every night, just when she sees us lock the doors, and wind up the clock, as if we were getting ready to go to bed.

"One night we could not find her at all. So we were obliged to go to bed, and leave Pussy to have her own way.

"Just after I got into a nice nap, I was awakened by a sound of music. What was it?

"I listened, and pretty soon I heard it again. It was Pussy in the parlour, playing her tune! "Aha," said I, "Miss Puss, now I have found you out! Now you have betrayed yourself!"

"So I slipped on my wrapper and took my night-lamp and went into the parlour. Sure enough! there was Pussy having a grand time all by herself. She didn't want to see old Aunty come in at all!

"But I took her up and put her in the cellar. "There, Pussy," said I, "that is the place for you now; we do not care for music at night."—*A Houseful of Children.*

MY BOY, DON'T TOUCH THAT GLASS!

BY FRED. CLIFTON.

DON'T touch that glass of wine, my lad,
Though sparkling, clear, and red;
'Twill steal your dawning manhood, lad,
And give you rags instead.

Your future now seems bright before,
As on through life you pass.
But oh! beware the wine-cup's snare:
My boy, don't touch that glass!

Don't let the red wine tempt you, lad,
Against your better reason;
Be warned by all its victims, lad,
And shun the glass in season.

Its ruddy gleams are serpents' eyes
To charm the weak, alas!
But oh! be strong, be firm, be brave:
My boy, don't touch that glass!

The men of wealth and high pursuits
Are quick to see, my boy;
And honest, steady, *temperate* youth
They seek for their employ.

So let your aim be firm and high
Above the giddy mass,
And, oh! beware the first false step,
My boy, don't touch that glass!

Let others scoff you, if they will;
My lad, heed well this truth:
'Twill be the thoughtless, reckless ones,
And not the men of worth.

Ah! do you turn with high resolve,
From temptations pass?

Give me your hand, my honest lad—
Thus ever shun the glass!

"IF I WAS A MAN."

IF I was a man, do you s'pose I'd beat
My faithful horse up and down the
street?

No! I'd feed him so well I'd have to say,
He would go so fast, "Hey! pony, hey!"

If I was a man, should they scent me far
By the puffing smoke of a dirty cigar?

No! I'd choose some other pleasure than
this, [kiss.

And keep my lips clean for my children to

If I was a man, do you s'pose I'd dare
In the face of my Maker to curse and
swear?

No! I never would give to good people
pain [nor gain.

By a habit that brings neither pleasure

If I was a man, do you s'pose I'd think
For a moment of tasting the drunkard's
drink?

No! it only brings a man trouble and woe,
And I'll be a temperance man wherever
I go. —L. A. Obear.

FROM DRUNKARD'S DRINK
ABSTAIN.

By UNCLE JOHN.

TUNE—"Never Mind,"—8s and 7a.

(See *Band of Hope Treasury*, p. 96, Oct., 1879.)

GH! for the voice of a trumpet!
With certain sound to proclaim—
Warning the youth of all nations,
From drunkard's drink to abstain.

To tell them beware of the places
Where thousands have yearly been slain;
Nor yet be allured by temptation—
From drunkard's drink to abstain.

To bid them shun moderate drinking;
From the FIRST GLASS to refrain;
That, if they would not be drunkards,
From maddening drink to abstain.

To beg them avoid tobacco;
Their lips with the weed ne'er stain;
For the pipe will lead to drinking:—
Beware! and ever abstain.

To tell of the thousands already,
Who're living in sorrow and pain,
The victims of rum, gin, and brandy,
Or beer, from which to abstain.

To speak of the graves of the drunken—
The myriads that have been slain,
By the drink which stings like a serpent,
And urge them for ever abstain.

To shout aloud of the judgment,
Where soon they'll all be arraign'd,
For the drunkard can't enter heaven
Who from drink never abstain'd.

LITTLE DIALOGUES FOR THE YOUNG.

By Thos. Heath, S. School Superintendent, Plymouth.

FIGHT.

William. Well, Tom, I have fully made
up my mind to fight, from this time, after
hearing the very forcible arguments by
Mr. Davidson.

Tom. What do you mean? Made up
your mind to fight—fight what?

W. Fight against the drink traffic. Seeing and now hearing what dreadful destruction of life and money wasted in such a wholesale manner, that I am really ashamed of my country.

T. You are a very weak fellow to talk in that way. I wondered what you did mean when you said you intended to fight. I did not know but what you meant to give old Jack Moore a good lacing for some annoyance he had been giving you.

W. O no. I mean to stick to what I say; I shall fight against the drink traffic, come what may. You or anybody else may say what you like; I feel that there is no time to throw away when so many perish every year through this traffic in strong drink. I beg pardon, I must not call it strong drink; it is poisonous drink, and makes people weaker and weaker both as regards their strength and pocket. In fact, I may go further, and say it excludes them from entering *heaven* if they *live and die drunkards*.

T. Like a good many besides yourself, all you do is to talk about the drink.

W. Pardon me; I hope many of us do more than merely talk, as you say; we do as well as talk on this great matter. I am sure that thousands are engaged at this present time in working, by voice and pen, visiting and money, towards reclaiming the poor drunkard, and warning multitudes to flee from the drink customs, telling them to avoid the public house. Thousands, I may tell you, have been saved from ruin, have been saved from a drunkard's grave, and will rise at the last great day and thank those who have thus been, by the help of Jesus, the agents for rescuing them from the jaws of death.

T. You seem to plead very eloquently and forcibly for the *temperance cause*. You almost make an impression on my mind of its great value to mankind.

W. Indeed! I hoped not only to lead

the cause of the temperance army, but I shall really fight and work with all my power (God giving me help) against the drink traffic.

T. Well, after all, I see that what you say is a subject which ought to be looked at a little. I shall think it over, and hope after all, William, to have a little more to say on this question when we meet again.

W. I hope by the time we meet again you will have fully made up your mind to join us, and to fight with us in this great movement—the temperance cause—in trying to banish the drink from the homes of the people. Good bye, I hope we shall meet again soon.

I HAVE DRUNK MY LAST GLASS.

NO, comrades, I thank you, not any for me; [free!

My last chain is riven—henceforward I'm I'll go to my home and my children to-night, [blight,

With no fumes of liquor their spirits to And, with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife [her life.

To forgive me the wreck I have made of "I have never refused you before!" Let that pass;

For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass!

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace, [red, bloated face!

With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my Mark my faltering step, and my weak, palsied hand,

And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand.

See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,

Alike warmed by the sun and chilled by the breeze.

Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;

But I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look
 at me now,
 That a mother's soft hand was once pressed
 on my brow,
 When she kissed me and blessed me, her
 darling, her pride,
 Ere she laid down to rest by my dead
 father's side;
 But, with love in her eyes, she looked up
 to the sky,
 Bidding me to meet her *there*, and whis-
 pered "Good-bye."
 And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile
 I let pass;
 For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not
 very late,
 For I'd spent my last sixpence, and land-
 lords won't wait
 On a fellow who's left every coin in their
 till,
 And has pawned his last bed, their coffers
 to fill.
 Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I
 endured!
 And I begged for *one* glass—just *one*
 would have cured—
 But they kicked me out doors! I let
 that, too, pass;
 For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

At home my pet Susie, with her golden
 hair,
 I saw through the window, just kneeling
 in prayer;
 From her pale, bony hands her torn sleeves
 were strung down,
 While her feet, cold and bare, shrank be-
 neath her scant gown;
 And she prayed—prayed for *bread*, just a
 poor crust of bread,
 For *one* crust—on her knees my pet
 darling plead!

And I *heard*, with no penny to buy one,
 alas!

But I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-
 old,

Though fainting with hunger and shiver-
 ing with cold,

There, on the bare floor, asked God to
 bless me!

And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He
 will; for you see

I *believe* what I ask for!" Then sobered,
 I crept

Away from the house; and that night
 when I slept,

Next my heart lay the PLEDGE! You
 smile, let it pass;

For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith
 and her love

Are akin to my dear sainted mother's
 above!

I will make her words true, or I'll die in
 the race,

And sober I'll go to my last resting place;
 And she shall kneel there, and, weeping,

thank God [sod!

No *drunkard* lies under the daisy strewn
 Not a drop more of poison my lips shall

e'er pass;

For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

—*Louisa S. Upham.*

A FINE FIELD.

A YOUNG man went arm-in-arm with
 John Wesley into a room that was
 provided with all luxuries for the table.
 He whispered to the preacher, "There is
 not much self-denial here, Mr. Wesley."
 "No," said he, "but there is a fine field
 for its exercise."

LITTLE GLEANERS.

JUDSON.

We are a bu - sy glean - ing band, That can - not bind the sheaves; But we can fol - low

KEY	G #.	{ .s ₁ s ₁ .d : d .r m .s : s. .s l .s : s .m m:- .s ₁ s ₁ .d : d .r
		{ .s ₁ s ₁ .m ₁ : s ₁ .t ₁ d .m : m. .m f .m : m .d t:- .s ₁ s ₁ .m ₁ : s ₁ .t ₁
		{ .s ₁ m ₁ .d ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁ d .d : d .d. .d d .d : d .d s ₁ :- .s ₁ m ₁ .d ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁

those who reap, And ga - ther what each leaves. We are not strong but we must try, To

KEY	G #.	{ .m : s .s m r .d : r .m r :- m f .m : f .r m .s : s. .s
		{ .d : m .m d t ₁ .d : t ₁ .t ₁ d :- d r : d : r .t ₁ d .r : m. .m
		{ .d : d .d d s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁ d ₁ :- d s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁ d .d : d .d. .d

do our ve - ry best, How - ev - er weak the means may be, The ef - fort will be blest.

KEY	G #.	{ s .m : m .d r :- .s ₁ s ₁ .d : d .r m .s : s. .m r .d : r .m d :-
		{ m .d : d .d t ₁ :- .s ₁ s ₁ .m ₁ : s ₁ .t ₁ d .m : m. .d t ₁ .d : t ₁ .t ₁ d :-
		{ d .d : d .m ₁ s ₁ :- .s ₁ m ₁ .d ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁ d .d : d .d. .d s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁ d ₁ :-

CHORUS.

We are a bu - sy glean - ing band, That can - not bind the sheaves ;

{	f .f ,f : f .f	f .m : m.	.m	m .r : r .d	r :-
	r .r ,r : r .r	r .d : d.	.d	d .t ₁ : t ₁ .l ₁	t ₁ :-
	s .s ,s : s .s	s .s : s.	.s	s .f : f .m	s :-
	s ₁ .s ₁ ,s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	d .d : d.	.d	s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	s ₁ :-

But we can fol - low those who reap, And ga - ther what each leaves.

{	s ₁	s ₁ .d : d .r	m .s : s.	.m	r .d : r .m	d :-
	s ₁	s ₁ .m ₁ : s ₁ .t ₁	d .m : m.	.s	f ₁ .m : f ₁ .s ₁	m :-
	t ₁	d .d : d .t ₁	d .d : d.	.d	s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	d ₁ :-
	s ₁	m ₁ .d ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁	d .d : d.	.d	s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	d ₁ :-

- 2 We are not rich, but we can give,
 As we are passing on,
 A cup of water in Christ's name
 To some poor fainting one.
 We are not wise, but this we know,
 That drink's a dreadful thing,
 And water's good for young and old,
 It health and strength will bring.

- 3 We know that with our gathered grain
 Briars and leaves are seen ;
 Yet, since we tried, He smiles the same,
 And takes our offering.
 Dear children, still hosannas sing,
 As Christ doth conq'ring come ;
 Casting your treasures as He brings
 The wretched drunkards home.

WAS ROBINSON CRUSOE A TEMPERANCE MAN?

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO, BY JULIA COLMAN.

Mrs. Good.

MAY I ask what book you were reading this morning, Edward?
Edward. It was Robinson Crusoe, auntie. Uncle William gave it to me for a Christmas present.

Mrs. G. And have not you read it through yet?

E. Oh, yes; I read it through in two weeks. And I have read it through twice or three times since.

Mrs. G. Why do you do that? have you no other new books to read?

E. No, auntie. Why, yes I have, too. There's the book papa brought home for me the last time he went to Boston.

Mrs. G. I should think you would read the books your papa gives you first of all. You love him best, don't you?

E. I guess I do, auntie! you may take that for granted. But then, you see I don't like that book as well as I do Robinson Crusoe.

Mrs. G. What do you like as well?

E. Nothing, I believe! Oh, it's a jolly book! Don't you want me to read it?

Mrs. G. Not now. I'd rather have you tell me about it. What do you think is the nicest part of it?

E. When he went back to the ship and found the guns, and the knives, and the saws; oh, yes, and the gold and ever so many things, and made a raft to carry them all to the shore. And then he made a house without any door, so that the wild beasts could not get in!

Mrs. G. How did he get in himself?

E. Why he made a ladder and climbed in over the top, and then he pulled the ladder in after him. Oh, yes, and then he made a cave at the back of the house, under a rock, where he put the things he

brought from the ship. And he made shelves to put things on like a store.

Mrs. G. And did your hero keep a liquor store?

E. Of course not! And if he had, there were no ladies there to ask for it.

Mrs. G. Come now, you are such a brave little temperance fellow, won't you tell me about Robinson Crusoe's temperance notions. Did he not find some rum on ship board and drink it, too?

E. Yes, I'm afraid he did, and he took it with him on his excursions around the island, and when he was lonely he drank some to cheer him up!

Mrs. G. Really, Eddie, I did not expect you to admire any such hero as that.

E. Well, auntie, what else could the poor fellow do to cheer him up when he was lonely?

Mrs. G. What would you do? drink rum?

E. Oh, no; I'd drink water!

Mrs. G. For what? To cheer you up? I thought people drank water when they were thirsty.

E. I mean I'd drink water instead of rum.

Mrs. G. Yes, but not to cheer you up. This notion that one must have some kind of *drink* to cheer a body up, is a *rum* notion, and got into people's heads when everybody drank liquor. We temperance folks should not have such notions. It does not cheer up anybody just to drink cold water. But if we are thirsty, we may drink water, or we may eat an apple, or an orange, or a water-melon. And that will cheer us up just in the same way it does for a man to rest when he is tired.

E. Is that the way rum cheers any body?

Mrs. G. No; rum makes a man crazy,

so that he does not half know what he is about, and after that he feels worse than ever.

E. What would you do to get cheered up?

Mrs. G. I'd be kind to everybody, if I could. I'd make some of my dear ones happy. Or I'd go out and try to find some one to whom I could do a kind act, or say a kind word. Or I'd sit down and write a loving letter to some friend.

E. But suppose you were all alone, like Robinson Crusoe on his island.

Mrs. G. Then, I'd look at all the beautiful things God had made, and remember that He was near me and loved me. I'd read about Him in the Bible, and I'd sing to Him all the sweet songs that I knew, and make up some more besides—sing them right out of my heart. Don't you think that would cheer me up a great deal better than any sort of eating and drinking, certainly a great deal better than being poisoned with liquors!

E. Why, yes, I should think so; but, auntie, what made Robinson Crusoe do that way? I don't like to think about it. He wasn't a bad man, was he?

Mrs. G. Was he not, at first?

E. Yes, I suppose he was; but I mean when he was on the island and when he read the Bible and prayed and did so much good to Friday, and the Spaniard, and all the rest of them.

Mrs. G. Yes, I suppose he was trying to be good then. But even the heroes of your story-books do not always do right. So we must learn to love the good and avoid the bad things they do. We must not drink rum just because Robinson Crusoe did it. That story was written years ago and the people of those days had not learned that alcoholic liquors hurt us every time we take them. You remember, too, that Crusoe used them when he was not lonely, for when he went back to visit the

island, he made a feast for the people living there, and he furnished beer, punch, and French wines. Everybody thought in those days that they must have something of that kind. You will have to give it up, Eddie. Robinson Crusoe was not a temperance man.

E. Well, I think he would have been a temperance man if he had lived in these days; don't you, auntie?

Mrs. G. Perhaps so—perhaps not. Some men in these days who mean to be good, do many wrong things. So you must remember when you see any such man taking liquors or tobacco, that his taking them does not make such practices right. Suppose, now, Robinson Crusoe himself should come along and ask you to take a glass of punch with him. Would you do it?

E. Would I? No indeed! but I would tell him what grand teetotal societies and Bands of Hope we'd been getting up, and perhaps I could persuade him to get up one on his island.

Mrs. G. Good for you, Eddie, when I publish a Robinson Crusoe, in words of one syllable, or any other way, I'll put in notes or something else, that will make it into a first-rate Temperance book.

NIGH TO GOD.

“**C**OME, child of mine, why will you longer stay
From home and happiness so far away?
Rest, and a Father's love, await you here.
Come, wandering child; I long to feel
thee near.”

“How can I come, my Father? All these
years,
Wandering and erring, filled with doubts
and fears,
Spurning Thy love, I've chosen thus to
roam,
And now I fear Thee, and I dare not come.”

"Hast thou not heard, My child, of Calvary?
[thee ?

How there thine Elder Brother died for
Come in His name, and Justice will be
dumb [home."

While Love and Mercy lead you to your

"But, Father, I'm in rags, and covered o'er
With filth and stains of sin, and very sore
My naked feet with walking worldly ways.
I cannot stand with those who sing Thy
praise."

"Dear child, for this I will not drive you
hence,

For Love sees nothing but your penitence.
Come as you are, and for a better dress
I'll give the garment of My righteousness."

Oh, wandering one, canst thou reject such
love? [move ?

Will not the thought suffice thy heart to
The Father longs to have you near His
side.

Will you not come and in His love abide ?

WHO IS THY FRIEND ?

WHO is thy friend ? The man that
shares thy pleasures

In banquet hall or beauty's witching
bowers ?

He that will dance with thee to folly mea-
sures,

And make no reckoning of the squan-
dered hours—

To whom the revel and the game is all ?
These are the friends that help men to
their fall.

Who is thy friend ? The man that shares
thy pride,

Thine hour of glory, or thy day of gain ;
Who stands in every triumph by thy side,
And never finds that triumph false or
vain,

But shapes his doctrine as thy humour
goes ? [foes.

These are the friends misfortune turns to

Who is thy friend ? The man that for his
winning

To power or place hath need of thine or
thee :

Who will not fear thy risk, or blame thy
sinning,

So it but speed his fortune's growing
tree ;

Whose praise is large, whose promise
larger yet ?

These are the friends that fail us and for-
get.

Who is thy friend ? The man of truth
and trust,

In gladness near, in sorrow nearer still ;
To thy faults generous, to thy merits just,
Thy help from every good to every ill,
Whose love for the world's hate might
make amends ?

Alas for it ! this life hath few such friends

Who is thy friend ? The best, the least
regarded,

In faith unfailling, and in love unchanged,
Through all thy changeful years, though
ill rewarded—

Give Him thy heart, so long and far
estranged :

And from the broken reeds of earth ascend,
To seek in heaven thine everlasting Friend.

—*Frances Browne.*

COURSE OF A GOOD NAME.

AS a rill from a fountain increases as
it flows, rises into a stream, swells
into a river, so, symbolically, are the
origin and course of a good name. At
first its beginning is small ; it takes its
rise from home, its natural source, ex-
tends to the neighbourhood, stretches
through the community, and finally takes
a range proportioned to the qualities by
which it is supported—its talents, virtue,
and usefulness, the surest basis of an
honourable reputation.—*W. Mackenzie.*

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*Author of “Food and its Adulterations,” “Adulterations
Detected,” and late Editor of “Food and Water.”*

(Signed) “OTTO HEHNER, F.C.S., ANALYST.”

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No. 143, November, 1881.]

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SWEET REMEMBRANCES.

SWEET REMEMBRANCES!

WHAT a real delight it is both to children and upgrown people to spend a day in the country when the skies are bright and the air is warm, and all nature is clothed in a mantle of beauty. Who does not remember such days! They are bright spots in our lives, to be recalled again and again with unmixed pleasure. Our artist has sketched for us a picture which brings to our remembrance the rich foliage of the trees, the soft carpet of grass and flowers, and the joyous song of the birds. As we look at it we can almost hear the hum of

the bee as it passes by, and the buzz of the insects dancing in the sunbeams. The bark of a dog comes from the distant farm, and the laughter of the merry hay-makers floats on the richly scented air. We shall soon have ice and snow and bleak winds, but the sweet remembrances of days spent in the country will keep fresh our imagination, and while we are busy at work in our cities and towns, we shall look forward to the return of sweet spring and glorious summer when we can again behold the charming side of nature.—S. K.

UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

BY JOSEPH A. TORREY.

MY friend had put her little boy to bed,
Sat by his side and heard the
prayers he said,
Till in soft slumber he was quieted.

Then, ere the evening lamp she did illumine,
We went—the door ajar—to the next room,
And talked awhile amid the gathering
gloom.

But from the chamber where the child
did lie,
Anon there came a piercing wail, and I
Did marvel much she heeded not the cry.

And still we talked, until there came again
The same sharp cry of terror and of pain;
But yet the mother moved not. It was
plain

She cared not for the child. And soon
the third
Time that same cry—methought the same
—I heard.

She, on the instant, swifter than a bird,

Flew to her boy and clasped him to her
breast,
Soothing with voice and kisses his unrest.
Her practised ear, more keen than mine,
had guessed

The meaning of those cries, and could
discern

The difference, which fond-hearted mothers
learn,

"Twixt dreamful cries and "mother-cries"
that yearn

For mother-love, and will not be denied,
Till, in her loving arms or at her side
His fears are quelled, his longings satisfied.

And so I thought: My God is kinder far
To me, his child, than any mothers are:
Will He not leave the door of heaven ajar?

And if upon His ear my dreamful cry
May seem to fall unheeded, sure am I
That no good thing will He to me deny.

For, though He answer not my vague
alarms,

I know that in the Everlasting Arms
I shall be shielded from all *real* harms.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

BID the youth of drink beware,
 AS it leads to many a snare ;
 N one e'er touch it and escape
 DISTRESS, sorrow, and headache.

O then, bid them early shun,
 F or ever, ale, wine, or rum.

H aste and tell them, girls and boys,
 O f the thousands drink destroys !
 P rince and peasant, none are free ;
 E very day its fruits we see ;

T hrough its use some led astray,
 R unning far from virtue's way.
 E ntice the youth, bid them come
 A nd sign the pledge every one.
 S ave them from the tempter's power ;
 U rge them sign this day, this hour.
 R escue one and all, while they
 Y et are safe in virtue's way.

POOR NANNY:

AN EPISODE IN A DRUNKARD'S LIFE.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

T WAS midnight! but the husband
 came not

To that lone room where sat the mother
 And her infant boy. The drunkard sought
 Not his home; but 'mid the dull smother
 Of the beerhouse foul tobacco fume
 Sat and quaff'd the madd'ning drink, and
 sang

The bacchanalian song, while he consum'd
 The price of bread from his children wrung.

At length poor Nanny, weary and sad,
 Sought her chamber with her little one,
 Where lay her loved ones—for two she had
 Placed in their bed some hours ago.

In vain she tried that repose to gain
 That should her tired limbs recoup with
 strength ;

But in sleeplessness she did remain
 Until coming footsteps heard at length.

It was her husband; he who had vowed
 Before high heaven to love and cherish
 That woman whom he had oft allowed
 With her dear children nigh to perish !
 And now he came: not with words of cheer,
 But language foul assailed her ears ;
 And asking why she had not waited there?
 The covering off the bed he tears.

Then, like a madman, blow after blow
 Inflicted as there she helpless lay ;
 But while he fancied some one was below,
 His victim with her babe stole away :—
 Seizing the thin covering off the bed,
 Wrapped it round herself and child,
 And from the house she quickly fled,
 Like some lorn wanderer, almost wild.

Barefooted, thinly clad, weeping sore,
 Almost heart-broken she left that home,
 Which, but for her babes, she'd see no more,
 But a drunkard's wife away would roam.
 Pacing the dark streets, and o'er rough
 stones,

Her sister's abode poor Nanny seeks ;
 While with the biting wind her infant
 moans,

And with an agony of soul she weeps.

Reaching that quiet home,—the clock
 struck three—

And, gently calling, soon admittance found.
 Grieved at her sad plight the family
 In sympathising tone gathered round.
 Quickly in warm bed she shelter found
 Within that home where drunkard's drink
 ne'er came,

While peace and true sobriety abound,
 And cheering hope of an eternal home.

But the drunkard found no peace! no rest!
 Upon his cheerless bed he wretched lay,
 As if by evil spirits sore possessed,
 And even longed to see the coming day.
 At length he slept; how long he knew not,
 Morning's first beam of light was seen ;
 He shuddered as thought he did renew,
 For he had dreamt a drunkard's fearful
 dream.

He thought he saw his pale wife floating
Upon the briny deep, with babe tight
clasped!

That they were drowned—nothing doubt-
ing— [fast

He left, and through the night he hastened
Unto the river side, and gazing there
Amid the shipping all around the quays,
In agony looking everywhere,
And searching closely streets and byways.

That she was drowned he dared but think,
As returning to his wretched home
He found her not. He curses the drink
He supposes brought her that sad doom.
Ah, then he vowed that should she be alive,
And to *that* sad home again return,
He would give up the drink—ever strive
Against the curse that caused his wife to
mourn.

But, oh! for strong drink, the fatal thirst
That in him remained, like Upas tree
Cut down, but not uprooted at first,
Soon grew again its sad fruit to display.
So he—the drunkard—again returned
Unto his evil ways—more and more
He drank! not for home or wife concerned,
Only how he might strong drink secure.

Beneath such cruel treatment and neglect
Poor Nanny sank and on her death-bed lay,
Praying that her husband might be kept
From drink, and led into a better way;
And that her darlings might be preserved
From that sin that had their father ruined:
And thus she passed away to Him she
served,
Hoping with them again to be rejoined.

THE TEMPERANCE MILLENNIUM.

THERE'S a shout along the temper-
ance lines, there's victory in view,
There's a mighty army forming of the
faithful ones and true;

They have joined the glorious host of Him
that journeyed far and long

To receive his promised kingdom, and
return with shout and song.

Through the long, long night of ages they
have waited for the day

When the sun should rise in righteous-
ness, and chase the gloom away;

Now, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!"
is the faithful watchman's cry,

And the glorious day is streaming all
along the eastern sky.

For the crystal stream that gushes from
beneath the throne of God,

Like an avalanche, shall lave the earth,
shall wash it as a flood;

And the demon of destruction, and the
poison of his cup,

In the grandeur of its flowing shall be
lost and swallowed up.

Then the shout of white-robed millions
shall re-echo far and near,

And the earth in royal plenitude proclaim
the jubal year.

There's a shout along the temperance
lines, there's victory in view,

There's a mighty army forming of the
faithful ones and true!

I GOT A-GOING, AND I COULD NOT STOP.

I HEARD of a boy who was standing
on the top of a hill, and his father was
standing half-way down, and the father
called to his boy, "Come."

He ran down, but did not stop where
his father was, but went to the bottom
of the hill.

His father said, "Why did you not
come to me when I called you?"

He said, "Oh, Father, I got a-going,
and I could not stop."

Take care lest you have to say—"I got
a-going, and I could not stop."

I will tell you what happened. There
was a young man, only twenty years of
age, and he was lying in gaol. He had

killed a man, and he was going to be hung. He had been a Sunday-school boy, and his teacher went to see him in prison. He had to go through a long, dark passage, and presently he came into the miserable cell.

It was a beautiful day; everything was lovely outside; the birds were singing, the sun was shining, and everything was green and beautiful! And this young man—only twenty years of age—was lying in this dreadful cell, his limbs chained together, going to be hung! The gentleman spoke to him kindly, and said, "Oh, I am so sorry to see you here."

The young man burst into tears, and said, "Ah, sir, if I had minded what my father and mother said to me—if I had attended to what you told me at school—I should not now be here! I got into bad company. I followed one young lad and another. I got something to drink. One bad thing led to another bad thing, and one day, being half-drunk, I killed a man, and now, sir, I am going to die."

Ah! "he got a-going, and he could not stop!" Take care about the bottom of the hill. Do not "get a-going." You may not be able to stop till you get to the very bottom.—*Rev. J. Vaughan.*

THE TERRIBLE DRINK.

OH! the drink, the terrible drink,
Making each town and city a sink
Of misery, dire and fearful to tell
Of the numberless victims sent to hell.

Swearing,

Killing,

Crimes no lack,

The terrible drink makes night so black,
The curse of youth and decrepit age,
Adding to thirst instead of assuage;
Continual drink the drunkard's crave,
Till it drags him down to an early grave.

Oh! the drink, the horrible drink!
See the child from its father shrink
As he staggers home from the night's de-
bauch,

Blindly,

Wildly,

Stumbling along,
Crazed with drink, intent on wrong;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Growl at the man as he gropes around!
This is the picture, deny it who can,
Of the downward steps of fallen man.

Once he was free from the vice, but he fell—
Fell like the angels, from heaven to hell—
Fell, to be mocked at, scoffed at, and beat,
Mingling with filth in the horrible street.

Pleading,

Cursing,

Dreading the worst,
Drinking still deeper, yet greater the thirst,
Till he sickens and falls, degraded and low.
Merciful God! in Thy goodness save
Thine own image from a drunkard's grave.

A WISE ANSWER.—A little black girl, eight years old, was setting the table, when a boy in the room said to her, "Mollie, do you pray?" The suddenness of the question confused her a little, but she answered, "Yes, sir, every night." "Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked; and she answered promptly, "I know He does." "But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that He hears your prayer as those of white children?" For full three minutes the child kept on with her work without speaking; then she slowly said, "Master George, I pray into God's ear, and not His eyes. My voice is just like any other little girl's; and if I say what I ought to say, God does not stop to look at my skin." George did not question any further. The answer he felt to be a wiser one than he could have given.

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS.

A. J. A.

A. J. A.

Mer - ri - ly the song of Christ - mas bells, Chim - ing clear their mu - sic swells,

Key C. {

s	.,f	: m	.,f	s	: l	s	: d'	m'	:-	r'	: re'	r'	: d'	t	: l	s	:-
m	.,r	: d	.,r	m	: f	m	: m	s	:-	f	: m	f	: m	r	: fe	s	:-
d'	.,d'	: d'	.,d'	d'	: d'	d'	: d'	d'	:-	t	: t	t	: s	s	: d'	t	:-
d	.,d	: d	.,d	d	: d	d	: d	d	:-	s	: s	s	: d	r	: r	s ₁	:-

Tell - ing of the pre - cious Sa - viour's birth: "Glo - ry in the high - est!"

s	.,f	: m	.,f	s	: l	s	: d'	m'	:-	r'	: re'	r'	: m'	d'	: -	d'
m	.,r	: d	.,r	m	: f	m	: m	s	:-	f	: m	f	: s	m	: -	m
d'	.,d'	: d'	.,d'	d'	: d'	d	: d	d	:-	t	: t	t	: t	d'	: -	d'
d	.,d	: d	.,d	d	: d	d	: d	d	:-	s	: s	s ₁	: s ₁	d	: -	d

CHORUS.

Chime on, chime on, the Lord is come! Ring out mer-ri-ly o'er hill and dell;

{	s	s : d'	t : s	s : d	t :	r' : r'	m', r'	r' . d'	t : l	s
	s	s : m	f : s	s : m	f :	s : s	s , s	s . l	s : fe	s
	t	d' : d'	r' : t	d' : d'	r' :	t : t	d' , d'	t . m'	r' : d'	t
	<u>s . f</u>	m : d	s : <u>s . f</u>	m : d	s :	s : s	s , s	s . d	r : r	s

Chime on, chime on, you mer-ry peal, Ring out mer-ri-ly, sil-ver bells!

{	s	d' : s	d' : s	l : t	d' : -	r' : d	t . l	s	l : t	d' : -
	s	d' : s	d' : s	f : f	s : -	f : r	r . r	r	f : f	m : -
	s	d' : s	d' : d'	d' : r'	m' : -	l : r'	r' . d'	t	s : s	s : -
	s	d' : s	d' : m	f : r	d : -	f : fe	s . s	s	s , s	d : -

2 Jesus our Redeemer, Saviour, King,
Peace on earth He came to bring;
Loud our harps and voices all should ring:
"Glory in the highest!" Chime on, &c.

3 Ever may our thankful voices sing
Praises to our mighty King,
Till we join the ransomed song above:
"Glory in the highest!" Chime on, &c.

BERTIE'S PLEDGE.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR.

Bertie Evans.

WELL now, I consider that is good. I have persuaded three poor toppers to sign the pledge in one month! I had hard work to get them to do it; but I don't mind that, if they will only keep sober; and here is the miserable shanty in which Luke Martin lives. He is the hardest of all, and the temperance men have given him up. I wonder if it is worth while to ask him to sign? The big boys at the school have chaffed me a good deal, and said I should soon tire of hunting up the drunkards, but I mean to show them that I am in real earnest about the good work in which I am engaged. Ah, there is little Minnie Martin sitting at the door nursing her doll. I do declare she has got a large black bottle in her arms instead of a doll. Poor thing!

(Minnie sitting on a low stool rocking the bottle, and singing hush-a-by-baby.)

Luke Martin (rushing up to child, and in angry voice). Where's my bottle? Oh, I see you've got it. Hand it here, quick!

Minnie. Oh, father, don't take my dolly, please.

L (snatching the bottle from her). None of your nonsense. Get out of my way or I'll kick you!

M (going to one side). Father is naughty to take my doll; how cross he is! I do believe he has been drinking that nasty whisky again.

L. What's that you say? I'll drink you. *(Raises the bottle and throws it at Minnie, but Bertie snatches her away in time to save her from the blow.)*

B. Oh, Mr. Martin! suppose you had killed little Minnie!

L. What did she stand there for and aggravate her father? But I am glad I

didn't hurt her. I didn't use to be so fiery and crazy like; it's only since I got so fond of whisky. But you're the Widow Evans's boy, an't you?

B (aside). Now's my time. *(Aloud)* Yes, sir; and I came here for the very purpose of asking you to give up this whisky that is making you so much trouble. I've brought my pledge along for you to sign. *(Takes pledge from his pocket.)*

L. Me sign the pledge? Now that is a good joke. *(Laughs.)* How long do you think I'd keep it?

B. If you'd try very hard, I think you might keep it always. Just look at these names I've got already; perhaps you know them?

L (taking the paper). Yes, I know Jack Hastings and Phil Ransom; but having their names here don't do any good. I'll bet a shilling they're both drunk now.

B (earnestly). They have been sober and hard at work for two weeks, for I have seen them every day; and you ought to see how glad and happy their wives and children are."

L. Well, it won't last long. *I've* tried often to be sober; but the first public house I pass knocks over all my good intentions, and in I go. Besides, I must drink to drown my trouble. There's nothing in the house to eat but some cold potatoes, and all the money I've got is threepence to buy my next dram.

B. Mr. Martin, you know we are poor ourselves; but if you will sign the pledge, and try with all your might to keep it, I am sure mother will give you all something to eat, till you can make some money.

L. If I thought it was any use, I'd do

it; for bad as I am, I hate to see Kate and the child suffer; but I should be drunk before night. I tell you I can't keep sober.

B. But you *must* try once more, sir. Here is a pencil; sit right down on the step and write your name, and then come home with me.

(*Luke sits down, takes the pencil, but shakes his head doubtfully.*)

M (*drawing near and putting her hand on his arm*). I am sorry I called you naughty, father; write on the paper, and be a good father.

B. You see, Mr. Martin, even Minnie knows you ought to sign. Pray don't wait a moment longer. It is the best action you ever did.

L. Well, I hope it may; at any rate I'll do it, and what's more, I'll try to stick to my vow.

Mrs. Martin (*entering*). Thank God, Luke. If you will only stick to the pledge you have taken, we shall soon be all happy again. I know you can be firm if you try; and I know there isn't a kinder husband and father anywhere when you keep off the whisky.

B (*taking up the pledge*). Thank you, sir, and may God help you to keep the pledge.

L. Amen, lad, amen.

FOUND DEAD.

MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I AM weary, worn, and old,
On the pavement hard and bare,
Shivering in the west wind cold,
Night-frost silvering my hair.
O rumseller! let me in.

Let me sit beside your fire,
Give me just one sip of gin,
I will nothing more desire;
See, my garments are so thin.
O rumseller! let me in.

Once you used to open wide,
With a welcoming hand, your door,
Greeting me with warmth and pride;
For old times' sake, I implore,
Good rumseller! let me in.

I had money once, and home,
Wife, and pretty babies three;
They are gone; what has become
Of them? I really cannot see.
O rumseller! let me in.

Some say that I broke her heart
(Me? she was my joy of joys!),
That I did not do my part,
That the poor-house holds my boys.
O rumseller! let me in.

I have given you all my wealth,
Strength, character, all, all—
Wife, children, home, and health;
I am tottering—I shall fall!
O rumseller! let me in.

So the old man wailed and plead,
So he shivered in despair;
In the morn they found him dead
On the pavement cold and bare.
No rumseller took him in.

DON'T DRINK.

ELLA WHEELER.

DON'T drink, boys, don't!
There is nothing of happiness, pleasure, or cheer
In brandy, in whisky, in rum, ale, or beer;
If they cheer you when drank, you are
certain to pay, [day.
In headaches and crossness, the following
Don't drink, boys, don't!

Boys, let it alone!
Turn your back on your deadliest enemy,
Drink!
An assassin disguised; nor for one moment think,

As some rashly say, that *true* women
admire

The man who can boast that he's playing
with fire.

Boys, let it alone!

No, boys, don't drink! [day!

If the habit's begun, stop now! stop to-
Ere the spirit of thirst leads you on and
away

Into vice, shame, and drunkenness. This
is the goal [of the bowl.

Where the spirit of thirst leads the slave
No, boys, *don't* drink!

BOYS AND BAD HABITS.

HAVING been a boy, I know what
boys have to pass through; and,
with an interest in and for them, I am
prompted to write a few words expressing
my feelings respecting them.

I suppose each reader has a Bible. Will
you take it, and find the seventh chapter
of Ecclesiastes and the twenty-ninth verse,
and after reading it, think how differently
we make ourselves from what our Creator
meant us to be?

Man was made upright—that is, just
right in everything; but, in seeking out
something of his own inventing, he is
often seen in a sorry plight. How early
in life this work is commenced! Among
your own playmates how many habits are
formed that are not right. Now, do you
think there is any improvement effected in
one by putting a pipe or cigar in his
mouth, and displaying himself in making
a great smoke? If boys think it is help-
ing them to become men, they are as mis-
taken as they would be to sit in their
schoolmaster's chair and think that would
make them schoolmasters. The bad prac-
tice of a man will never make a man of
any one. We want you to grow up to be
men in mind, character, and strength,
just as your heavenly Father intended;

and every bad habit is a hindrance to your
being a man. When a boy has entered
the smoking ranks, he has taken a long
step toward a great many evils. While
smoking does not honor you, or improve
your looks, or help you in any way, it
tends to a great many evils, and in many
ways to hurt you.

With the temperance pledge sign the
anti-tobacco pledge, and keep it. Seek
manhood as it came from God, our Creator.
Follow Christ, and you will be honored
and respected, and this true principle will
carry you through the world safely and
prosperously. LITTLE STAR.

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Michael Flaherty, a garrulous Irishman; Tim Trotter,
an accommodating old man; Grace Partridge, a prac-
tical female.

"I'll Drink it for her Sake!"

Only a Glass!

Tempt Me no More.

I once Knew a Toper.

Touch not the Liquors that Kill.

Why this Sad Change?

Touch not the Glass!

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A Little Boy and his Father.

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man.

Bill Wiseman and Jack Tippler.

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I Remember!

I Tell you I'm Teetotal.

Old Doctor Bolus.

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No. 144, December, 1881.]

NEW SERIES.

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A SNOW STORM.

A SNOW STORM.

HOW delightful to watch the snow falling when, like Gertrude, we are in a warm and cosy room. See how thoughtfully she is contemplating the soft fleecy flakes as they drop on the window-sill, and drape in a mantle of white the branches of the trees which only a few weeks ago were bright with green foliage. Even her curly canine companion seems in a meditative mood, for he is watching as intently as his young mistress. How many poor children, whose parents are drunkards, have to endure untold suffering when winter comes with its

frost and snow! Only the other night the writer accompanied a policeman to a drunkard's home. The door was left open; the father and mother were lying on the floor intoxicated; and the poor children were huddled together in one corner on the bare flags, fast asleep. Let those who have sober parents and comfortable homes not only pray for the drunkard's children, but work zealously to banish strong drink from our land; for until drink is destroyed thousands of poor children will be made to suffer—more especially during the cold, dark days of winter.—*S. K.*

A TEMPERANCE SERMON.

"A TEMPERANCE sermon? 'Tis lying there,

With a crimson seal on the flooring bare,
Written dark and deep on the battered
clay,

What more could the voice of the preacher
say

Than the helpless hands of a murdered
dame

Burnt crisp, as in frenzy they fought the
flame.

Little fingers frail, that were softly kissed,
Ere a loving hand grew a drunkard's fist;
They are cold—so cold—with their bloody
stain

They can never plead for their life again;
But for other lives, praying loud, they call,
Lifted up to God from their blackened pall.

Little dainty feet, that were wont to pass
By the hedgerows sweet, through the
meadow grass,

In the shabby shoes of drunkard's wife,
They have tireless toiled on the road of
life

To the crimson door with its faded stain,
Out of trials keen, out of want and pain.

Pallid, parted lips—and they used to know
Merry girlish songs in the long ago.

They have learned, alas! how the watchers
sigh,

How the hungry moan, how the fearful cry
Till the mouth is set with its lines of care,
Is there better preaching than this else-
where?

Doth the circle small of a goblet's brim,
Grave and gallows hold in its shining rim?
Can the liquid fire, with its glowing spark,
Steal the light away from the homestead
dark?

Ask the solemn face, hunger-pinched and
white,

Can a felon's death yonder treason right?"

From the G. L. Journal.

THE HIDDEN FOE.

SISTERS, Christian sisters, stand in
awe and fear.

Rouse ye to the danger that is lurking near!
Danger so insidious that ye scarce can
know

Where is placed the ambush, where lies
hid the foe.

Oh, be up and doing! there is work for
you,

Such as e'en the angels have no power to
do;

Rally round the standard of your King
and Lord,

Meet the powers of evil, trusting in His
Word.

Sister, Christian sister! 'tis no time for
ease,

Sad and mournful sighings sound on every
breeze;

Sighings of the tempted, death-cries of the
"slain,"

Shall they reach thee, sister, and be heard
in vain?

Listen to those pleadings ranging through
the air—

"Sister, come and help us, save us from
despair!"

Shall not God regard it if thou wilt "not
know"

Of the hidden evil working such heart-
woe?

Will He not reward thee as thy work
shall be,

If these piteous voices plead in vain to
thee?

Oh! the bitter reckoning, full of shame
and pain,

That shall surely meet thee if they plead
in vain!

H. E. H., in the Christian.

UNCLE JOHN'S PROVERB ACROSTIC

ON THE "BAND OF HOPE TREASURY."

Be wise and take care; Moderation's a
snare.

A le with double X, the drinker doth vex.
N o safety is found, when the glass goeth
round.

D estruction is nigh, when you drink on
the sly.

O vercome is the man, who is fond of a
dram.

F orget not the ruin, that comes from each
brewing.

H e who would be free, must ne'er go on
th' spree.

O 'er the publican's door, is a sign to allure.
P ennyworths of gin, leadeth many to sin.

E ngage not in the trade, by which drun-
kards are made.

T he first glass taken, is sobriety shaken.
R up from temptation, and escape degra-
dation.

E nter not the vile place, where men get
in disgrace.

A ll moderation, brings botheration.
S tand not at the door, of the publican's
store.

U nless you abstain, by drink you'll be
slain.

R emember teetotal, will save from the
bottle.

Y outh is the best time, strong drink to
resign.

UNJUST GAINS.

MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

"**B**Y unjust gain!" "By unjust gain!"
It was the rumseller's refrain

When called to leave his vast domain—

"By unjust gain!"

I felt no pity for the poor,

I drove them harshly from my door

While taking from their little store

My "unjust gain."

My goods an unseen Hand will deal

To him who for the weak can feel,

Nor from his pittance meanly steal

By "unjust gain!"

Now, as I go to meet the fate

Of those who hope to reach heaven's gate,

I'm haunted by the words—"Too late"

And "*Unjust gain!*"

THE NEW YEAR.

Mrs. K. S. BURR.

M. J. MUNGER.

Midst the si-lence of the peace-ful night The hap-py New Year comes;

KEY Eb.

{	s .,l	s : m <u>d.r</u> : <u>m.f</u>	s : s	s : m	<u>r.m</u> : <u>f.s</u>	l : s	s : -	m :
	d .,d	d : d <u>d.r</u> : <u>d.t</u>	d : t,	t, : d	<u>t.d</u> : <u>r.m</u>	f : f	m : -	d :
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	d .,d	d : d d : <u>d.r</u>	m : r	d : d	s, : s,	s, : s,	d : -	- :

And we hail with sing-ing and de-light Its ad-vent to our homes.

{	s .,l	s : m <u>d.r</u> : <u>m.f</u>	s' : d'	s : m	r : d	m : <u>m.r</u>	d : -	- :
	d .,d	d : d <u>d.r</u> : <u>d.r</u>	m : m	m : d	t, : d	d : t,	d : -	- :
	m .,f	m : s <u>m.f</u> : s	s : s	d' : s	<u>s.f</u> : m	s : s	<u>f</u> : m	- : - :
	d .,d	d : d d : d	d : d	d : d	s, : l	s, : s,	d : -	- :

CHORUS. *f*

Hap - py New Year, hap - py New Year, May thine hours a bles - sed re - cord
 Hap - py New Year, hap - py New Year, May thine

{	s .s t : - l : s .s d' : - s : s .s l : s m .s : f .m
	s .s f : - f : s .f m : - m : m .m f : m d .d : t .d
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	s .s : s s : d .d : d d : d .d d : d d .m : r .d

keep, Bright with deeds of love and cheerful faith, With ear - nest praise and prayer !

rit. ad lib.

{	r :- -m f s :- .m f .s : l .t d' :- -l s : m r :- .d d :- :- :
	t, :- -d .r m :- .d t .d : d̄ .f m :- .f s : f m : d t, :- .d d :- :- :
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	s, :- -d .d d :- .d r .m : f .r d :- .r m : f s : s s, :- .d d :- :- :

2 Though we cherish still the memories sweet
 Of years for ever flown,
 With devout thanksgivings will we greet
 The new and opening one.
 Happy New Year, &c.

3 Blessed Jesus, teach our hearts to own
 Thy gentle guiding hand ;
 May we meet at last around Thy throne,
 A saved and happy band.
 Happy New Year, &c.

CHARACTER AND DRINK.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY THOS. HEATH, SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT, PLYMOUTH.

William.

WOW sorry I am that Jem Jackson, a promising youth of seventeen summers, lost his situation through taking too much of the intoxicating drink.

George. How do you know that he lost his situation through drink? You very often condemn people for taking a little drink.

W. I heard it from his poor mother. I can assure you that she is very much grieved indeed about it. In fact I noticed him sanntering about, appearing to have nothing to do.

G. Oh, what is the odds; he can get another place; there are plenty of places to be had.

W. I think you are speaking very much at random, at any rate not with very much judgment. It is not so easy, as you think, to get situations, especially when we apply having no character.

G. Lots of funny curious things you temperance folks tell us; you make out a very good story—you think that people cannot get a situation because they drink.

W. I think that facts are stubborn things. We know that in this instance Jem Jackson did lose his situation through drink. I have heard since that he applied to one advertisement in the paper, when he was told that they did not intend to take any more lads unless they were abstainers; so that you see after all what an advantage abstainers possess over those who drink. You must know quite well, George, that thousands lose their situations and character through this cursed beverage—this demon drink. How glad I am that I gave it up, and that the Lord thus put it in my heart to touch *not* the intoxicating cup.

G. Well, you are very clever in speaking so well in advocacy of the cause. I have, I must confess, not troubled my head much about it.

W. I suppose not; if you have not troubled your head much about it I do not wonder at you speaking in the manner you do. The weighty importance of this question has not yet touched your heart. If you thought seriously about this question—the drinking customs—you would not rest until you had become an abstainer.

G. I cannot help it if people get drunk.

W. But you can do all in your power to stem the tide of drunkenness, and by leaving it off yourself shew by your example that you will not encourage the traffic, seeing so many besides Jem Jackson lose their character and situation through intoxicating drinks.

G. Well, I must be off, William. I think you will make a very good advocate for the temperance cause, and what you say, I must confess, is very good. As you say, *many lose their places through drink*; who knows, I may lose mine one day if I still continue to take it. Perhaps I shall after all make up my mind and be a teetotaler.

W. I do hope you will make up your mind at once; you will never regret it. I hope you will be another to join our Band of Hope; I know you will be afterwards glad you have joined us. I may say, before you go, that drink has ruined many of our Sunday-school scholars. They have lost their character and situation; their hopes have been blasted for life; and many, alas! have gone down to a drunkard's grave.

The cruel wrongs "Strong Drink" hath wrought, the crime, disease, and woe,

The hearts and homes made desolate, what human mind can know ?

Oh! count them by the drops of rain that from the heavens pour ;

Or count them by each tiny grain of sand upon the shore.

Count them by the myriad leaves that wave 'twixt earth and sky,

Including all the flowers that each summer bloom and die ;

Or by the feathered host that fills the earth with songs of mirth ;

Or count them by each blade of grass that beautifies the earth.

Then take the ocean out in drops, and count each drop a tear,

Make every puff of wind that blows a human sigh appear ;

And then add up thy fearful list, nor look aghast, nor shrink !

For it is but a shadow of the truth concerning drink.

G. That is a terrible picture of the misery caused by drink.

W. Yes; terrible but true. George, lad, have no more to do with it; that is the best advice I can give you. Good-bye.

G. Good-bye, William; I shall not fail to profit by our interesting conversation.

“LICENSED TO SELL.”

DR. CHARLES JEWETT.

YE who, regardless of your country's good,

Fill up your coffers with the price of blood,
Who pour out poison with a liberal hand,

And scatter crime and misery through the land, [health,

Though now rejoicing in the midst of
In full possession of ill-gotten wealth,

Yet a few days at most the hour must come
When ye shall know the poison-seller's

doom,

And shrink beneath it; for upon you all
Shall man's hot curse and Heaven's vengeance fall.

In vain ye strive, with hypocritic tongue,
To make mankind believe ye do no wrong.

Ye know the fruits of your unrighteous trade,

Ye see the awful havoc it has made ;

Ye pour out, men, *Disease* and *Want* and *Woe*,

And then tell us ye wish it were not so ;
But 'tis a truth, and that ye know full well,

That some *will drink* as long as ye *will sell*.
But here that old excuse yet meets us still,

“If I don't sell the poison, others will.”

Then let them sell, and you'll be none the worse ; [the curse.

They'll have the profits, and they'll have
Bear this in mind—you have at your command [land ;

The power to bless or power to curse the
If ye will sell, intemperance still shall roll

Her waves of bitterness o'er many a soul :
Still shall the wife for her lost husband

mourn,
And sigh for days that never will return ;

Still that unwelcome sight our eyes shall greet, [street,

Of beggared children strolling through the
And thousands, whom our labours cannot

save, [grave ;
Go trembling, reeling, tottering to the

Still loitering round your shops the live-long day,

Will scores of idlers pass the hours away,
And e'en the peaceful night, for rest ordained,

Shall with their noisy revels be profaned ;
The poisonous cup will pass, and mirth and glee

Gild o'er the surface of their misery ;
Uproarious laughter fill each space between

Harsh oaths, ungodly songs, and jests obscene ; [through,

And there you'll stand, amid the drunken
Laugh at the jest, and glory in the song.

Pour out your poison till some victim dies,
 Then go and at his funeral wipe your eyes;
 Join there the mourning throng with
 solemn face,
 And help to bear him to his burial-place.
 There stands the wife with weeping chil-
 dren round, [ground;
 While their fast-falling tears bedew the
 From many an eye the gem of pity starts,
 And many a sigh from sympathizing hearts
 Comes labouring up, and almost chokes
 the breath, [death.
 While thus they gaze upon the work of
 The task concludes—the relics of the dead
 Are slowly settled to their damp, cold bed;
 Come, now, draw near, my money-making
 friend;

You saw the *starting*—come and see the *end*.
 Look now into that open grave and say,
 Dost feel no sorrow, no remorse to-day?
 Does not your answering conscience loud
 declare
 That your *curst avarice* has laid him there?

Now, since the earth has closed o'er his
 remains, [gains.
 Turn o'er your books, and count your honest
 How doth the account for his last week
 begin? [gin.”

“September twenty-fourth, one quart of
 A like amount for each successive day
 Tells on your book, but wears *his life* away.
 Saturday's charge makes out the account
 complete: [sheet.”

“To cloth, five yards, to make a winding-
 There! all stands fair, without mistake or
 flaw;
 How *honest* trade will thrive upheld by law!

SOBER REFLECTIONS.—If I drink what is
 called moderately, I may be led, like many
 others, to drink to excess; but if I drink
 none at all, there cannot be the least pos-
 sible danger.

If I take a little, others will follow my

example, being weaker or not so careful as
 myself, may be led to drunkenness; but if
 I abstain, I set an example which is safe
 for everybody to follow.

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I once Knew a Topper.

Touch not the Liquors that Kill.

Why this Sad Change?

Touch not the Glass!

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Love.

GRUM! thou dark monster, how gloomy thy reign!
 What tears have been shed o’er thy millions of slain!
 What hopes thou hast wrecked, what sad trophies won!
 Thou hast slain the fond father, and smitten the son.

Purity.

Thou hast entered the mansion, and hung it with gloom,
 Thou hast dug for bright genius a premature tomb;
 The learned thou hast conquered, the gifted o’erthrown,
 The eloquent stricken—claimed *all* as thine own.

Fidelity.

Bright homes thou hast darkened, and ‘neath thy sad tread
 Our loved ones have fallen, and sleep with the dead;
 The husband, the father, the brother, the son,
 Thy cup has destroyed—they have gone one by one.

Love.

I come from the councils of the blest, on a mission to the children of men. I visit the sick, lift up the fainting head, and cheer the failing heart. I watch by the bedside of the suffering, smooth the pillow of the dying, and whisper words of everlasting life. This is my mission. I am LOVE.

Purity.

I show the sons of men how to be spotless in heart and life; for in that beautiful land of ineffable glory to which our Father will call his ransomed ones, no stain of sin, no shadowy cloud of earth, shall dim the heavenly radiance. I teach all to shun evil and guile, and to love that

which is good and pure. My name is
PURITY.

Fidelity.

I teach the children of earth, to have
faith in God, and to be true to each other.
The world is full of sin and misery, be-
cause they transgress the laws of God. I
show them how faithful are His promises,
and that in keeping His commandments
there is great reward. This is my mission.
I am FIDELITY.

Purity (with clasped hands.)

O God of the widow! the orphan's last
friend,
Whose conquering kingdom shall ne'er
know an end,
Swift speed the glad day when rum's
reign shall be o'er,
And our trio of virtues [*all join hands*]
shall bind shore to shore;
When the last tear shall fall o'er the spoils
it has won,
When the last wretched father, the last
reeling son,
Shall stand 'neath the banner of temper-
ance unfurled,
And the song of the victors shall ring
through the world.
Then the wine-cup shall shatter, the dragon
be chained,
The curse shall be banished, the heart no
more pained,
And the bright crystal waters our Father
has given
Shall be man's only drink as he passes to
heaven.

All Sing.

Then up with the temperance banner!
Its proud motto give to the sun,
May our faith in our cause never wither,
Nor cease till the victory is won.
May Purity, Fidelity, Love, ever
Inspire us our pledge to renew,
Our Cause, and our Order for ever—
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
Our glorious Order for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

(*An invisible quartet placed near the
trio, and joining in the chorus of the song,
adds greatly to the effect.*)

PRAISE FOR PAST MERCIES.

By UNCLE JOHN.

WRITTEN ON ENTERING HIS 70TH YEAR.

FOR years of mercy past,
For blessings daily given,
For shelter from the blast
By which earth has been riven—
We praise Thee, Lord, on bended knee,
And ask Thy aid continually.

For every sacred cause
By which mankind are blest,
And for Thy righteous laws,
Thy every kind behest;—
We praise Thee, &c.

For sinners saved by grace,
Through Jesus' precious blood,
Who ran sin's fearful race,
And long Thy calls withstood,—
We praise Thee, &c.

For drunkards now reclaimed,
Who long in misery dwelt,
But clothed and in right mind
Hath at Thy altar knelt—
We praise Thee, &c.

For sisters lost to shame,
But rescued and restored,
To bear a virtuous name,
And trusting in Thy word,—
We praise Thee, &c.

For each and all of these,
And thousands more beside,
Saved from sin's sad disease,—
Washed in the purple tide,—
We praise Thee, &c.

If she an't, 'tis no matter, I'm sure.
Who's afraid?"

He came to his door; he lingered until
He peeped, and he listened, and all seem-
ed quite still, [was in bed!
In he went, and his wife, sure enough,
"Oh!" says he, "it's just as I thought.
Who's afraid?"

He crept about softly, and spoke not a
word; [e'en stirred!
His wife seemed to sleep, for she never
Thought he, "For *this* night, then, my
fortune is made;

For my dear, scolding wife is asleep!
Who's afraid?" [rose,
But soon he felt thirsty; and slyly he
And groping around, to the table he goes,
The pitcher found empty, and so was the
bowl, [the whole!

The pail, and the tumblers—she'd emptied
At length, in a corner, a vessel he found!
Says he, "Here's something to drink, I'll
be bound!"

And eagerly seizing, he lifted it up—
And drank it all off in one long, hearty
sup!

It tasted so queerly; and what could it be?
He wondered. It neither was water nor
tea! [him with fear:
Just then a thought struck him and filled
"Oh! it must be the poison for rats, I
declare!" [wife,

And loudly he called on his dear, sleeping
And begged her to rise; "for," said he,
"on my life

I fear it was *poison* the bowl did contain.
Oh dear! yes, it was *poison*; I now feel
the pain!" [sharply cried,
"And what made you dry, sir?" the wife
" 'Twould serve you just right if from
poison you died;

And you've done a *fine* job, and you'd
now better march,
For just see, you brute, you have drunk all
my starch!"

OH, TEMPT ME NOT!

BY UNCLE JOHN.

TUNE.—"Oh, no I never mention her."

TEMPT me not with rosy wine,
That sparkles fair and bright;
Or it may as an adder sting,
Or as a serpent bite.

See how it moves itself aright,
In colour red and fair;

I must not look upon the cup,
A poison lurketh there.

Oh, tempt me not to touch the wine,
That moves itself aright,
Or it may as an adder sting,
Or as a serpent bite.

For who hath wounds? and who hath
woes?

Who hath contentions sore?
But he who seeketh mixèd wine,
And cries for "one glass more!"
And who hath sorrows deep and ripe?
Who hath a babbling tongue?
And who hath redness of the eyes?
But he who tarries long.

Then, tempt me not, &c.

Wine is a mocker! tempt me not
To touch the fatal cup;
Strong Drink is raging! tempt me not
To take one "little sup!"

For whosoever is deceived
By wine's delusive snare—

He is not wise—she is not wise—
Then of the cup beware!

And tempt me not, &c.

I will not touch the fatal glass,
Sorrow or woe to share;
I will not seek for mixèd wine,
That looks so bright and fair;

I will not tarry for awhile
With those who long remain—
Lest I should be deceived thereby,
But ever will abstain.

So tempt me not, &c.

4.—Lost for Want of a Word.

Slow

HARRY SANDERS.



"Lost for want of a word," Fall'n among thieves and dy - ing;

KEY G.	{	s :- m r : m : r d :- - - : - : d d : d : m s :- : m m : r : - - : - : -
		d :- d t, : t, : t, s, : - : - - : - : s, s, : s, : d d :- : d d : t, : - - : - : -
		m :- s f : s : f m :- - - : - : m m : m : s m :- : s s : s : - - : - : -
		d :- d s, : s, : s, d, : - : - - : - : d, d : d : d d :- : d s, : s, : - - : - : -



Priests and Le - vites pas - sing The place where he is ly - ing; He

{	r :- r r : m : f s :- - m :- m : m r :- r r : m : f s :- - m :- d
	t, :- t, t, : d : r m :- - d :- d : d t, :- t, t, : d : r m :- - d :- : t, a,
	s :- s s :- : s s :- - s :- : s, s s :- s s :- : s s :- - s :- : s
	s, :- s, s, :- : s, d, :- - d, :- : d, d, s, :- s, s, :- : s, d, :- - d, :- : m,



is too faint to call, Too far off to be

{	d : d : d d : d : f m : m : - : : d d : d : d d : d : f
	l, : l, : l, l, : l, : la, s, : s, : - : : ta l, : l, : l, l, : l, : la,
	f : f : f d : d : d d : d : - : : d d : d : d d : d : d
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I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY THOS. HEATH, SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT, PLYMOUTH.

Sam.

I HAVE made up my mind from this time, January, 1882, to take no more intoxicating drink.

Tom. You would try to frighten people by what you are going to make up your mind to do; for my part I do not see very much in your pretended resolution.

S. I am sorry you cannot view things in a reasonable light. I guess if I were to honestly promise you a half-a-crown you would expect me to carry out my promise. This is just a plain illustration, and I wish you to view things in a common sense manner.

T. I always try to get all I can. If you were to promise me half-a-crown, and knowing that you are always to your word, I believe I should get it. But I cannot look at the drink question in the light you do.

S. Come, let us see what you mean. Do you deny that the drink is the cause of nearly all the woe and trouble in our country?

T. People need not get drunk, then we should not see so many rolling about our streets in the manner they do. I do not uphold drunkenness.

S. Yours is not a very good argument; you would, after all, allow a fearful waste of money to be spent in poison, doing no good even in moderation, nay, but a vast deal of evil, according to the testimony of the most eminent doctors. You ought not to squander away money by the tens of thousands, and to no possible advantage whatever, and you cannot lay down a strict line that all who drink in moderation will always keep within bounds. Now nearly all our drunkards never intended to become drunkards; tens of thousands have

not the courage to say *No!* and are thus overcome by those who tempt them.

T. Well, you seem to argue the subject very eloquently and ably. But I cannot see the force of people giving up their beer if they wish to have it, because others wish to go without it.

S. We should always endeavour to improve, and to give up all evil as much as possible for the good of *our* fallen brethren, and for the sake of Jesus, who made such selfdenial for our sakes that He might save us from going down to the pit. The temperance army is a noble band; thousands among them never were drunkards. But they saw that intoxicating drink produced such misery in the land, and caused such a fearful waste of barley and money, that they could stand it no longer, and for the sake of their Master and fallen fellow creatures, they would have nothing to do with it. So I have made up my mind to have nothing to do with it, and to work for the temperance cause.

T. Well, you really will make a fine fellow to advocate the cold water army. I should think that you will be able to give a good speech at the Band of Hope.

S. Yes, indeed, I shall do what I can to spread the temperance principles. I have, I tell you, made up my mind from this time to be a firm abstainer,—the Lord giving me help.

T. I think after all, when I come to remember how my poor grandfather used to drink, and spend the money that poor grandmother would have been glad to receive, makes me almost promise to become an abstainer.

S. Do not rest any longer on this assertion of yours—"Almost;" make up your mind, by the help of God, *now*.

T. Well, I shall consider this drink question, and perhaps I shall by the time we meet again go with you to the next Band of Hope meeting.

S. That's right. If you will only think of the many evils resulting from the drink traffic, I am sure you will be on our side, and help—though your efforts at first may be feeble—to stem the torrent of drunkenness, and try by the blessing of God to bring some from the paths of intemperance into those of sobriety, virtue, and true godliness.

NO DRUNKARD IN HEAVEN.

REV. P. A. HANAFORD.

NO drunkard in heaven! there temperance reigns,
And no reeling inebriate o'er the bright plains
Will stumble, and totter, and fall by the way,
As if night had usurped the glad sceptre of day.

No drunkard in heaven! each eye is as clear
As if never on earth was it dimmed by a [tear,
And calmly and steadily looks on the light
Which showeth God's glory to man's renewed sight.

No drunkard in heaven! each heart is awake,
The bliss of the seraphs and saints to partake,
To share in the joys of that all-perfect love,
Uniting pure hearts in the mansions above.

No drunkard in heaven! oh! if thou wouldst be
A lone, drifting wreck on eternity's sea,
Fill high the red bowl, and thy libations pour
To the Bacchus who wasteth the soul evermore.

No drunkard in heaven! oh! pause in thy path,
Ere the cloud which is gathering around thee in wrath,
Shall its fury expend on thy shelterless head,
And its red bolts of justice be faithfully sped.

No drunkard in heaven! yet mayst thou be there,
To greet the dear friends that white raiment shall wear,
To bless the kind hand which the pledge offered thee,
And the power that hath helped thee through it to be free!

THE TEMPERANCE GIANT.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I AM strong in contention; ay, strong in my wrath;
Through the mountain and valley I've hewn out a path;

And wherever I go,
Be it swiftly or slow,
I shall strike down the foemen of truth with a blow.

I say to the rocks, Ye shall burst with despair
As my way to the future ye haste to prepare;

While out of the forest I summon the trees
To make me a jacket to wear on the seas.
They come at my bidding, and grant my behest
For they know it is useless my way to arrest.

From nothing I shrink;
And what do you think?
I only want plenty of water to drink!

My sinews are iron, my nerves are of steel,
The savage invader I crush 'neath my heel;
I grind at the mill,
And never am still,

Yet always I whistle with cheery good-will.
If those who would use me don't seek to
abuse,

And give me more food than I know how
to use;

But if they neglect me, the penalty's sure—
A good blowing up they will have to endure!
It is no easy thing for a giant, you know,
To get up his steam and determine to go;

And once under way,
It is work, and not play,
For the spirit within him he's bound to
obey!

The giants are many that traverse the
earth,

With light and with darkness they spring
into birth;

And as onward they go,
Be it swiftly or slow,

Some good they will take, or some good
they'll bestow.

Some blight with their touch the sweet
blossoms that grace

Our homes, and so foully their beauty
deface

That we turn with a shudder whenever
their breath [death!

Is nigh, for we know 'tis the savor of
Intemperate demons are those who destroy
The altars of peace and the fountains of
joy.

From such let us shrink
With abhorrence, and think

It is something much stronger than water
they drink.

More temperance giants our country re-
quires

To manage its work and to kindle its fires—
Strong men who'll engage
Strong warfare to wage

Against the great curse of this rum-ridden
age!

At the desk, at the counter, in halls of
debate,

If high his position or low his estate,

A man we would find, uncorrupted by
pelf,

A law to his neighbour, a law to himself!
Go, count up the terrible deeds you have
known,

And marvel why men can't let whiskey
alone,

When so low they can sink,
Oh! shouldn't you think

That they'd rather have water, pure water
to drink?

PROMPTED BY LOVE.—One morning I
found little Dora busy at the ironing-
table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for the little arms?"
I asked.

A look of sunshine came into her face
as she glanced toward her mother, who
was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for
mamma," she said softly.

How true it is that love makes labour
sweet. So, if we love the blessed Saviour,
we shall not find it hard to work for him.
It is love that makes His yoke easy and
his burden light.

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Take thy Cross and follow Me.

* Lost for want of a Word.

If only I have Thee.

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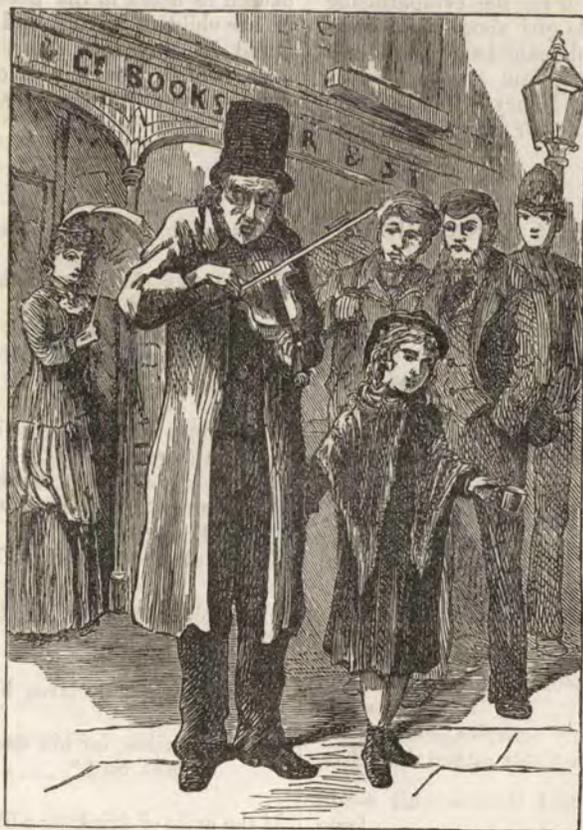
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No. 146, February, 1882.]

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THE BLIND FIDDLER AND NAN.

THE BLIND FIDDLER AND NAN.

SLOWLY walking by the curbstone down Market Street was a blind fiddler, and holding on to his thread-bare coat with one hand, while the other held a small tin for the reception of gifts from the sympathising public, was a little girl about eight years of age, with a pleasant-looking face, a sparkling blue eye, and a sweet voice. Little "Nan," or "Nancy," was the constant attendant of her aged and blind

grandfather in his perambulations; while he scraped on his fiddle and sang in a weak, cracked, and trembling voice the words to the tune he was playing, she "joined in," and not a few passers-by paused to listen to the peculiar sweetness of her childish warble, and many a penny found its way into the tin can for her sake, which would not otherwise have done.—*From "The Story of Nan and Jack." Price 1s. 6d.*

A MODERATE DRINKER'S
SOLILOQUY.

R. HOOPER.

I OWN I am shocked at the traffic in drink;
Of all our sad sights, 'tis the saddest I think, [ed,
To see men besotted, betrayed and degraded—
Their happiness blighted, their reason invaded.

I wish it were altered, but I can't begin;
For how can I give up my brandy and gin?
Especially brandy, so useful, you see—
What! give up our spirits, and only drink tea?

Besides, if I do, the neighbours will say,
"He's turned a teetotaler; we'd best stop away." [a flat;
They'll laugh at my scruples, and call me
And I can bear *anything* rather than that.

If Brown, Jones, and Robinson all would agree [me:
To give up the drink, 'twould be easy for
But whilst they keep mixing and taking
a drop,
I don't see why I should be called on to stop.

It is true that Brown's nose is exceedingly red,
But he says that the drink never gets to his head;
And that's very likely, for I should suppose
It can't reach his brain if it stops at his nose.

And Jones has been having a touch of the gout,
And finds it an effort to hobble about;
It's strange if the mixture that reddens Brown's nose
Should also be found to affect Jones's toes.

And Robinson lately has had an affection
That's given his features a golden complexion;
And the doctor declares he's had brandy enough,
And prescribes for his case "Aqua Pura,
Quant. Suff."

If the evils of drinking alike can be seen
In the face, in the feet, in the liver and spleen,
Spite of B., J. and R. an abstainer I'll be,
And no one shall ever learn drinking from me.

WORK AND PRAY.

THERE'S a feeling stronger growing;
 Push away!
 There's a stream of reason flowing;
 Work and pray;
 There's a spirit having birth,
 Robed in truth and moral worth,
 That shall purify the earth
 In the future day.

Aid the movement, every preacher;
 Push away!

Aid it, every Sunday teacher;
 Work and pray;

Aid it, hosts of Christian men,
 Pulpit, platform, press, and pen,
 Eden's flowers shall bloom again
 In the future day.

Aid it, every wisdom-seeker;
 Push away!

Strong drink's power is growing weaker;
 Work and pray;

Work! the happy era nears
 That shall stay its groans and fears;
 There will be no drink-caused tears
 In the future day.

Help! they are your erring neighbours
 Led astray,

Heaven is smiling on your labours;
 Work and pray;

Help the paradise to make,

Help! for human life's at stake,

Help! oh! help for mercy's sake
 On the happier day.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

MAY YOU be one in Christ,
 One near the great white throne,
 One of the pure in heart,
 One of the blood-wash'd throng.

Where eternal joys prevail,
 Where the wicked ne'er assail,
 Where unchanging joys abound,
 And a drunkard is not found.

There with the Lord Most High,
 Where the many mansions are,
 Far, far above yon azure sky,
 Brighter than the brightest star,—
 A never-ending year to spend
 With Christ, the sinner's only Friend.

WIDE AWAKE.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

THERE'S a labour to be wrought,
 There's a race that we must run,
 There's a battle to be fought,
 And a victory to be won
 For a cheated nation's sake!

Ho! ye people, plundered all
 By the slaves of alcohol,
 Rouse, the demon's arm to break;
 Wide awake, boys! wide awake!

In the councils of the great,
 In the hovels of the low,
 In the very halls of state,
 Sits the desolating foe;
 Only human life can slake
 His infernal thirst for blood;
 Up, ye virtuous brotherhood,
 Smite him till his vassals quake;
 Wide awake, boys! wide awake!

See him, in the holy place,
 Lurking in the blessed wine;
 Glancing through the bridal race,
 How his deadly eyeballs shine!
 Coiling like a venom'd snake
 In the parlour's social ring,
 Strength and beauty feel his sting.
 Hurl him to his burning lake!
 Wide awake, boys! wide awake!

Where the dens of haggard crime
 Draw the wretch to deeper shame,
 Loathsome in his evil slime,
 Blacker vices than we name

Of the demon's cup partake;
 All his garnered fruits are there,
 Bathing in the poisoned air.
 Through his fen quick clearauce make;
 Wide awake, boys! wide awake!

THE DRUNKEN MOTHER.

CHARLES CROSS.

THE waning moon hung out her feeble
 light; [night.
 Dim stars shone here and there one winter
 Amongst abodes of indigence and care,
 Down a dark court, a wretched home
 stood there.

The house three stories high—the bottom
 floor

Saw squalid poverty unseen before;
 No pestilence or famine cursed the land,
 But o'er that house intemp'rance waved
 its wand.

The dying embers long had ceased to
 blaze [days;

On hearth once bright with light of better
 Intoxication with its fearful blast,
 Like a destroying angel, had been past.

There lonely children sat with weary eyes,
 'Twas near the Sabbath morning's peace-
 ful rise;

The absent mother, so required within,
 Was at the tavern drinking ale or gin.

They talked of her, told of their wants
 and woes—

How pledged their shoes, and from their
 backs the clothes;

How all the thoughts that ever she could
 think

Were sacrificed unto her idol—Drink.

The spirit-bottle on the secret shelf
 Ruined her home, her children, and her-
 self;

Affection, pity, anger—all in vain;
 Oft she repented, and then drank again.

And strongly urged by kindness to abstain,
 She said she would, and never drink
 again;

She signed the pledge, but soon that vow
 was broke, [yoke.

And then the demon Drink confirmed his

The circling ball rolls on when once
 begun—

Thus good and evil must their courses run.
 One night, with indistinctive thoughts of
 bed, [dead.

She reeled home dizzy, stumbled, and was

The extra glass to bid a friend good-by
 Was the first cloud that darkened all their
 sky, [her own

And those whom once she fondly called
 Through insatiate thirst on Providence
 were thrown.

The fairest flower of Eden still bears seed—
 Man's joy in sorrow and his help in need;
 But she made life and prospect here below
 "A mourning, lamentation, and a woe."

This moral learn: to grow to hardened
 sin,

We only need by littles to begin;
 And then, when hope of reformation's
 past,

A long-forbearing judgment comes at last.

MIND THE DOOR.

FROM mind the door, these little words,
 So often fraught with meaning,
 We all may, whether young or old,
 Be useful lessons gleaning.

Now, there are various kinds of doors,
 To suit the purpose needed:
 Both iron doors and wooden doors,
 And other kinds unheeded.

More choice the prize, more strong the door,
 For instance, see the bankers
 Trust to their doors with bolts and bars,
 As sailors do to anchors.

We each have got two doors to mind,
 However we may do it;
 And we must always seek the good,
 Flee evil and eschew it.

There's first the door of our own heart,
 With every evil reeking;
 And next the door of our own lips,
 To keep from evil speaking.

And mind not only what comes out,
 But also what goes in them;
 And never put the demon's drink,
 At any time between them.

For if you do, the danger's great
 Of falling into ruin;
 And if you do in them indulge,
 'Twill be your soul's undoing.

And if you take those cursed drinks—
 Ale, wine, rum, gin, or brandy—
 They bring home all the evil fruits
 That Satan keeps so handy.

So we'll make strong the outward door
 By totally abstaining;
 And also keep the inner door
 By careful watch and training.

THINKING.

BY JOSEPH COOPER.

From "Gems and Tit-Bits."—(By Permission.)

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise.—Cowley:

THOUGHTLESS persons think that
 thinking

Is an idle waste of thought;
 So leave the task to other people
 Who have been correctly taught.
 They say that Mr. Twaddle knows best,
 He is a man of knowledge,
 Who ought to know because he got
 His learning at the college.

They make themselves *mere things*—not
 men!

Simple vitalized machines,
 When they have grown to man's estate,
 Their soul is in its teens.

They lend themselves as handy tools,
 Unto the shrewd and wily,
 Who make their craze seem gospel truths,
 Because their tongues are oily.

A woodbine planted near an oak,
 Instinctively doth cling,
 A child tucked to its mother's skirt
 Is a sweet, pretty thing.
 But to behold men pin their faith
 Upon another's sleeve,
 For earthly bread, and heavenly hope
 Makes men and angels grieve.

If men would cultivate the soil,
 Then sow the seed of thought,
 The soul would be a paradise,
 With blooms of fruitage fraught.
 No noxious blight, nor dank mildew,
 Nor chilling winds could wither—
 Bright thought—true "things of beauty
 Would be a joy for ever."

When I began to write these lines,
 'Twas a dull relaxing day,
 The sun was veil'd with sombre gloom,
 Ducks swimming round the bay.
 My thoughts were wild, like Macbeth's
 Or a lost dog in a fair, [ghost,
 Having read, till grown quite weary,
 In a cozy low-backed chair.

I got my paper, pen, and ink,
 Not knowing what to write,
 When something seemed to say—man—
 Think—thinking's the soul of light.
 That scatters bugbears, spectres, myths,
 And chaseth phantom foes;
 Makes deserts smile, and prairies
 To blossom as the rose.

If men would only learn to think,
 One thought would breed another,
 And represent the dwarf who said—
 "I've got a great big brother."
 The brain is an exhaustless mine,
 Where gems of every hue
 Abound—but only deck the brow
 Of the deep thinking few.

TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLES.

With energy.

Men of God, a - rouse to ac - tion, There is work that must be done:

KEY $G \#$

{	$s_1 : d \mid m : -d \mid r : f \mid m . r : d . t_1 \mid d : m \mid s : m \mid r : - \mid - :$
	$m_1 : s_1 \mid d : -s_1 \mid l_1 : r \mid d . l_1 : s_1 . s_1 \mid s_1 : s_1 \mid d : d \mid t_1 : - \mid - :$
	$d : m \mid s : -m \mid f : l \mid s . f : m . r \mid m : d \mid m : s \mid s : - \mid - :$
	$d : d \mid d : -d \mid f_1 : r_1 \mid m_1 . f_1 : s_1 . s_1 \mid d : d \mid d : d \mid s_1 : - \mid - :$

Fel - low - mor - tals, stag - ring, dy - ing, Must from sin and vice be wn.

{	$m : s \mid m : -f \mid m : r \mid d . t_1 : l . s_1 \mid s_1 : d \mid m : r \mid d : - : -$
	$d : d \mid d : -r \mid d : l_1 \mid s_1 . s_1 : f_1 . f_1 \mid m_1 : s_1 \mid d : t_1 \mid d : - : -$
	$s : m \mid s : -s \mid s : f \mid m . r : d . t_1 \mid d : m \mid s : f \mid m : - : -$
	$d : d \mid d : -t_1 \mid d : f_1 \mid s_1 . s_1 : s_1 . s_1 \mid d : d \mid s_1 : s_1 \mid d_1 : - : -$

CHORUS.

A - rouse! A - rouse! there's work that must be done to - day; A -

{	m	s : - - : f	l : - - : l	s . f : m . r	d : m	r : - - : m
	d	m : - - : r	d : - - : d	d . t ₁ : d . t ₁	d : d	t ₁ : - - : d
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		: d d :	: f ₁ f ₁ :	m . r : d . s	m ₁ : d ₁	s ₁ : - - :

- rouse! A - rouse! a - rouse! Oh, stop the rum-fiend's fear - ful sway!

{	s	: - - : f	l : - - : l	s . f : m . r	d : t ₁	d : - - :
	m	: - - : r	d : - - : d	d . t ₁ : d . l ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : - - :
		: d d :	: f f : f	s . s : s . f	m : r	m : - - :
		: d d :	: f ₁ f ₁ : f	m . r : d . f ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	d ₁ : - - :

- 2 Hear the bitter wail of anguish,
Gushing forth from hearts that bleed;
See the work of devastation—
To the rescue onward speed.
Arouse! arouse, &c.

- 3 Children's cries and mothers' pleadings,
Will not these your zeal inspire?

There's no time for you to loiter,
When the building is on fire.
Arouse! arouse! &c.

- 4 Save your sons, your daughters rescue,
From the rum-fiend's fearful sway;
Work with zeal—strike down the monster—
Haste the light of "Gospel-day."
Arouse! arouse! &c.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY THOS. HEATH, SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT, PLYMOUTH.

James.

WISH, Tom, you would mind your own business, and not interfere with me in what I do. That is just like you total abstainers, always meddling with other people.

Tom. What do you mean by minding my own business? I am sure I do not interfere with your business matters.

J. You need not be talking so much about your principles, the Band of Hope, and the temperance pledge. I understand you have been telling Jem Jenkins that you wished that I had signed the pledge?

T. I am sorry you have felt so much annoyed at my just speaking a word on behalf of so good a cause. I am sure this is not interfering with your business; and my remarks are not only applicable to you, but to all who are yet undecided with reference to this great question of total abstinence.

J. I don't want other people to mind my business. I can take care of myself.

T. I am afraid you are now speaking rather too much about taking care of yourself. Let me tell you, with all due respect, that if we think we can take care of ourselves, we may one day find out our sad mistake. There is danger, *double danger*, to one who thinks he can take the intoxicating cup without superior aid—that is the help of God. I can assure you, there is great danger in being so self-reliant. You know, as well as I can tell you, that the consequence of pursuing such a course has been the downfall of many great and noble men.

J. Well, I have conducted myself very decently and respectably so far, and I don't see that other people have any right to interfere.

T. James, I did not say that you were

not respectable, and had not conducted yourself as a gentleman should do; but I am bound to say—and I should be lacking in a very important duty if I did not tell you—that we all need a Saviour to help us. There *is* danger in taking intoxicating drinks; and I am sure, if you look at things wisely and properly, you will not tell those who seek your good to mind their own business; but will deeply and seriously consider what were the means adopted by our Saviour to rescue the fallen and perishing, and those who may be going in the road that leads to evil.

J. You seem to be able to lecture well for the Temperance cause.

T. All who know what is true and good will speak a word of advice and warning to those who are in the habit of indulging themselves in the intoxicating draught.

J. Well, Tom, you do not certainly run away from the arguments that I put forward by way of reasoning on various points of the question.

T. No, all lovers of truth must be brave,—

“Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone.”

Many have had much to contend against in battling with evil and the bad customs of society. We read of a great number in Holy Scripture who suffered very sorely for this principle; but they did not give up their faith, although they were subjected to all sorts of abuse and ill-treatment at the hands of those who, from their position and influence, should have known better; consequently, their names are handed down to us, and will be to the end of time, for imitation and example.

J. I am, after all, very much impressed with your remarks, and believe that the

Band of Hope meetings must do good. I think after our long conversation on this subject, that I will go to one of the Band of Hope meetings; and, who knows, but what I may yet join, and thus become a member of the society.

T. I am glad to hear you speak thus; and if it should turn out—and I hope it will—that you become a member of our Band of Hope, you will not regret my wishing you were on our side before we got into this conversation, for I was only seeking your good. I trust that your joining the Temperance Army may prove a great blessing to you, and then you will not think that I have exceeded my duty as a member of the Band of Hope.

J. I really admire your remarks and spirit, and I see that you are right and I am wrong. I shall consider this subject very gravely, and perhaps I may soon be among the large number of those who are on the Temperance side.

T. How glad I am that you have thought so well of what I have been saying, and I hope that my words may not be in vain; but will convince you that the Gospel and Temperance are the essentials for mankind. They are a blessing here and hereafter; the promise of this life and that which is to come.

J. Thank you! thank you! I see now that you have been seeking my good. I shall remember your words, and, God helping me, I shall try to follow your advice.

T. I am sure the drinking customs of our land are a national disgrace, and there is great danger to all who only use drink in moderation. It runs away with a vast sum of money; produces an enormous amount of evil in the land; is the greatest hindrance to religion, and sucks the *life-blood of the nation*. I hope that many more will be led to see the vast importance of so good a cause—the Total Abstinence

Movement; and may the Lord bless all efforts for good to those around us. Good bye, James.

DARE TO BE LIKE DAVID.

Tune.—"Dare to be a Daniel."

BY UNCLE JOHN.

BEHOLD a mighty giant,
Stalketh through the land,
And with host defiant,
Leads on a drunken band.

CHORUS.

Dare to be like David,
Dare to face the foe,
Trusting in the living God,
Lay the monster low.

The mighty phalanx hastening,
As their ranks expand,
To sorrow everlasting,
On go the drunken band.

Heed not Eliab's vaunting,
Firmly take your stand,
Nor moderate drinkers taunting,
But save the drunken band.

Arise, and to the rescue,
With your sling in hand,
And pray the Lord assist you—
Go, save the drunken band.

Go, throw the Temperance pebble,
Make a steadfast stand,
And God will you enable,
To save the drunken band.

Oh, dare to be like David,
With your pledge in hand,
Till from the foe is rescued,
The wide world's drunken band.

May David's God assist us,
Ever by us stand,
Until the shout victorious
Is echoed through the land.

ONWARD.

ONWARD! onward! band victorious,
 Rear the temperance banner high;
 Thus far hath your course been glorious,
 Now your day of triumph's nigh.
 Vice and error flee before you
 As the darkness flies the sun;
 Onward! victory hovers o'er you,
 Soon the battle will be won.

Lo, what multitudes despairing—
 Widows, Orphans, heirs of woe!
 And the slaves, their fetters wearing,
 Reeling madly to and fro.
 Mercy, justice, both entreat you
 To destroy their bitter foe;
 Christians, patriots, good men greet you,
 To the conflict bravely go.

To the vender and distiller
 Thunder truth with startling tone;
 Swell the accents louder, shriller,
 Make the guilt enormous known.
 Onward! onward! never falter,
 Cease not till the earth is free;
 Swear, on temperance's holy altar,
 Death is yours or victory!

JACK SIMPSON'S DREAM.

JACK Simpson was a reckless chap,
 His best friends said he'd come to ruin;
 But then, it mattered not a rap,
 He never cared what he was doing.

One night, when drunk, he rambled on,
 Down street and lane, till near a river
 He stood, and thought himself to drown
 And thus his mad career to sever.

The night was dark, no moon appeared,
 No sound was heard save wild winds
 playing,
 Thoughts wiser came—the end he feared;
 When, lo! he heard a donkey braying.

And yet it was a startling sound,
 It seemed with terror to assail him;
 He thought himself on hallowed ground,
 Where spake the very ass of Balaam.

Jack silent stood. The ass thus spake:
 "Leap, wretch, into this gliding river,
 Better thy grave with fishes make
 Than be an idle drunken liver.

"I am an ass, but thou a man
 With soul endued and powers increasing,
 Destined God's wondrous works to scan,
 And be to all thy race a blessing.

"I am an ass of meanest worth,
 With instinct only like another;
 Yet I fulfil my part on earth,
 And would not own *thee* as a brother.

"Thou art an idle, drunken pest,
 The centre of a thousand evils—
 A reckless sinner at the best,
 And only fit to dwell with devils."

At this last word there seemed to rise
 The very flames of hell around him,
 And imps of hideous form and size,
 And devils, came with chains and
 bound him.

Away like lightning then they flew,
 And bore him to the place of demons.
 "Mercy!" he cried, "can this be true,
 Or do I feel *delirium tremens*?"

The sun had risen in the east
 When he awoke to sense and feeling;
 "Save, Lord!" he cried, and smote his
 breast,
 And angels saw a sinner kneeling.

That dream he ne'er is won't to tell,
 So terrible and so appalling;
 Each day he thinks of death and hell,
 And prays for grace to keep from falling.

The very gates of hell he sees
 In every drinking-shop and tavern;
 And from their portals now he flees
 As from a pestilential cavern.

Observe that on each of the genuine Powders is printed **FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS**, with my Trade Mark, a Baby in a Cradle, in the Centre.

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NEW SERIES.

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THE RUNAWAY.

THE RUNAWAY.

"CHILDREN, bring Baby in now!" Mamma called from the house.
 "Baby! Why she is not here; run and tell Mamma," said the Doctor; for he was going on to look over the garden.

Presently Mamma and two or three others came hurrying out of the house, all in search of Miss Baby. Mrs. Brooks had just been to see a sick neighbour, and looking round for Jessie as soon as she came into the house, found her missing.

Of course Papa and all the children joined in the search, crying, "Jessie Baby! Where's Jessie!"

Mamma had reached the old over-grown arbour at the end of the garden, when she heard a little voice answer: "Peep-bo!" and looking in, there was the little run-away, busily picking off leaves from a

vine. "Peep-bo, mamma!" she said again, roguishly; and as you will believe she was caught up for a kiss.

The children all exclaimed when told where Baby was found: "How could the little puss get so far away without being seen!"

"We shall have to watch her, if she takes a fancy to run away," said Jimmy, wisely.

"I suspect," said Mamma, giving her another kiss, "she missed me, or saw me go out, and thought she would follow. I have never known her to go off by herself before."

As for Baby, she took all the lectures which the children gave her, on the naughtiness of running away, with a pleased smile, patting her mother's cheek, and saying: "*Here's* mamma!"—From *Houseful of Children*.

THE LITTLE ARMIES.

THERE are two little armies
 On the world's great battle field,
 Though unnoted oft by mortals,
 To the eyes of God revealed.
 Though we hear no shouts of triumph,
 Though we see no fearful fray,
 Those little armies battle
 For the Right or Wrong each day;
 The Right or Wrong each day.
 They *must* fight; no ground is neutral;
 And I watch the sides they take;
 One little army chooses
 To fight for Truth's dear sake;
 The banner floating o'er it
 Rises grandly up to view;
 And I read this glorious motto:
 "Fighting for the Good and True;
 For Temperance and God."

How brave that little army!

What a halo o'er it shines!
 And even angels welcome

Every soldier to its lines;
 How sweet the stirring music

Of the tramp of little feet
 That in God's holy highway

Swiftly onward, upward beat:
 Onward and upward beat.

Alas! the other army,

'Neath a gloomy flag unfurled,
 Marches with the ranks of evil;

Treads the dark ways of the world;
 Not for the true and beautiful

Does it grow brave and strong;
 For, lo! upon its banner

I read, "Fighting for the Wrong;
 Old surly-hearted Wrong."

MARY FLETCHER BEAVERS.

DO NOT SEND THAT BOY FOR
GIN!

BY UNCLE JOHN.

OH, do not send that boy for gin!
 For brandy, rum, or beer!
 Or drunkard's drink of any sort,—
 Temptation lurketh there.
 Where the debauchee is trembling,
 Where the blear-eyed sot is seen,
 Where the youth that's just beginning,
 Seems enchanted with the scene.

Oh, do not send that boy for gin!
 Where drunkards roar and rave;
 Where poor men are made poorer still,
 And free man they enslave.
 Where the children's bread is wasted
 By the father's thirst for drink;
 Where the spendthrift heedless standeth,
 Staggering nigh to ruin's brink.

Oh, do not send that boy for gin!
 Where vile men curse and swear;
 And where they sing the ribald song,
 And there's nothing good to hear;
 Where the name of God is mocked,
 And His holy day profaned;
 Where by mocker and by scoffer
 The Bible is condemned.

Send him not where the signboard swings,
 Where revellers are heard,
 Where the bright flaming lights are seen,
 And the keeper's heart is blurred;
 Wives and mothers vainly seeking
 Husbands and sons denied,
 Though they are smoking and drinking
 Till each is stupefied.

Then send him not,—that noble boy,
 So innocent, so pure,—
 Or perhaps the fearful time will come
 He may not pass the door!
 But there like others revelling,
 The debasing drink may crave,
 Till in fearful madness drivelling,
 He may find a drunkard's grave.

VOTE YES, OR NO.

THOMAS R. THOMPSON.

VOTE yes, and the vile demon drink
 Shall raise its awful head on high,
 That man, the noblest work of God,
 May helpless in the gutter lie;
 The drunkard's wife may starve and weep,
 And the poor children, all forlorn,
 In their degraded sphere become
 Victims of drink and vice and scorn.

Vote no, and love and peace will dwell
 In the poor saved inebriate's home;
 His wife will thank the God above
 Her husband never cares to roam;
 The children, in their joyful glee,
 Have learnt to meet him with delight;
 No more he drinks the drunkard's drink,
 Because you voted for the right.

Vote yes, and many an only son
 Will cause his mother's heart to ache,
 For she with bitter sorrow finds
 His promises are made to break;
 His craving appetite demands,
 And drink, he feels, must be supplied;
 And so from paths of rectitude
 Helpless he wanders far and wide.

Vote no, and mothers good and true
 Will shower blessings on your head,
 For many a son will be restored
 Whom drink a helpless victim led;
 Drunkards will learn to walk erect,
 And many a home be filled with joy,
 And many a son will be reformed,
 And many a mother bless her boy.

Vote yes, and paupers multiply,
 And crime of every sort will reign,
 And man degraded will become
 A needless sufferer of pain;
 Transformed, he will no longer seek
 To raise and help his fellow-man,
 But to the deepest, darkest depths
 With bitter hate drag all he can.

Vote no, and He who made the world
 Will bless and crown the righteous deed;
 Your prayers and votes with one accord
 Ask that the drunkard may be freed;
 And God, the high, the just, and great,
 The double action will approve,
 Because its promptings are sincere,
 The pure outgrowth of fervent love.

A DRUNKEN SOLILOQUY IN A COAL-CELLAR.

A. BURNETT.

LET'S see, where am I? This is coal
 I'm lying on. How 'd I get here?
 Yes, I mind now; was coming up street;
 met a wheel-barrow what was drunk,
 coming t'other way. That wheel-barrow
 fell over me, or I fell over the wheel-barrow,
 and *one* of us fell into the cellar; don't
 mind now which; guess it must have been
 me. I'm a nice young man; yes, I am—
 tight, tore, drunk, shot! Well, I can't
 help it, 'tan't my fault. Wonder whose
 fault it is? Is it Jones's fault? No! Is
 it my wife's fault? No-o-o! It's WHISKEY'S
 FAULT! WHISKEY! Who's Whiskey? Has
 he got a large family? Got many rela-
 tions? All poor, I reckon. I won't own
 him any more; cut his acquaintance. I
 have had a notion of doing that for the
 last ten years; always hated to, though,
 for fear of hurting his feelin's. I'll do it
 now, for I believe liquor is injurin' me;
 it's spoilin' my temper. Sometimes I gets
 mad, and abuses Bets. When I come home,
 she used to put her arms around my neck
 and kiss me, and call me "dear William!"
 When I come home now, she takes her
 pipe out of her mouth, puts the hair out
 of her eyes, and looks at me and says,
 "Bill, you drunken brute, shut the door
 after you! We're cold enough, havin' no
 fire, 'bout lettin' the snow blow in that
 way." Yes, she's Bets, and I'm Bill now;
 I an't a good bill, nother, I'm counterfeit;

won't pass (a tavern without goin' in and
 gettin' a drink). Don't know what bank
 I'm on; last Sunday was on the river-
 bank, at the Corn Exchange, drunk! I
 stay out pretty late—sometimes out all
 night, when Bets bars the door with a
 bedpost. Fact is, I'm out pretty much all
 over—out of friends, out of pocket, out at
 elbows and knees, and outrageously dirty.
 So Bets says; but she's no judge, for she's
 never clean herself. I wonder she don't
 wear good clothes. May be she an't got
 any! Whose fault is that? 'Tan't mine!
 It may be the whiskey's. Sometimes I'm
 in; I'm in-toxicated now, and in some-
 body's coal-cellar. I've got one good
 principle: I never runs in debt—'cause
 nobody won't trust me. One of my coat-
 tails is gone: got tore off, I expect,
 when I fell down here. I'll have to get a
 new suit soon. A fellow told me t'other
 day that I'd make a good sign for a
 paper-mill. If he hadn't been so big, I'd
 licked him. I an't very stout, neither,
 though I'm full in the face. As the boys
 say, "I'm fat as a match and healthy as
 the small-pox." It's getting cold down
 here; wonder how I'll get out? I an't
 able to climb; if I had a drink, I think I
 could do it. Let's see, I an't got three
 cents. Wish I was in a tavern; I could
 sponge it then. When anybody treats,
 and says, "Come, fellows!" I always
 thinks my name is fellers, and I've too
 good manners to refuse. I must leave
 this place, or I'll be arrested for burglary,
 and I an't come to that yet. Anyway, it
 was the wheelbarrow did the harm, and
 not me!

BE BRAVE, MY BROTHER!

BE brave, my brother!
 And let the wine-cup pass;
 Gird up thy strength, for much it needs
 To shun the social glass.

It may be a beauty's hand
 That proffereth it to thee ;
 Put on thine armour to withstand
 Such two-fold witchery.
 'Tis not alone the battle-field
 That needs a hero true,
 There's many a strife in calmer life
 That needs a hero too.
 Then be brave, my brother,
 And let the wine-cup pass ;
 Gird up thy strength, for much it
 needs
 To shun the social glass.

Be strong, my brother,
 Refuse the glowing cup,
 Although it needs thy utmost strength
 Sometimes to give it up.
 Where genial spirits meet,
 And friends around thee press,
 Put on thine armour to defend
 Thy path in gentleness.
 For many a joyous feast
 And hospitable board
 May prove as rife with battle strife
 As battle-fields afford.
 But be strong, my brother,
 Refuse the glowing cup,
 Although it takes thy utmost strength
 Sometimes to give it up.

Be firm, my brother,
 And joys will soon be thine ;
 The joys of peace and happiness
 Surpass the joys of wine.
 To help destroy the serpent's sting,
 Make bare the lion's den,
 Removing much that's dangerous
 From 'mongst thy fellow-men ;
 'Tis surely worth the striving for,
 And worth thy ablest powers,
 To clear the way for better days
 In this fair world of ours.
 Then be firm, my brother,
 And joys will soon be thine—
 The joys of peace and happiness,
 Surpassing joys of wine.

A TEETOTALER—WHY ?

WHY am I a teetotaler ? you ask, and I
 reply,
 If any one should be so, why also should
 not I ?
 If duty sounds her call, should I not eager be,
 A soldier of the right, to prove my loyalty ?
 If there be good to get, more good may be my
 share ;
 If there be good to give, to give should be my
 care.
 I know the evil wrought—nay, not a soul on
 earth
 Knows half the sin and woe to which strong
 drink gives birth.
 If that dark woe and sin can by my help be
 made
 Of all its sable hues to lose the smallest shade ;
 Or if my word and deed may shelter some,
 By blessing of our God, from darker doom to
 come,
 I spurn all thought of taste and fashion's coax-
 ing plea,
 And as a firm teetotaler I proudly mean to be.
 If I touch not strong drink, no stain is on my
 soul
 From bloodshed or foul crime caused by the
 toxic bowl ;
 This root of thousand plagues I nothing do to
 nurse,
 But try my best to rid the world from this
 great curse.
 Oh ! sweetest comfort this. And then my
 prayer can fly
 Unweighted and unchecked beyond the sky,
 That snares may be removed, temptations
 cease to slay,
 Man's cruellest betrayers for ever speed away,
 And Christ's own kingdom come in glory and
 in might,
 The joy of highest heaven, and earth's supreme
 delight.

*Why am I a teetotaler ? you ask, and I reply,
 I'm honest man and patriot, and Christian ; that
 is why.*
 And, questioners, if you the answer will
 pursue,
 What I for long have done, you will begin
 to do !

REV. D. BURNS, A.M.

CHILDREN, DO ALL THAT YOU CAN.

Gently.

A. J. ABREY.

Don't think there is no-thing for chil-dren to do Be-cause they can't work like a man;

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The har-vest is great, and the la-bour-ers few, Then, chil-dren, do all that you can.

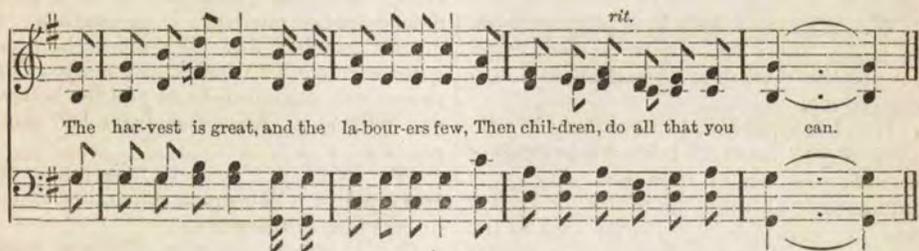
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REFRAIN.



Then chil-dren, do all that you can,..... Yes, chil-dren, do all that you can;.....
 Chil-dren, do all that you can, Yes, Chil-dren, do all that you can.

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The har-vest is great, and the la-bour-ers few, Then chil-dren, do all that you can.

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- 2 You think if great riches you had at command
 Your zeal should no weariness know;
 You'd scatter your wealth with a liberal hand,
 And succour the children of woe.
 Then children, &c.
- 3 But what if you've nought but a penny to give,
 Then give it, tho' scanty your store;
 For they who give nothing when little they have,
 When wealthy would do little more.
 Then children, &c.
- 4 It was not the offering of pomp and of power,
 It was not the golden bequest;
 Ah! no, 'twas the mite from the hand of the poor
 That Jesus applauded and blessed.
 Then children, &c.
- 5 Then don't be a sluggard and live at your ease,
 And life with vain pleasures beguile;
 But ever be active and busy as bees,
 And God on your labours will smile.
 Then children, &c.

DO NOT WASTE.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY THOS. HEATH, SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT, PLYMOUTH.

George.

I AM sorry, William, you do not consider it a waste to manufacture barley into intoxicating drink.

William. Why not as well find fault with other things that are manufactured? There are plenty produced from what is sent us.

G. So we may find fault if we know it produces evil and causes such widespread misery and want. I am not aware that anything produces such harm as barley (one of God's good things) being turned to such bad account in the manufacture of that which produces the most trouble.

W. We cannot help it, if people choose to make beer; besides, it brings a large sum to the revenue. It makes no difference to me.

G. I beg pardon, you can help it. So soon as you leave off taking intoxicating drinks, you would then be using your influence to decrease the traffic; and when you say that it brings a large sum to the revenue, I am sorry that you so lightly speak on such a grave question. You do not consider the fearful amount of crime of which drink is the pioneer. We are obliged to multiply prisons and work-houses and police forces, which entail extra taxation on the ratepayers to keep up these establishments. I say that it does make an important difference both to you and every other person having anything to do with this evil traffic.

W. You are like the rest of the temperance folks, always fighting and speaking against those who take a little beer or wine.

G. Excuse me; all those who are taught to consider the spiritual and moral welfare of those around them will be al-

ways waging a continual warfare against evil in every form. The drink custom is one most deadly form of evil; it drags men down to the very lowest depths of degradation. I am very sorry to say also, that thousands do not rest with taking a little as you intimate, but, alas! become drunkards.

W. People need not get drunk. They should take a little, like I do.

G. The temptations are very numerous to overcome by those who have been spoken to about their intemperate habits. They are sorry, they will tell you, but they never intend to become habitual drunkards. So with yourself. It is a poor defence, when once you have anything to do with such a foe. We must shew no quarter to such an insidious enemy. The sooner you drive him from you the better; you will be at least free from bad companions.

W. Well, you seem to take me up on every point. You must remember that I do not like drunkenness.

G. I can assure you, William, total abstainers have the best side of the argument. Our aim is to make the people give up this wasteful, evil, and dangerous custom. We ought not to waste so many thousands of bushels of barley every year in its manufacture. We spend that which does us harm. Every glass that is taken, we have the best medical testimony to prove so; and analysis at the Kensington Museum has also demonstrated the smallest fraction of nutrition even in the best manufactured ale. Our Saviour when upon earth also shewed us the lesson against waste when he said, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing may be lost."

W. Well, well; you are an excellent

pleader on behalf of the temperance cause. You almost overcome me by your wise remarks. I must think about it a little.

G. You need not take long to think about this question. When its aim is to rescue from the power and influence of the drink all who take it, to point them to a safer path, to tell them that religion and total abstinence are necessary in order to enjoy peace and happiness, and at last to enter heaven.

W. I must thank you very much for your good advice. Perhaps I may make up my mind to be on your side, seeing the great waste of barley and money, and the enormous amount of trouble and woe it produces in the country.

G. Well done! How glad I am to hear you speak in such a manner. I will very willingly go with you to our next Band of Hope Meeting. I am sure you will like it, and then you will, if spared, sign the pledge. Good bye. I thank you very much for giving me your attention, and hope that the few minutes we have spent together may be productive of good.

WE'LL WEAR THE BLUE RIBBON!

BY UNCLE JOHN.

Tune—"What can the matter be?"
See page 26, 1880.

GH, hear what we have got to say!
Hear, hear what we have got to say!

Oh, hear what we have got to say!

We've got a blue ribbon to wear.

We've joined the Blue Ribbon Army and got it;

We gave up strong drink, and we will have nought of it;

We're better in health, and who would have thought of it,

Since we've got the blue ribbon to wear.

Oh, hear, &c.

Oh, hear what we have got to say!

Hear, hear what we have got to say!

Oh, hear what we have got to say!

We've got a blue ribbon to wear.

We're Band of Hope boys and girls so lively;

We'll never touch drink! oh, no: 'tis not likely;

We're merry without it, and happy and blithely,

Since we have blue ribbon to wear.

Oh, hear, &c.

Oh, hear what we have got to say!

Hear, hear what we have got to say!

Oh, hear what we have got to say!

We've got a blue ribbon to wear.

We're lovers of temperance, but hate moderation;

Beer, gin, rum, and brandy but cause consternation;

And the traffic in drink is a great botheration—

Not to us who blue ribbon wear.

Oh, hear, &c.

Oh, hear what we have got to say!

Hear, hear what we have got to say!

Oh, hear what we have got to say;

We've got a blue ribbon to wear.

We pity the drunkard—we'll seek to reclaim him;

To the Blue Ribbon army we'll try to gain him,

As we know that alcohol nearly has slain him—

We'll give him blue ribbon to wear.

Oh, dear, &c.

Oh, hear what we have got to say!

Hear, hear what we have got to say!

Oh, hear what we have got to say!

We've got a blue ribbon to wear.

All the boys and girls we'll now be inviting,

To join the army that we all so delight in,
To help us against the bad drink to be fighting,

And a bit of blue ribbon to wear.

Oh, hear, &c.

Oh, hear what we have got to say!
 Hear, hear what we have got to say!
 Oh, hear what we have got to say!
 We've got a blue ribbon to wear.
 Come, fathers and mothers, the pledge too
 be signing;
 And Christians, we pray, strong drink be
 resigning,
 And try to save those who through it are
 pining,
 Till all the blue ribbon shall wear.
 Oh, hear, &c.

Oh, hear what we have got to say!
 Hear, hear what we have got to say!
 Oh, hear what we have got to say!
 We've got a blue ribbon to wear.
 We're proud of the bit of blue ribbon
 we're wearing,
 In spite of opposers—their taunting and
 jeering;
 Till "one and all" join us, we'll still be
 declaring—
 The bit of blue ribbon we'll wear.
 Oh, hear, &c.

THE DRUNKARD.

OLIVER PERRY MANLOVE.

GIVE me drink, the drunkard said,
 I will not take the temperance vow;
 Too long this dark'ning life I've led
 For you to try to save me now;
 And I could not, with my mad brain,
 Share of the joys of life again.
 Too many evils clasp my heart
 For me to rend the bonds apart;
 For me to try to see the dawn,
 That breaks beyond the gloomy river,
 When the soul from earth has gone
 Back unto the Eternal Giver,
 Disgraced and lost for evermore.
 I shall not walk the sun-bright plain;
 And it is useless to deplore
 That which I cannot have again.
 There was a time when I could claim,
 Away back in the by-gone years,

A happy heart and honoured name;
 I then had no foreboding fears,
 And all the world was full of light,
 And life to me was dear and bright.
 But in the tempting glass I found
 The demon that my soul has bound—
 The demon that has led me on [gloom,
 From crime to crime, through sin and
 Till every joy I loved is gone,
 And I must meet a fearful doom,
 And nevermore can hope to hear
 Fond words from love lips kindly spoken;
 But must await in doubt and fear,
 Until the last frail link is broken.
 Yon pompous man now riding by,
 With trotting bays and carriage fine,
 Who never gives one pitying sigh,
 First gave to me the tempting wine.
 My earnings helped to place him there,
 But now I cannot ride with him—
 I'm lower than his classes are,
 And my eyes are red and dim.
 Will he be punished less than I
 In the great eternity?
 He took my hard-earned gold away,
 And made me what I am to-day.
 Poor Mary wept and prayed for me,
 And, broken-hearted, died at last;
 Her grave is down beside the sea,
 And I can only mourn the past;
 Can only in my grief await
 The coming of a darker fate.
 God knows I did not wish to be
 The wretched being I am now,
 The serpent clinging fast to me,
 And shame and sin stamped on my brow,
 And in my heart a pall of gloom
 That dark and fatal makes my doom.

BE earnest, sober, upright, true;
 Play well the part you have to do;
 So shall you live to bless mankind,
 And peace of conscience ever find.

S. KNOWLES.

ALFRED FENNINGS is also printed on the Government Stamp placed round each Box and to imitate which is FELONY.

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Fennings' Children's Powders Prevent Convulsions, ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

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SAFE TEETHING

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KAY BROTHERS, M.P.S.,

OPERATIVE CHEMISTS, STOCKPORT.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 148, April, 1882.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



THE FIRST BIRD'S NEST.

THE FIRST BIRD'S NEST.

HETTY Graham had never seen a real bird's nest, and her brother Charley, in his rambles, had found one, in which were four live young birds. Charley loved his sister Hetty very much, and his first thought on discovering the nest was, "Oh, I'll bring Hetty to see this; she will be so delighted." Accordingly he ran to the farm house where the children were staying for a few days, and finding Hetty exclaimed, "Come on, Sis., I have found a bird's nest, and you shall see it!" Hetty was in ecstasies, so away they went through the gate into the field. "Where is it, Charley, dear?" asked Hetty, for they had come to the edge of a clear stream, which skirted the field. "It's just over the brook, Sis., I'll carry you across; you won't be afraid, will you?" "Oh, no; but you'll wet your shoes and stockings!" Charley laughed, and sitting down on the bank soon had his shoes and stockings off and his trousers rolled up, and lifting Hetty in his arms, and telling her to clasp him

tightly round the neck, he bravely and safely carried her over the stream to the other side, where in a large bush was built the small but snug house of Mr. and Mrs. Throstle, in which nestled their four young children, who were evidently very hungry, for on Hetty and Charley peeping at them they saw all four with mouths wide open, as though expecting their parents to bring them some food.

Now the children have got back to town Hetty often tells her playmates about the wonderful nest and the four funny little birds; and in her innocence she thinks when Summer comes again, and her parents take her to the country farm house to spend her holidays, she will find the little creatures still there. Ah, Hetty, the little birds will have grown into big ones, and will have left their home long before then; and it may be that Mr. and Mrs. Throstle will have another family of young children to provide for. If they have we hope you and Charley may see them.—S. K.

TEMPTATION.

"Lead us not into temptation."

BY UNCLE JOHN.

TEMPT not that youth with rosy wine,
Say not "'twill do him good;"
For many have fallen through its use,
From every earthly good.
The first glass drank in early days,
Is but as seed just sown,
'Twill bring a fearful harvest time,
Of drinking habits grown.
Tempt not that sprightly girl with drink,
Nor moderation praise;

Nor say it's harmless—lest it may
Another victim seize.

A tiny drop from a mother's glass
May form a taste for more,
And lead her in the paths of shame—
That mother may deplore.

Tempt no one with the poisonous cup,
But rather raise the cry—
"Oh, touch not, taste not, handle not,
Lest one a drunkard die."
One precious soul, if lost through drink,
By tempter led astray,
Must yet again the tempter meet
On that great final day.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, YOUNG MAN ?

WHERE are you going so fast, young man ?

Where are you going so fast ? [brow,
With a cup in your hand, a flush on your
Though pleasure and mirth may accom-
pany you now,

It tells of a sorrow to come by-and-by,
It tells of a pang that is sealed with a sigh,
It tells of a shame at last, young man—
A withering shame that will last.

Where are you going so fast, young man ?
Where are you going so fast ?

The flush of that wine there is only a bait,
A curse lies beneath that you'll find when
too late; [that cup,

A serpent sleeps down in the depths of
A monster is there that will swallow
you up;

A sorrow you'll find at last young man—
In wine there is sorrow at last.

Sorrow you'll find in that cup, young man,
A giant lurks in that bright sparkle and
foam,

To rob you of manhood, of friends, and of
home, [peace,

To make you a brute, and to rob you of
To bind you in chains with no chance of
release;

You die if you drink it up, young man—
You die if you drink it up.

There's a reckoning day to come, young
man,

A reckoning day to come,
A life yet to live, and a death yet to die,
A sad parting tear and a parting sigh,
A journey to take, and a famishing heart,
A sharp pang to feel from death's chilling
dart,

A curse if you drink that rum, young man—
Bitterest curse in that rum.

Then halt in your mad career, young man,
Halt in your maddened career, [wine,
And read the sad warning beneath the
For this is the sentence, line upon line:
Disaster and misery, sorrow and fear,
Ruin, disgrace, and the world's taunting
jeer,

A soul that is lost with a leer, young man,
A soul that is lost with a leer.

THE DRINK! THE DRINK!

COME near, all ye who have learned to
think, [drink;
And hear me speak of the drink, the
Come, male and female; come, age and
youth,

And list while I tell the simple truth.
It's bad for the brain, it's bad for the nerves,
For the man that buys and the man that
serves; [breath,

It's bad for the eyes, and it's bad for the
It's bad for life, and it's worse for death;
It's bad for the pocket, it's bad for the
fame,

It's bad when often it bears no blame;
It's bad for friendship, it's worse for strife,
It's bad for the husband, it's bad for the
wife; [come,

It's bad for the face, where the pimples
It's bad for the children, and bad for the
home,

It's bad when the tradesman's bill's to pay,
It's bad—oh! how bad—for a "rainy day;"
It's bad when it nerves a man to do
The crime that he's not accustomed to.

It was bad for the culprit who sighs in jail,
It's bad for his wife—so pale, so pale;
It's bad for the strong, and it's bad for
the weak, [cheek;

For the sallow tinge that it lends to the
It's bad when the social glass we take,
And bad next morning when we awake;
It's bad for the day when you pay rent,

And bad for the child with the pitcher
sent; [lack,
It is bad for the young who schooling
And bad for the clothes on the drunkard's
back;

The ruffian's joy, the murderer's hope,
The passport oft to the hangman's rope;
It's bad, as myriads who moan below,
Could they once return, would be fain to
show;

It's bad in the morning, it's bad at night,
Though the talk is loud, and the fire
burns bright;

It's bad, for it leads from bad to worse—
Not only bad, but a giant curse;
The poor man's bane, destruction's gate,
The church's shame, the blight of the state;
A poison fly, with a venomous sting,
That makes our glory a tainted thing.

KILLED BY THE DRINK.

Written after reading of two children having
died from the effects of whisky, given to them by
women:—

KILLED by the drink! [day,
Two little children in life's young
Two buds of promise fair and gay,
Formed in the garden of life to bloom—
Now laid, alas! in the silent tomb,
Victims of drink.

Oh, awful thought!

Ah, fain o'er the scene would we draw the
veil, [turn pale
For the heart grows faint, and the lips
That women should take the poisonous cup,
And hold it for childhood's lips to sup.

Oh, awful thought!

Oh, can it be

That that fair girl, and that blooming boy
Who erst were so full of mirth and joy,
Are now in the darksome grave laid low,
Victims to drink, that subtle foe!

Oh, can it be?

Alas, alas!

All too true is the tale we tell,

Think of it, reader, ponder well;
Two homes made desolate, hearts made sad,
Bereft of the brightness which made them
glad,
Alas! alas!

Must it still be?

And shall Intemperance still bear sway,
Taking the young and fair away,
Playing a cruel, relentless part,
Stealing the pity from woman's heart;
Must it still be?

O Christians, help!

Fight 'gainst this cruel and terrible foe,
Strike and lay the invader low.
Oh, be earnest, and brave, and true,
There is work for all, there is work for you,
O Christians, help!

"Deny thyself!"

This be thy motto:—it is Divine.
Look not upon the sparkling wine,—
Bright though it glisten, in seeming fair,—
For sorrow, and ruin, and death are there,
Deny thyself.

Oh, persevere,

For by your example you may win
Many a one from the ways of sin.
Though friends may laugh, and foes revile,
Still treading the path of self-denial,—
Oh, persevere.

Still "Watch and pray."

Watch, for the enemies are strong,
And the conflict, you know, may be hard
and long. [succeed,

"Pray!" If you would have your mission
For the Master's help you must intercede,
Then watch and pray.

Still onward go,

For when the victory has been won,
When the toil is o'er, and the fight is done,
Shall you the weapons of war lay down
For the conquerer's palms, and the victor's
crown.

Then onward go.

FAITH CHILTERN.

PROHIBITION.

REV. C. W. DENISON.

I'M a thorough-going temperance man;
The crimes and woes of the world I
scan;

I pity its hard condition;
The fountain of wrong I'd for ever dry,
To stop the flow, I'd stop the supply—
And this is prohibition.

If I knew a baker so badly bold
That in every loaf of bread he sold
Was arsenic, in secret glutition,
I'd oven him up in stone walls four,
Where he could peddle out death no
more—
And this is prohibition.

If a butcher I saw in the market street
Who murdered the people with putrid
meat,
The infamous son of perdition!
I'd stall him where his stand would be sure,
His bread all plain, and his water pure—
And this is prohibition.

If I heard a serpent hid in the grass,
Who stung every traveller certain to pass,
I'd curb his thirsty ambition;
An iron heel on his head I'd bring,
I'd crush out his life with its devilish
sting—
And this is prohibition.

If I had a fold, where the wolf crept in,
And ate up my sheep and lambs, like sin,
I'd hold him in tight partition;
I'd choke the howl of his tainted breath,
And save my flock by his instant death—
And this is prohibition.

If an ox, let loose in a crowded lawn,
Were wont to kill with his angry horn,
All heedless of mortal petition;
I'd cleave his skull with a swift swung ax,
And bury his horn in his bloody tracks—
And this is prohibition.

If I met a dog that was wont to bite,
Who worried my neighbours, day and
night,
I'd fix him by demolition;
In spite of his waggings, and yelpings,
and tears,
I'd cut off his tail just back of his ears—
And this is prohibition.

STREAMS OF PURE WATER.

WHEN Adam, the first of our ill-
doing race,
Was sent into Eden, that beautiful place,
He drank of pure water, and thought no
disgrace
To drink of the streams of pure water.

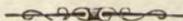
The whiskey may stir up your fancy awhile,
But there's stuff in a glass all your visions
to spoil;
And he that would still have his face
wear a smile
Must drink of the streams of pure water.

Had Noah drunk water when wine was
his fare,
He had not been laughed at, as people de-
clare;
But wine he would have, and more than
his share—
He cared not for springs of pure water.

So, good people, now it is plain to be seen,
As the boys say that live in Old Erin the
green,
"That lumps of misfortune are kegs of
poteen,"
But joy is in streams of pure water.

Then here's to pure water, the life of the
land,
On honour's bright bosom it ne'er laid a
brand;
And we, while it circles our dear rocky
strand,
Will sing of the streams of pure water.

BEAUTIFUL HEAVEN, MY HOME!



REV. W. O. CUSHING.

R. LOWRY.

Home, home, bright-est and fair-est! Hope, hope, sweet-est and best!

KEY E_b

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	d :-: d :-: d : r : m f : m :-	r :-: r :-: t, : d : r d :-:
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Thou, thou, home of my Sa-voir, Beau-ti-ful heav-en of rest.

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REFRAIN.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Beau-ti-ful Heav-en, my home!

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	d :-: d :-: d :-: d d :-: t , t : d r , d : t , d :-: m :-:
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Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Beau-ti-ful Heav-en, my home!

{	l :-: s :-: t :-: t d' :-: r : m : f m , f : r d :-: -:-:
	f :-: d :-: f :-: f m :-: t : d : r d , r : t , d :-: -:-:
	d' :-: d' :-: s :-: s s :-: s : s : s s , s : f m :-: -:-:
	f :-: m :-: r :-: r d :-: s , s , s s , s , s : s d :-: -:-:

2 Home, home, shall I behold thee?
 Safe, safe, safe from all fear—
 Bright, bright, over my waking,
 Will the sweet morning appear?
 Home, home, &c.

3 Long, long here I have wandered,
 Far, far, far from thy rest;
 Ne'er, ne'er can I forget thee,
 Beautiful home of the blest.
 Home, home, &c.

4 Home, home, fadeless, eternal—
 Thou, Thou, Jesus my King—
 When, when shall I behold Thee,
 When with the glorified sing?
 Home, home, &c.

THE WANDERERS.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," &c., &c.
(Enter Bill and Jack dressed in rags, arm in arm. On reaching centre of platform Bill commences.)

Bill.



COULD just drink a pint of four-penny.

Jack.

So could I.

B. But I'm cleared out.

J. So am I.

B. How shall we raise the wind?

J. Don't know; how shall we?

B. Pop.

J. Pop what?

B. Oh, anything.

J. Coat, waistcoat, do you mean?

B. Well, yes; but mine's not fit; nobody will lend twopence on them.

J. And mine's worse than yours, blest, if they ain't.

B. Well, we look a nice pair at any rate. Tell you what, Jack, it's time we took a turn.

J. What, round?

B. Yes.

J. Well, where'll we go to. My head's aching, fit to crack.

B. That's not what I mean. I mean it's time we gave up drinking, for we are almost at the last shift. Blest if I don't feel miserable.

J. Well, now you say it, Bill, I feel awfully bad too. We are two fools, aren't we?

B. Proper. I wish I had my time to go over again, I'd do better than I have done. Just fancy what I was once on a time.

J. Never heard particulars, Bill. Since I've known you, you've been a broken-down chap enough.

B. Why, Jack, I was once a Master Mason, and had a dozen men working for me. I used to earn a lot of money in them days, and I had one of the nicest houses, and one of the best wives, and

three of the finest children you ever saw.

J. Draw it mild, Bill. You a Master Mason! Why, man you'd be taken for a scavenger, blest if you wouldn't.

B. That's true enough now, but you would have thought me a squire in those days if you'd seen me.

J. And what's brought you down? You failed, I reckon?

B. Failed because of my own folly; failed because I neglected my business and spent my money faster than it came.

J. I'll be calling you an extra fool if you go on much longer in that strain. What did you spend your money on?

B. Need you ask?

J. Well, I reckon I shouldn't, if I knew.

B. Drink; I swallowed all up; and I swallowed more than belonged to me. I drank and drank until business, house, wife, children, credit, character were all gone.

J. Is that a fact! Shouldn't have thought it of you. You've been worse nor me, and I've been bad enough.

B. You? why where have you tumbled down from?

J. Ah, well, I was once a school master, and had a very good post as head of a Grammar School. I wasn't married, however, though I had a lady who would have been my wife, had I not made such a smash-up. But I loved my glass better than my lass, and I loved it so well that I got dismissed by the directors of the school, and I became such a drunken nuisance that my best friends cut me, and I've been rolling down the hill ever since. I'm awfully thirsty now, and would sell my shirt, if I had one (which I haven't) for just one pint. It's no use you and me turning round now; we've gone too far on the road.

B. True, I think you are right, Jack. We might as well finish the job now we've begun of it. Nobody cares a farthing whether we live or die—Hark, what is that?

(Voices are heard singing.)

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery.

Return, return.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, come:
O now for refuge flee.

Return, return.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

Return, return.

B. Ah, Jack, that's beautiful; it has touched my heart. We are wanderers, and it seems as if that hymn was sung for our special benefit.

J. *(brushing a tear off his cheek)* I wonder who those voices belong to; it seems to me I have heard one of them before. Why, see, there is a church, and it is the choir practising. Let's draw nearer. *(They go to the back of the platform).* No; it is time for evening service; see, the people are beginning to go in. Ah, there is the bell. *(Here a bell should be tolled.)* Ah, Bill, how I should like to hear once more the voice of a minister.

B. Well, what say you, shall we go in?

J. But our clothes—what would the people think?

B. You are right; we are too far gone to return. That hymn was not meant for us. Come along.

(Here a minister steps behind them and puts a hand on each of their shoulders.)

Minister. Nay, do not go away, my friends, but come into the church, where you shall be as welcome as anyone who enters its doors.

B. But our clothes, sir!

M. Never mind your clothes; Jesus invites such as you, and when he invites he does not look at your dress. Come, now; I see you have drunk deeply at this world's pleasure, and if I am not mistaken you are both sick of the result. Come and taste of the Lord's goodness, and you will find it more satisfying.

B. Ah, sir, you are too kind. We are two poor drunkards, who were once gentlemen; but we fell. We are sick of sin, and would leave it!

J. True, true, we are wanderers.

M. Then come; I will be your friend and help you to a better life. The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ. This way, please.

B. No more strong drink for me, by God's help.

J. No more for me. That hymn and the minister's words have broken my heart. Come along, friend, we will seek mercy and forgiveness together.—*(Exit.)*

COME AND JOIN US.

GH! not with the file and murderous knife,

And the rolling sound of the battle-drum,
And the dreadful waste of human life,

Do the glowing ranks of our army come;

But merrily, right merrily,

And cheerily we go,

So readily and steadily,

To battle with the foe.

With glad voice of song we are moving
along, [blow;

While the breezes soft on our banners
'Tis the children's army, brave and strong,

And we march where the clear running
waters flow:

O'er mountain side the fountain tide

In bounding pride is seen,

Now leaping down and sweeping down
Through all the meadows green.

Ho! boys, and ye girls with the soft,
sunny curls, [and fair;

Come and join the band of the brave
See our banner—look! how bright it un-
furls, [air;

Perfumed by the kiss of the fragrant

Unite with us, to fight with us,

And smite with us the foe;

Then, wondering and thundering,

He'll tumble at the blow.

There's no one so young but can battle
with wrong,

There is no one living too old to mend;

Come and help to slay the monster strong,

And the reign of King Alcohol shall end.

We'll water him and slaughter him,

And bury him full low,

Beyond the reach of all who teach

The drunkard's way to go.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

A MODEL TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

I PROPOSE to consider the temper-
ance cause.

How it has run,

What it has done,

Where it is known,

What is its tone,

Why it has flourished,

How it is nourished.

1. How has it run?

It has run steadily,

It has run merrily.

2. How has it done?

It has 'rested the mad,

Reformed the bad,

Refreshed the sad,

Improved the glad.

It has cooled many a lip,

It has saved many a ship.

3. Where is it known?

In every zone.

4. What is its tone?

Its tone is inviting,

Its tone is delighting.

Look at the youthful Band of Hope.
See how the children flock in crowds.
See how happy they are. See what de-
light they give to their parents. See the
happy families it makes. See the re-
formed drunkard's wife as her husband
in his right mind comes home. See his
happy children as they go to Sunday-
school, and the happy change in himself.

5. Why has it flourished?

Because it is nourished.

6. How is it nourished.

By lectures and orations,

By books and illustrations,

By subscriptions and donations,

By glorious expectations.

Now, gentlemen, please bring forward
the pledge, so that all who wish may sign.

TAKE A STAND.

CHRISTIAN STATESMAN.

IF temperance men would take a stand,

And show their true position,

Nor yield a point to friend or foe,

Or scheming politician;

If they would fight for principle,

For justice and for right,

And whatsoever they find to do,

Would do it with their might,

Our land, which now is so corrupt

That all good men abhor it,

Might lift her trailing banner up,

And be the better for it.

If those for whom we cast our vote

Would not so oft betray us,

And, weakly shrinking from their trust,

On error's side array us;

If they would only bravely stand

And face the wily foe,

And in each point of right or wrong

Say firmly yes or no,

Our land, which now is so corrupt

That all good men abhor it,

Might lift her trailing banner up,

And surely better for it.

ALFRED FENNING'S is also printed on the Government Stamp placed round each Box and to imitate which is FELONY.

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SAFE TEETHING

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**KAY BROTHERS, M.P.S.,
OPERATIVE CHEMISTS, STOCKPORT.**

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 149, May, 1882.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



"THY WILL BE DONE!"

"THY WILL BE DONE!"

H, mother, my playmates, Josie and Fan, are going to have such a nice time! *Can't we go into the country just a little while, mother? It's so stifling here? It is, really, mother!* Josie says so, and you don't know, because you're sick, and have that big shawl on your chair, if it is ever so hot."

"Well, darling, we must make the best of it; we cannot go away this year, and we must try to be contented and happy at home."

"Oh, dear! I think it is too bad, any way. All the girls are going, *every one* that I know; and I do want to go so much."

And Nelly looked sullen and unhappy, as might be supposed, with so much discontent in her heart.

The sick mother, with her pale face and close widow's cap, watched her in silence for a few moments. Then she said gently, "Nelly, dear, you know why it is that we are poor, and cannot afford things that we used to have; did we not make up our

minds, you and I, that we would both try to say, 'Thy will be done'?"

Nelly raised her eyes, and meeting her mother's glance, she sprang up on her lap, and threw both arms around her neck. Big girl as she began to think herself, she was not too large to claim her old place sometimes!

"I know, mother! I did mean to; but it is so hard to have no dear father to take care of us; sometimes I can't feel it in my heart, if I *do* say it!"

"We must keep on trying, darling; and God will help us to feel right. I know it will be very dull for you, with your little friends all gone, and your mother unable to go out with you; but you must see how many bright and pleasant things you can find to be thankful for. Our heavenly Father has left us very many comforts, darling; He is very good to us still!"

"Mother, I am ashamed to think how cross I was! I haven't been your 'sun-beam' to-day, have I? But the sun is coming out now!"—*From "A Houseful of Children."*

TURNED OUT.

WHAT means that angry strife we hear

Proceeding from the corner near?

"A man turned out in senseless plight,
Because he's had too much to-night,"

The jeering, hustling crowd reply.

We question further—"Turned out! Why?"

The truth is this—his earnings all

Are gone; because he cannot call

For burning, fiery liquor more,

He's tumbled through the tavern door.

What is this man? Has he a home?

Or friends? Will any see him come

And welcome him with smiles again?

Ah! no; his coming freshens pain,

For drink this brother man has made

Its victim—almost past our aid.

Now stumbling, reeling through the snow,

He starts for—home? Ah, say not so—

You could not call his dark abode

A home—that sweetest English word.

A father he; he has a wife;

Her patient, cheerless, hopeless life

Is waning fast as weeks go by—

Her only wish, sometimes, to die;

Her lingering life a living death,

Blasted by drink's foul, blighting breath.

His little children run for fear
When they his staggering footsteps hear;
They know when "father's drunk" too well,
And what they suffer, who can tell?

Now why are sad scenes such as these
Enacted nightly? Ah, one sees—
If one but views the case aright—
The truth—that in this land of light
Men are on every hand decoyed
To death by tempters, who, employed
As 'twere by Government, to raise
A revenue on that which preys
Upon the vitals of the men,
Entrapped by each law-licensed den.

The fearful fact before us lies.
The statesman—where is he who tries
By any measure, good and true,
To give these suffering ones their due—
The power to shield themselves; to make
It easier virtue's path to take;
If such a statesman true be found,
His name shall ever be renowned.
But such philanthropists are rare;
To this, few legislators dare.

Can none these suffering ones assist?
Yes! all can help them to resist
The temptings of the God of Wine;
But would-be helpers must resign
Intoxicating drinks themselves
Ere they can aid the good resolves
Which others make, their curse to shun;
Thus many may be safely won
From lives of degradation deep—
Be led more virtuous ways to keep.

O, when shall we behold them cease—
These crying wrongs—and witness peace
And true-born freedom far and near?
Not yet will such a time appear,
For those who ought to lead the van
Are backward—do not like our plan,
Yet never show a better one;
If left to them naught will be done.
These things are so—O, Christian men,
We ask you, do not thus remain;

But come and help—your influence give;
Yourselves, your labour, whilst you live.
For drink may even now enchain
Some souls whom none but you can gain.
Objections cast aside—men die;
Reflections in the future lie,
Regretful, sad, if you refuse
To show the weak ones how to choose
The path of safety. Come, then, come,
God views with pleasure duty done.

J. P. L.

A TROUBLESOME FELLOW.

GEORGE COOPER.

A SQUIRREL heard against his door
The noisy March wind tap;
He scanned the whitened woodland o'er,
And chattered: "Dears,
I've many fears.
We'll take another nap."

A tiny spear of grass peeped out
And heard the wind so shrill;
It paused awhile, in fear and doubt,
Then seemed to say:
"I'll go away
Till skies are not so chill."

A little bird, all pinched with cold,
Sat muffled in a tree;
It tried to sing, its heart was bold,
And feebly cheeped:
"The snow is heaped;
Sad weather this for me."

A pretty rill crept from the ice,
To tinkle down the hill;
It glanced in sunshine warm and nice,
Then quiet grew.
Ah! well it knew
The frost would linger still.

A snowdrop looked up at the sky,
With baby-face so dear!
It thrived, though sleet and wind went by,
And smiled: "I'll stay,
Please, if I may,
Some weary heart to cheer!"
—New York "Independent."

THE BARDS OF BACCHUS.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

THEY may sing of the joys in the wine-cup that dwell, [tell,
 And in music the raptures of drunkenness
 And over the filth of debauchery throw
 The splendours of genius to cover their woe; [repeat,
 Believe not their tale, nor the falsehood
 Though the lie be in verse, and its music most sweet. [of wine,
 From the song that's inspired by a bottle
 Though 'tis sung by love's lips, turn away, brother mine.

Do they think, when they babble of pleasures that spring
 From the vintage-crowned bowl, that we know not the sting
 Of the serpent that hides in the breaker, though bright
 Is the sparkle that plays round its brim, like the light? [that, born
 Do they tell of the fevers, the headaches, Of the midnight's excess, crown the debauchee's morn? [nose,
 Of the pockets collapsed, of the rubicund
 Of the rheum in the eyes, and the gout in the toes?

Not they, precious souls! It would ruin their verse!
 And why should they make what is bad enough worse? [rhyme,
 It would turn topsy-turvy a cart-load of
 And convict them of *sense*, which, in such bards, is a *crime*. [be o'er.
 Vile songs and vile singing, alas! would
 Nor gin-guzzling Byron nor wine-bibbing Moore [think
 Be held up as patterns by bardlings who
 That the fountain of song is a can of strong drink.

Let them sing what they list, let them live as they will, [swill;
 And worship old Bacchus, and guzzle his

And dream, if they can, that the joy which they find [mind.
 In the madd'ning debauch is a balm to the
 They may cheat their own souls with their songs and their lies,
 But the boys of the PLEDGE, they have ears and have eyes;
 By the wine-cup untempted *their* song shall still be,
 "THE FOUNTAIN SHALL FURNISH THE DRINK OF THE FREE!"

THE CHILDREN'S ARMY.

MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

A WORD to the little children,
 The children good and true:
 Come, join the temperance army,
 And fight the battle through.
 Here's wine, and beer, and cider—
 Fair little snakes that creep
 Around our own dear hearth-stones,
 And fatten while we sleep.

Boys, *set your heel upon them*,
 Don't toy with them, I pray;
 For they'll *sting* you while you pet them,
 While they seem in sportive play.
 Here's the dirty page, *Tobacco*,
 Who waits on the *rum-king*,
 And to his treacherous clutches
 Does many a victim bring.

Don't take a filthy meerschaum
 Or odorous cigar
 Into your rosy lips, boys;
 'Twere better, sirs, by far
 To lose your tops and marbles,
 Your skates and treasures fine,
 Than to lose your *hope of manhood*
 In tobacco or in wine.

A true and noble boyhood
 Will make a manhood fine;
 Then shun the treacherous cider,
 Tobacco, ale, and wine,

And join you all together
 In a legion good and true,
 To fight for truth and temperance
 Till you see the battle through.

A BAND OF HOPE BOY'S TRIUMPH.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

"**W**HERE, my boy, take this letter,"
 Said a landlord, the other day,
 To a Band of Hope boy; better
 He had let him go his way;

"And a glass of beer I'll give you!
 Just take it to number three,
 In the next street,—I believe you
 Will this kindness do for me."

"Yes, sir," said the lad, respectful,
 "I will take your letter there;
 But I do not feel regretful,
 I can't take your bitter beer.

"To the Band of Hope belonging,
 From such drinks I do abstain,
 And I'm evermore resolving
 Not to touch or taste again!"

But the landlord, looking gruffly,
 "Band of Hope Boys I don't want!"
 Thus he said, and speaking roughly,
 While he did the youngster taunt.

But the boy, with kindly feeling,
 Said, "I'll take the letter, sir;
 To do good I'm always willing;
 None will serve you better, sir."

Thus the words so kindly spoken,
 Won his hard heart to relent;
 All his sternness was forgotten—
 His unkindness did repent.

Then the landlord, speaking kindly,
 From his purse a sixpence took,
 With the letter, press'd it friendly,
 Wished the lad to buy a book.

This was met by firm refusal,
 He wasn't asking to be paid;
 But by pleasant language using,
 He had good impression made.

But at length he took the present,
 And the letter safely bore;
 He'd acted right, and felt quite pleasant,
 Brought an answer to the door.

Now he looks on book with pleasure
 That he with the sixpence bought,
 Prizes it as some great treasure,
 Which by being firm he's got.

Here's a lesson all may learn by
 Something good, and so improve,
 As to pass life's journey firmly,
 Ever guided on by love.

Band of Hope Boys, be respectful,
 Ever to your pledge be true,
 None will say that you're neglectful,
 But will better think of you.

Never touch, nor taste, nor handle,—
 This your motto ever be;
 Nor 'neath a bushel hide your candle,*
 Let the world its brightness see.

"WHAT IS PRAYER?"

A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses do not make real prayer, without the sincere wish of the heart.

* See Matthew v. 14, 15, 16.

DRINK OF WATER, PURE AND BRIGHT.



W. H. DOANE.

Oft I've heard a temp-'rance lay, Sweet-ly say, Sweet-ly say, Drink of

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wa - ter, pure and bright, Sip of me each day; Mine's a

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clear and lim-pid stream, Love and light, shine in my gleam, More than

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drunkards e'er can dream, Drink of me, of me.

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- 2 Thou art weak, so are we all,
 Drink of me, drink of me;
 Shun strong drink, thou ne'er shalt fall,
 Drink of me, of me.
 Every child needs constant care,
 Many cruel taunts must bear,
 Strong drink's such a crafty snare,
 Always drink of me.
- 3 Art thou weary? wouldst thou rest?
 Drink of me, drink of me;
 Man is oft by sin oppressed,
 Keep to me, to me.
 Health and strength I ever gave,
 Strong drink makes the drinker rave,
 I am ever strong to save,
 Always drink of me.

HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY THOMAS HEATH, S. S. SUPERINTENDENT, PLYMOUTH.

Henry.

MELL, James, I have got something very important to tell you—something you will be very glad to hear.

James. What can it be? I am sure I shall be very anxious to know. Come, tell us at once.

H. Well, you know, some time ago we were speaking about the claims of the great Temperance question, and the vast waste of money in drinking. Thinking upon what you then said, I have now decided to have nothing to do with the drinking customs of the day.

J. I fancy now I know all about it; and, furthermore, I think—what is better still—you mean to leave your present situation, if I guess aright.

H. Well, James, you have guessed right. Although I am getting a very fair salary at Mr. Pope's as junior clerk, and get a holiday when I ask for it, yet I am convinced in my own mind that to be working in any way in the drink traffic is now against my conscience and my altered views on this great question.

J. I am delighted that you have looked at this matter in such an admirable manner, and from a Christian point of view. It is indeed pleasant to me to know that our conversation you have referred to was not in vain.

H. Let me tell you, too, that I have got another situation as junior clerk in a large wholesale cloth establishment, and the principal is a total abstainer. You cannot think how pleased I am that I have thus secured such a nice change, which is far more agreeable and honourable.

J. I am pleased you have got so good a situation after making such a commend-

able sacrifice. I don't think you will ever regret. The Lord will prosper those who try to do right.

H. I shall try, by the help of God, to have nothing more to do with the drink. I shall join the Band of Hope, and try to assist at the meetings; thus, by my example, win others to join us, and thus strengthen the army of total abstainers. I am sure there is plenty to be done.

J. I quite endorse your noble sentiments on this important question, that there is plenty to be done. How glad I am you intend to join the Band of Hope, and take part in the services. I am sure our superintendent will be extremely glad to receive your help.

H. I can assure you I have not taken this step without much serious consideration. When I considered the vast amount of crime, and wholesale waste of money, combined with the highest medical testimony of the land, that it did harm to the body, even in moderation; then, again, backed up with the self denial of so many clergymen, ministers, doctors, and men of science, that I fully made up my mind that I would have nothing to do with it.

J. I hope the Lord will keep us firm to the pledge; that now we have joined one good army, we shall also be encouraged to join the army of Jesus. Pardon, I hope, this timely suggestion, for I am sure we should like to be under Jesus, the faithful and best friend we require help from while journeying through this sinful world. Jesus is the best helper. We require wisdom; and Jesus only is able to give wisdom to those who ask Him. We find that the Gospel and Temperance go hand in hand to raise the fallen.

“Strive to learn, strive to learn,
Time is marching on, boys;

Summer days will pass away,
Youth will soon be gone, boys."

H. I thank you very much for your interesting and valuable advice. I hope the Lord will bless all our efforts for good.

J. Good-bye for the present. I hope to meet you again soon. Just a few more lines of poetry,—

"Persevere, persevere,
In the path of truth, boys;
Labour hard to store your minds
In the days of youth, boys."

I wish you good evening, Henry.

MAY QUEEN'S SONG.

Tune—

"The Pirate King," from Pirates of Penzance.

MILD forest trees and meadows green,
You've crowned me now the May-day Queen;

O! sweet it is to think I claim
Such loving hearts o'er whom to reign.
Although unworthy of the grace
That gives me this exalted place,
You'll find me faithful and true, I ween,
To this right royal May-day scene.

I am the May-day Queen!

I am the May-day Queen!

And oh, it is a glorious thing
To be the May-day Queen.

There's many a monarch on his throne
Who rules by fear, and fear alone;
There's many a king in royal state,
In silence trembles for his fate,
While I have neither fear nor frown,
Nor thoughts of losing throne or crown,
And care for nought but your esteem
And loving duty to your Queen.

I am the May-day Queen!

I am the May-day Queen!

And oh, it is a glorious thing
To be the May-day Queen.

CHARLES ALLOWAY.

SISTER, COME!

BY UNCLE JOHN.

Tune—"Brother, Come." See "Band of Hope Treasury," March, 1881, page 26.

OH, touch not the bottle, my sister,
The gin-fiend lurketh within;
Its fatal embrace may enfold you,
And plunge in the vortex of sin.

REFRAIN.

Sister, come; sister, come;
There's a bright star of hope that is shining;
Come join with the lovers of Jesus,
The pledge of Temperance signing.

Oh, trust not the bottle, my sister,
It leads the soul far astray
From Jesus, who died to redeem you,—
Then throw the bottle away.

Sister, come, &c.

Oh, touch not the bottle, my sister,
By all that is holy and true;
But go to the fountain that's opened,—
The Saviour waiteth for you.

Sister, come, &c.

Oh, touch not the bottle, my sister,
It severs each sacred tie;
The nearest and dearest are parted,
And friendships wither and die.

Sister, come, &c.

Oh, touch not the bottle, my sister,
By the fondest ties of home,
By the tears of husband and children,
By the drunkard's fearful doom.

Sister, come, &c.

Oh, touch not the bottle, my sister,
The gin-fiend still hideth there,
To allure you on to destruction,
To realms of endless despair.

Sister, come, &c.

Oh, touch not the bottle, my sister,
But trust in a Saviour's love,
And strive for a mansion in glory,
The weary one's rest above.

Sister, come, &c.

BETWEEN THE LEAVES.

I TOOK a volume, old and worn,
 From off the library shelf one day;
 The covers were defaced and torn,
 And many a leaf had gone astray.
 I turned the pages slowly o'er
 In search of some forgotten truth,
 Familiar in the days of yore
 As were the school-books of my youth.

The mildewed leaves, the faded print,
 Seemed quite inanimate and cold,
 As if they ne'er had been the mint
 From which I garnered precious gold.
 So dull and colourless the page,
 I turned and turned, in hopes to find
 Something that would restore to age
 The freshness of the youthful mind.

As well, indeed, might I essay
 Hope's early visions to renew,
 Or give unto a dead bouquet
 Its former fragrance and its dew.
 I closed the volume with a sigh,
 As if it were joy's entrance door—
 A bit of colour caught my eye
 Just as it fluttered to the floor.

'Twas but a maple leaf, all blotched
 With gold and crimson, green and brown,
 The edges delicately notched,
 And perfect still from stem to crown;
 And when I took it in my hand,
 This little leaf from maple-tree,
 As if it were a magic wand,
 Brought back a vanished youth to me.

I lived again those joyful days,
 The old, familiar songs I sung,
 And walked again, with sweet delays,
 The paths I loved when I was young.
 E'en as the hues upon the leaf,
 Each scene appeared so freshly bright,
 That all remembrances of grief
 Were lost, and faded out of sight.

—*Josephine Pollard, in "Harper's Weekly."*

EVERY DAY.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

EVERY day when the morning breaks,
 The beautiful morning, fresh and new,
 And, touched by the sun, the ocean takes
 A softer silver, a deeper blue;
 And the glad birds sing with a joy re-
 born,
 And rustle the trees in the breeze of
 morn;

I rise and I wash my body clean
 In purest water, to put away
 And make as though it had never been
 The fret and the soil of yesterday,
 For I fain would share in the freshening
 Which makes of each new day a new
 thing.

Would partake in the baptism of the dew,
 With the heliotrope and sweet woodbine,
 With the bright-faced pansies washed anew
 And the starry buds on the myrtle vine,
 With the spotless roses upon their trees,
 And be fragrant and fair and pure as these.
 So I braid my hair and I order my dress
 With delicate touches, as if to try
 By sign and symbol to express
 Some inward and scrupulous purity.
 The invisible shown by the visibly seen.
 But a voice still whispers: "Unclean!
 unclean!"

Ah! hand and foot may be pure and white,
 Fresh as a flower be the outward whole.
 But covered and hidden away from sight
 Is the deep, deep soil in the sinful soul,
 And rivers of water were all in vain
 To wash it and make it clean again.

Fire cannot burn it away, or kill
 (Else I might even endure the fire!);
 Effort or striving of mine were still
 A fruitless labour, a vain desire;
 Saviour, Thou only canst cleanse and cure;
 Wash me, O Lord, and make me pure.

—*N. Y. "Independent."*

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cated Linseed Extract, for out-door use, on leaving a heated room, &c. Demulcent, Expectorant, Warming, and Soothing.

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 150, June, 1882.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



A VISIT FROM FOX.

A VISIT FROM FOX.

TOM SMITH came to the door on an errand one day, and as he stood talking to Doctor Brooks, he had much ado to keep back his dog Fox, who was determined to come into the hall with him.

"Never mind, let the dog come in, Tom!" said the Doctor, as he turned away to fetch something from his office.

Laura was in the sitting-room close by, and she came to the door on hearing the word "dog."

"I was afraid he might scare you," said Tom; "little ladies don't always like dogs, I believe!"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of a good-natured dog like yours; what's his name? Fox? Here Fox! come, old fellow!"

Fox did come with a will, bounding into the room, and up on a chair, where he sat as if quite at home.

Laura's doll sat on the edge of the same

chair. Laura had just been dressing her up in her best to please little Maria. Laura did not care much for a doll herself; she preferred live pets.

"You may play Adelia was your child, Marie, and I'll have Tab for mine!" she had just said to Marion, when Fox came upon the scene.

Miss Adelia did not seem at all disturbed, although Fox sprang up behind her, and it was quite a wonder he did not knock her off. But Tab was decidedly put out by the visit. She growled and put up her back, and did not feel satisfied even when Laura cuddled her up in her arms; she still kept one eye upon the sancy intruder.

"Oh, Tab! can't you be more civil? I'm ashamed of you!" said Laura.

Tom was soon ready to go, and called Fox; so Tabby soon settled down again, and Laura had a famous romp with her.

THE SPIDER'S LESSON.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

A TYRANT in my border dwells
In Austrian black and gold;
Wrought all in silver are its cells,
Fine-spun, a thousand fold.

His dwelling has no dingy roof,
Nor dismal underground;
The sunlight gilds its slender woof
On fragrant bushes bound.

And at his levée, every morn,
Such brilliants do appear
As ne'er in any court were worn
By Christian monarch dear.

No prison dungeon has this wretch
Where victims, out of sight,

His cruel jealousy may fetch
And keep in hopeless night.

Yet subtle stratagems he springs
On harmless passers-by,
Winds his soft silk about their wings,
And hangs them up to die.

I came to sweep his work away
With swift, impatient hand;
But here the lesson of the day
He teaches, as I stand.

The tyrant luxury doth so
Our wingèd souls entwine,
And binds us fettered in a show,
To mock the free sunshine.

The subtle web afar I'll leave
Of flattering deceit;

The gorgeous spider shall not weave
His fetters for my feet.

The eye that views the heavens in faith,
The hand with justice armed,
Can see the snare that binds to death,
And scatter it, unharmed.

“WOE UNTO THEM.”

Isaiah v. 11, 12, 22, 23.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

“**W**OE unto them,” the prophet saith,
That early in the morning rise,
That they may follow after drink—
The drink—strong drink—from which
man dies.

“Woe unto them,” that sitteth long,
And there continue until night;
Till they’re inflamed with sparkling wine,
And music fills them with delight.

“Woe unto them,” when thus they feast,
Where harp, and viol, pipe, and wine
Are more regarded than the Lord,
And where they idly spend their time.

“Woe unto them,” is thus pronounced,
On them who disregard God’s work,
And operations of His hands,
But in their festive pleasure lurk.

“Woe unto them,” which justify
The wicked for unjust reward,
And the drink traffic thus uphold,
Nor do the inebriate regard.

“Woe unto them,” that take away
The righteousness of any one;
Or who through their example falls,
Or who through drink may be undone.

“Woe unto them,” while thousands die
Through use of this delusive drink;
Who sitteth at their ease at wine,
And from their daily duty shrink.

“Woe unto them,” for drunkard’s die,
And none can enter heaven above:
May all forsake the maddening cup,
And seek a Saviour’s dying love.

LITTLE MIKE.

[From the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.]

[“Little Mike,” a lonely little waif, who died in the Children’s Hospital some time ago, lay all day the day before his death plaintively watching several children who were pronounced cured and whose friends had come to remove them; and then, with a pitiful ache in his voice, turned to the nurse in charge, saying: “Dear nurse, when will my friends come? All the rest going, only I have no home.”]

“**O**NLY a hospital child!
Why let fall a tear?
Only a hired nurse
Standing beside the bier!

Only a mercy he went,
After all he bore:
Only a child the less!
Only a bed the more!

Alas! and only that wail
Sounding for days gone by—
Only that hard-drawn breath,
Only that stifled sigh!

Only that eye beseeching,
Feebly fixed on mine;
Only that start convulsive,
Sudden suffering’s sign!

Only a fair straying curl,
Sweetly soft and fine,
Upon his brow all tangled,
No mother’s hand to twine?

Only those plaintive tones,
Wavering, weak and low,
The last the little speaker
Will ever breathe below!

Only “I have no friends! [come!
Dear nurse, when will they
See! all the others going,
Only I have no home!”

Only a short, short waiting!
White-winged friends have come
And borne the little lone one
Up to love and a home!

THE MOTHER TO HER
PROFLIGATE SON.

M. JANE GILBERT.

AH, little dost thou know, my son,
and little dost thou care,
For all the pangs of bitterness this bleed-
ing heart must bear,
While doomed to watch from day to day
thy mad career of sin,
Mark all the snares before thee laid, and
see thee rushing in.
How have the hopes I cherished once of
future joy in thee
Been blighted all! Oh! thou hast been
a cruel son to me!
How many sleepless nights of grief this
anxious heart hath known,
When, waiting for thy late return, I weep-
ing sat alone.
Oh, what a cold and callous heart that
heart must surely be,
Which moves not at a mother's tears—
and such is thine to me!
Amid those scenes of revelry, the goblet
and the song,
No thought is ever turned on me, for-
gotten in the throng!
Will this repay my tenderness in child-
hood's earliest years,
To break my heart with sighing now,
and dim my eyes with tears?
Is this the best return you give for all
my toil and care,
When left to struggle on alone in widow-
hood's despair?
How are my warnings all despised, how
useless are my pleas!
How I remonstrate oft in vain, in vain I
strive to please; [reply,
A frown of silent sullenness, or insolent
Is all the recompense you give!—Oh,
can it be my boy,
Who but a few short years before be-
sought my fond embrace;

Clung round my neck so lovingly, and
looked up in my face
With such confiding innocence, and such
a joyous smile,
With which awhile to soothe my grief,
and those sad hours beguile?
But, oh! those transient hours of bliss
are ever flown from me,
And well I know the change hath
brought no happier hours for thee.
Oh, my ungrateful, erring son, had but
thy noble sire
Foreseen thy acts of forwardness, thy
grovelling low desire,
What pangs it would have cost his heart,
what depths of anxious woe,
It would have racked his soul in death to
leave thee here below.
Oh! think of what thy father was, his
loved, his honoured name,
Contrast thy character with his, and
blush with conscious shame.
But words are ever lost on thee, 'tis use-
less to upbraid, [am lowly laid;
Thy heart will never feel remorse till I
Then oh, what pangs of wretchedness
will seize thy guilty breast,
But mine will be for ever soothed in
heaven's eternal rest.
Who, then, will care for thee, my son?—
who in the hour of pain
Will overlook thy follies past, and love
thee o'er again?
Who, then, will watch beside thy bed,
thy every want attend,
And soothe the pains as I have done—
who will thee so befriend?
Not one of all those treacherous friends
who now assume the name,
In times of sickness and distress they'll
shun thee with disdain.
'Twill be on such an hour as this, when
others all forsake,
That thou wilt of thy mother think, and
feel thy heartstrings break.

There's not a pang thou dost inflict
 within her bosom now,
 But will in future pierce thy own, and
 cloud thy gloomy brow.
 In such an hour may'st thou, my son,
 when bow'd beneath the rod,
 Repent thee of the evil past, and seek thy
 father's God!
 Fain would I hope for such an hour, fain
 love to see that day,
 But, oh! I feel this grief-worn frame is
 hastening to decay.
 But now I will not chide thee more, no
 more thy ways upbraid,
 But thou wilt think of me, my son, when
 I am lowly laid.

Pontecraft Telegraph.

CHARLIE'S STORY.

I WAS sitting in the twilight,
 With my Charlie on my knee,
 (Little two-year-old forever
 Teasing, "Talk a 'tory, p'ease to me").
 "Now," I said, "'talk ' me a ' 'tory.'"
 "Well," reflectively, I'll 'mence.
 Mamma, I did see a kitty,
 Great—big—kitty, on the fence."

Mamma smiles. Five little fingers
 Cover up her laughing lips.
 "Is oo laughing?" "Yes," I tell him,
 But I kiss the finger tips,
 And I say, "Now tell another."
 "Well," (all smiles), "now I will 'mence.
 Mamma, I did see a doggie,
 Great—big—doggie, on the fence."

"Rather similar—your stories,—
 Aren't they, dear?" A sober look
 Swept across the pretty forehead;
 Then he sudden courage took.
 "But I know a nice, new 'tory
 'Plendid, mamma! Hear me 'mence.
 Mamma, I—did—see—a—elfunt,
 Great—big—elfunt, on the fence!"

—K. C. in *Springfield Republican*.

CHARITY.

IN speaking of a person's faults,
 Pray, don't forget your own;
 Remember those with homes of glass,
 Should never throw a stone.
 If we have nothing else to do
 Than talk of those who sin,
 'Twere better we look to ourselves,
 And at that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
 Unless he's fairly tried;
 Should we not like his company,
 We know the world is wide.
 He may have faults—and who has not?
 The old as well as young—
 Perhaps we may, for all we know,
 Have fifty to his one.

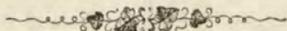
I'll tell you of a better plan,
 You'll find it works full well,
 To try your own defects to cure
 E'er others' faults you tell.
 And though I sometime hope to be
 As good as some I know,
 My own short-comings bid me let
 The faults of others go.

Now let us all, when we begin
 To slander friend or foe,
 Think what the harm one word may do
 To those we little know.
 Remembering curses, nature like,
 Sometimes to roost come home;
 Don't speak of others' faults until
 You have none of your own.

CONTENTMENT.

WHAT I don't see
 Don't trouble me;
 And what I see
 Might trouble me,
 Did I not know
 That it must be so.

SIGN NOW THE PLEDGE.



ELLA DALE.

W. H. DOANE.

Sign now the pledge and trust in the Lord, Sign now in hope of a ble-sed re-ward;

KEY D #

{	m : f : fe s : - : s l : l : l s : - : s : f : f f : m : m r : s : fe s : - :
	d : r : re m : - : m f : f : f m : - : m : r : r r : d : d t : r : r r : - :
	s : s : l d' : - : d' d' : d' : d' d' : - : d' : t : t s : s : s s : t : d' t : - :
	d : d : d d : - : d d : d : d d : - : s ₁ : s ₁ : s ₁ d : d : d r : r : r s ₁ : - :

Seeds of de - vo - tion, of kind - ness and truth, Far - ly may bloom in the bos - om of youth.

{	m : m : f s : m : s l : l : t d' : - : s : d' : t l : r' : d' t : l : t d' : - :
	d : d : r m : d : m f : f : f f : - : s : m : s f : f : f f : f : f m : - :
	s : s : s d' : s : d' d' : d' : s l : - : d' : d' : d' d' : l : r' r' : d' : r' d' : - :
	d : d : d d : d : d f : f : f f : - : m : d : m f : f : r s : s : s d : - :

CHORUS.

Scat-ter the pledge wher - ev - er you go, Scat-ter the seed and blos-soms will grow, -

{	s :-l :s d' :-:t l l :t d' :-: s :-l :s m :-:d' d' .t :-:l s :-:
	m :-:f :m m :f :s f .f :-:f m :-: m :-:f :m d :-:m r .r :-:d t :-:
	d' :-:d' :d' d' :-:d' d.'d' :-:s s :-: d' :-:d' :d' s :-:s fe.fe :-:fe s :-:
	d :-:d :d d :r :m f .f :-:r d :-: d :-:d :d d :-:d r .r :-:r s :-:

Blos-soms that soon to fruit will ex-pand ; Scatter the pledge with a boun-ti-ful hand.

{	s :-l :s d' :-:t l l :t d' :-: s :d':t l :r :d' t :l :t d' :-:
	m :-:f :m m :f :s f :f :f f :-: s :m :s f :f :s f :f :f f :-:
	s :-:d' :d' s :-:d d :d :s l :-: d :d' :d' d :l :r' r' :d' :r' d' :-:
	d :-:d :d d :r :m f :f :f f :-: m :d :m f :f :r s :s :s d :-:

2 Scatter the pledge o'er valley and glade,
Scatter in sunshine and scatter in shade ;
Seeds of affection, of meekness and love,
Soon may be gathered in fruitage above.
Scatter the pledge, &c.

3 Scatter the pledge again and again,
Faithfully scatter and wait for the rain ;
Striving in memory the promise to keep,
Sow to the spirit, and joy shalt thou reap,
Scatter the pledge, &c.

PROFESSOR GREGORY'S ACADEMY.

A DIALOGUE BY W. HOYLE, AUTHOR OF HYMNS AND SONGS.

CHARACTERS: Professor Gregory—a man of undoubted ability. Alfred, Benjamin, Charles, David, Ernest, Frank, George, Henry, pupils of great promise.

Professor.

NOW boys! to-morrow we separate for the holidays. You have passed through an examination of the most trying and laborious character, and it affords me unbounded satisfaction in saying you have all come out of that examination with honour to yourselves and credit to your Tutor. Before we separate, however, I desire to give you my parting counsel and advice, and in order that I may not be tedious I will endeavour by a series of questions to sharpen your wit and improve your understanding. The answers will perhaps make you smile, but as I have often told you, I never object to a hearty laugh at the proper time. You have been studying hard and long, until your faces have become pale and sickly: now, therefore, we will have a little relaxation, a little pleasure; and, I trust, before we separate we shall discover that gems of wisdom and knowledge often are found in streams of laughter and merriment. Are you all ready? (*Boys, being seated alphabetically, respond, Yes!*)

Prof. Why is a wrinkled face like a well ploughed field?

Alfred. Because it has been studying.

Prof. Try again.

Benjamin. Oh, I have it! Because it is furrowed with care.

Prof. Well done, Benjamin! You'll make a fine man some day. May your splendid face never be overcast with the furrows of vice and immorality.

Prof. Why is a farmer like a chicken?

Charles. Because he watches the ground.

Prof. Try again.

David. Because he depends on the earth.

Prof. Try again.

Ernest. Oh, I have it! Because he delights in a full crop.

Prof. Well done, Ernest! May you never be short of the bounties of a kind Providence, and may you always have wisdom to use the good things of life without abusing them.

Prof. Why is a writer more free than a king?

Frank. Because he's very popular.

Prof. Try again.

George. Because he can go anywhere.

Prof. Try again.

Henry. Oh, I have it! Because he can choose his own subjects.

Prof. Well done, Henry! You will astonish the world some day with your literary skill; may you never tarnish your fame by ministering to the depraved tastes of society. It is the privilege of a writer to select his theme or subject; therefore, mark out for yourself an honourable career, and let your highest ambition be to promote the best interests of humanity.

Prof. What is always in fashion?

A. Roast beef and plum pudding.

Prof. Try again.

B. Change of weather.

Prof. Try again.

C. Oh, I have it! The letter F.

Prof. Well done, Charles; you will make an accomplished gentleman some day; many avenues of promotion may be open to you, but beware of false praise and flattery lest you become enslaved by the degraded fashions of society. Fashion's rule is more potent and universal than the mightiest monarch enthroned in state. Let sound wisdom and discretion be your guide, for common sense is of more value

than all the platitudes of dreamy philosophers.

Prof. Mention three degrees of mining speculation.

D. Positive bore.

Prof. Try again.

E. Positive dark, comparative darker.

Prof. Try again.

F. Oh, I have it! Positive mine, comparative miner, superlative minus! (*A laugh.*)

Prof. Well done, Frank! You possess a ready wit and quick perception,—these qualities are given only to the few and bring with them great responsibility. Let your shafts of irony be directed against what is false and contemptible; let your satire assail the follies and vices of men, but never delay the progress of truth by the prostitution of rare qualities, or cast a stumbling-block before a weaker brother struggling for light and liberty.

Prof. When is a ship like a pair of shears?

G. When she tosses about.

Prof. Try again.

H. When she's breaking up.

Prof. Try again.

A. Oh, I have it! When she's a Clipper.

Prof. Well done, Alfred! You have a strong bias for travel and adventure; you would brave the storms of ocean or face the fire of artillery. That ardour and daring implanted in your nature are not without purpose. Where would be the supremacy of Old England were it not for our soldiers and our sailors? Nowhere! While oceans girt the earth we must have sailors, and while nations are fired with the desire for conquest we must have soldiers; but let us remember that it is more blessed to spread peace and civilization than promote war and bloodshed. The pen is mightier than the sword, and he who by his burning eloquence or tender pathos can arouse the

sympathy of a nation and lead men to truth and righteousness is the noblest patriot, and shall live in the hearts of a grateful people when warriors have long been forgotten.

Prof. Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?

B. Because he is penurious.

Prof. Try again.

C. Because he is petulant.

Prof. Try again.

D. Oh, I have it! Because, although he is the first in Pity, he is the last in Help!

Prof. Well done, David! You possess a noble soul, and would scorn to do a mean or cowardly action. Love of country is deeply implanted in your nature. Among the assemblies of our nation's leaders and statesmen there is room for the warm-hearted philanthropist and the christian patriot. Go forward with a deep sense of duty! Care for the suffering; lift up the down-trodden; let justice be tempered with mercy, and without fear or favour steadily and persistently follow the path of truth, honour, and integrity.

Prof. What destroys more than war, pestilence and famine?

E. Smoky chimneys.

Prof. Try again.

F. Shipwrecks.

Prof. Try again.

G. Oh, I have it! Intoxicating drinks!

Prof. Well done, George! You were the foremost to promote a Band of Hope in the village, and I am proud to know you are still a staunch Teetotaler. It is computed that upwards of 109,500 die annually directly or indirectly through drink. How many does that make daily?

H. Three hundred.

Prof. Right! 300 are slain every day through drink. Imagine 365 vessels in her Majesty's service—each vessel carrying 300 souls on board; imagine if you

can, one of these noble ships going down every day—becoming a total wreck—all hands perishing! Imagine each ship running against the same fatal rock! How long would England tolerate such a sacrifice of her noble sons?

A. Not a week!

Prof. Why don't our statesmen stop the drink traffic which is destroying our people and disgracing the fame of England?

B. They are waiting for the unanimous voice of the people.

Prof. Right! The people are the real rulers of the nation, and every lover of old England should unite to rouse the British Lion, to develop public opinion, and when the people rise as one man no Government on earth dare refuse to obey the national will.

And now let me add one word in conclusion. In a few years you will, I trust, be filling important positions in society; all men cannot be statesmen, or poets, or philosophers; some must be merchants, some tradesmen, and some must take to humbler task. Never despise a man however humble his origin; never frown upon honest industry however menial. Let each act his own part fearlessly and faithfully in the place assigned to him; for therein lies the secret of success, and the hope of future honour and advancement. Farewell! May we all meet again when the next term commences—none the worse for this novel and interesting gathering.

HELPING MOTHER.

YOUR hands may be small, but every day

They can do something that's good as play;
They can help mother, and she'll be glad
For all that's done by her lass or lad.

If all the children would think to-day
Of helping mother, as all of them may,

They'd bring in water and wood, and do
A dozen things she would like them to.

For, though hands are small and though
years are few,

There's always something that they can do
To help the mothers and make them glad:
Remember that, little lass and lad.

So help your mothers about their work;
Don't wait for asking,—don't try to shirk.
Do just the best that you can, and she
Will say, "What a help are my dears to
me!" [panion.]

—E. Rexford, in "Boston Youth's Com-

A LITTLE LESSON.

YOU need not be proud of your sunny
hair, [tresses;

For time will change those flowing
You need not be proud of your face so fair,
Though it wins praise and fond caresses!

For the face so lovely may lose its charm—
Disease may its beauty all efface!

And though you are proud of your grace-
ful form, [grace.

Weakness and sickness may mar its
And even if spared, perchance, all these,
Old age will come and will steal away

The beauty you think all hearts should
please [day?

And what will you do, love, in that dark

But be proud of your *soul* and keep it fair—
(A God-given gift) in your early youth;
But temper your pride by faith and prayer
And keep unsullied your girlhood's truth.

KATE TAYLOR.

Juvenile Temperance Stories.—National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand, London. A collection of twenty-four interesting narratives, neatly bound in two volumes. These sketches are by various writers, and most of them are so written as to make a deep impression on the reader. We hope they will have a large sale.

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WITH ONE DOSE

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No. 151, July, 1882.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



JESSIE AND HER DOLL.

JESSIE AND HER DOLL.

SOME children are never weary of dolls, but for hours will be interested in nursing and chatting to a sadly battered wooden one, or even it be only a small bundle of old rags. Sometimes the latter will give more pleasure, and is more of a favourite than a real dressed-up wax doll. In our illustration you will observe little Jessie looking happy and contented with a doll that has

seen better days, and has evidently had some hard knocks and rough handling. It is, however, something more than rags. There is a face and a head, but all the rest seem rags. Jessie, however, is satisfied with it, even if the clothes are rags, and will fondle and kiss it, and talk to it more lovingly than if it had a beautiful face and splendid clothes.

THE GOOD AND TRUE.

HERE'S for those who love the cause,
Giving service without fear,

Asking not for vain applause,
Dreading not the dark and drear,
Flinching not from year to year;
Here's to them with right good will,
All the world shall bless them still!

Here's for those who seek the true,
Careless whether men shall blame,
Careless though they call it new,
Branding love with foul defame,
Scorning such as bear her name;

Here's to them with right good will,
Men shall praise and help them still!

Here's to those who work their mind,
Giving manhood lawful sway,
Leaving each old past behind,
With the new-born living day,
Growing with its growing ray:

Here's to them with right good will,
Earth demands and loves them still!

Here's for all who serve the cause,
Broader, wiser, braver yet,
Brushing off the cob-web flaws,
Owing nature's little debt,
Laughing through its shine or wet;

Here's to them with right good will,
Men and angels crown them still!

FALLEN SO LOW.

BY A PAUPER INMATE OF A CORNISH UNION
WORKHOUSE.

THE spring-time of life, what a beautiful theme,
When each day of childhood brings its
varying scene! [go,
How blithely the little ones laugh as they
Not knowing the meaning of sorrow or
woe! [life blow,
And yet, ere the breezes of their summer-
How many, like me, have fallen fearfully
low!

Fearfully low! who can fathom how deep
The drunkard falls when he falls asleep?
What an awakening is his beyond the
tomb! [dom to come."

For no drunkard can enter that "king-
Oh, merciful God, let Thine anger be slow
On those who, like me, have fallen so low!

The glass and its contents, what a hell-
conceived snare! [glare!

How witching it looks in the gaslight
Like the voice of the syren, its alluring
spell,

Each time you sip, it strikes a fresh knell
To your blighted hopes, and each one as
they go

Just pass the remark, "How fearfully low!"

Although fallen so low, in our memories
gleam [have been ;

The prospect so bright that ours *might*
A home of our own, with the loved one
there,

Sharing each joy and soothing each care.
I've sacrificed all! Would you the secret
know ?

The demon drink has brought me so low.

"Do you know him?" says one, as they
passed into the "Bell."

But it's "What will you take?" (Yes,
know him quite well.)

"Oh, brandy and soda; for I feel 'seedy'
just now. ['Plough.']"

We had a 'sing-song' last night at the
"But who is that fellow we this minute
have passed?" [you've asked;

"Well, to tell you the truth, I'm sorry

"For it's not so long since he was a chum
of my own ;

But he lush'd it so heavy, and such a
drunkard has grown, ['cut.'

That our 'party' at last quite gave him the
I felt rather sorry; for he was not a 'bad
lot.'

But what can you do? I really don't know;
'Society' demands it, when they're fallen
so low."

Would that he knew he was on the same
path ; [would laugh ;

But at my "low-life" warning he simply
He little thinks, whilst taking the drop,
The impetus once given, how hard 'tis to
stop.

Where one is saved, the sad truth we know,
That thousands have fallen fearfully low.

Just thirty-one years have passed over my
head, [I am dead ;

And now, literally speaking, to the world
A pauper's grave and a pauper's home

Is all that are mine; friends I have none.
All this I deserve, I very well know ;

But I grieve when I think I've fallen so
low.

Alcohol! fiend! what name can express
The demon-like qualities thou dost possess?

Murder and suicide, seduction and shame,
Tell the same tale in street and in lane ;

Be he genius or clown, wherever you go,
When under thy spell, is sure to fall low.

Visit the prison, enter each cell,
Ask each inmate his story to tell; [the old

Then to the workhouse—the young and
The same tale of misery they will unfold.

Would you ask the cause? I scarcely need
tell,

'Tis the demon drink, that passport to hell!

But listen! that sounds like a maniac's
scream!

Is it reality, or some horrible dream?
In fancy I hear the clank of the chain,

And the echo of that fiend-like laugh again!
Another victim, with form so fair,

Bereft of her reason, lies shattered there.

Oh, brothers and sisters, join heart and
hand [land ;

To banish this curse from our beautiful
Rest not, nor be weary until you can say,

"Hail! all hail! to this blessed day; [flow,
No more shall the drink our country o'er-

To lay our lov'd ones so fearfully low."

And, oh, merciful Father, Thy aid we
crave [save!

To bless and assist the doomed ones to
"Let the heavenly host proclaim,

He was not crucified in vain!"
Blessed Redeemer, lead us to know

There is hope still for those who are fallen
so low.

And let my cry (like Esau's) reach Thee,
I pray; [away!

"Bless me also, O my Father," ere I pass
Let the dark valley have no terrors for me;

And when I go hence, may it be to meet
Thee. [I know,

The blood of my Saviour can cleanse me
And make me as pure as the "beautiful

snow."

—Devon and Cornwall Temperance Journal.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

LET'S away to the spring, the clear
cold spring!

With its water so pure and so bright!
Where early at morn the lark plumes her
wing,

Ere she soars to the regions of light,
Where early at morn the lark plumes
her wing,

Ere she soars to the regions of light.
Fluttering away so cheerily!

Trilling her notes so merrily!

As she soars to the regions of light,

Fluttering away so cheerily!

Trilling her notes so merrily!

As she soars to the regions of light.

To the spring, to the spring! the limpid
spring;

Where the diamond-like bubbles arise,
As sparkling and bright as a jewelled ring,
And twinkling like stars in the skies!

Commingling, oh, so cheerily!

Then scattering away so merrily!

And twinkling like stars in the skies.

Our thirst let us quench at the healthful
spring,

'Tis refreshing as nectar divine!

No more of the grape's ruddy juice we'll
sing,

Nor partake of its treacherous wine.

We quaff it off so merrily!

And then repent so wearily!

Of drinking the treacherous wine.

Then hurrah for the spring, the cooling
spring,

And farewell to the brain-heating bowl!
Its maddening contents to the dust we'll
fling,

And our names on the pledge we'll enrol.

When sons of temperance, cheerily

We'll form our ranks, and merrily

Hoist her flag, which our names shall
enrol.

HIDDEN SPRINGS.

SEE the rivers flowing
Downwards to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free;
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise,
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread;
Lead the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed;
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth:
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures,
From fair nature learn:
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not, a return.
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

TRIP LIGHTLY OVER TROUBLE.

TRIP lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong:
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though this day may be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark:
Fair hope has not departed,
Though roses may have fled,
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string in gladness,
On this side of the tomb;
While stars are nightly shining,
And heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

SOME TIME.

SOME time, tired heart of mine,
You shall have a long, long rest;
And the quiet evening sun,
Sloping outward to the west,
Creeping in the casement wide,
Shall look on a quiet breast,
Though the birds shall coo and call
As the deeper shadows fall,
You may rest.

Some time, patient eyes of mine,
You may take a long, long sleep;
Though the early morning sun
All along the wall shall creep,
Waxen eyelids will not lift
From the watching which they keep;
Though a sunbeam, overbold,
Seek to part your curtain's fold,
You may sleep.

Some time, striving hands of mine,
There will be a long, long peace;
Loosened from the tasks you hold
Into new and sweet release,
Other hands must place you close
In a dumb amen for grace.
Even love's touch, soft and warm,
Dare not break such prayerful form
Of your peace.

Some time, restless feet of mine,
There will come a long, long day
When you need not cross the sill
From the flushing till the gray.
Other steps must bear you forth
To the place where clay is clay.

Though I led you out at light
They will bring you home when night
Ends our day.

THE LAND OF NOD.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

LAST night I went to the Land of Nod:
What do you think I saw there?
Why, all the babies in all the world,—
Yellow-haired, dark-haired, frowsy, and
curled;
Some black, some tawny, some fair!

"What is the way there?" On and on
Over the velvety sod;
First you go up, and then you go down,
And then you come into Shut-eye-town,
Awaw in the Land of Nod.

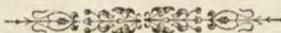
The houses are made of jujube-paste,
And the doors of plum-cake, sliced;
And if you are hungry by day or night,
You may go to the door, and nibble a bite,
All plummy and iced and spiced.

The fountains, you know, run lemonade,
And their playing, it never stops;
And, whenever it rains in that fortunate
town,
Torrents of honey and cream come down,
And lemon and chocolate drops.

Oh, it snows white sugar and pink ice-cream,
And it freezes lemon-ice!
Tall sugar-loaf hills all around you see,
And cookies and tarts grow on every tree,
And they taste remarkably nice.

"Tell you some more?" Oh, I haven't
the time;
But maybe, if each little elf
Will run and climb into mamma's lap,
And cuddle right down for a forty-winks'
nap,
He may see the land himself.
—*The Nursery.*

HAPPY SONG.



MISS LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

We are now in youth's bright morn-ing, Cheer - i - ly we're pass - ing on;

KEY F ² .	{	m : s f : <u>f.m</u> r : l l : f m : s s : <u>f.m</u> m : r r : —
		d : m m : <u>r.d</u> l, : f f : r d : m m : <u>r.d</u> d : t, t, : —
		s : s s : s f : d f : l s : s s : s s : s s : —
		d : d d : d f, : f, f, : f, d : d d : d s, : s, s, : —

Joys a - round us sweet - ly dawn - ing, Tell us joys may yet be won.

{	m : s s : <u>f.m</u> r : l l : f m : s f . m : f . r d : — — :
	d : m m : <u>r.d</u> l, : f f : r d : m r . d : r . t, d : — — :
	s : s s : s f : d f : l s : s s . s : s . f m : — — :
	d : d d : d f, : f, f, : f, s, : s, s, . s, : s, . s, d : — — :

REFRAIN.

We are young and we are hap-py, We are hap-py, hap-py in our song;

{	l : l l : d'	s : s s : m	f : f f : r	m . f : s . l s : -
	d : d d : d	d : m m : d	r : r r : t,	d . r : m . f m : -
	f : f f : f	m : s s : s	s : s s : s	s . s : s . s s : -
	f ₁ : f ₁ f ₁ : l	d : d d : d	s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁	d . d : d . d d : -

We are young and we are hap-py, Hap-py, hap-py in our song.

{	l : l l : d'	s : s s : m	s :-l s . f : m . r	d : - - :
	d : d d : d	d : d d : d	m :-f m . r : d . t,	d : - - :
	f : f f : f	m : m m : s	s :-s s . s : s . f	m : - - :
	f ₁ : f ₁ f ₁ : l	d : d d : d	s ₁ :-s ₁ s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	d : - - :

2 If the charms of earth are fleeting,
And should quickly pass away,
Still the Holy Spirit's greeting
Shall not with those charms decay.
We are young, &c.

3 Wisdom's cheering voice invites us
To the feast of Jesus' love,
And a foretaste here delights us
On our way to realms above.
We are young, &c.

4 When we cross the shining portal
On the banks of yonder shore,
And are clothed in robes immortal
We'll be happy evermore.
We are young, &c.

THE SAD EFFECTS OF DRINK.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS, BY THOMAS HEATH, S. S. SUPERINTENDENT, PLYMOUTH.

CHARACTERS: Miss Sarah Smith, Mistress; Alice, Servant to Miss Smith; Mary Green, Drunkard's Child.

Miss S.

HEAR, Alice, that poor Mary, your sister, was not able to be at school last Sunday.

Alice. True, Miss Smith. She was not able to go to school because of father getting home so late on Saturday night.

Miss S. What do you mean by getting home late on Saturday night? That in itself ought not to have detained your sister from school. I suppose your mother would wait up for him?

A. True, ma'am; but you see father came home drunk, and had spent or lost all his week's wage, and so mother could not buy food for Sunday. Mother told me they had nothing to eat all day, and poor Mary did nothing but cry because she could not go to school; for she loves the Sunday school very much.

Miss S. Poor girl, how sorry I am to hear this. Really, Mary would be far better off if she went into service, like you. Young as she is, she would enjoy more comforts, and get better clothing, and be much happier in every way. I wonder whether she would like me to get her a situation?

A. Oh, yes, ma'am, I'm sure she would; and mother would be so thankful if Mary were taken away from home. For, you see, father gets worse; he spends more money on drink than he used to do, and mother and sister are often deprived of the actual necessaries of life. Besides this, when father is in drink, he uses very bad language, and sometimes even turns them into the street in the middle of the night. As you may know, this causes them great wretchedness, and my

sister would be far better away from such scenes.

Miss S. Really, this drink is a most terrible curse to the homes of thousands in our land! How glad I am I gave it up, and decided not to allow it to be used in my house. The more I hear of its evil workings, the more thankful I feel at my decision, and the more confirmed I am in total abstinence principles.

A. I saw Mary passing this moment. Would you like to speak to her, ma'am?

Miss S. Yes; tell her to come inside the house. I should like to speak to her. *(Exit Alice.)* Poor children, how they both must have suffered by their father's drunkenness! When Alice came into my service she was literally clothed in rags, and was almost worn to a skeleton, and I know poor Mary is much in the same condition. I will do what I can for the girl, if she is willing to go to service. *(Knock.)* Come in, please.

(Enter Alice with her sister Mary.)

Miss S. *(holding out her hand to Mary.)* Poor girl, I see from your pale face and ragged clothes that you are far from comfortable and happy.

Mary. That is true, ma'am.

Miss S. I hear you were not able to go to school last Sunday on account of your father's drunkenness. I am sorry for this, and I know you would not miss school unless you were really compelled.

M. Oh, Miss Smith, it was hard for me, for I do love the Sunday School. I wish father would leave off drinking, and then we should all be happy. You see, ma'am, we had no food all day on Sunday, and mother had to pawn her only dress on Monday morning for a shilling, to buy

a little food. Poor mother is almost heart-broken, for she would like to be respectable, and bring up her children decently.

Miss S. Yes, I am sure she would. I know your mother is a good woman, and it is a thousand pities she is harassed and tormented with a drunken husband. But we must hope your father will become a better man, for nothing is impossible with God, and I know your mother prays to Him daily. Now, Mary, I have been talking to Alice about you going into service; would you like it?

M. Oh, ma'am, that I should.

Miss S. Do you think your mother would wish you to go?

M. Oh, yes; I know she would only be too glad if I could get a place. She was saying this morning, if I could only get with some one as kind as you, it would be a good thing for me.

Miss S. Well, I will do my very best for you, and I think a friend of mine, a young lady recently married, is in want of a girl. I will go and ask her at once, so that if your mother is willing you may prepare to go. I suppose you have signed the pledge, Mary?

M. Yes, indeed; I belong to our Band of Hope at the Sunday School. I have seen enough at home, ma'am, of the misery drink causes, without seeing any more, to make me a teetotaler all my life.

A. I think there is no fear of either Mary or myself ever breaking our pledge, Miss Smith. We know what it is to have a drunken father, and to be deprived of every comfort; and, ma'am, mother has always warned us against strong drink.

Miss S. Now Mary, go into the kitchen with Alice and she will give you something to eat. I will at once go and see the lady I have spoken about, and on my way I will call upon your poor mother, and ask her consent. I always like children to consult their mother before entering

into any engagement. Make yourselves comfortable while I am away. (*Exit Miss S.*)

A. Isn't Miss Smith kind, Mary?

M. She is indeed kind. I only hope I may get so good a mistress as yours is.

A. Now, Mary, we must not forget to do what we agreed upon. Every day we must pray for poor father. Mother is doing the same; and we must keep on praying until he sees his error and becomes a sober man. It is an awful thing to be a drunkard's children; but, dear sister, we must try always to do our duty, and show to others that even drunkards' children can be good, honest, industrious and upright.

M. Yes, dear sister, I will not forget what you say. Do you remember that song we heard at our last Band of Hope meeting?

A. Oh, yes, quite well. Couldn't we manage to sing it?

M. Let us try.

(*They both sing. TUNE—Old Lang Syne.*)

There was a drunkard whom I knew,

A wretched sot was he;

He spent his wages every week,

And starved his family.

And starved his family, my dears,

And starved his family;

He spent his wages every week,

And starved his family.

He often beat his suffering wife,

Also his children three;

And worse than all he vowed to take

Their lives most cruelly.

Their lives most cruelly, my dears, &c.

Both wife and children prayed to God,

That merciful He'd be;

He heard their prayers, and now they are

A happy family.

A happy family, my dears, &c.

So, children, though your father drinks,

You yet may comfort see;

The God of love, who dwells in heaven,

Knows all your misery.

Knows all your misery, my dears, &c.

A. There, now, come into the kitchen, Mary, until Miss Smith returns. (*Exit.*)

THE POOR MAN ROBBED BY THE BEER.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

Tune—"Beautiful Stream."

GH, have you not heard of the publicans' cry?

But it sounds very silly and queer;
They look serious and say, "The teetotalers try

To rob a poor man of his beer."

Oh, heed not the cry about beer!
Of robbing a man of his beer!

'Tis better to see bread and cheese on the shelf,

Than to drink either spirits or beer!

Now, it's certain they know much better than this,

It's the opposite all will declare;

We shall see very plainly there is something amiss;

The poor man is robbed by the beer!

Oh, heed not the cry, &c.

He's robbed of his money—he's robbed of his health,

He's robbed of his time half the year;

While the landlord is busy, and minding himself,

The poor man is *robbed by the beer!*

Oh, heed not the cry, &c.

Poor children are robbed of stockings and shoes,—

Robbed of clothes that others do wear!

And to dress up the landlady's children profuse,

The poor man is *robbed by the beer!*

Oh, heed not the cry, &c.

The poor drunkard's wife is robbed day by day,

And her cupboard is empty and bare,

While the beer-shop and tavern get roast beef and pie,

The poor man is *robbed by the beer!*

Oh, heed not the cry, &c.

The home of the drunkard is of everything robbed,

While his wife goes ragged and bare!
Should she go to the drnkery she only gets snubbed,

While the man is *robbed by the beer!*

Oh, heed not the cry, &c.

Now you see very plain it is robbing the man,

Who his cash with the publicans share,
Whose trade is in fault, and they'll cry while they can,

"Don't rob a poor man of his beer."

Oh, heed not the cry, &c.

Then heed not the cry, but take care of yourself!

And to him who hath ears let him hear!

'Tis better by far to have good food on the shelf,

Than to drink either spirits or beer.

Oh, heed not the cry, &c.

Now Ready. Price 1d. No. 16.

EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOYS RECITER.

BY S. KNOWLES.

—:—:—

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THE LANDLORD IN A FIX. A Dialogue for Ten, with Song. *Characters:* Slyfox, landlord of the Roaring Lion; Mrs. Slyfox; Robin Styles, a drunkard; Clara Styles; Bill Watkins, Joe Blore, and Tom Fisher, nightly visitors at the Roaring Lion, &c.
I am Coming to Woo Thee (a sequel to "The Lips that touch Liquor shall never touch mine").

What is a Man?

Would I had Signed!

Wherever can thy Fayther be! (Lancashire dialect.)

A Blighted Flower.

Bitter Remorse.

Don't you know. (For Two.)

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Nothing to Rue.

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 152, August, 1882.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



COACH AND HORSES.

COACH AND HORSES.

THAT afternoon there was a cold rain out-of-doors, and the fire in the nursery did not burn well; so the little folks had leave to go into the kitchen for a good play. It was nice and warm there, and Ellen was gone out.

After a while Ruth said: "Well, I think the children must be having a good time, from the noise they make!" and she went and peeped into the kitchen to see what was going on.

They had made a coach of the kitchen table. Paul was driving; he had a seat on top, with baggage around him—odd looking luggage, some of it was! Allan,

Laura, and Marion were in the coach—that is, under the table; and four kitchen chairs, which were harnessed up for horses, were being driven at a noisy rate.

"We're going through a jungle, Ruth, and we are afraid a tiger may come. That's the reason I have to drive so fast; and it's hard work getting through, I can tell you!"

"I should suppose it would be, Mr. Paper Cap!" Ruth said, laughing. "And I should think you had been lost in a jungle, by the look of your hair; you cannot see the way to drive, unless you brush it out of your eyes."—From "*A Houseful of Children*."

THE MAGPIE'S LECTURE.

IN early times, the story says,
When birds could talk and lecture,
A magpie called her feathered friends
To teach them architecture.

"To build a nest, my courteous friends,"
They all began to chatter,
"No need to teach us that, good Mag;
'Tis such an easy matter!"

"To build a nest," Professor Mag
Resumed her speech demurely,
"First choose a well-forked bough, wherein
The nest may sit securely."

"Of course," said Jenny Wren. "Now
Two sticks for the foundation," [cross
"O, all know that," quoth Mr. Rook,
"Without this long oration."

"Now bend some tender twigs, to form
The round sides of the dwelling."
"A fool knows that," exclaimed the
thrush,
"Without a magpie's telling."

"Next take some wool, and line the nest,
And bind it well together,"
"Why that's as clear," exclaimed the owl,
"As stars in frosty weather!"

While thus they talked, Professor Mag
Her nest had half completed;
And growing quiet indignant now,
To see how she was treated;

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said,
"I see you're all so clever,
My lessons are superfluous—
I leave you, then, for ever."

Away she flew and left the birds
Their folly to discover,
Who now can build but half a nest
And cannot roof it over.

The magpie sits beneath her roof,
No rain or hail can pelt her;
The others, brooding o'er their young,
Themselves enjoy no shelter.

—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

REV. R. W. ESSINGTON, M.A.

OUT of her bed, on the right side
leaped

My Lily, my lovable daughter ;
And giving no trouble to anyone, stept
Straight into her tub of cold water.

And she rubbed herself down while her
sisters were dressed,

Who happened that day to be tartars ;
While Lily of good little girls was the
best,

The pink of all nursery parterres.

Then she prayed to the Lord, and she
prayed with her heart,

Her innocent wishes arraying, [part,
And as she had chosen, like Mary, her
Like Mary was blest in her praying.

At breakfast, how happy, how thankful
was she,

Although the toast only was dripping ;
And then she tripped off—oh, how blest
we should be,

If a fall never followed such tripping.

ON THE WRONG SIDE.

OUT of her bed, on the wrong side
crept,

My Lily, my petulant daughter ;
And stamping, and frowning, she fretted
and wept, [water.

And she deluged the house with hot
She would not be washed, and she would
not be dressed,

And snatched at her stockings and
garters ;
And Janet, for sympathy, screamed, and
the rest

Of the family party were martyrs.

And she prayed with her lips, it was
playing a part, [praying ;

And the soul was the worse for her

For while she was saying, "Our Father,
which art,"

She hardly knew what she was saying.

At breakfast she flooded the butter with
tea, piping ;

The loaf with her porridge was drip-
And so ended the meal, at last, with a flea
In her ear ; for I gave her a whipping.

NORAH AND THE MAGISTRATE.

HARRIET A. GLAZEBROOK.

THE magisterial duties
And robes were laid aside.

Came Norah to her father—
To the drawing-room they hied.

Drawn were the crimson curtains,
Lit was the fragrant brand ;

So, sitting by the fireside,
They chatted, hand in hand.

Oh, there was mirth and wisdom
When Norah spoke or smiled.

Her father half adored her—
Half feared his clever child.

And now he spoke in banter :
"To bed has gone the sun,

The hours of toil are ended,
And what has Norah done ?"

"To-day, pa, in an essay,
I've Freedom's flag unfurled !
I've toured across my atlas,
And roamed o'er half the world !

To-night, o'er Lindley Murray
A victory I have won !

Now, 'tis *your* turn, papa, dear :
So, what has father done ?"

He laughed : "Not coped, dear Norah,
With Lindley Murray's rules,

But I have sent to prison
Three stupid, drunken fools !

All day I have been busy,
And idleness eschewed,

For all the public houses
I've licenses renewed."

The thoughtful child was silent,
Then gravely said: "In this,
I must confess, papa, dear,
I think you've done amiss!
For first you send to prison
The wretched, drunken men,
Then license public houses
To make them drunk again!"

The father looked at Norah,
And Norah looked at him;
The child was too keen-sighted,
The father's eyes too dim!
Awhile he stroked his whiskers,
Then, musingly, he said—
"'Tis time that little maidens
Should all be safe in bed!"

BABY'S BELONGINGS.

WHAT may the little baby eat?
Kisses and milk?
Kisses and milk, both warm and sweet;
These may the little baby eat.

What may the little baby wear?
Smiles and silk?
Sunniest smiles and glossiest silk,
Ribbons of blue, or white as milk,
Smiles that bathe it with golden air,
From the sole of the foot to the crown of
the hair;
These may the little baby wear.

Soft is the little cambric robe,
Soft is the zephyr's wool,
That touches the pink ear's tiny robe;
The softest linen and wool.
Linen is cool, and warm is wool,
And the baby's bureau-drawer is full
Of the finest linen and warmest wool.

Warm and soft is the blanket wrap,
Cool is the linen dress;
Warm is the silver porringer's pap,
Cool is the dainty white lace cap
That the little head doth press.

But white, and softer, pink and warm
As silk or linen or wool, the form
That is set like a jewel so fairly;
And baby herself, in her pretty dress,
Is prettier far, we all confess,
And sets it off most rarely.

KING ALCOHOL'S APOSTROPHE AFTER A DEFEAT.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

YE'RE driving me out! Ye're driving
me out! [rout;
For ye'll finally conquer and put me to
But I'll cling while I've strength to the
forms once divine,
And I'll my slaves gladden, with the
maddening wine!
I'll shatter the homesteads you've built
with such care; [the hair;
I'll dim the bright eye, and I'll whiten
I'll fill the young wife and the children
with dread,
And through infinite cunning deprive
them of bread.

Ye're driving me out! Ye're driving me
out! [shout,
With full many a song, and full many a
And your strength is from God. Ah! I
know it full well,
And your battles are waged 'gainst the
armies of hell;
But I'm true to my own that have taken
my name,
That have given up character, fortune and
fame; [them to rags,
So I'll poison their blood, and I'll strip
Though your banners hang thick from the
hills and the crags.

Ye're driving me out! Ye're driving me
out! a doubt;
Ye have sapped my foundation, I haven't
But the more I am weakened the more I
will try; [to the sky!
I will build up my towers till they reach

My temples I'll deck till they shine like
true gold,
And spread out my lures for the young
and the old!
Ho! ho! these, my minions! the slaves of
my will,
Our flag is in danger! on, on to the Still.
On, on, for our foemen are valiant in
fight!
In bright Gospel armour they strike for
the right; [strewn
On, slaves of the cup, till the desert is
With bones black and scorched by the
dreadful simoon.
They are driving me out! they are driving
me out!
For they'll finally conquer and put me to
rout;
But I'll stand by my own till God thunders
"Too late,"
And shuts me outside the millennium gate.

THREE MAIDEN SISTERS.

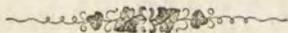
JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

WHERE the sun shines brightest
All the summer day,
Where the air is lightest
Earliest blooms the May;
Where the cuckoo's softest
Notes at eve are heard
In sweet answer, oft as
Calls her lover-bird,
Dwell three maids, the rarest
That your eyes may see,
Brightest, best and fairest;
Sisters are the three,
Sisters that no lover
Yet by love disparts—
What youth can discover
How to gain their hearts?
Maud is tall and stately,
Pale browed, hair like coal,
Large black eyes, that greatly
Move the gazer's soul.

Grace is light and airy,
Gay and debonair,
Agile as a fairy,
Fresh as mountain air.
Rose is like the morning,
With its ruddy dies;
Vainly comes the warning
To shun her beaming eyes.
Winning as fair witches
On Walpurgis night,
Pure as saints in niches,
Are those sisters bright.
Like, yet differing ever
As triple hues of light,
Diverse while yet they sever,
But, joining, turned to white;
Or, as three bell-tones, chiming,
Divergent till they meet,
Blent in harmonious timing,
Grow into concord sweet.
Would you know the dwelling
Where those sisters dwell?—
Ah! that would be telling,
And I never tell.
But, in breezy weather,
At the morning's rise,
I meet them on the heather
With bees and butterflies:
And when shadeless moonlight
Fills the aureate air
In the glorious June light
Of midsummer fair,
I see them in cool grotto
By bubbling fountain brims,
Like sylvan group that Watteau
With wondrous pencil limns:
And when autumn daylight
Fades from out the sky,
Like fays beneath the pale light
Their flitting forms I spy.
Then, as those forms and faces
Through the gloaming move,
I dream of Christian graces—
Of FAITH and HOPE and LOVE.

—University Magazine.

COLD WATER FOR ME.



R. E. HUDSON.

Oh, come and join our Temp'rance band, For truth and right we'll firm-ly stand, We're

KEY F flat.

}	.s ₁	s ₁ .,d : d .,r m .,f : m .,m	r .,d : r .,m d .,l : s ₁ .,s ₁
	.s ₁	s ₁ .,s ₁ : s ₁ .,s ₁ d .,d : d .,d	t ₁ .,l : t ₁ .,t ₁ l .,f : m ₁ .,m ₁
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CHORUS.

joined to- geth-er hand in hand, Cold wa-ter for me. Cold wa-ter is my mot-to, Cold

CHORUS.

}	s ₁ .,d : d .,r m .,f : m .,d	.m : m r : d	.s ₁ s ₁ .,d : d .,r m .,m : -d
	m ₁ .,s ₁ : s ₁ .,s d .,d : d .,d	.d : d t ₁ : d	.s ₁ s ₁ .,s : s .,s ₁ d .,d : -s ₁
	d .,m : m .,f s .,s : s .,m	.s : s f : m	.m m .,m .,f s .,s : -m
	d .,d : d .,d d .,d : d .,d	.s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : d	.d d .,d : d .,d d .,d : -d

wa - ter, I'm a cold wa - ter boy, Cold wa - ter is my mot-to, Cold wa - ter for me.
girl,

{	r .d : d ,l, .l, l, ,d .s, :-s,	s, .d : d .,r m .m :-d	.m : m r : d
	l, .l, : l, ,f, .f, f, ,f, .m, :-s,	s, .s, : s, .s, d .d :-d	.d : d t, : d
	f .f : f ,d .d d ,d .d :-m	m .m : m .,f s .s :-m	.s : s s.f : m
	f, .f, : f, ,f, .f, f, ,f, .d :-d	d .d : d .,d d .d :-d	.s, : s, s, : d

2 Cold water, pure cold water bright,
Shall be our watchword day and night,
We're sure to conquer in this fight,
Cold water for me.
Cold water is my motto, &c.

3 We'll never drink the poisoned cup ;
No ! we'll not even take a sup
Of that which ruins, hangs men up :
Cold water for me.
Cold water is my motto, &c.

4 We'll pray, we'll vote, we'll sing, we'll shout,
Until we've put the demon out,
Then for the right and truth we'll shout,
Cold water for me.
Cold water is my motto, &c.



HOW TO MAKE ALL THE WORLD TEETOTALERS.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

CHARACTERS : Tom and Bill.

Tom.

TSAY, Bill, you ought to have been at the lecture last night.

Bill. Of course I know I ought to have been there, if I could. But I couldn't; don't you see that? Father had a special job to finish, and I stayed at home to help him.

T. Well, you should have been there. It was jolly fun; and didn't he tell a crammer, that's all!

B. Who?

T. Why, the lecturer, certainly. What do you think he said? Why, he said if there was only one teetotaler in the world now, and he was to get one man to sign the pledge in a year, and then both of them got one each the next year, and so on, each getting one a year, everybody in the world would be a teetotaler in thirty years.

B. Did he say that for true?

T. He just did; and if that isn't a crammer, I don't know what is—ha! ha! ha!

B. But, Tom, may be the man was right after all. It may be true.

T. True! It can't be true. Why, look here. At the end of the first year there would be only two, wouldn't there? Then the second year, only four; third year, only eight. Why, it would be a thousand years making the world teetotal at that rate.

THE WASP IN THE PEAR.

IT was near to the close of an autumn day, [play; When Willy ran in to the orchard to Or, rather, to look if perchance there might be [tree. A pear that had dropped from his favourite

B. Stop a minute, Tom, I'll figure it out myself; lend me your lead-pencil, and I'll use the back of this envelope for a piece of paper. I'll keep on multiplying thirty times.

[While Bill industriously works at his figures, Tom may sing a Temperance Melody.]

B. Eureka! I've got it, and he is right. Just look here, Tom. I read the other day that the people in all the world were reckoned to be a thousand millions; and in thirty years, according to the lecturer's way of making them, there would be a thousand and seventy-three million, seven hundred and forty-one thousand, eight hundred and twenty-four teetotalers, and that's *more* than there would be people.

T. Nonsense, Bill; you're fooling!

B. Yes, there would; just look at the figures—1,073,741,824.

[Tom takes the paper, and looks it over.]

T. Well, I do declare, if it isn't right! I certainly thought it was a crammer, and the very idea made me laugh.

B. Then don't be in such a hurry next time to doubt what the lecturers say. But come, Tom, it is nearly school-time. Let's be off, and see if we can't fool some of the other fellows. At any rate it is a first-rate hint for all to go to work, and *each* one should do his share.

So thither he scampered, and presently found
A beautiful one, which lay there on the ground.
Its colours were rich, and he knew it was sweet;
So he seized it with joy, and began it to eat.

Oh, how happy was he thus its juices to
taste! [chased,
But, alas! his enjoyment was speedily
For a wasp was concealed in the pulp of
the pear, [there;
And Willy soon painfully found it was
For, pressed in his mouth, the passionate
thing
Pierced his tongue and his lips with its
venomous sting.
With screams and with tears to his mother
he ran, [began;
Who at once to reprove and relieve him
And the means which a mother knows
how to employ [boy.
Soon abated the pain of her much-loved
But she thought an event which such an-
guish had caused,
Bestowed an occasion too good to be lost
For storing with cautions the mind of her
son,
Which might guide and preserve him as
life should roll on.
"Ah, Willy," she said, "there are hun-
dreds of things
That are lovely without, but within have
their stings.
When pleasure allures thee, take heed of
her snare, [the pear
Else, oft thou wilt find there's a wasp in
Thus the drink of the drunkard doth thou-
sands entice;
How short-lived the pleasure! how fear-
ful its price!
Health, money, friends, peace, are but part
of the cost; [lost.
Reputation and life, and the soul, too, are
The joy of an hour or two, after it brings
Guilt, piercing the conscience with terrible
stings.
In this world the anguish is oftentimes
great; [ards await.
But a doom far more dreadful doth drunk-
Oh, then, Willy, when tempted to taste it,
beware,
And always remember *the wasp in the pear.*"

OUR OLD PUMP.

YES, there's the Old Pump standing,
With his handle hanging down;
With a blue cap on his head,
And a coat of russet brown.

He's a many years of age;
Yet still he is strong and stout;
And though he's at work all day,
He is never wearied out.

A true friend is Mr. Pump
To many around our way;
Full many a score he serves,
With sparkling water each day.

I'll tell you another thing—
He is always found at home;
Not like some of those he serves,
Who gossiping love to roam.

As to accommodation—
There's a hook to hang the pail,
And a chain hangs by his side
With ladle to regale.

And though the ladle is bent
And battered about the lip,
You should see the boys from school
All running to get a sip.

But a little time ago
Our Old Pump was very ill;
In fact he seemed awful bad—
We thought he would need a pill.

Some naughty boys, I am told,
Played pranks with our old friend Pump;
He ought to have raised his arm,
And given to each a thump.

But soon the Pump Doctor came,
And plastered him up with care;
So under his skilful hands
Pump's health was soon in repair.

And now he's quite hale again,
And serves us with water clear;
Better than the nasty stuff
That some people call "good beer."

Drink water, then, my young friends,
A boon to body and brain—
Water, the drink pure and bright,
And from all strong drink abstain.

C. B., Over, Cambs.

A FABLE.

A FLOWER on the bank of a brooklet
Said, "Dear brook, I'm very dry;
Just give me a taste of fresh water,
As swiftly you hurry by."
"I've only enough for myself," said the
brook,
"And naught for charity."

"O cloud," said the brook, remember
I'm expected soon at sea,
And I'm almost out of fresh water;
Then, O cloud, remember me,"

"I've nothing to give," said the cloud,
unless
"Tis a little sympathy."

"O sea," said the cloud, "you're rich and
full,

You can give me all I need;
If I had a quarter as much as you,
All cries for help I'd heed."

"I haven't too much," said the sea; "and
then
"Tis my duty myself to feed."

"Sweet flower," said the bee, "just give
me a taste

Of the honey within your cup;"
By drawing near the bee perceived
The flower was all withered up,
So he said no more, but sought beyond
A better place to sup.

The sun was sailing along the sky,
And he saw the withered flower,
And the pebbly bed of the brook, now dry,
And the cloud bereft of power,
And the gasping sea, as restless quite
As if it had no power.

And he smiled a smile so bright and warm,
That the sea was ashamed of his greed,
And sent a donation up to the cloud;
The cloud supplied the brook's need,
And the brook the flower; the flower the
bee
Abundantly did feed.

Our hearts are hard as the cold, hard
stones,
As pitiless as the sea,
Till the Sun of Righteousness arise
Our selfishness to see.
Let us pray, my friends, for a bright warm
smile
To fall on you and me.

STRIKES.

STRIKES are quite proper, only strike right;
Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight;
Strike for your manhood, for honour and fame;
Strike right and left, till you win a good name;
Strike for your freedom from all that is vile;
Strike off companions who often beguile;
Strike with the hammer, the sledge, and the axe;
Strike off bad habits with burdensome tax;
Strike out unaided, depend on no other;
Strike without gloves, and your foolishness
smother;
Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride;
Strike where 'tis best, but let wisdom decide;
Strike a good blow while the iron is hot;
Strike, keep striking, till you hit the right spot.

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RUTH'S MISTAKE.

RUTH'S MISTAKE.

"WHAT is the matter, girls? Don't you want to go?" asked Mamma. "It is a beautiful morning, and I can spare Ruth as well as not."

"I'd like the drive with Papa," said Ruth, "but—but—I don't like Edith Morton very much!"

"What do you know about her to dislike, daughter?" asked the Doctor, a little gravely.

"Oh, nothing, Papa,—only, she has such a proud way. I didn't think I should want to go there; but I'll go if you want me to."

"I think you have judged her unkindly, my child; she seems to me a very lovely girl. I have seen her a number of times, too. Her baby brother has been quite sick, and his illness has made him very

fretful. Mrs. Morton says no one can quiet him so well as Edith, and she will sit and hold him and sing to him by the hour.

"I found her tending him the last time I called there. It was a pretty picture. Mrs. Morton was not in the room, and the child fretted at the sight of a stranger; but his young nurse soothed him in a very gentle way.

"I do not believe a child can be very disagreeable who is so loving and kind to a younger brother or sister."

Eva blushed; she was thinking of her impatience with little Marion; and Ruth, too, looked uncomfortable, for she felt that she had been unkind to Edith, in her thoughts and words.—From "*Houseful of Children.*"

THE LANDLORD OF "THE BLUE HEN."

BY PHEBE CARY.

ONCE, a long time ago, so good stories begin,
There stood by the roadside an old-fashioned inn,
An inn which its landlord had named The Blue Hen.
While he by his neighbours was called Uncle Ben.

At least they quite often addressed him that way
When ready to drink, but not ready to pay, [cash
Though when he insisted on having the
They went off muttering "rummy" and
"old brandy smash."

He sold barrels of liquor, but still the old
"Hen" [Ben,
Seemed never to flourish and neither did
For he drank up his profits, as every one
knew, [up too.
Even those who were drinking their profits

So with all they could drink and with all
they could pay [day.
The landlord grew poorer and poorer each
Men said as he took down the gin from
the shelf, [self.
The steadiest customer was old Ben him-

There was hardly a man living there in
the street [to eat.
But had too much to drink and too little
The women about the old Hen got the
blues, [shoes.
The girls had no bonnets, the boys had no

When a poor fellow died, he was borne on
his bier
By comrades whose hands shook with
brandy and fear;
For, of course, they were terribly frightened,
and yet [and forget.
They went back to The Blue Hen to drink

There was one jovial farmer who couldn't
get by [feeling dry;
The door of The Blue Hen without
One day he discovered his purse growing
light, said; he was right.
"There must be a leak somewhere," he

Then there was the blacksmith (the best
ever known,
Folks said, if he'd only let liquor alone,
Let his forge cool so often at last he forgot
To heat up his iron and strike while 'twas
hot.

A miller going home from The Blue Hen
'twas said, [baby's bed,
While his wife sat and wept by his sick
Had made a false step, and slept all night
alone
In the bed of the river instead of his own.

Even poor Ben himself could not drink of
the cup

Of fire-water forever without burning up;
He grew sick, fell to raving, declared that
he knew [so too.

No doctors could help him, and they said
He told those about him, the ghosts of the
men [Blue Hen,

Who used in their lifetime to haunt The
Had come back, each one bringing his
children and wife,

And trying to frighten him out of his life.
Now he thought he was burning; the very
next breath [death;

He shivered and cried he was freezing to
That the peddler lay by him, who long
years ago [in the snow.

Was put out of The Blue Hen and died

He said that the blacksmith, who turned
to a sot, [red-hot;
Laid him out on an anvil and beat him
That the builder who swallowed his
brandy, fourth-proof,
Was pitching him downward, head first
from the roof.

At last he grew frantic, he clutched at the
sheet [feet,
And cried that the miller had hold of his
Then leaped from his bed with a terrible
scream [under the stream.
That the dead man was dragging him

Then he ran, and so swift that no mortal
could save, [the wave,
He went over the bank and went under
And his poor lifeless body next morning
was found [was drowned.
In the very same spot where the miller

"'Twasn't liquor that killed him," some
said, "that was plain,
He was crazy, and sober folks might be
insane!" [said;
"'Twas *delirium tremens*," the coroner
But whatever it was, he was certainly
dead.

THE ROAD TO SLUMBERLAND.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

WHAT is the road to Slumberland?
and when does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's
arms when the sun is sinking low.

He goes by the drowsy "land of nod" to
the music of "lullaby,"
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold,
under the evening sky.

A soft little night-gown, clean and white;
a face washed sweet and fair;
A mother brushing the tangles out of the
silken, golden hair;

Two little tired, satiny feet, from the shoe
and the stocking free;

Two little palms together clasped at the
mother's patient knee;

Some baby-words that are drowsily lisped
to the tender Shepherd's ear,

And a kiss that only a mother can place
on the brow of her baby dear;

A little round head which nestles at last
close to the mother's breast,

And the lullaby soft and low, singing the
song of rest;

And close and closer the blue-veined lids
are hiding the baby eyes,

As over the road to Slumberland the dear
little traveller hies.

For this is the way, through mother's
arms, all little babies go,

To the beautiful city of Slumberland when
the sun is sinking low.

—Nursery.

THE "BLUE RIBBON."

BY E. WENTWORTH, D.D.

WHAT means this grand uprising of
the masses in their might?

These legions all a-field, and panoplied for
fight [and women true,

With Alcohol, the ancient foe! brave men
'List in the ranks of temperance, and don
the conquering "blue."

The gallant host advances to break the
tyrant's chain,

Who from dishonoured manhood takes
virtue, purse, and brain.

The conflict will not linger, the glorious
end's in view,

And victory soon will perch upon the
banner of the "blue."

All o'er our broad republic they're wheel-
ing into line; [colors shine.

From Maine to California the winning

"Reform!" the stirring watchword! to
home and country true,
All patriot Americans put on the social
"blue."

No more we "creeds" or "politics" or
"partisans" regard—

Republican or Democrat, or money soft
or hard; [or Jew,

Or Catholic, Freethinker, or Protestant,
No sect or party line divides the wearers

of the "blue."

French, Irish, Germans, Yankees—all
nationalities

Make common cause in this good war on
common enemies, ["cider, too."

Wine, rum, gin, whisky, brandy, lager, and
All fall beneath the righteous ban of those
that wear the "blue."

The sons of blight and sorrow, inebriates,
lead the van,

To sign the pledge, oh, hasten! Pale
woman, stalwart man;

Ye youth and maidens follow, and "tip-
plers" not a few,

While smiling hundreds cheer ye on,
rejoicing in the "blue."

The ranks are hourly swelling, all hearts
are thrilled with joy;

The wife reclaims her husband, the mother
her long-lost boy;

And maiden yet unwedded, this whispered
word to you,

You now may trust the plighted vow—
your lover wears the "blue."

Oh, how the pulses quicken as everywhere
we meet

The badge of love and brotherhood in car
or crowd or street!

To homeliest garb the "ribbon" imparts
a freshening hue,

And rags seem robes of beauty in the
sheen of sparkling "blue."

And eighteen hundred and seventy-eight
 will long remembered be,
 By scores redeemed from bondage sore,
 as the year of jubilee,
 When hope and faith revived, and life
 began anew,
 While comrades bound upon their breasts
 the beauteous badge of "blue."
 We'll wear the glorious color as the hurrying
 years go by;
 And fight beneath the banner of temperance
 till we die.
 And when brief life is ended, and ye
 casket us from view,
 With "cross and crown" on coffin lay a
 loving knot of "blue."

—
 "PURE LIQUOR."

DIED on Friday, the paper said,
 Of delirium tremens, kind-hearted
 Fred.

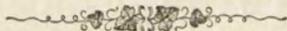
Simple the words, but they tell a tale
 Which makes the faces of men grow pale;
 That chills the blood and freezes the heart,
 As they dream and wake with a feverish
 start [bound,
 At thought of the maniac, fettered and
 Of the heart-broken family weeping
 around,
 Mourning for him once so cheery and
 strong;
 Weeping for him who was father so long;
 Working steady and working well,
 With ceaseless clang the hammer fell;
 We heard it clear on the morning air,
 At eve it told us Fred was there;
 For twenty years scarce missing a day,
 Early and late, the neighbors say.
 Once a faithful husband, a father kind,
 Then a raging maniac, body and mind;
 A liquid hell in his burning veins,
 Racked and torn by distorting pains,
 Cowering and shrinking in trembling
 dread

From the conjured monster with hydra-
 head;
 Raving and cursing when the fever burns,
 Moans and prays when reason returns;
 His throbbing temples seeming to burst—
 Slowly dying with the terrible thirst;
 Slowly, surely; passing away;
 Slowly changing from flesh to clay.
 Again delirium howls and reels
 At sight of terrors it sees and feels;
 He struggles to close, in deadly strife,
 With the famishing demon that seeks his
 life.
 He falls and falls; with a last, long cry,
 Evil has won, and he must die.
 The gasping breath—the end comessoon—
 Silence falls in that death-laden room;
 A hollow rattle, a quiver—he's dead!
 All that was earthly of our neighbor Fred.
 And they've taken him over on the Island
 Hill;
 There he is lying now, cold and still.

—
 AN ACROSTIC ON THE WORD
 DISTILLERY.

DRINK naught that's made within my
 walls, list to my warning voice:
 I deal in strongest poisons here, just
 watered to men's choice.
 Save all your money, laboring men, and
 then you'll wisely see
 'T were better far to burn it all than take
 strong drink from me.
 I and my masters are the cause of every
 drunkard's woe;
 Leave off this dangerous trifling, then,
 which hurts your body so.
 Look all around, and see the ills which
 spots like me have wrought;
 E verywhere see my handiwork—give
 that your deepest thought.
 R esolve without delay, and then, if from
 my path you look,
 Y ou'll live to bless the very day that my
 advice you took.

NO! NOT I.



DR. J. B. HERBERT.

Take a drink! No! not I; Take a drink! No! not I;

KEY D.	}		: r' ., m' d' :		: t ., d' l : -
			: f ., s m :		: r ., m d : -
			: t ., t d' :		: se., se l : -
		d ., m s : s ., s l : l ., d m : m ., m f : -			

No! No! Rea-son's taught me bet-ter Than to bind my ver-y

}	s :	l :	t . l : s . f m . r :	
	r :	r :	r . f : m . r d . t . :	
	t :	fe :	s . s : s . s s . s :	
	s :	r :	s . s : s . s s . s ., l . t d ., r : m . f	

CHORUS, *Spirited.*

soul With a gall - ing fet - ter. Oh, wa - ter, sweet and cool, Clear

}	l . s : f . m	r . d : t ₁ . l ₁	s ₁ . d		s	m . s : s . , l	s : d'
					m	d . , m : m . , f	m : s
					d'	s . , d' : d' . , d'	d' : d'
					d	d . , d : d . , d	d : m

wa - ter, cool and free, Pure wa - ter has no cru - el chains for you and me.

}	t ₁ . , r' : r' . , m'	r' : s	m' . r' : d' . t	d' . l : s . f	m : r	d
	s ₁ . , s : s . , s	s : s	s . s : s . s	s . f : m . f	d : t ₁	d
	r' . , t : t . , d'	t : t	d' . t : d' . r'	d' . d' : d' . d'	d' . s : f	m
	s . , s : s . , s	s : s	d . r : m . f	m . f : s . l	s : s ₁	d

2 Take a drink! No! not I,
 I have seen too many
 Taking drinks like that of yours
 Stript of ev'ry penny.
 Oh, water, &c.

3 Take a drink! No! not I,
 By God's blessing, never
 Will I touch, or taste, or smell,
 Henceforth and for ever.
 Oh, water, &c.

THE CHOICE OF TRADES.

(Eleven Boys and Girls arranged in a semi-circular group, so as to present their faces in part to the audience, in part towards each other.)

ONE OF THE LARGER BOYS, standing near the centre.

COME, boys and girls,
Let's each of us now
Choose the trade we will have
When we're women and men.

We are all temperance soldiers,
So let what will come,
Our trade sha'n't encourage
The traffic in rum.

Tom Bent, you're the oldest, [right,]
We'll begin where *you* stand (at his
And I'll speak after Joseph,
Standing here at this hand (at his left).

TOM BENT. I'll be a farmer;
But you never shall hear
That Thomas Bent's hops
Ever make lager-beer,
Or that Thomas Bent's apples
Make cider to drink—
For vinegar and cooking
He'll have plenty, I think.
And I'll raise such fine crops
To make men grow strong;
I shall just sing and whistle
The summer day long.

SECOND BOY. I'll be a lawyer;
But I never will lend
My counsel to bad men,
A bad cause to defend.
And I'll work without fees
If I ever can aid
The cold-water army
To put down the rum trade.

GIRL. I'll be a dressmaker
And milliner too;
My dresses and bonnets
Will be wonders to view.
And I'll do what I can
That they never shall hide
The sorrowful heart
Of a rum-drinker's bride.

BOY OR GIRL. I'll be a school-teacher,
And shall do what I can
To make of each lad
A good temperance man.
And I'll teach all my girls
To regard with a frown
Both tobacco and rum,
And so put them down.

GIRL OR BOY. I'll be a missionary
When I've grown good and wise,
And teach the dark pagans
The way to the skies.
I shall tell them the path
That by drunkards is trod
Leads far, far away
From our Father and God.

BOY. I'll be a sailor,
Then captain, some day,
And sail o'er the ocean
To lands far away.
But old Alcohol never
Shall step on *my* deck,
For where'er *he* is harbored
There's sure to be wreck.

BOY. I'll be a doctor;
And when folks are ill,
I'll be ready to cure them
With powder or pill.
But I ne'er will prescribe
Whisky, brandy, or gin,
To awaken old tastes,
Or the new to begin.

GIRL. I'll be a housekeeper,
To broil, bake, and stew,
And take care of my house
As our mothers do.
I'll look after my household,
And ever despise
Putting wine on the table
Or brandy in pies.

BOY. *I'll be a merchant,
And keep a big store,
With large piles of goods
And clerks by the score.
And I'll pay better wages
Than other men do,
If they'll all be teetotalers,
Tried men and true.*

JOSEPH (*at the left hand*). *I mean to fill
An editor's station,
For his words reach men's ears
All over the nation.
I'll get good for myself,
And do good to others,
And try to help all,
As though they were brothers;
No matter what fashionable wine-
bibbers say, [safe way.
I'll teach total abstinence's the only*

FIRST BOY AGAIN. *A member of Con-
gress
I'm intending to be;
Perhaps Vice-President
You'll one day me see!
And if I help make laws
For this nation of nations,
Neither sailors nor soldiers
Will get rum with their rations.
And I'll do what I can
To lay by on the shelves
All the members who drink
And make fools of themselves.*

ALL TOGETHER IN CONCERT.

*True and earnest boys and girls
Who will work with a will
Can take a long step
Toward removing this ill.*

A. SWASEY OBEAR.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO PERSONS. BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

Question.

DOES the butterfly ever get dry,
As it floats on wings of golden
hue? [on the pink,
It seems to think, when it lights
And the violet stored with dew.

Answer.

The butterfly soft, that soars aloft
On its wings of gold and starry blue,
More than twice would think before it
would drink
Anything stronger than honey-dew.

Question.

The roses stirred when the humming-bird
Dipped its bill in their fragrant bowl;
Does he put a drop in his rainbow crop,
And dance and sing like a jolly soul?

Answer.

I give you my word that the humming-
bird
Is a teetotaler through and through;
If he puts a drop in his radiant crop,
You know that he never gets blue.

Question.

The eagle that flies until lost in the skies
Is so grand, so strong, and so swift;
Does he take anything to strengthen the
wing,
That sweeps like a cloud adrift?

Answer.

The eagle that soars where the thunder
roars, [gleam,
And flies unafraid where lightnings
If he takes anything to strengthen his wing
It is water that flows in the stream.

Question.

Some say that the deer will shed a soft tear
From its mild and beautiful eyes; [lows
Does it weep because it has broken the
Which the moderate drinker defies?

Answer.

Oh! no, my sweet child; the red deer so
Only drinks from the river and lake;
Should you see a tear on the face of the
deer,
Don't think that his pledge is at stake.

SHALL WE FAIL?

WATSON M. VAUGHAN.

SOLDIERS of the Temperance army! gird yourselves, for the conflict is not over. Behold the bar-rooms in our midst. See their fiery contents as they stand like some burning volcanos, and we know not at what moment we may be overwhelmed by them. Oh! shall we slumber beneath the fires of Vesuvius and Etna, and be not alarmed?

Methinks I hear the cry of fire, fire! rolling from the sultry belt to either pole. The world is on fire! burning up with the liquid fire—more terrific in its march than the Chicago flames! The cold-water army is on its march to extinguish the fire. If we succeed, we will proclaim a year of Jubilee—the world redeemed from the curse of dissipation.

“Shout earth! shout heaven!”

Then I would want our planet environed with a zodiac of unfading rainbow splendor, and inscribed on it, over either continent, in every dialect of earth, in burning characters, the golden inscription, “The world is redeemed from the curse of dissipation.” That all nations might sit beneath the soul-cheering ark, and shout and sing the song of that redemption at once and for ever! Then the angels that in their flight from world to world bend their course to shun this bedlam of the universe, will turn out of their way to visit a second Paradise. Then will the temperance orders bathe our planet in an atmosphere of perfume “sweeter than Arabia sacrificed, and the spicy mountains in a flame.”

On the other hand, if we are finally overrun with drunkenness, when the vision of the “black horse” shall appear, then will I ask his “rider” to release me from the horrid scenes that will ensue. The

land of inebriates! the drunkard’s planet! Let all nature mourn at the thought. Let the verdure of earth be withered, and the continent dressed in black, the ocean covered in sackcloth, and the heavens spread with mourning! Then let this dark planet be rolled down to the black portals of perdition, where men and devils, exchanging visits, may claim each other as appropriate neighbors.

That total abstinence may ever peal in your ear, let my last word be abstain. May the angel, conscience, ever and anon whisper in your ear—abstain; breezes of earth bear it across the continent—abstain; billows of ocean roll it to the distant shores—abstain; heavens above congeal and echo back in world-wide thunder tones—abstain!

THE LITTLE BOY’S SONG.

LADIES and gentlemen,

List to my song—

Huzza! for temperance

All the day long!

I’ll taste not, handle not,

Touch not the wine;

For every little boy, like me,

The temperance pledge should sign.

I am a temperance boy

Just ten years old,

And I love temperance

Better than gold.

I’ll taste not, handle not,

Touch not the wine;

For every little boy, like me,

The temperance pledge should sign.

Let every little boy

Remember my song,

For God loves little boys

That never do wrong.

I’ll taste not, handle not,

Touch not the wine;

For every little boy, like me,

The temperance pledge should sign.

Observe that on each of the genuine Powders is printed FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS, with my Trade Mark, a Baby in a Cradle, in the Centre.

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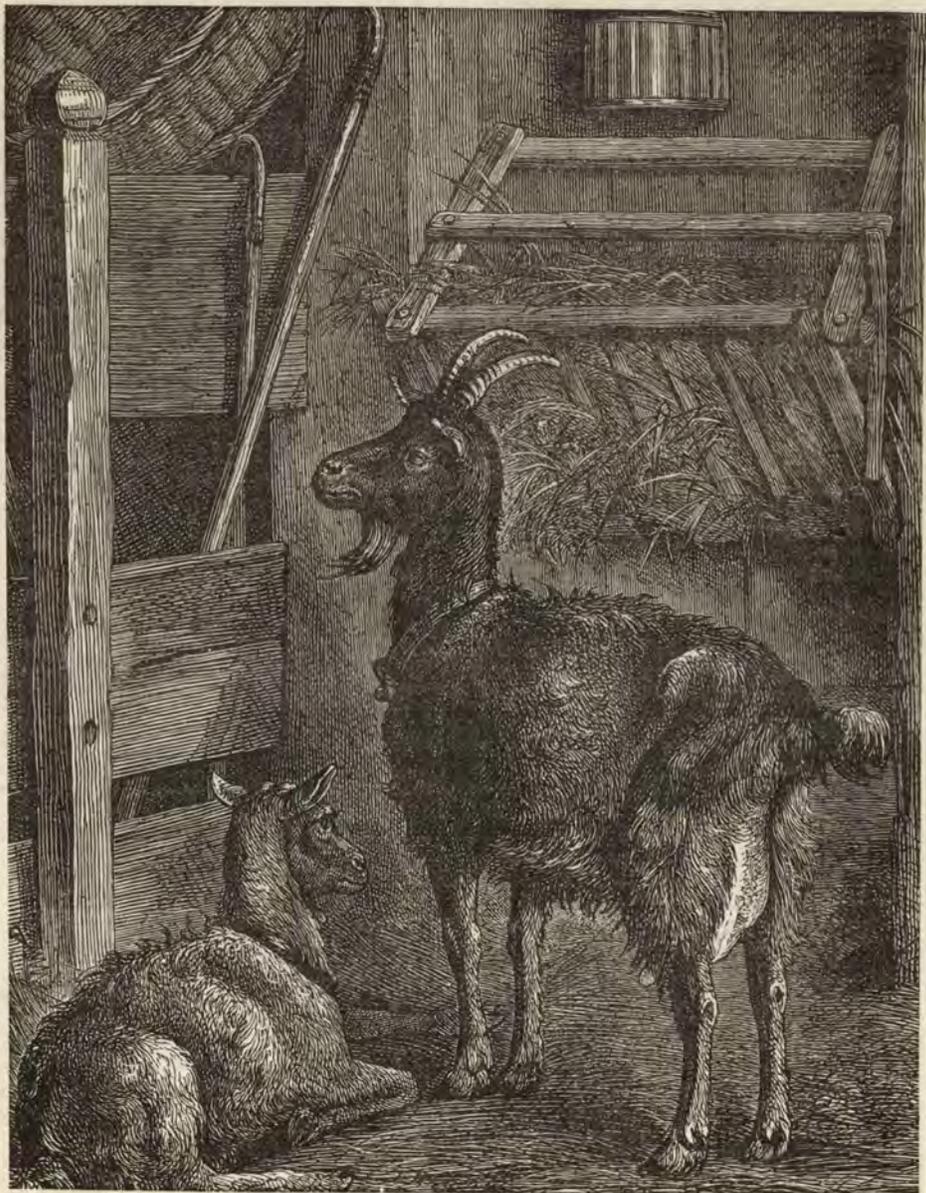
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No. 154, October, 1882.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



THE GOATS.

THE GOATS.

THE Goat is not so common in England as the cow or the horse, but in some other countries, as Syria and Switzerland, large herds of goats are kept for their milk, and in fact almost entirely take the place of the cow. Occasionally we see one roaming about the streets, and the mischievous boys about are glad to have a little fun with it. It can, however, defend itself from its tormentors, and if the latter are not watchful and active, they may receive a dig from its horns which may prove anything but pleasant.

The goats in our illustration are evidently pet animals, and are much cared for, and well fed. The young children of the house enjoy spending a short time almost every day with their four-footed friends; and as they generally bring something nice for them to eat, the goats are glad to see them, and will allow them to pull their ears and horns in a gentle manner. Should the children become too rough, they may expect a little push in return.

HOW JAMIE CAME HOME.

COME, mother, set the kettle on,
And put the ham and eggs to fry—
Something to eat,
And make it neat,

To please our Jamie's mouth and eye;
For Jamie is our only son, you know—
The rest have perished long ago!
He's coming from the wars to-night,
And his blue eyes will sparkle bright,
And his old smile will play right free,
His old, loved home again to see.

I say for 't! 'twas a cur'us thing
That Jamie was not maimed or killed!

Five were the years,
With hopes and fears,
And gloomy, hopeless tidings filled;
And many a night the past five years,
We've lain within our cottage here,
And, while the rain-storm came and went,
We've thought of Jamie in his tent,
And offered many a silent prayer,
That God would keep him in His care.

I say for 't! 'twas a cur'us thing
That Jamie was not maimed or killed!

Five were the years,
With blood and tears,
With cruel, bloody battles filled;
And many a morn, the past five years,
We've knelt around our fireside here,
And while we thought of bleeding ones,
Our blazing towns and smoking guns,
We've thought of him, and breathed a
prayer
That God would keep him in His care.

And he shall tell us of his fights,
His marches, skirmishes, and all;
Many a tale
Will make us pale,
And pity those who had to fall;
And many a tale of sportive style
Will go, perhaps, to make us smile;
And when his stories all are done,
And when the evening well has gone,
We'll kneel around the hearth once more,
And thank the Lord the war is o'er.

Hark! there's a sound! he's coming now;
Hark! mother, there's the sound once
Now on our feet, [nore;
With smiles to greet,

We'll meet him at the opening door!
 It is a heavy step and tone—
 Too heavy, far, for one alone;
 Perhaps the company extends
 To some of his old army friends;
 And who they be, and whence they came,
 Of course we'll welcome them the same.

What bear ye on your shoulders, men?

Is it my Jamie, stark and dead?

What did you say?

Once more, I pray—

I did not gather what you said.

What! *drunk!* you tell that LIE to me?

What! DRUNK! O God! it cannot be?

It cannot be my Jamie dear

Lying in drunken slumber here!

It is, it is, as you have said!

Men, lay him on yon waiting bed.

'Tis Jamie, yes! a bearded man,

Tho' bearing still some boyhood's trace;

Stained with the ways

Of reckless days,

Flushed with the wine-cup in his face;

Swelled with the fruits of reckless years,

Robbed of each trait that e'er endears,

Except the heart-distressing one

That Jamie is our only son.

O mother! take the kettle off,

And set the ham and eggs away!

What was my crime,

And when the time,

That I should live to see this day?

For all the sighs I ever drew,

And all the grief I ever knew,

And all the tears I ever shed

Above our children that are dead,

And all the care that creased my brow,

Were naught to what comes o'er me now.

I would to God that when the three

We lost were hidden from our view,

Jamie had died,

And by their side

Had lain all pure and spotless too!

I would this rain might fall above
 The grave of him we joyed to love,
 Rather than hear its coming traced
 Upon this roof he has disgraced!
 But, mother, Addie, come this way,
 And let us kneel, and humbly pray.

WILL. M. CARLETON.

APHORISMS.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

AS the wild beast of the forest thirsteth for the blood of its victim; so the inebriate thirsteth after strong drink, and is never satisfied.

As the spark from a tobacco pipe, fanned by the passing breeze, enkindleth a fire to the destruction of valuable property; so the first drop given to a child forms an appetite, fostered by moderation, that leadeth to drunkenness and premature death.

As the dripping of water through the embankment of a river leads to the gushing forth of the torrent, carrying destruction in its course; so the child sipping from its parent's glass of wine is led into intemperate habits, with the consequent loss of health, property, and all hope for earth or heaven.

As the power of steam propelleth the engine to the working of machinery for the benefit of man; so does the power of alcohol, acting upon the vital powers of man, drive him to acts of violence and destruction, even to the taking of his own life or that of a fellow-creature.

As the calm and still river becomes agitated by the action of the wind, until it increaseth to a storm that overwhelms the mightiest of vessels; so the sober and industrious youth, by the moderate use of strong drink is driven into the whirlpool of debauchery, and wrecked on the ocean of intemperance.

I HAVE SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

I HAVE signed the pledge, the temperance pledge!

Such a little boy as I? you say;
Oh! yes, I am small; and so is the edge
Of your broadaxe; but it spreads away
To a noble head, and the chips must go
When it hews to the line with blow on
blow!

I have signed the pledge, the guardian
pledge, [sign.

That none who walk are too small to
Too small? 'Tis the *little* end of the
wedge [pine.

That starts the crack in the knotted
Let it begin *there*, and it rips
The sturdiest oak into basket-strips.

I have signed the pledge, the beautiful
pledge;

I will *keep* it—it keeps *me* no less;
You guard young corn with a sturdy
hedge,

Our young souls need it as well, I guess:
We little blades beginning to shoot
Have a tempting look to the old black
goat!

I have signed the pledge, the glorious
pledge;

And though I am small and my years
are few,

I grow—'tis a smart boy's privilege!—
And I'll pick up time as fast as you!

The wedge grows into me, one live bough,
As the buds you set in a sapling grow!

I have signed the pledge, the living pledge;
One chance the jail and the poor-house
lose;

There's one less chance for the river-dredge
To be clogged with a sot in its dripping
ooze;

And one bid more for the crown that waits
The virtuous man at the golden gates.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

MY GRANDPA.

FEW boys have grandpas as good as
mine;

He is eighty years old, to be sure;
Yet he never meddled with whisky or wine,
But drank of the water pure.

He does not chew, or smoke, or snuff
Tobacco, but hates the poison stuff;
So he is hale and hearty, and hobbles
about,

And, though rather lame, it is not with the
gout.

Very few of his age are half so stout—
Of course he an't spry, as he used to be
When he was a boy like you and me.

He used to go out with us boys to the
grove,

To gather the nuts as they fell;
But now he's too lame, so he sits by the
stove,

And the queerest stories he'll tell
Of how, when a boy, he could climb with
ease

To the very tops of the tallest trees,
And shake down the walnuts as oft as
he'd please:

But now old grandpa an't smart at all,
And scarcely can climb o'er the garden
wall.

He laughs at the pranks we children play,
And seems so happy and glad;

And he tells us all about the way
They played 'em when he was a lad;

How they built snow forts, and stormed
'em too,

How they scuffled and scrambled, and
snow-balls flew,

And all the wild frolics the boys went
through;

Why, boys, we laughed till our sides were
sore

When he told us all this, and a great deal
more.

He gave us a temperance talk last week,
 About thousands destroyed by drink;
 And as he talked, I saw on his cheek
 A tear, and I could but think
 That perhaps some loved one, bright and
 fair,
 A brother or son, had been caught in the
 snare;
 Yet to ask him about it I did not dare.
 But I'll tell you what, boys, I have heard
 enough
 To make me afraid of the poison stuff.

Our lips no wine shall ever pass,
 Nor ale, to muddle our brains;
 Poor swearing Sam may swallow his glass,
 And be an old bloat for his pains;
 Our drink shall be of the crystal spring,
 For poor-house board is not the thing,
 Or the gallows' rope a desirable swing;
 The poor-house, and poison, and gallows'
 rope
 Will never be used for our "Band of
 Hope."

DR. CHARLES JEWETT.

A TEETOTALER'S APOLOGY.

THE glass you offer I, with thanks,
 decline.
 Thanks for your kindness. Neither ale,
 nor wine,
 Nor fiery spirit I'll accept from thee,
 As proof of cordial hospitality.
 I value not the less your generous mind,
 And, lest you think me churlish or unkind,
 Will give the reason; and am certain you
 Must then approve the act, and reason too.

I dare not taste: there's danger in the
 drink!
 To me it seems like standing on the brink
 Of that dark precipice where thousands fell,
 Whose fearful histories I have studied
 well—
 Men of repute for genius, education,
 Religious teachers, rulers of the nation.

These stood as firm as we stand in our day,
 And yet they lost their balance. Who
 can say

But we, like those whose ruin we thus see,
 From the same cause may find like misery.

Do I mistrust myself? you ask. I do!
 And yet I know myself as strong as you
 In mind and will, my self-respect as high;
 And I am sure this fact you'll not deny—
 That it requires much firmness to withstand
 That which is offered by your liberal hand.
 It proves not mental weakness that I've
 signed

The temperance pledge. It needs a con-
 stant mind

To resist temptation from the friend we
 prize;
 Not friendship's offering can a friend
 despise.

And here the pledge a shield is, a defence
 To resist temptation. For on what pretence
 Can a true friend, then, urge that thing
 on me

Which compromises honour?

Thus, you see,

The temperance pledge gives power to
 self-denial, [trial;
 And strength for conflict in the day of
 From custom's thralldom it thus set me
 free:

This, then, to you is my apology.

THE WHISKEY RING.

WE must have medicine," the landlord
 cries,
 While whiskey-tears roll from his staring eyes.
 "Without it half our citizens will die,
 All flesh is grass, and withers when 'tis dry."
 It rains rum now, and yet there is a drouth
 For ever in the drunkard's burning mouth.
 Unparched by waters pattering on the roof,
 Like oak-tanned hides, his lips are water-proof.
 His jaws extended break our laws, they say;
 He keeps a rum-hole open night and day;
 His open mouth, a most unsavoury thing,
 Reminds one of the New York Whiskey Ring.

WATER, PURE WATER.

F. E. BELDEN.

D. S. HAKES.

Wa-ter, pure wa-ter, that spark-les so bright, Beau-ti-ful, fresh, and free! Fall-ing from

KEY A#

{	d : d : d	d : t : l	s : s : m	s : -	m : r : d	d : - : l	s : -	-	-	d : d : d
	m : m : m	m : s : f	m : m : d	m : -	s : f	m : l	-	-	-	m : m : m
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	d : d : d	d : d : d	d : d : d	d : -	d : d : d	f : -	f : -	-	-	d : d : d

heaven like jew-els of light— Fall-ing for you and me! Fresh from the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of

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	d : d : d	d : d : s	d : -	d : d : d	d : -	f : m : -	-	s : s : s	s : r : r	m : s : s
	d : d : d	d : d : d	d : -	f : f : f	s : -	s : d : -	-	s : s : s	s : s : s	d : d : d

all, No-thing so pure can be; This is the song of the showers that fall
can be,

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	d : -	s : s : s	s : -	m	r : r : r	r : -	-	s : s : s	s : s : s	d : d : d	d : -

CHORUS.

O-ver the lake and lea : Drink wa-ter, pure wa-ter, Drink wa-ter, pure wa-ter,

o-ver the lea.

Rit.

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Drink, Drink, Drink, Drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink, drink, &c. Drink pure wa-ter.

Drink, Drink, &c.

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Water, pure water, for young and for old,
 Poured by the hand Divine !
 Give me pure water so healthful and cold—
 Fill up this cup of mine !
 Sweet is the breath of the blossoming Spring
 Kissed by the silver rain ;
 Gay is the song that the little birds sing,
 Over the hill and plain :
 Drink water, pure water, &c.

Water, pure water ; yes, this is the song,
 This is the theme for you ;
 This is the drink for the youthful and strong,
 Pure as the morning dew.
 This is the gift from our Father's own hand,
 In every land 'tis found ;
 This is the song of the Temperance band,
 Echoed the world around.
 Drink water, pure water, &c.

A SAD MISTAKE.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY THOS. HEATH, SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT, PLYMOUTH.

George.


AM very glad I have met you this evening, William, as I have heard something very sad indeed, and wish to speak to you about it.

William (looking very much ashamed, and guessing what was meant). What do you mean by something very sad? I should like you to explain yourself.

G. Well, I am sorry to say that one of our Band of Hope lads has gone over to the side of those who take the intoxicating cup.

W. Who may that be?

G. I am very sorry to say that it is you, William. I have only just heard of it, and I can assure you it has grieved me very much to think that you have left us and gone over on the side of the drinking army.

W. How came you to know about my leaving the Band of Hope?

G. Well, since you wish me to tell you, I have been informed that Jem Jones and Sam Martin, who, you are well aware, are not abstainers, have been having a good laugh about your being a member of our Band of Hope. They have, I suppose, gained the victory over you by sneering at your teetotal ways. I am so sorry that the evil should have overcome the good in this matter.

W. It is very strange you should know all about it so soon. There is, I expect, a lot of chatters, who are sneaking about and picking up all the news they can.

G. It is quite right that a thing of this kind should be known, for we do not like any one to be sailing under false colours. Such news as this soon flies; besides, you were actually seen to join with those who take intoxicating drinks,

and even drink a small portion that was offered you, instead of having, as I could have wished, the courage to promptly say No!

W. I, too, wish I could have had such courage; but the fact is, I could not stand being laughed at, or called a cold water drinker, and other such names.

G. I am sorry to find you are so very weak. Surely you ought to be able to bear the name of cold water drinker, and to glory in it too. Most of our dear old reformers had to undergo all sorts of abuse, but they stood firm. Even our Lord Jesus Christ had to suffer, but in a much greater degree. Nay, our old temperance reformers were stoned, and called all sorts of names, yet they never gave up their principles, but stood firm.

"Dare to be a Daniel; dare to stand alone."

We must, William, stand firm in a good cause. The following excellent lines convey my meaning,—

"You are starting to-day on life's journey,
 Along the broad highway of life;
 You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
 Each moment with evil is rife.
 The world is a stage of excitement,
 There's danger wherever you go;
 But if you are tempted to evil,
 Have courage, my boy, to say, No!"

"The foolish may laugh and be sneering
 At Water and those who it drink,
 But never you heed their reviling,—
 You'll keep in the right, if you think
 That drinking saloons are enslaving,
 Dressed out in their tinsel and show,
 You may be invited to enter,
 Have courage, my boy, to say, No!"

W. I see that I have done wrong. I do not feel so happy, after all.

G. I am glad to hear you speak out like this—glad to hear you say that you

do not feel so happy. You see the evil one in that moment gained a victory over you; at that moment you were scared by those who were prompted to laugh at you; you looked to them instead of looking to Jesus for His help.

W. Well, I shall now make up my mind to be on the temperance side. I have always considered it was the right one. I am so glad of your advice. I fear if I mix with those who are opposed to the Band of Hope, and laugh at those who are wishful for the cause of temperance to prosper, I may get from bad to worse.

G. How pleased I am, William. We shall only be too glad to receive back again one who was once in our fold; and you may depend on my speaking to our conductor on your behalf. I hope you feel that I am in earnest about you, and I dare say you see now that you had made a mistake by leaving us and giving way to the evil influence of those who would lead you into temptation, and thus trample under foot virtue and religion. Good bye, William. At the next Band of Hope meeting I shall expect to see you in your usual place. May you never forget that everything we take in hand which has for its object the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind must have the help of the Saviour. If we trust in our own strength, looking entirely to man, and be thus led by the insinuations of the evil one, we shall surely suffer defeat.

W. I see it clearly now, and I thank you very much for the trouble you have taken to rescue me from the sad mistake I have made. Be assured that in the future, with the help of Jesus, under whatever railings and temptations, I shall have courage to say, No! and will, as you have done now, endeavour to strengthen those who are weak, like I have been, so that they may also be able, when tempted, to say, No!

MEN WANTED.

THE world wants men—large-hearted,
manly men;

Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
The psalm of labour and the psalm of
love.

The times want scholars—scholars who
shall shape

The doubtful destinies of dubious years,
And land the ark that bears our country's
good

Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last.

The age wants heroes—heroes who shall
dare

To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster error by the
throat;

To bear opinion to a loftier seat;

To blot the era of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in.

And heaven wants souls—fresh and capa-
cious souls;

To taste its raptures, and expand, like
flowers,

Beneath the glory of its central sun.

It wants fresh souls—not lean and
shrivelled ones:

It wants fresh souls. My brother, give
it thine.

If thou indeed wilt be what scholars
should;

If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive

To help thy fellow and exalt thyself,
Thy feet, at last, shall stand on jasper
floors;

Thy heart, at last, shall seem a thousand
hearts—

Each single heart with myriad raptures
filled—

While thou shalt sit with princes and with
kings,

Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul.

PITCHER OR JUG ?

WHICH, in the heat of noontide sun,
Which, when the work of day is done,
Refreshes most the weary one,

Pitcher or jug ?

Which makes strong to cradle the grain,
Which heaps highest the harvest train,
Which gives muscle and heart and brain,

Pitcher or jug ?

Which sows kindness over the soil,
Lighting the heavy hours of toil,
With friendly words that never roil,

Pitcher or jug ?

The pitcher, filled from the bubbling spring,
Playing and spraying,
Curling and whirling,

Over the pebbles, under the hill.

It cools the brow and steadies the brain,

Making the faint one strong again.

For its daily task it nerves the arm,

And lends to labour a borrowed charm.

It is a step on the road to wealth—

Many a step in the way of health.

It lightens home with cheerful glow,

And banishes from it useless woe ;

It smiles on the children's winsome ways,

And leaves no sting on the holidays ;

So in all the best things a man will be
richer [pitcher.

If he gives up the jug, and drinks from the

A BOAST OF KING BACCHUS.

I AM a mighty king, second to none !

Men bow before me, acknowledge me lord !

I am a mighty king ; thousands I sway,

Laugh at their folly, plunge them in Hades ;

Mine are the purple grapes ; mine the hot juice ;

Mine are the sunny slopes laden with vines ;

Mine are the orchards, with juicy fruits rich ;

Mine are the hop-grounds ; they are my power ;

Mine are the barley-fields, waving with grain.

I am a mighty king, second to none ;

Men bow before me, acknowledge me lord !

I am their master ; I lay them low, [Hades.

Wither their manhood, deep plunge them in

Mine is the ivy crown, glossy and green ;

Mine is the golden cup brimming with wine ;

Mine is the crimson flood, fiery and hot ;
I in it plunge my slaves, drown them in wine,
Laugh at their folly, consign them to Hades !
Mine is the scarlet cloak, mine the wild goat ;
Mine is the stormy heart—tears never melt it ;
Mine is the stern will—man bows before it.
For I am a great king ; thousands I sway ;
The earth is my throne, souls are my prey.
Kings fall before me, empires I rend ;
Home-ties I sever, gray hairs bow to death.
I reason scorn ; mockingly pledge him :
He is my foe ; I do not fear him !
Mock his wise sermons, point to my prey !
I quaff the red wine ; my heart it grows bold.
I wildly revel ; smile on the widow, [him !
Whisper, " I slew him ; I in Hades hurled
His soul I destroyed !" laugh at her tears.
For I am a great king, second to none !
Men bow before me ; they are my slaves !
I the wife's fairest hopes mock and destroy ;
Point to my slave ; whisper, " He's mine !"
Vain are his efforts ; I crush her through him ;
I to the grave doom her, laugh as she dies !
I fill the wine-cup, drink to my triumph !
For man is my slave ; I am his master.
I make the old mother's tears to flow ;
Laugh at her anguish ; show her her boy—
In mad revel show him ; show him in death !
I mock the father's woe : " *Is this thy boy ?*"
Give him the wine-cup, drug him for Hades,
Laugh as he wildly raves, mock him with hope.
He cursing dies ; I in triumph laugh !
I make the orphans, I to death give them ;
I in sin rear them, in darkest shades hurl them ;
I am a mighty king ; man is my slave !
Men bow before me, drink to their master.
They seize the brimming bowl !—gladly I give ;
Man is my slave ; he bows before me,
Prays for my favours, lives for my gifts.
Him I befriend, with my heel on his neck ;
Low in dust hold ; give him the wine-cup !
He my hand kisses ; grovels before me ;
I in my grasp hold him—he cannot fly !
I into shades of darkest night hurl him,
Kill him with steel, drown him in ocean.
Bid him strike boldly home, bid him be brave ;
For I am his master, he is my slave.

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No. 155, November, 1882.]

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WRITING TO MAMMA.

MRS. BENSON was away from home, having gone to visit a sick relative, and stay with her a few days. Emily, Mrs. Benson's youngest child, felt lost without her dear mamma, and many times became cross and peevish with her brothers and sisters. She longed so for the time when her mamma would return; so one afternoon in order to keep her employed her papa told her to write a letter to mamma,

and say how very much she wanted her back home. It was not much of a letter after all—a lot of paper covered with very few words, but Emily was mightily pleased it should be sent to her mamma enclosed in one written by her papa. No doubt Mrs. Benson would be glad to receive her little child's scribbling, and as soon as she could be spared from the sick bed she would hurry away to be with her chicks at home.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

THE ancient days of chivalry are past,
So long renowned in song and story,
Their glories chanted and their praises sung,

By many a wandering bard and poet hoary,
Whose wild and ever-changing measure told

Of quivering lance and prancing steed,
Of knightly combat and of gleaming mail,
Of gorgeous pageantry and valorous deed.

And, listening to his story in the hush
Of eve, how many an aged pulse beat high,

And youthful cheeks were tinged with hope's fair flush,

As youthful hearts resolved to "Do or die!"

And they who conquered, what was their reward?

Was it for sparkling gems or gold
They perilled life, and both the young and brave

Were lying 'neath the willow, motionless and cold?

'Twas for a name, an empty song of praise,

A laurel wreath that faded ere the sun
Came o'er the hills, and gilded with his rays

The scene—now still—where victory was won.

But now we sing a higher, nobler theme
Than tales of chivalry in by-gone days;
For this shall minstrels strike their richest chords,

And poets breathe their softest, sweetest lays.

[field;
The strife is on the temperance battle—
There right shall be the bloodless sword,
Truth an impenetrable shield,

And for a motto, "Onward" is the word. [ring

"Onward and Upward" let the echoes
O'er valley green or barren hill.
Through crowded cities, with their dust and din,

"Onward and Upward" is the watchword still,

Till Drink, the tyrant, from his throne
be hurled,
And white-robed Temperance rule o'er all the world.

THE WRECKERS.

HARK! to the roar of the surges,
Hark! to the wild winds' howl;
See the black cloud that the hurricane
urges

Bend like a maniac's scowl!
Full on the sunken lee ledges
Laps the devoted bark;
And the loud waves, like a hundred
sledges,
Smite to the doomed mark!

Shrilly the shriek of the seaman
Cleaves like a dart through the roar;
Harsh as the pitiless laugh of the demon
Rattles the pebbled shore.
Ho! for the life-boat, brothers;
Now may the hearts of the brave,
Hurling their lives to the rescue of others,
Conquer the stormy wave.

Shame for humanity's treason!
Shame for the form we wear!
Blush at the temple of pity and reason
Turned to a robber's lair!
Worse than the horrible breakers,
Worse than the shattering storm,
See the rough-handed, remorseless wreck-
ers
Stripping the clay yet warm.

Plucking at girlhood's tresses,
Tangled with gems and gold;
Snatching love-tokens from manhood's
caresses,

Clenched with a dying hold.
What of the shrieks of despairing?
What of the last faint gasp?
Robbers, who lived would but lessen your
sharing:
Gold—'twas a god in your grasp!

Boys in their sunny brown beauty,
Men in their rugged bronze,
Women whose wail might have taught
wolves a duty,
Dead on the merciless stones.

Tenderly slid o'er the plundered
Shrouds from the white-capped
surge; [dered—
Loud on the traitors the mad ocean thun-
Low o'er the lost sang a dirge.

Wo! there are deadlier breakers,
Billows that burn as they roll!
Flanked by a legion of crueller wreckers—
Wreckers of body and soul;
Traitors to God and humanity,
Circes that hold in their arms
Blood-dripping murder and hopeless in-
sanity,
Folly and famine by turns.

Crested with wine redly flashing,
Swollen with liquid fire,
How the strong ruin comes fearfully
dashing,
High as the soul walks, and higher!
Virtue, and manhood, and beauty,
Hope and the sunny-haired bliss,
With the diviner-white angel of duty,
Sink in the burning abyss.

What if the soul of the drunkard
Shrivel in quenchless flame?
What though his children, by beggary
conquered,
Plunge into ruin and shame?
Gold has come in to the wreckers,
Murder has taken his prize;
Gold, though a million hearts burst on
the breakers,
Smothens the crime and the cries!

C. C. BURLEIGH.

LIVE IN LOVE, 'TIS PLEASANT
LIVING.

BE hot harsh and unforgiving,
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.
If an angry man should meet thee,
And assail thee indiscreetly,
Turn not thou again and rend him,
Lest thou needlessly offend him;

Show him love hath been thy teacher—
Kindness is a potent preacher;
Gentleness is e'er forgiving—
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.

Why be angry with each other?
Man was made to love his brother:
Kindness is a human duty,
Meekness a celestial beauty.
Words of kindness, spoke in season,
Have a weight with men of reason;
Don't be others' follies blaming,
And their little vices naming,
Charity's a cure for railing,
Suffers much, is all-prevailing.
Courage, then, and be forgiving;
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.

Let thy love be a passion,
Not a complimentary fashion;
Love is wisdom, ever proving
True philosophy is loving:
Hast thou known that bitter feeling,
'Gender'd by our hate's concealing?
Better love, though e'er so blindly,
E'en thy foes will call it kindly.
Words are wind: oh, let them never
Friendship's golden love-cords sever,
Nor be angry, though another
Scorn to call thee friend or brother.
"Brother," say, "let's be forgiving;
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living."

*From "Poems," by Edward Capern, postman,
Bideford, Devon.*

THE SLUGGARD, THE BEAST, AND THE DRUNKARD.

THE drunkard drinks until he has drunk all the money out of his purse, all the sense out of his head, all the honour out of his character, and then there is no difference between him and the beast. Yes, begging the beast's pardon, there is a difference. The beast can go forward and keep its way. The beast has not abused its own nature; has not degraded its own race. The persistent

drunkard is lower down in the scale of creation than Darwin's ape at the beginning.

On the same ruinous scale, the sluggard wastes his life. He sleeps all thrift out of his shop; sleeps all friends out of his company; sleeps all grace out of his heart; sleeps all religion, and order, and prosperity out of his home; sleeps all conscience out of his dealings; sleeps himself into nothing and into hell. The world has a multitude of these triflers in luxurious laziness, worthless to community, mopes and encumbrances in society, sinking, for lack of employment, into shame, and poverty, and death. God pity the poor fool who despises work, who lives to feed and to sleep! He is not quite so dangerous, perhaps, as the drunkard, but he is more degraded and more repulsive. Christianity proposes to give men and women every-work; and unless it un-gloves the hand and prompts the foot on errands of duty, it fails of its mission upon the earth.

LIKES AND DISLIKES.

CHARACTERS.—*John and Mary.*

John. I should not like a red, red nose.

Mary. That is the colour of the rose.

J. The hue for flowers is good enough.

M. So 'tis for noses up to snuff.

J. The toper's nose is ruby red.

M. That is the colour of your head.

J. Now, then, stop poking fun at me.

M. What a good light-house that would be!

J. Do you refer to my red hair?

M. To anything that burns in air.

J. You pretty, witty, little scold.

M. It is a radiant crown of gold.

J. I should not like a toper's eyes.

M. They are not clear as cloudless skies.

J. They're water-drops in rings of pink.

M. Say drops of rum and blots of ink.

J. I should not like his parched lips.

M. They're water-proof as clipper-ships. [a-leak.

J. But ships may sometimes spring

M. The drunkard does—look at his cheek.

J. Our drink is poured in silver showers.

M. For girls and boys, and birds and flowers.

G. W. BUNGAY.

INTRODUCTORY.

A HAPPY greeting for all. We welcome parents and friends to another meeting. If you look around, you see that our faces are glad. Why do we look glad? It is because we *are* glad!

"We're glad we're in this army"—the Temperance Army! We are glad of the approval which so many parents and friends are giving to our efforts. It is to us like the clear sunshine of spring. We are glad for what we expect to enjoy at this meeting. We have songs prepared, and recitations, declamations, and dialogues. Prayer will be offered, and we expect a short address from our minister or someone else at the close. We are glad to have a temperance society of our own. We feel that it is good to pledge ourselves against intoxicating drinks, profanity, and tobacco. We enjoy voting for our own officers. We like to get new members. We are trying to get every boy and girl in the place. We like to speak and to hear our friends speak. We enjoy the dialogues and the commendations we sometimes get from our ministers and parents and others.

Some folks may say, "It is small business—nothing but children's play." Well, we guess the world would be a

dreary place without some children's play; and the best of it is that our *play* here is good *work*, and our *work* here is good *play*. Our work here is good play for us, because we like it so well; and our *play* here is good *work*, because we learn to remember, to think, to speak, to hate drinking, swearing, and smoking, and to love the temperance cause and every other good cause. But we are sure *you* will not call our little steps toward a good future child's play. If the steps are *small*, the day of *small* things should not be despised. We are glad you have come to see us trip playfully along our ways of pleasantness. We renew our happy greeting, and hope you will approve and enjoy our songs and recitations and dialogues, and the collection too.

A MISSION.

SMALL as I am, I've a mission below—
A mission that widens, and grows as I grow.

'Tis to let alone cider, and brandy, and gin; [of sin.

'Tis to keep well away from those potions

'Tis to make myself noble, and manly, and true; [not chew

'Tis to touch no tobacco, not smoke and That unhealthy weed that true women detest
And all people know is a filthy old pest.

'Tis to say unto all, what I say unto you,
Let these things alone, if you would be true.
They are foes to all virtue, they lead down to shame— [good name.

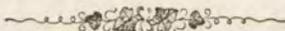
Shun *drink* and *tobacco*, and keep your
Cold water that comes from the well is my drink, [think.

The healthiest, purest, and sweetest, I
It never makes drunkards, it never brings woe—

I'll praise it and drink it wherever I go.

ELLA WHEELER.

FATHERLAND, MY FATHERLAND!



AMERICAN.

A stain of blood is on thy shore, Fa-ther-land, my Fa-ther-land! Some

{	s ₁ d ₁ d ₁ d ₁ : r m ₁ m ₁ m ₁ : - r ₁ r ₁ f ₁ : t ₁ r ₁ d ₁ d ₁ : s ₁
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	m ₁ m ₁ m ₁ m ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ s ₁ s ₁ : - s ₁ s ₁ s ₁ : f ₁ f ₁ m ₁ m ₁ : m ₁
	d ₁ d ₁ d ₁ d ₁ : s ₁ d ₁ d ₁ d ₁ : - s ₁ s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ d ₁ d ₁ : d ₁

drops have flecked thy tem-ple's door, Fa-ther-land, my Fa-ther-land! Thy

{	d ₁ d ₁ d ₁ : r m ₁ m ₁ m ₁ : - r ₁ m ₁ f ₁ : t ₁ r ₁ d ₁ d ₁ : s ₁
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true sons weep the wast-ed life, Poured forth in fra - tri - ci - dal strife, Wher -

{	s ,m : l :-s	s ,f : f : .f	f , r : s :-f	f ,m : m : s ₁
	d ,d : d :-d	d ,t ₁ : t ₁ : .t ₁	r , t ₁ : m :-r	r ,d : d : s ₁
	m ,s : f :-m	m ,r : r : .s	s , s : s :-s	s ,s : s : m
	d ,d : d :-d	s ₁ ,s ₁ : s ₁ : .s	s ₁ , s ₁ : s ₁ :-t ₁	d ,d : d : d

- e - ver drunk - en - ness is rife, Fa - ther-land, my Fa - ther - land !

{	d ,d : d : r	m , m : m : -	r , m : f : t ₁	r ,d : d :
	s ₁ ,s ₁ : s ₁ : t ₁	d , d : d : -	l ₁ , de : r : s ₁	s ₁ ,s ₁ : s ₁ :
	m ,m : m : s	s , s : s : -	f , s : l : s	f ₁ ,m : m :
	d ,d : d : s ₁	d , d : d : -	f , m : r : s ₁	s ₁ ,d : d :

2 Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
 Fatherland, my Fatherland !
 Forgetful of the true and just,
 Fatherland, my Fatherland !
 Though gold, coined out of manhood's fears,
 And childhood's wrongs, and woman's tears,
 May seek to bribe thine eyes and ears,
 Fatherland, my Fatherland !

O give thy Senate token plain,
 Thou wilt not take its "No" again ;
 Now let thy voice be heard amain !
 Fatherland, my Fatherland !

3 My country ! burst the tyrant's chain,
 Fatherland, my Fatherland !
 Thy children should not call in vain !
 Fatherland, my Fatherland !

I hear the rising thunder-hum,
 Fatherland, my Fatherland !
 Thou art not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
 Fatherland, my Fatherland !
 Huzza ! thou risest for the fight,
 Thy weapon, truth ; and love, thy might ;
 And God will surely aid the right,
 Fatherland, my Fatherland !

BUY YOUR OWN GOOSE.

CHARACTERS.—*Landlord, Eli Baxter, John Mason, Mrs. Baxter and two Daughters; John Case, errand-boy; Marketman or grocer's Messenger.*

SCENE I.

Landlord.

NET'S see; it's just four weeks to Christmas, What do you say, gentlemen, to another Goose Club?

Mason. All right! How will you work it?

L. Well, each member will pay sixpence a day, and the eighteenth day will draw a fine fat goose and a bottle of gin. Here's the paper. I'd be glad to get your names to head the list. What say *you*, Mr. Baxter?

Baxter. I guess you must count me out this time, landlord. I'm thinking I've been in the goose business long enough.

M. That's rich! Baxter's cut his wisdom teeth all at once.

B. Perhaps it wouldn't harm some others to cut theirs, too. If you join this club, you'll have to come every day to pay the sixpence, and the landlord won't expect you to be so mean as not to "wet your whistle" for the good of the house. You'll pay well for the goose before you eat it, I reckon.

L. Well, Baxter, you needn't interfere with my business. If you don't choose to join, and are so wise and clever all at once, go and buy your own goose.

B. I'll take your advice. So not another drop this side of Christmas.

L. As you like; but don't come meddling with me. Indeed, the quicker you're gone, the better.

B. (*rising to go*). Rather short with so good a customer as I have been! Look, boys, landlord don't care a fig for us, so he can pluck us to feather his own nest. But he sha'n't pluck *me*. I'll take his good advice instead of grog, and "buy my own goose."

SCENE II.

(*In Baxter's house. Mother and two Daughters, Jane and Emma, in pinching poverty.*)

Jane. Ah, mother! I don't want to go to school any more.

Mother. Why not, my child?

J. The girls keep talking about Christmas and what good times they will have. They expect nice presents and such good dinners, turkeys, pies, and cakes. It made my mouth water to hear of them. I couldn't help crying to think of our home, and then I heard Mary Grey whisper, "Poor thing! her father's a drunkard, and spends his money at the tavern, and her poor mother can't give her any good things." I don't want to go to school again.

Emma. Nor I. But why can't we have a pudding this year? We did last. Oh! it was so good.

M. Last year I had work. But good Mrs. Ward is gone, and I can't get my dear girls a Christmas dinner this year.

J. Why will father drink so much and spend his money so?

M. I think he would leave off if the tavern-keeper did not keep enticing him on. The man gets up clubs and dances, and then calls father mean if he won't join. Last year he got up a goose club. Each man paid sixpence every day, and at the end of eighteen days was to have a goose; but when the time came, father owed more than the goose was worth, and the man kept it for his pay. If the grog-shop could be shut up, I might hope that my dear girls could have a merry Christmas again, and a dear father too.

SCENE III.

(*Baxter in the street, carrying a basket.*)

B. (*to himself*). It's awkward carrying this basket myself. The fact is, I have not done the fair thing by poor Lizzie and the children. If I can find a boy, I'll play a little trick. Well, sure enough, there comes John Case. He's a trusty fellow. Hallo! John, just come here.

John. What's up now, Mr. Baxter?

B. Well, you see, I haven't been in the habit of carrying home such baskets as this, and it's an awkward business to begin. But now I haven't been to the tavern for four weeks, so I've just bought a fine goose, with flour, sugar, tea, and all the fixings. Here's sixpence. Just take this basket to No. 6, opposite the third lamp-post yonder. Say it's for Mrs. Baxter, and if she won't take it in, drop it at her feet, and run back. If you'll do it up clever, I'll give you threepence more. (*Boy runs.*)

B. (*to himself*). I'll just watch a little. There, she won't take it. Poor Lizzie! she thinks there's nothing good for her. I've been a wretch! God helping me, I'll fill that woman's heart with joy again before I die. There, he's coming.

J. She said it wasn't for her, and told me to go to another Baxter's, round the corner. But I said I wasn't going to run all over the parish, and dropped the basket.

B. Well done! There's your money.

J. Thank you, sir. I'll buy a Christmas toy for sissie Jane.

SCENE IV.

(*Baxter's home. Wife and Girls as before.*)

J. If only we could have such a basket.

E. There, father's coming. I hear his steps. (*Comes in, hits his foot against the basket in the entry.*)

B. What's here for folks to stumble over?

Mrs. B. A boy left a basket here by mistake. I told him it wasn't for us, but the heedless fellow bolted off.

B. What's in it?

J. Oh! a fine, fat goose, and lots of good things.

E. Why can't we have such things, father? Mother says we have nothing for Christmas.

J. There, somebody knocks.

Mrs. B. Hush! Let me go to the door.

Marketman. Is this Mrs. Eli Baxter's?

Mrs. B. Yes.

M. Here is a lot of apples and vegetables for you.

Mrs. B. There's some mistake; they are not for me.

M. Here 'tis on this paper—Mrs. Eli Baxter, No. 6, Poverty Lane.

Mrs. B. Well, now, our house must be bewitched to-night.

B. (*calls out*). Bring them in, sir. Take all that comes, I say. (*Marketman goes.*)

Mrs. B. What can it all mean?

B. It means a merry Christmas, Lizzie, for you and me and the girls. I haven't done as I should by you and the girls; but four weeks ago I signed the pledge; since then not a drop for liquor, but all for you. Here, it is all paid for. There's two pounds besides. Forgive me, if you can, and pray for me, and hereafter I'll buy my own goose instead of the landlord's.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

MARTHA LOUISA MUMMERY.

I CAN hear the shrill, clear voices
Of the children at their play.
They are glad, and bright, and joyous
As the happy, sunny day.

And though I can never join them,
 Yet it makes my spirit glad;
 Till I almost grow forgetful,
 That I'm but a crippled lad.

Though I miss some active pleasures,
 I have others in their stead.

My dear mother and sweet sisters,
 Are so kind to suffering Ted;
 They get books and pretty pictures,
 Buy me puzzles, games, and toys;
 Till I feel I'm much more thought of,
 Than stronger, sturdier boys.

Friends oft bring me fruits and flowers,
 Sit awhile, and chat or read;
 One gave me such a darling bird,
 I have all I really need.

I've such a lively, faithful dog,
 We play for hours together;
 And I've a tiny pony chaise,
 To drive in pleasant weather.

I strive for patience and content,
 In spite of many a pain,
 And though I sometimes weary grow,
 And am tempted to complain,
 The thought will flash into my mind.
 If I am a crippled boy,
 With hopeful faith, and trusting love,
 Life may hold for me much joy.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY HON. JOHN D. LONG.

THE evening winds begin to blow,
 The shadows now grow long;
 But still we linger, ere we go,
 To sing our latest song.

Sing praise to God for sun and shade,
 For Summer's smiles and tears,
 For all the blessings He hath laid
 Upon our teeming years.

Sing to each other truer love,
 Affection's kindly glow,
 The tenderness of God above
 In human hearts below.

E'en as the dews now gently fall,
 So, smiling on the day,
 May God at eve upon us all
 His benediction lay.

—*Christian Register.*

Central Association for Stopping the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sunday.

The following is an extract from Report issued by the Executive of this Society.

In the seventeen years in which the House of Commons has been petitioned in favour of Closing Public-houses the whole of Sunday, 45,784 Petitions with 6,245,699 Signatures have been presented, giving an average of 2,693 Petitions and 367,394 Signatures. This Session up to August 5th, 6,614 Petitions with 881,919 Signatures have been sent up from England in support of this legislation.

When, 2,484 of the Clergy of Ireland signed a Memorial to the Prime Minister in support of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, and when out of a canvas of 108,265 Irish Householders it was shown that 96,934 were in favour of the measure, these were considered sufficient evidences that Ireland was ready for the proposed legislation, and the experience of the last three years has proved that this was a right conclusion, the consumption of spirits showing a decrease of nearly a million gallons, and the cases of punishable drunkenness giving a diminution of 21,952.

In 1878 a memorial was presented to the Home Secretary signed by 14,459 of the Clergy and Ministers of England and Wales in support of the English Sunday Closing Bill; and out of a canvass of 842,258 English Householders, 690,143 have declared themselves in its favour, and only 93,678 were opposed, thus showing that by these tests England is proved to be as ready for Sunday Closing as similar tests correctly indicated that Ireland was.

With the above Report we have received the names and addresses of 3,598 County and Borough Magistrates of England and Wales who have signed the Declaration in favour of closing Public Houses during the whole of Sunday.

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SORE THROATS

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WITH ONE DOSE

WITH ONE DOSE

WITH ONE DOSE

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OPERATIVE CHEMISTS, STOCKPORT.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 156, December, 1882.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



A KISS FOR FRANK.

A KISS FOR FRANK.

WILLIE thinks there is no one more worthy of a kiss under the mistletoe than his darling little brother Frank, and so he lifts him up in his arms and kisses the sweet, rosy cheeks again and again. Little Frank opens his big beautiful eyes and seems to enjoy the fun. We hope that the elder brothers, while enjoying the peculiar pleasures which Christmas brings,

will not selfishly forget their wee brothers and sisters, but like Willie, let a large measure of their joy overflow in making the youngsters happy. The truly joyous heart delights in giving joy to others, and there is nothing more pleasing than to see the baby of the house the pet—not only of father and mother—but of every member of the household.

DRUNK IN THE STREET.

DRUNK in the street!
A woman arrested to-day in the city!
Comely and young, the paper said;
Scarcely twenty, the item read;

A woman and wife—kind angels pity!
Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street!
Yes, crazy with liquor; her brain on fire!
Reeling, plunging, stagg'ring along,
Singing a strain of a childish song;
At last she stumbles and falls in the mire—
Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street!
What news to send the dear ones home,
Who're wond'ring what has detained
so long
The wife and mother, yet think no
wrong!

The day is waning, the night is come—
Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street!
Drag her away to a station-bed;
Helpless, senseless, take her away;
Shut her up from the light of day;
Would, for the sake of her friends, she
were dead!

Drunk in the street!

Draw nigh and look!
On a couch of straw in a station-cell
Is lying a form of matchless mould,
With hair dishevelled, so pale and cold,
Yet tainting the air with the fumes of
hell!

Draw nigh and look!
How sad the sight!
The sunlight is streaming across the
floor,
It rouses the sleeper to life again;
But, oh! the anguish, the grief, the
pain,
As thoughts of her shame came crowding
o'er—

How sad the sight!
But hark! a sound!
The bolt flies back, she is told to rise;
Her friends are waiting to take her
home.

They know it all, yet in love they come;
But with speechless lips and tearless eyes—
The lost one's found.

Behold her now!
She goes all trembling with shame away,
Her brain still clouded with fumes of
rum,
And turns her tottering feet towards
home

And the hearts she left but yesterday—
How diff'rent now!

Close we the scene!
Fall, O night! o'er the saddest sight
That ever appeared to mortal view;
Shield, O skies! with your vaulted
blue
Shut, O gates of memory! tight—
Close we the scene!

E. B. WICKS, M.D.

THE LAST FROLIC.

THREE little children at grandpa's—
Archie, Kitty and May—
After a summer of sunshine have the last
frolic to-day.

High in the old farm waggon—never was
carriage so grand—
Three little children are ready for a drive
to fairy-land.

The ponies are off in the pasture, the
black horse stands in the stall,
But make-believe steeds are harnessed and
there at the children's call;
They'll race over hill and valley, they'll
dash through village and town,
And surely they'll find the fairies before
the sun goes down.

Three little children at grandpa's have
tossed the fragrant hay,
Followed the cows to the meadow, and
weeded the garden for play.
Hunted for Tops and Speckle in every
cranny and nook,
Carried the eggs home gaily, and fished
with pins in the brook.

They are going home to-morrow, this
frolic will be the last;
So trot away bravely, horses—no danger
of going too fast.

Aloft in the old farm waggon, dimpled
and freckled and tanned.
Hurrah for the dear little children,
driving to fairy-land.

WHAT WILL A TIPPLER DO FOR GIN?

Sequel to "What will a Drunkard do for ale."

WHAT will a tippler do for gin?
Why any dark unholy thing;
And every paltry sham embrace
To hide awhile his sad disgrace.
The bottle he will try t' conceal
But God will his vile acts reveal;
And though he drinks upon the sly,
His friends will know it by-and-by.

What will a tippler do for gin?
Why he's prepared for every sin;
His children he will rob of bread,
So his vile appetite be fed;
And see them shoeless day by day,
That he the publican may pay;
He cares not what their wants may be,
But brings them soon to poverty.

What will a tippler do for gin!
That like an adder doth him sting?
Why he'll profane the Sabbath day,
And for his glass will beg and pray,
Nor heed the law's preventive hours,
While down his throat strong drink he
pours,
To drown his senses—give him pain—
Destroy his reason—rack his brain.

What will a tippler do for gin?
His bosom friend he will take in;
He'll go the broad and downward road,
Nor seek the way that leads to God.
He'll onward rush—nor heed nor fear—
To endless ruin and despair—
Cries "one glass more," but 'tis too
late,
The demon "gin" has sealed his fate.

THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH.



REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

R. LOWRY.

No room for Je-sus in the inn! The man-ger was His bed; The

KEY Eb. {

s	s :-m	d : d	r : m	d : m	f :-f	l : f	m :- r : s
d	d :-d	d : d	t, : t,	d : d	d :-d	f : d	d :- t, : t,
m	m :-m	m : m	f : s	m : s	l :-l	d' : l	s :- - : f
d	d :-d	d : d	s, : s,	d : d	f, :-f,	f, : f,	s, :- - : s,

King of glo-ry finds on earth No place to lay His head; 'Twas love for us that

s	:-m	d : d	r : m	f : l	s :-m	d : r	d :- - : s	l :-l	d' : l
d	:-d	s, : s,	t, : d	d : d	d :-d	s, : s,	s, :- - : d	d :-d	d : d
m	:-m	m : m	s : t	l : f	m :-m	m : f	m :- - : m	f :-f	l : f
d	:-d	d : d	s, : d	f, : f,	s, :-s,	s, : s,	d :- - : d	f :-f	f : f

brought Him, A - mid the woes of men, To share our tears and toils and fears, And

D.S.—'Twas He who lived and died to save me ;

{	s :- m:m f :f f :s m :-	s l :-, l d' :l s :m s :m
	d :- d :d r :r r :t, d :-	m f :-, f l :f m :d m :d
	m :- s :s s :s s :s s :-	d' d' :-, d' d' :d' d' :s d, :s
	d :- d :d s, l, t, d r :s, d :-	d f :-, f f :f d :d d :d

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

save us from our sin. I ought to love my Sa - viour, 'Twas He who first loved me ;
 Lord, I will love Thee.

{	d :-, d r :m d :-	s r :-, de r :s m :-, r d :s l :-s f :s m :-
	s, :-, s, t, :t, d :-	t, t, :-, l t :t d :- d :d d :-, d r :t, d :-
	m :-, m f :s m :-	r s :-, s s :s s :-, f m :m f :-, m s :s s :-
	d :-, d s, :s, d :-	s, s, :-, s, s, :s, d :- d :d d :-, d t, :s, d :-

2 Upon the cross the Saviour dies
 That we may be forgiven,
 And after all our life on earth,
 May find a place in heaven ;
 How great the love of Jesus,
 To die for others' sin !
 In Him I'll live my life below,
 And life eternal win.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION SETTLED.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS. BY THOS. HEATH, S. S. SUPERINTENDENT, PLYMOUTH.

CHARACTERS.—MARY,—the daughter of a Tradesman, neutral; ALICE,—A Sunday Scholar, moderate drinker; JANE,—the Drunkard's daughter, Member of Band of Hope.

Mary (looking somewhat consequential).

WHAT are you two girls disputing about? It seems to me that Jane is always on one subject—the Temperance question. I suppose, poor girl, she thinks that is the most important question we have to think about.

Alice. I have just been saying that moderation is the thing for me. I do not believe in girls signing the pledge, and joining the Band of Hope. It seems so weak when you cannot keep in moderation.

Jane. It is all very well to talk in the way you do, without thinking seriously about the matter. I feel quite sure neither of you see this subject in its proper light.

M. What do you mean by saying we do not see this subject in its proper light? I think I have conducted myself properly, and know when to take a little beer and when to stop. There are plenty who do not know when to stop.

A. I believe in sticking to moderation. I have never yet taken too much, and don't believe I ever shall. I am what I profess to be—a moderation girl.

J. I see what you mean, Mary. You think very little about anyone but yourself. You imagine you can go on without having any regard for others who are suffering from the fearful havoc strong drink is making in thousands of homes; and, Alice, your pretensions to be a strict moderate drinker will not do in the light of reason and the teachings of Holy Scripture. You must, I can assure you, weigh the subject in a very different manner from what you do. If you only knew one half what I have to go through by having a father who spends nearly all his wages in this abominable drink you would not talk to me in the way you have done; many times I have had no bread to eat, and could not go to school, or anywhere else. *(Here poor Jane weeps.)*

M. I am sorry, Jane, to hear you have suffered so much through the enslavement of your father to drink. Yours is really a sorrowful case. I know there is a vast amount

of misery through drunkenness; but as I have not been brought into close contact with it, I must confess I have not given the subject that careful attention it merits. You must know, my father is one of the moderate drinkers, and was never, what is called, the worse for drink; I don't mean to say he is any the better for it. But if he were to become a slave to it as your poor father is, then I should speak as strongly against drunkenness as any one, and consider I was not doing more than my duty in talking to all my friends and acquaintances on the need there was for total abstinence.

A. What you have told us, Jane, makes me feel very sorry for you. I am almost inclined to think with you that the drinking customs of our country bring about much wretchedness and sorrow. Many times has my Sunday School teacher asked me to join the Band of Hope, and pressed me to become a total abstainer, saying that only by becoming a Teetotaler could I hope to be safe from the snares of drink, and that many who called themselves moderate drinkers once are now spending all their substance on alcoholic liquors.

J. My poor mother wishes from the bottom of her heart there was not a drop to be had in the land. The trouble which it has brought to our home is very great. The sunshine of hope seems almost to have left us, but we still have a little faith that my poor father will not only see the error of his ways, but have strength to resist the evil. When that happy day comes there will be joy at home, and mother and I pray daily that time may soon come.

M. I regret, Jane, I spoke so flippantly just now. I am not quite so heedless as you might suppose, as I also have seen some of the evils which drink produces. Several times of late I have met, when going home, men reeling to and fro; and have been shocked to see sometimes one of our own sex in a most sad, drunken condition. Cruel lads around mocked at her, little thinking their mothers might fall likewise. As I did not know her I have for-

gotten as soon as I could the horrid sight, and tried to shut out the picture of her sadly neglected home. But last week, I saw one who has seen better and happier days, and one who lives in our street, too, unable to walk without stumbling. As her husband is well off, and has a good business, she is enabled to dress well, but that day her dress was bespattered with mud. Alas! what must her husband and children think about her—children that are now nearly men and women. She is a kind mother when not possessed by drink, and has been a member of a Church, in which her husband has been a communicant for many years. It is indeed terrible to think that one's own dearly loved mother might fall in like manner.

A. Well, Mary, you now speak almost as strongly on the subject as Jane did a short time ago. If I felt so strongly I should not hesitate long about joining a Band of Hope, and helping forward the cause of Temperance.

J. I am exceedingly glad that a reference to the misery of our home has had such an effect on Mary, and sincerely hope before we part both of you will promise to join our Band, and pray that Jesus will enable you to keep the pledge when once taken.

M. I will be at your next meeting, and, perhaps, will then sign the pledge.

A. If Mary promises to do so, so will I.

J. Will you join with me in singing the following verse for my mother's sake?

"Will you leave off drinking, father?
It is such a dreadful sin;
And dear mother pines in sorrow,
While her cheek grows pale and thin.
She sits up for you till midnight,
Long, long, hours she keeps awake,—
Do now write your name, dear father,
Sign the pledge for mother's sake!
For a moment think, dear father,
What a joyful home 'twill make;
Will you, will you, dearest father,
Sign the pledge for mother's sake?"

Again let us join in singing,—

"The young are sinking day by day,
In deepest sin and wretchedness;
In anguish wild to you they pray
To help them in their sore distress;
They cry aloud, they cry to you—
The strong, the wise, the pure, the good,
All who such sorrows never knew,
And in such dangers never stood."

M. Before I wish you good-night, will you

allow me to help you a little at home? I had intended to spend this money (*drops the coin in Jane's hand*) on frivolity and pleasure, but I am sure I shall be happier away from the gay scene I was going to, especially when I know that I have assisted in some small degree to make one home less miserable.

THROUGH THE FLAMES.

TRIS on a Sunday evening—the Penn-
sylvania train,
With hurried speed, goes dashing its
destined goal to gain;
Six hundred souls and upwards—a
precious human throng—

That train from Jersey City most proudly
bears along.

It gaily journeys onward, just like a
thing of life,

To take expected loved ones to husband,
child, or wife.

No lurking fear of danger fills anyone
with care;

But soon, alas, each bosom feels horror
and despair!

The furnace door flies open, and forth the
fierce flames dart,

And, towards the cars advancing, strike
terror to each heart; [desire,

And as the blazing demon displays its fell
The passengers shriek wildly, "Good
God! the train's on fire!"

The engineer and stoker are from their
posts forced back—

The flames are fast increasing, the wood
is charred and black;

No one is there to slacken the engine's
headlong pace,

No hope! a death by torture now stares
them in the face.

From his momentary refuge the driver's
seen to start,

And one deep God-sent yearning inflames
his noble heart.

Six hundred lives in peril! His *one* life
he will give!

Then through the flames he dashes—to
die that *they* may live!

The scorching flames cling round him—
for him all hope is lost!

He saves those shrieking hundreds! Oh,
God! at what a cost?

The engine he reverses, and then, with
dreadful groans,

He totters back disfigured—his flesh
seared off his bones!

They reverently raise him, and almost
breathe a prayer

That his brave soul's Creator may end
his sufferings *there*.

To think of that burned hero, all eyes
with tears grow wet;

Those rescued ones—*nay*, all the world—
owe him a mighty debt!

May He soon heal his suff'rings or take
him to his rest;

Long may that hero's brav'ry be on each
heart impressed!

And high among the martyrs who for
others' sake bore pain, [vania train.

Will be that noble driver of the Pennsyl-
—*From Fun.*

LET THE CLOTH BE WHITE.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Dedicated to the Poor Children's Excursions.

GO set the table, Mary, an' let the
cloth be white!

The hungry city children are comin' here
to-night;

The children from the city, with features
pinched an' spare,

Are comin' here to get a breath of God's
untainted air.

They come from out the dungeons where
they with want were chained;

From places dark an' dismal, by tears of
sorrow stained;

From where a thousand shadows are
murdering all the light:

Set well the table, Mary dear, an' let the
cloth be white!

They ha' not seen the daisies made for the
heart's behoof; [cottage roof;

They never heard the rain drops upon a
They do not know the kisses of zephyr an'

of breeze; [the forest trees.
They never rambled wild an' free beneath

The food that they ha' eaten was spoiled
by others' greeds; [o' poison seeds;

The very air their lungs breathed was full
The very air their souls breathed was full

o' wrong an' spite:
Go set the table, Mary dear, an' let the

cloth be white!

The fragrant water-lilies ha' never smiled
at them; [its dewy stem;

They never picked a wild flower from off
They never saw a greensward that they

could safely pass
Unless they heeded well the sign that says
"Keep off the grass."

God bless the men and women of noble
brain an' heart

Who go down in the folk-swamps an' take
the children's part!—

Those hungry, cheery children that keep
us in their debt, [than they get!

And never fail to give us more of pleasure

Set well the table, Mary; let nought be
scant or small; [for 'em all.

The little ones are coming; have plenty
There's nothing we should furnish except

the very best
To those that Jesus looked upon an' called
to Him an' blessed.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

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Convulsions,

ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

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For Children Cutting their Teeth.

To prevent Convulsions.

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nor anything injurious to a tender babe.)

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WITH ONE DOSE

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WITH ONE DOSE

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 157. January, 1883.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



POOR HERBERT.

POOR HERBERT.

POOR Herbert is ill in bed, and rather fretful. He wishes to be out of doors with his brothers and sisters, whose voices he sometimes hears when they shout in a louder tone than usual; and he thinks it very annoying that he should be confined to his bed. His mamma and the doctor both promise that if he is a good boy, and will take the medicine regularly as ordered, he will soon

be well, and he, too, may laugh and jump about as merry as any. He caught a severe cold some days ago, and the doctor is afraid, unless great care is taken, the cold will develop into fever, and then many weeks may have to be spent indoors. So we think Herbert will try not to be tiresome, and take the medicine willingly, though it is far from pleasant.

THE YEAR THAT IS TO COME.

WHAT are we going to do, dear friends,

In the year that is to come,
To baffle that fearful fiend of death,
Whose messenger is rum?
Shall we fold our hands and bid him pass,

As he has passed heretofore,
Leaving his deadly poisoned draught
At every unbarred door?

What are we going to do, dear friends?
Still wait for crime and pain,
Then bind the bruises, and heal the wound,
And soothe the woe again?

Let the fiend still torture the weary wife,
And poison the coming child,
Still break the suffering mother's heart,
Still drive the sister wild?

Still bring to the grave the gray-haired sire,

Still martyr the brave young soul,
Till the waters of death, like a burning stream

O'er the whole great nation roll,
And poverty take the place of wealth,
And sin, and crime, and shame
Drag down to the very depths of hell
The highest and proudest name?

Is this our *mission* on earth, dear friends,
In the years that are to come?

If not, let us rouse and do our work
Against this spirit of rum.

There is not a soul so poor and weak,
In all this goodly land,

But against this evil a word might speak,
And lift a warning hand.

And lift a warning hand, dear friends,
With a cry for her home and hearth,
Adding voice to voice till the sound shall sweep

Like rum's death-knell, o'er the earth,
And the weak and wavering shall hear,
And the faint grow brave and strong,
And the true, and good, and great, and wise
Join hands to right this wrong.

Till a barrier of bold and loving hearts,
So deep and broad, is found,
That no spirit of rum can overleap,
Pass through, or go around.

Then the spirit of rum shall surely die;
For his food is human lives,
And only on hourly sacrifice
The demon lives and thrives.

And can we not do this, dear friends,
In the years that are to come?

Let each one work to save and keep
Her loved ones and her home;

Then the ransomed soul shall send to
heaven

A song without alloy,
And "the morning stars together sing,
And God's sons shout for joy.

Mrs. F. D. Gage.

TACT AND TALENT.

LAD, Tact is valuable to own,
And has a great charm in it.
When Talent points you to a goal,
Tact helps you, lad, to win it.

Talent is earnest, sober, grave,
Respectable, discerning.
Good Tact can change to merry mood—
Tact saves, while Talent's earning.

Tact is the light of every sense;
Tact helps us, lad, in seeing—
Tact makes our hearing more acute,
Tact is the life of being.

To Tact, we owe the judging taste,
And our keen sense of smelling.
Tact, lad, is in our fingers' ends,
And e'en a touch makes telling.

Tact solves deep riddles, makes us see
Light through a muddy fountain,
By Tact we walk o'er rocky road—
By Tact we climb steep mountain.

Scorn not good Talent, but let Tact
Lend Talent grace and lightness,
Then Talent and fair Tact combined
Will rival Genius' brightness.
—*Mary E. Lambert in "Golden Days."*

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

HOW many of our most promising
young men does intemperance en-
snare, and by its impetuous torrent, sweep
away to infamy and the grave! Many
young men have yielded to the sollicita-
tions of their associates, and taken a glass,

who never intended to take another, or at
least to make a practice of it; but when
they have once tasted the cup, they ven-
tured again and again; and thus led on,
step by step, they soon became drunkards.
The vice of intemperance hurries its vic-
tim with the violence of passion, captivates
him by the allurements of pleasure: he
yields to the impulse, merely because he
cannot resist it; reason remonstrates, con-
science endeavours to check him, but all
in vain. Having once allowed the strong
passion to gain the ascendant, he has
thrown himself in the middle of a torrent,
against which he may sometimes faintly
struggle, but the impetuosity of the stream
bears him along. In this situation he is
so far from being free that he is not mas-
ter of himself; he does not go, but is
driven, tossed, and impelled, passive like
a ship in the violence of the waves.

How often have unworthy friendships,
imprudent and vicious associates, engaged
young men, unawarily at first, and at length
habitually in a fatal course of folly and
crime! Let me ask where has the disso-
lute young man contracted these vices,
which, in spite of his convictions, are
dragging him captive at their will; where
the worthless gambler learned his infam-
ous trade; where the contemptible loungee
acquired his habits of idleness; where the
prodigal, the intemperate, the profligate,
where have they corrupted all their
powers, both of body and of soul? Was
it not in vicious society, whose pleasure is
in the intoxicating bowl? Pause, young
man, and fly from the haunts of "club-
rooms," saloons, and tippling-shops where
intoxicating liquors are sold. Perhaps
you may feel unconcerned on this subject,
because you never were drunkards. But
let me tell you all drunkards felt just so
before they were enslaved and brutalized
by intemperance. What young man can
look upon the dreadful picture I have but

imperfectly drawn, and not perceive his danger? A mournful cry comes from the prison-cell, and cautions all to flee from the accursed enemy of our peace and liberty. The grave, too, into which so many have gone down, the unhappy victims of inebriation, speaks in solemn tones to escape from the unrelenting enemy. A voice also, as within, the unerring monitor, warns all to beware of the insidious foe. All, all speak in a voice like the rushing of mighty waters against intemperance.

Young men, I pray you heed this advice, and avoid the dens of darkness and destruction; go not near the sinks of iniquity; pass by them as you would a pestilence which is sure death. Your good example will do much, very much, towards checking the progress of the abominable practice of rum drinking. Abstain from the practice yourself, and do all you can to save those of your age from falling into the vice of intemperance, which is making so many pests of society and cumberers of the earth; which is robbing them of their characters, blunting their minds, hardening their hearts, and searing their consciences. If you desire to be respected, abstain from the appearance of evil, lest you be drawn into temptation. Resist—ay, that is the word—resist, with all the energy you possess, the beginning, and shun the occasions of so dangerous a vice as that of intemperance.

A. L.

“STAND TO YOUR GUNS.”

HENRY ANDERTON.

HOIST your flag! 'tis the eve of a
fight

For the death of the demon of drink;
Draw your swords in the cause of the
right!

Souls are loitering over the brink

Of a precipice, gloomy and dark,
Whose base is the kingdom of hell;
So brace up your nerves for the fray,
See to it you bear yourselves well.

“Stand to your guns!”

Keep in line, for the foemen are strong;
In numbers they rival the stars.
For the rescue of brothers from death,
On to victory, and heed not your scars?
For the sake of the wives of your fray,
For the sake of the sisters you love,
For your babes, for your homes, for your
all,
Stand you fast—from your ranks do
not move,

“Stand to your guns!”

Fire away! till the haunts of the fiend—
Those poison-shops, gates to the grave—
Shall be levelled to earth by your shot;
Hurl them down, not a stone of them
save!

For the blood of the slain stains their
walls,

The souls of the lost cry, “Repay!”
The maniac's laugh and the idiot's smile
Command you to sweep them away.

“Stand to your guns!”

Look to God! for He only can help,
And He loveth the banner you bear;
Do not fear, hold it bravely aloft,
Seek the thick of the fight—be you
there!

Live in hope, do not tremble or faint,
If the battle be weary and long;
Dash forward! redouble your blows!

And, till victory tuneth your song,

“Stand to your guns!”

LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

WHEN our fathers love the drink,
Madly drown the power to think,
Then they drive to ruin's brink

Little ones like me.

Wretched homes and meagre fare,
 Filth, disease, and clothing bare,
 Victims of these ills they are,
 Little ones like me.

Warning by his course we'll take,
 And the drunkard's cup forsake,
 Lest his wretched fate o'ertake
 Little ones like me.

Bands of Hope, like anchors firm,
 Hold us in temptation's storm,
 Bring to aid the world's reform
 Little ones like me.

Like a fort when danger's nigh,
 Like a rainbow in the sky,
 Strength and hope these bands supply
 Little ones like me.

Floats our banner in the air,
 Its device, "Excelsior!"
 Join our band, our triumph share,
 Little ones like me.

Truth prevails, and right decrees
 Conquest must and shall increase;
 Bloodless are our victories!
 Little ones like me.

Help! we cry, the foe is nigh,
 Down with drink! Let tipping die!
 Shout aloud the victory!
 Little ones like me.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

ONE hundred thousand men—
 Gay youth and silvered head—
 On every hill, in every glen,
 In palace, cot, and loathsome den,
 Each year, from rum, lie dead!
 One hundred thousand sons of toil
 Yearly find graves *in freedom's soil*,
 From rum, good friends, from rum!

On many a wooded plain
 Their glittering axes rung;
 Homes for their loved ones dear to gain,
 They tilled the soil, and plowed the main;
 They taught with pen and tongue.

Our brothers—living by our side—
 They *tasted*—fell—and sadly died
 From rum, good friends, from rum!

Up many a fortress wall
 They charged, with boys in blue,
 'Mid surging smoke and volleyed ball,
 These they survived—only to fall
 From rum? Can it be true?
 Once noble men—perchance our pride—
 One hundred thousand MEN have died,
 This year, good friends, from rum!

One hundred thousand hearths
 Are rendered desolate.
 And must it be for ever thus?
 Must children's children feel the curse?
 Friends, shall we vacillate?
 Or shall our people now awake,
 And with loud voice the nation shake,
 And cry, AWAY WITH RUM?

LET EVERY VOTE BE NO.

VOTE yes! and the lava-tide of death
 Over cottage, hall, and bower
 Shall roll its dark, blood-crested wave,
 While madness rules the hour.

Voteno! and the white-winged angel, Peace,
 Shall dwell in the drunkard's home;
 And beams of temperance, truth, and light
 Dispel the withering gloom.

Vote yes! and the careworn heart will break,
 The pale lip hush its prayer;
 The wretched drunkard downward haste
 To realms of dark despair.

Vote no! and the mother's heart will leap,
 The sister's eye be dry,
 The poor inebriate clasp his hands,
 And raise his voice on high.

Oh! then, by the life which God hath given,
 By your powers to curse or bless, [heaven,
 By your fears of hell and your hope of
 Let not your vote be yes.

By the cherished heart's bitter wrong,
 By the spirit's deathless woe—
 In the name of God and the name of man,
 Let every vote be no.

19.—On to the Goal.

P. B. BLISS.

On to the goal, friends, on, Glo - ry a - waits you there,

KEY G.

{	m : m ., r	d : l,	d : - r	d : -	m : m ., m	s : m	r : -	- : -	
	s ₁ : s ₁ ., f ₁	m ₁ : f ₁	m ₁ : - f ₁	m ₁ : -	d : d ., d	d : d	t ₁ : -	- : -	
	d : d ., d	d : d	d : -	- : -	s : s ., s	m : s	s : -	- : -	
	d : d ., d	d : d	d : -	- : -	d : d ., d	d : d	s ₁ : -	- : -	

Crowns for the vic - tor's brow, And robes that the con - quers wear;

{	m : m ., r	d : l,	d : - r	d : r	m : s ., s	m : r	d : -	- : -	
	s ₁ : s ₁ ., f ₁	m ₁ : f ₁	m ₁ : - f ₁	m ₁ : f ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ ., s ₁	t ₁ : t ₁	d : -	- : -	
	d : d ., d	d : d	d : -	- : d	d : m ., m	s : f	m : -	- : -	
	d : d ., d	d : d	d : -	- : d	d : d ., d	s ₁ : s ₁	d : -	- : -	

Thrones for the sons of might, Harps for the sons of song,

{	r : r ., r	r : m	f : -	- : -	m : m ., m	m : fe	s : -	f : -	
	t ₁ : t ₁ ., t ₁	t ₁ : d	r : -	- : -	d : s ₁ ., s ₁	l ₁ : d	t ₁ : -	- : -	
	s : s ., s	s : s	s : -	- : -	s : m ., r	d : r	r : -	- : -	
	s ₁ : s ₁ ., s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : -	- : -	d : d ., t ₁	l ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : -	- : -	

Wel-come from heaven's own King, And greet-ings from heaven's bright throng.

m : m . m | f : m | r : d | t : l | s . l : t : d | r : m | d : - | - : -
 d : s . , s | l : s | t : l | s : f | f : f . s | l : t : d : - | - : -
 d : d . d | d : d | f : - | d : d | t . d : r . m | f : s | m : - | - : -
 d : d . d | d : d | f : - | - : f | s : s . s | s : s | d : - | - : -

CHORUS.

On to the goal, friends, on to the goal, Glo-ry a-waits you there;

s : s . , l | s : m | f : - | - : - | m : m . m | s : m | r : - | - : -
 d : d . d | d : d | t : t . , t | t : - | d : d . d | d : d | t : - | - : -
 m : m . , f | m : d | r : - | - : - | d : s . s | s : s | s : - | - : -
 d : d . d | d : d | s : s . , s | s : - | d : d . d | m : d | s : s . , l | s . f : m . r .

Glo-ry a-waits you there.

Crowns for the vic-tor's brow, And robes that the conquerors wear.

m : m . m | f : m | r : d | t : l | s . l : t : d | r : m | d : - | - : -
 d : s . , s | l : s | t : l | s : f | f : f . s | l : t : d : - | - : -
 d : d . d | d : d | f : - | d : d | t . d : r . m | f : s | m : - | - : -
 d : d . d | d : d | f : - | - : f | s : s . s | s : s | d : - | - : -

2 On, for the hour has come,
 When ye the race must run;
 Or see life's day decline,
 With life's great work undone.
 Hark! for the Master calls,
 Bright o'er your path has shone,
 Sunlight of His own smile,
 Then on to the goal, friends, on.

3 Lay off each cumbrous weight,
 Leave every darling sin;
 He must be free as air,
 Who yonder wreath would win.
 Jesus awaits you there—
 Waits but to bind the crown
 Round ev'ry victor's brow:
 Then on to the goal, friends, on.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," &c., &c.

(HERBERT, in rags, is heard talking to himself.)

Herbert.

THE New Year is here again, and everybody seems to be wishing everybody a Happy New Year.

But as for me—well, there isn't a single individual in the world cares whether I'm happy or miserable. I know it's my own fault. I'm a drunkard, and I've driven all my friends from me. What would I not give to be the merry, laughing lad I once was! How I used to look forward to the coming Christmas and New Year! What fun we used to have at home, and how the dear old father and mother used to join in our games and make-believe they were children like us. But it won't do for me to think much about those past days. It almost drives me mad to think at all about them. Oh, drink, drink, drink! What a wretch you have made of me! Well, it can't be helped now; I've just twopence left, I'll drink to my own misery, and then—well—I don't know what next. There's always one way of escape from my misery—but I have a dread of the next world!

Susan (cheerily). A Happy New Year to you, sir, and a many of them.

H. Is the girl speaking to me, I wonder? She can't be, for she'd never address a ragged-looking fellow like me as "sir." And yet she's looking and smiling at me.

S. Why don't you say "Thank you, the same to you"? That is what everybody says, you know.

H. Are you wishing me A Happy New Year, child?

S. Yes; why not? You don't seem very happy just now. Mother and I have been watching you from our parlour window, and we felt so sorry for you, you

looked so poor and so wretched. I asked mother if I might come and wish you A Happy New Year.

H. God bless you and your mother, child. But it's no use wishing me any happiness, because it won't come.

S. Why not? Everybody may be happy, mayn't they, if they try? Mother says if we always do right and love to be good we shall not often be miserable.

H. Ah, child, that's just it! But you see I haven't done right and I haven't loved to be good, and therefore I am not happy.

S. Poor man, what have you done?

H. Well, child, I'm a drunkard.

S. Ah, mother was afraid you were. But you can sign the pledge and then you'll soon be better. See, here is the pledge-book; I brought it with me when mother said she thought you must be so miserable because you took drink. Oh, sir, please sign the pledge.

H. It wouldn't help me, my dear girl. I feel almost broken-hearted at your kindness. You are the first who has spoken such tender words to me for a long time; but it's no use. I'm past hope. There is no more happiness for me. Run home, child, and tell your mother I thank her for sending you, but it's too late.

S. No, no, no; it's not too late for you to sign the pledge and be happy again. I know several men who once were drunkards, but who signed the pledge and now they are very comfortable. Don't, please don't say it is too late.

H. I see no hope for me. Look at me, child. I'm ragged and dirty, and my face is disfigured by drink. I couldn't get work from anyone. What's the use of me signing the pledge? No, no; it's no use!

S. But you can wash your face and make it clean; and if you'll sign the pledge I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll just ask father to give you some better clothes. There, now, won't you sign? Ah, see, here is father coming (*enter Mr. Grange*). Oh, father, here is a poor man, and I am trying to get him to sign the pledge. You'll help him to be better, won't you?

Mr. Grange. Certainly, my dear. (*Addressing H.*) You don't seem in the best of circumstances, sir. I suppose this season doesn't bring you much happiness?

H. No, sir; you are right. But that child has softened my heart. If I could only hope—if I could, sir, I'd try and be better.

Mr. G. Why not hope? Many men have been even worse in circumstances than you are and yet have overcome their difficulties and become respectable.

S. You'll give him some good clothes, won't you father, if he'll sign the pledge?

Mr. G. Yes; and I'll give him a lift on to the right line again, Susan. It will give me great pleasure to be of some service and to do a kind action at this happy season. Come, sir, what say you? Will you let me help you to become once more a sober and respectable man?

H. You see, sir, I'm afraid of myself. I have been a drunkard so long that I don't think I could keep the pledge were I to sign it. Yet, I feel tempted to try.

S. Oh, do, sir!

Mr. G. Yes; take my girl's advice. You can conquer if you try. I daresay it will be hard sometimes, but surely comfort, respectability and happiness are worth striving for.

H. I'll try; I'll sign the pledge, my girl.

S. Oh, here is the book!

Mr. G. Better come home with us and sign there, then I can make you look a bit decent, I dare say. Come along, Susan; come along, sir.

H. Ah, how good! how kind! I do believe I shall yet have a happy New Year.

S. To-be-sure you will. A Happy New Year, sir, and a many of them!

H. Thank you, child, the same to you.

(*Exit all three.*)

WHAT IS THE LIQUOR-SHOP?

A VAMPIRE fattening on the pain
Of bleeding hearts and children
slain;

A foe to virtue, learning, truth,
The bane of age and snare of youth;
A licensed woe and murder den,
A curse and pest to honest men;
A nation's burning blot and shame,
Which all its noblest deeds defame;
Death's gilded door, round which men
wait,

And madly take the poisoned bait;
A source from which pollution streams,
Darkening beauty's heavenly beams;
The poor man's foe and wise man's dread,
Where poverty to vice is wed;
A trumpet-call to all the good
To join in holy brotherhood
This glaring wrong to sweep away,
And hydra hosts of evil slay;
The misery and crime it brings
To rank among departed things,
Whose spectres, trembling in the gloom,
Us wakeful keep, lest it resume
Its blasting sway, and, daring, wage
Destructive warfare with the age.
Then rouse ye, all who hold the helm
Of public action in the realm!
Mark well the facts within your reach,
For these a fearful lesson teach
Of festering ignorance and sin
In these abodes of beer and gin.
If, then, from guilt you would be free,
Declare the evil shall not be!

THE "YELLOW RIBBON" ARMY.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

THEY come! they come! a noisy throng,
 In mighty phalanx march along;
 With music harsh, the drunkards roar
 The pot-room song, and loud encore;
 The fizzing of exploding bottles;
 The groans of him his neighbour throttles;
 Mixed with the sighs of broken hearts;
 The yelling—as a soul departs
 From earth to that dread far-away:—
 This is the army's minstrelsy.

Their banners dyed with human blood,
 Or marked with children's clothes and
 food;

Or stained with widows' tears and sighs;
 Or steeped with orphans' bitter cries;—
 Float on the breeze, in black arrayed,
 With glaring mottoes there displayed—
 "Rum," "beer," and "wine," with

"death's head grim,"
 And "brandy," "whisky," "porter,"
 "gin!"

All as with fire engraven there,
 And "murder," "rapine," and "despair."

They come! they come! each jolly fellow
 Wears on his arm a "badge of yellow!"
 With staggering step, in drunken reel,
 They march with ardour and with zeal;
 They cheer each other on the way,—
 "We'll have the drink on Sabbath Day!"

The drunkard and the parlour sot,
 The drinker of the "little drop!"
 The so-named Christian looking shy,
 That drinks strong gin upon the sly.

But still they come in sad array,
 From prison and penitentiary;
 From the asylum—raving mad,
 From workhouse—all so meanly clad;
 From darkest slums and alleys drear,—
 All victims of strong drink are there,
 And onward led, and cheered along
 By others mixing in the throng—
 Hold "yellow badge" in adoration,
 And boastingly shout "moderation!"

The Church is robbed, its members slain,
 This seething army to maintain;
 Judges and senators combine,
 While magistrates march on in line;
 With gentlemen of each degree,
 And ladies not a few we see;
 Mechanics, too, of every trade,
 Of every calling, every grade,—
 All love strong drink—the "yellow" wear,
 Helps on this army to despair.

And still they come, a motley crew,
 Onward, and on to ruin go;
 Led by brewers and distillers,
 Publicans and all wine-sellers
 And drawing to their ranks the young,
 Who scarce life's work have yet begun—
 The fair young girl, the lively boy,
 From home and mother, to destroy—
 Till all the badge of yellow war,
 In silly jest and wanton leer.

And while they come—still, sill they go
 To regions of eternal woe,
 And as the ranks rush madly on,
 They follow those already gone;
 Thousands and thousands every year
 With badge of yellow disappear:—
 That "yellow badge," fit emblem sure
 Of gold robbed from both rich and poor,
 Clutched by the leaders, one and all,
 The price of many a precious soul.

Alas! when will this army stay
 Its onward course—its downward way,
 Its rapid progress, eager go,—
 Its terminus eternal woe?
 When will it stay its desolation
 While on its way throughout the nation?
 When will its tramp be heard no more?
 The maniac's wail? the drunkard's roar?
 Not while with "yellow badge" they come,
 And onward march to final dom!

Now Ready. No. 8. Price 1d.

THE HOME and SABBATH SCHOOL
 SINGER.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 158. February, 1883.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



LOOKING OUT FOR PAPA.

LOOKING OUT FOR PAPA.

UR sketch represents two little ones looking over the fence of a garden. They are expecting their Papa coming that way in the conveyance, and are anxious to have the first peep at him. Two or three weeks ago, Mr. Smith had been called away on urgent business to London—business which he hoped would not detain him a week at the most; but he has been kept there a much longer time, so there is no wonder his little ones are impatient to see him. James, the man who attends to the

stable, took the gig nearly an hour ago to the station to meet his master, and so Papa cannot be long now. Won't Paul shout when he sees his Papa, and Laura will not be much behind. When they have seen him, they will scamper into the house to have a hug and a kiss, which Papa will be as glad to give as the children to receive. We dare say there will be in the corner of the portmanteau some little present for the little ones, which will be much valued because Papa has brought it from the big town.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY JOHN GREANLEAF WHITTIER.

THE wave is breaking on the shore—
The echo fading from the chime,—
Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial-plate of time.

O seer-seen angel! waiting now
With weary feet on sea and shore,
Impatient for the last dread vow
That time shall be no more.

Once more across thy sleepless eye
The semblance of a smile has passed :
The year departing leaves more nigh
Time's fearfullest and last.

Oh, in that dying year hath been
The sum of all since time began,—
The birth and death, the joy and pain
Of nature and of man.

Spring, with her change of sun and shower,
And streams released from winter's
chain,
And bursting bud, and opening flower,
And greenly growing grain ;

And summer's shade, and sunshine warm,
And rainbows o'er her hill-tops bowed,
And voices in her rising storm,—
God speaking from His cloud!—

And autumn's fruits and clustering
sheaves,
And soft, warm days of golden light,
The glory of her forest leaves,
And harvest moon at night.

And winter with her leafless grove,
And prisoned stream, and drifting snow,
The brilliance of her heaven above
And of her earth below :—

And man,—in whom an angel's mind
With earth's low instincts finds abode,
The highest of the links which bind
Brute nature to her God ;

His infant eye hath seen the light,
His childhood's merriest laughter rung,
And active sports to manlier might
The nerves of manhood strung !

And quiet love, and passion's fires,
Have soothed or burned in manhood's
breast,

And lofty aims and low desires
By turns disturbed his rest.

The waiting of the newly born
Has mingled with the funeral knell;
And o'er the dying's ear has gone
The merry marriage-bell,

And wealth has filled his halls with mirth,
While want, in many a humble shed,
Toiled, shivering by her cheerless hearth,
The live-long night for bread.

THE GRADED ALPHABET.

A is the young man's first glass of ale,
B is the beer which next will prevail,
C is the cider, so simple at first, [thirst.
Causing in future unquenchable
D is the dram taken morn, noon, or eve,
E is the extra one—at eleven, I believe—
F is the flip thought so good for a cold,
G is the gin not so pure as of old,
H is the hotel, where often he goes,
I is the inner room he so well knows,
J is the jug he there fills to the brim,
K is the knocking of conscience within,
L is the landlord, who smiles as you drink,
M is your money he's getting, I think,
N is the nightmare which visits your brain,
O is the orgies of a midnight train,
P is the poor, penniless pauper you become,
Q is the quarrel, the product of rum,
R is the ruin rum brings to your door,
S is the suffering ne'er known before,
T is the tremens, and mark this as true:
They make few calls ere death must
ensue;
U is the undertaker who comes to your
aid,
V is the valley where your body is laid,
W is the wretchedness, wailing and woe
'X'ecrable drunkards alone can know,
Y is the yearning for misspent time,
Z is the zenith of the drunkard's clime.

THAT LITTLE GIRL LIKE ME.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

"OH, dear mamma, I often meet
A pale-face child in yonder street,
No shoes upon her naked feet—
A little girl like me.

"Her dress appears so very thin,
With only ragged skirt within,
That I could see her naked skin—
Of that dear girl like me.

"No hat upon her head had she,
With hair unkempt, she looked strangely,
And then her face was so dirty—
That little girl like me.

"One day a woman came along,
And to the child she said:—'Come on!
I thought you for some gin had gone!'—
That little girl like me.

"And then she did so angry look
Upon the child, and then she took
Her by the arm, and sadly shook
That little girl like me.

"'Oh! mother don't!' she seem'd in pain;
That mother shook her yet again—
From beating her did not refrain—
That little girl like me.

"It seemed so cruel, mother, dear,
To beat a child, so thin and bare!
I felt I could the beating share,
Of that dear child like me.

"And then that mother reel'd away,
Across the street, and, must I say,
Into a gin shop went straightway,
With that dear child like me."

"My child, she is a drunken one!"
But, mother, something must be done;
Or she may kill that pale-faced one—
That little girl like me."

"Yes, darling; we must try to win
That mother from the drink and sin!"

"Say, mother! shall we now begin,
For that dear child like me?"

THAT AWFUL BOY.



FAMILY of some pretensions, living on Nelson Street, had a party of five to tea Thursday evening. The table was set out in fine style, as the company were from the city, and it was absolutely necessary to show them that folks may live in a village like Danbury, and yet understand the requirements of good society. When they were all at the table, and the lady was preparing to dish up the tea, her little son, whose face shone like the knees of a country clergyman's pants, pulled her secretly by the dress. But she was too busy to notice. He pulled her again; but, receiving no response, he whispered,—

"Ma, ma!"

"What is it?"

"Ain't this one of Miss Perry's knives?" holding up the article in his hand, and looking, as he properly should, very much gratified by such an evidence of his discernment.

She made no reply in words; but she gave him a look that was calculated to annihilate him.

The tea was dished out, and the party were buttering their biscuit, when the youth suddenly whispered again, looking at his plate with a pleased expression, "Why, ma, my plate is different from the others."

"Thomas!" she ejaculated under her breath.

"Why, it is, ma," persisted Thomas. "Now, just see here: this plate has"—

"Thomas," again ejaculated his mother with crimsoned face, while his father assumed a frown nearly an inch thick, "if you don't let your victuals stop your mouth, I'll send you away from the table."

This quieted Thomas at once. He was not a very particular boy; and he concluded that the difference in the plates

was not of such moment as to admit of tedious argument at this time.

Several minutes passed without any further interruption. The young man industriously attended to his food, but at the same time kept a close eye on what was going on around him. He was lifting up his cup for a sip, when his glance unfortunately fell upon the saucer. It was but a glance; but, with the keenness of a young eye, he saw that the two were not originally designed for each other.

"Why, ma," he eagerly whispered, "this cup don't belong to"—

Then he suddenly stopped. The expression of his mother's face actually rendered him speechless, and for a moment he applied himself to his meal in depressed silence. But he was young, and of an elastic temper; and he soon recovered his beaming expression. A little later, he observed a lady opposite putting a spoon of preserved grapes in her mouth; then he twitched his mother's dress, and said again,—

"Ma!"

The unhappy woman shivered at the sound; but his remark, this time, appeared to be on an entirely different subject, as he asked,—

"Ain't Miss Walker a funny woman?"

"Funny?" said his mother with a sigh of relief. And then turning to the company with the explanation, "Mrs. Walker is an old lady who lives across the way," she smiled on her hopeful son, and asked, "What makes you think she is funny?"

"Why, you know—you know," began Thomas, in that rapid, moist way which an only son assumes, when he is imparting information before company, in response to a cordial invitation, "when I went over there this afternoon to get the spoons, she said she hoped the company wouldn't bite 'em, as it would dent"—

"Thomas!" shrieked the unhappy mother as soon as she could break in.

"Young man," gasped the father, "leave this table at once."

And Thomas left at once. His father subsequently followed him, and the two met in a back-room; and, had both been flying express-trains coming together, there could scarcely have been more noise.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

ELLA WHEELER.

I KNOW when the good time coming,

That seems so far away—
Such a distant, dim to-morrow—
Shall be a glad to-day!

It will be when all the maidens
Shall place beneath the ban
Of their indifferent scorning,
Each tippling, drinking man.

When every girl and woman
Who knows enough to think,
Shall tell her would-be lovers:
"I wed no slave of drink.

No devotee of Bacchus
Need bow before my shrine,
And offer a heart divided
Between me and his wine."

If all the noble women
Would tell their lovers this,
"The lips that touch the wine-cup
Our own can never kiss,"

I'm sure 'twould answer better
Toward helping on the cause,
And making men abstainers,
Than half a dozen laws.

But if women will not do it,
Why, then, we'll work away
With laws and books and lectures;
But still I think and say,
If girls would go about it,
Each, every one, and all,
They could sweep away the traffic,
And crush old Alcohol.

Hurrah! for the valiant maidens,
The maidens tried and true,
Who will not wed wine-bibbers!
Are you among the few?
If so, then you are hasting
The great good time to come;
If not, then you are helping
That fiend and demon, Rum.

A WHISTLING GIRL.

"A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Never come to no good end."

THUS, with a happy disregard
Of rules for negatives and rhymes,
I've heard my dear old grandmother
Say, very gravely, many times.
And of the hen it may be true;
I must confess I do not know,
Because, although I've listened oft,
I never chanced to hear one crow.

But, oh! the whistling girl I've met;
As blithe is she as any bird,
And from her lips morn, noon, and eve
The merriest of trills are heard. [pour,
Lips that, kiss-shaped, look, when they
Out on the air a cheery strain;
As though, as someone says, "a rose
Had shut to be a bud again."

From task to task, with lightsome step,
She hastens, whistling as she goes,
And her deft hands charm what they touch,
And order from disorder grows.
But never in such a haste is she
She can not pause a word to speak
To grieving children, or to kiss
A pretty dimpled baby cheek.

And, spite of the old saying, I
Wear near my heart a bonny curl
That once danced gaily to the tunes
Of a light-hearted whistling girl—
A girl who soon I'll call my own,
My wife, my sweetheart, and my friend;
And with me she shall happily,
Please, Heaven, live till life shall end.

—Margaret Eytlinge, in "Harper's Weekly."

THE DEADLY CUP.



American Tract Society.

Franklin-Square Song Collection.

Spirited.

The dead - ly cup while oth - ers drink, We'll nev - er, nev - er taste it; It

KEY
F \flat .

{	s_1	d	.d	: r	.r		m	.s	: s	.,m		f	.m	: r	.d		m	: r	.s ₁
	s_1	s_1	s_1	: t ₁	.t ₁		d	.d	: d	.,d		d	.d	: d	.d		d	: t ₁	.s ₁
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	s_1	d	.d	: s ₁	.s ₁		d	.d	: d	.,d		d	.d	: d	.d		s_1	: s ₁	.s ₁

lures us on to ru - in's brink, And thou - sands have con - fessed it: Come,

{	d	.d	: r	.r		m	.s	: s	.,m		r	.s	: fe	.l		l	: s	.s
	s_1	s_1	: t ₁	.t ₁		d	.d	: d	.,d		t ₁	.t ₁	: l ₁	.d		d	: t ₁	.d
	m	.m	: s	.s		s	.m	: m	.,s		s	.r	: r	.r		r	: r	.m
	d	.d	: s ₁	.s ₁		d	.d	: d	.,d		r	.r	: r	.r		r	: s ₁	.d

boys and girls, the pledge we'll sign, Be temp'rance sons and daugh-ters; We'll

{	s .m : l .s	f .r : s .f	m .r : d .r	d : t ₁ .s ₁
	d .d : de .de	r .l ₁ : t ₁ .r	d .t ₁ : d .l ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁
	m .s : l .l	l .f : r .s	s .f : m .f	m : r .s
	d .d : l ₁ .l ₁	r .r : s ₁ .s ₁	d .s ₁ : l ₁ .f ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁

ban-ish bran-dy, rum, and wine, And drink the crys-tal wa-ters.

{	d .d : r .r	m .s : d [^] .l	s .d : m .r	r : d
	s ₁ .s ₁ : t ₁ .t ₁	d .d : m .d	d .d : d .t ₁	t ₁ : d
	m .m : s .s	s .m : s .f	m .m : s .f	f : m
	d .d : s ₁ .s ₁	d .d : d .f ₁	s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	s ₁ : d

2 We'll never take God's name in vain,
And never will profane it;
The virtuous heart shall ne'er complain
Our oaths alarm and pain it:
No words profane our lips shall move,
No words obscene defile them;
And drunkards we'll entreat in love,
And pray for, not revile them.

3 We'll never use the filthy weed
We taste at first with loathing,
Which pales the cheek all blooming red,
And scents the breath and clothing:

If we beneath its power should fall,
'Twill prove a cruel master,
Around us throw its iron thrall
And bind the captive faster.

4 Then come, a war we'll nobly wage
With all that would degrade us;
The foe may meet us in his rage,
But God will surely aid us:
No tyrant habit e'er shall sit
Enthroned and crowned within us
True life these things but ill befit,
'Tis love divine shall win us.

DOWN OR UP—WHICH?

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," &c., &c.
(JOHN, *shabbily dressed*, meets Robert in the centre of the platform.)

Robert.

HELLO! old fellow. What, half-and-half again? Why the very last time I met you, you were in the same condition.

John. What do you mean, Bob? you don't mean to say I'm drunk.

R. No; not exactly drunk, nor yet exactly sober. But you've been drinking, haven't you?

J. Well, to speak the truth, I have. You see, Bob, I can't help it—'pon my word, I can't. I wish I could.

R. That's all moonshine. The fact is, you *won't* help it. Don't tell me a man who has the will to let drink alone can't. I know better than that.

J. Why, how do *you* know. I've always thought you to be a teetotaler, and I've known you five or six years.

R. But you didn't know me a dozen years since, or you would have known a drunkard. I was as big a fool then as—well, I was going to say, as you are now, but I won't.

J. Draw it mild, Bob; draw it mild, or I can't stand it.

R. It would be a good thing for you if you would neither have it drawn mild nor bitter, John.

J. But is it fact, now, that you once liked a drop o' beer?

R. Well, not a drop, exactly; I went in for quarts and half-gallons. Many a bright sovereign have I paid old Boxer at the Busy Bee. It makes me wild to think what an ass I was then. But thank goodness, I came to my senses, and gave over carrying my honey to that hive. Old Boxer was the Busy Bee, gathering up the honey and laying it by, while I, and others like me, went out working for it.

J. But, I say, how did you give up the drink?

R. I said to myself,—“This sort of carrying on won't do. There's the wife half-clad and half-fed, and looking as miserable as can be; there are the children, poor things, growing up neglected and ignorant; there's myself going to ruin as fast as I can, and losing all my respectable friends. It won't do. I'll stop drinking.” And, John, from then till now, I've never tasted one single drop of intoxicating drink. What little manliness drink had left in me I summoned to my help; and whenever the temptation to drink again came upon me—and it came pretty strong at times—I thought of my vow.

J. And I reckon you were better after.

R. How do you mean by being better?

J. Oh, you felt better, and your wife and children began a looking up.

R. See here, John, (*puts his hand on John's shoulder*) I never knew real happiness until I left off drinking. I didn't know how good and kind my wife was, or how happy my children might be; I didn't know the pleasure of being really respected by my friends. My health soon improved and my worldly prospects brightened. It was *all* better, man; and if you don't do as I did, you'll not only miss life's joys and pleasures, but you'll bring yourself and family to beggary and ruin.

J. I've almost done that already, Bob—I have indeed. My clothes are shabby enough, but you should see the wife and youngsters! Rags, all rags! How they get food, I don't know, for I never give them any money—I want it all for myself. 'Pon my word, I begin to feel I'm a fool—or something worse.

R. Well, what is it to be—down or up? Sign the pledge, with a will to keep

it, and my word for it you'll go up. If you don't, you'll go down faster than ever. (*Enter little girl, in rags and bare feet.*) Who is this poor little thing, I wonder! Some drunkard's child, I dare be bound!

J. (*looking at the girl.*) True, Robert, that is one of my children. Susie (*calling*), come here! (*Susie comes timidly.*) Where are you going?

Susie. Mother sent me to look for you. Little Benny is very ill, and the doctor says he is dying, and he keeps calling for Dada. Oh, father, please do come home!

J. I'll come, my child. Benny dying, did you say? Little Benny! Oh, I hope he will not die! What is amiss with him, Susie?

S. I don't know, father; but the doctor said he must have been ill some time, and he ought to have been kept warm and had good food.

J. Yes, yes; I have killed him. I am his murderer! Oh, what shall I do?

R. Don't put yourself about now, John. Go home with Susie and see whether little Benny may not be better when he sees you. But, one moment, will you sign?

J. Yes, I will. I'll never touch drink again, God helping me.

R. I'm glad to hear you say those words, John. You need not fear being left alone in your struggle for liberty. God always helps those who try to help themselves. When you are tempted to fall again into your old habits, think of your promise, just made.

J. I will, Bob, I will.

R. And don't go into the company of those who take drink—that's the safest plan. When I decided to be teetotal I found I must quit all my old acquaintance or I couldn't stand firm. I was asked a score of times to go into the Busy Bee and have a lemonade or a ginger beer, but I said "No!" I durstn't do it, John. It

doesn't do to stand in the way of sinners if you don't wish to be one of them. Evil communications corrupt good manners. No, you must do as I did—join some good Temperance Society, and get among men who will help and encourage you in the right way.

J. Thank you, Bob, for your good advice. I am anxious to get home to see my child. How my eyes seem open all of a sudden to my folly and my cruelty to my family. Poor little Benny!

R. Have you any money, John?

J. Not a halfpenny.

R. Here, then, take this, and get something for Benny. It may not be so bad as you think. (*Turning to Susie.*) My child, your father has promised never to take any more drink.

S. Oh, sir, we shall all be so happy!

R. I pray you may. Now, John, come along: I go your way a little. Keep firm to your promise, and if you want a friend come to me.

J. (*grasping R's hand.*) Bless you, bless you.

(*Taking Susan by the hand the three walk away.*)

A CHILD'S VOW.

ELLA WHEELER.

CIDER I will not sip,
It shall not pass my lip,
Because it has made drunkards by the score.

The apples I will eat,
But cider, hard or sweet,
I will not touch, or taste, or handle more.

The ruddy-red wine-cup
I never will lift up, [wine—
A snake is coiled beneath the gleaming
A deadly, poison thing,

And he will bite and sting; [shine.
I see his fierce eyes through the bubbles

I will not taste of gin,
It leads to vice and sin;
And so do brandy, ale, and rum, and beer.
But God has made a drink
Better than all, I think—
Cold water; that we never need to fear.
It does not steal our brains,
It does not give us pains, [sting.
It quenches thirst, and does not leave a
That is the drink for me—
Cold water, pure and free, [spring.
That gushes from the pearly mountain-

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

JUST to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task
As He will:
Just to take the loss or gain
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.
Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things;
All we cannot understand
All that stings;
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing;
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best;
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

WORDS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A LITTLE, tender word
Wrapped in a little rhyme,
Sent out upon the passing air,
As seeds are scattered everywhere
In the sweet summer-time.

A little, idle word,
Breathed in an idle hour;
Between two laughs that word was said,
Forgotten as soon as uttered,
And yet the word had power.

Away they sped, the words:
Out like a winged seed,
Lit on a soul which gave it room,
And straight began to bud and bloom
In lovely word and deed.

The other careless word,
Born on an evil air,
Found a rich soil and ripened fast
Its rank and poisonous growths, and cast
Fresh seeds to work elsewhere.

The speakers of the words,
Passed by and marked, one day,
The fragrant blossoms, dewy wet,
The baneful flowers thickly set
In clustering array.

And neither knew his word;
One smiled, and one did sigh.
"How strange and sad," one said, "it is
People should do such things as this,
I'm glad it was not I."

And, "What a wondrous word
To reach so far, so high!"
The other said, "What joy 'twould be
To send out words so helpfully;
I wish that it were I."

—Boston "Congregationalist."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Brooklet Reviser. By H. Glazebrook. A neat little volume of Temperance Recitations. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand, London.

Evans' Temperance Annual. (From the same Publishers.)

The Band of Hope Chronicle. (4, Ludgate Hill, London); *Onward* (Partridge & Co.)

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SYDNEY FEEDING THE CHICKS.

SYDNEY FEEDING THE CHICKS.

SOME little boys are so anxious to be of service, that without thinking whether they can do it properly or no, set to work at once. Sydney had often seen his sister, who is much older, throw the food to the chickens, and he thought he could manage it quite as well. So one morning he fills a small basket with corn, and throws it down by handfulls among a young brood of chickens, around the corner of the barn.

Fortunately, his sister came to see what he was about, and told him that he would kill the poor things with kindness, and that it was better to leave such work to those who understood how much to give. Sydney was but half satisfied however. He in his ignorance, believed that if a little corn was good for the chicks, a large quantity would be still better, little thinking that his dear pets would eat to their own injury.

R U M .

A SONG for the rights of man—
The day of his triumph has come,
And women and children have no rights

In this glorious age of rum.
Rum for the labourer's arm;
Rum for the scholar's head;
Rum for the man that lies in the street,
And the man that lies in the bed.
Drunk! drunk! drunk!
On Jefferson, Market, and Main;
Drunk! drunk! drunk!
Till the lamp-posts reel again!

The little girls have no bread;
The boys have no shoes to their feet;
The grate is as cold as the pavement-
stones;
The father is drunk in the street.
Drunk! drunk! drunk!
There's whiskey at every door,
There's a palace for whiskey on every
But no shelter for the poor. [square,
There is darkness in the halls;
The voice of joy is dumb;
And the graves, and the jails, and
the lunatic cells
Are filled with the spoils of rum.

A boat has left our shores,
To the Southern market bound;
But the pilot was drunk, and the boat
sunk,

And a hundred people were drowned.
There was whiskey enough for all,
But not a life-boat to save;
For the beauty of woman and the strength
of man
There was a watery grave.
Drunk! drunk! drunk!
Let the world do all it can;
We will not barter our rights away—
To drink is the right of man.

To the city fathers we call:
If you have children and wives,
How can you turn your eyes away
When we plead with you for our lives?
If you have hearts of flesh,
Hear us, while we entreat
That you break the foul, deceitful snare
Set for our naked feet.
If you regard us not,
And no compassion take,
When the Lord demands your
stewardship,
What answer will you make?

A WOMAN'S POCKET.

THE most difficult thing to reach is a woman's pocket. This is especially the case if the dress is hung up in a closet, and the man is in a hurry. We think we are safe in saying that he always is in a hurry on such an occasion. The owner of the dress is in the sitting-room, serenely engrossed in a book. Having told him that the article which he is in quest of is in her dress-pocket in the closet, she has discharged her whole duty in the matter, and can afford to feel serene. He goes at the task with a dim consciousness that he has been there before, but says nothing. On opening the closet-door, and finding himself confronted with a number of dresses, all turned inside out, and presenting a most formidable front, he hastens back to ask, "Which dress?" and being told the brown one, and also asked if *she* had so many dresses that there need be any great effort to find the right one, he returns to the closet with alacrity, and soon has his hands on the brown dress. It is inside out, like the rest,—a fact he does not notice, however, until he has made several ineffectual attempts to get his hand in it. Then he turns it around very carefully, and passes over the pocket several times without being aware of it. A nervous moving of hands and an appearance of perspiration on his forehead are perceptible. He now dives his hand in at the back, and, feeling around, finds a place, and proceeds to explore it, when he discovers that he is following up the inside of a lining. The nervousness increases, also the perspiration. He twitches the dress on the hook; and suddenly the pocket, white, plump, and exasperating, comes to view. Then he sighs the relief he feels, and is mentally grateful he did not allow himself to use any offensive expressions. It is all

right now. There is the pocket in plain view,—not the inside, but the outside,—and all he has to do is to put his hand right around in the inside, and take out the article. That is all. He can't help but smile to think how near he was to getting mad. Then he puts his hand around to the other side. He does not feel the opening. He pushes a little farther. Now he has got it. He shoves the hand down, and is very much surprised to see it appear opposite his knees. He had made a mistake. He tries again: again he feels the entrance, and glides down it, only to appear again as before. This makes him open his eyes, and straighten his face. He feels the outside of the pocket, pinches it curiously, lifts it up, shakes it, and, after peering closely about the roots of it, he says, "O gracious!" and commences again. He does it calmly this time, because hurrying only makes matters worse. He holds up breadth after breadth; goes over them carefully; gets his hand first into a lining, then into the air again (where it always surprises him when it appears), and finally into a pocket, and is about to cry out with triumph, when he discovers that it is the pocket to another dress. He is mad now. The closet air almost stifles him. He is so nervous, he can hardly contain himself; and the pocket looks at him so exasperatingly, that he cannot help but "plug" it with his clinched fist, and immediately does it. Being somewhat relieved by this performance, he has a chance to look about him, and sees that he has put his foot through a bandbox, and into the crown of his wife's bonnet; has broken the brim to his Panama hat, which was hanging in the same closet; and torn about a yard of bugle trimming from a new cloak. As all this trouble is due directly to his wife's infatuation in hanging up her dresses inside out, he

immediately starts after her, and, impetuously urging her to the closet, excitedly intimates his doubts of there being a pocket in the dress anyway. The cause of the unhappy disaster quietly inserts her hand inside the robe and directly brings it forth with the sought-for article in its clasp. He doesn't know why; but this makes him madder than anything else.

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

BY MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER.

THE days are short and the nights are long,

And the wind is nipping cold;
The tasks are hard and the sums are
And the teachers often scold. [wrong,

But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the way?

"It will all come right
By to-morrow night,"

Says Johnny McCree to-day.

The plums are few and the cake is plain,
The shoes are out at the toe;
For money you look in the purse in vain—
It was all spent long ago.

But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the street?

Would you have the blues
For a pair of shoes
While you have a pair of feet?

The snow is deep, there are paths to break,
But the little arm is strong,
And work is play, if you'll only take
Your work with a bit of song.

And Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the road?
He will do his best,
And will leave the rest,
To the care of his Father, God.

The mother's face it is often sad,
She scarce knows what to do? [glad—
But at Johnny's kiss she is bright and
She loves him, and wouldn't you?

For Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the way?
The trouble will go,
And "I told you so,"
Our brave little John will say.

—*Harper's Young People.*

THE LADDER OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

A FATHER takes his darling boy,—
it may be his first-born—dandles
him on his knee, or makes his foot a horse
for the little one to have a ride. At the
same time the wine bottle or the ale jug
is on the table, and after partaking, it
may be in moderation, of the intoxicating
beverage, the tiny glass is at hand, from
which the infant drinks. It may at first
be distasteful to the child, and a wry face
is made; but at length the small glass
gives place to a larger one, as probably
the boy has learned to cry for more. This
is the first step in the ladder of intemper-
ance, such as, in most instances, was taken
by each of the sixty thousand drunkards
that disgrace our land.

Then the lad amidst his fellows in the
office, warehouse, factory, or workshop, is
offered strong drink, and told it will do
him good, and make a man of him. At first
he may refuse the tempting bait; but by
constant example, and frequent persuas-
ions, to say nothing of the taunts and
jeers of persons calling themselves men,
he becomes an adept in the drinking
customs of the situation. This may be
termed step the second in the ladder of
intemperance, and is similar to that taken
by the thousands that fill our prisons,
asylums, reformatories, and penitentiaries.

Now the young man just entering upon the great and important concerns of life, surrounded by those who are his seniors, who boast of their moderate use of intoxicating liquors. They persuade him to follow *their* example; but to avoid excessive drinking as *they* have done. He at first hesitates,—unless having taken the former steps—but at length is induced to try the moderation system, and thus takes the third step in the ladder of intemperance, as thousands have before him, who are found in our workhouses, or living in a state of misery and degradation.

Thus through manhood unto old age, or more probably, to premature death, step after step is taken in the rickety and fatal ladder of intemperance. In many instances, the steps are gradually taken, while in others, the last step quickly follows the third, or it may be the second—when the wretched victims topple over one after the other in rapid succession, until year after year, thirty thousand of those made after the image of God, and for whom Christ died, fill a drunkard's grave. But, "The Book" declares, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"DRUNKARD, thoughtless drunkard, stay;
Look above, around, within:
Mercy smiles;—away, away,
From thy darling haunts of sin.
Round thee—yawn the hungry graves;
To thee—conscience cries, *prepare!*
Yonder—roll the boundless waves
Of remediless despair.

"Soon—disease shall bow thy head;
Soon—thy limbs refuse to roam;
Soon—the grave shall be thy bed;
And eternity—thy home.
Hasten, then, thy lamps to fill;
Raise thy suppliant voice in prayer;
Turn thy steps to Zion's hill;
And, to meet thy God, PREPARE.

"Work—while smiles the precious day;
Wait not,—mercy now implore;

In yon fountain wash away
Guilt's deep stains, and sin no more.
Weeping prodigal, behold
Yonder Saviour's yearning breast;—
Bliss unfathom'd!—love untold!—
Come to Jesus, and be blest."

OPENING SPEECH.

SHOULD you ask me whence these children,

Whence the young men and these maidens?
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the hills and valleys round us,
From the homes that proudly own them.
Should you ask me why the children,
Why the young men and these maidens,
Have thus gathered here together?
I should answer, I should tell you,
They have come to pledge their friendship
To the fountains and the streamlets,
To the clear, refreshing waters;
They would thrust for ever from them
All the liquors that are evil—
Sparkling wine, that old deceiver,
Deadly as the stinging adder,
With all hard and stupid cider,
And the strong and fiery brandy;
Punch and whiskey are included,
And the mug of sweetened toddy;
And they come to give the promise
That they will not ever utter
Oaths against their heavenly Father.
This is why have come the children
Singing songs of cheer and gladness;
Speaking words of joy and sadness;
That they may not join with drunkards,
Nor with swearers, nor with smokers,
But in all good ways may follow
Footsteps of the blessed Saviour,
And so please their heavenly Father.



THE BRITISH FLAG.

JOHN J. HOOD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Allegro maestoso.

Our coun-try's flag, O em - blem dear Of all the soul loves best, What

KEY
A \sharp

{	d : d d : <u>m.d</u> s ₁ : l ₁ , t ₁ d : m f : -f m : <u>r.d</u> r : - - : s ₁
	s ₁ : l ₁ s ₁ : <u>m.d</u> s ₁ : l ₁ , t ₁ d : s ₁ s ₁ : -s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : - - : s ₁
	s ₁ : m : f m : <u>m.d</u> s ₁ : l ₁ , t ₁ d : d r : -r d : d t ₁ : - - : s ₁
	s ₁ : d : d d : <u>m.d</u> s ₁ : l ₁ , t ₁ d : d t ₁ : -t ₁ d : m, s ₁ : - - : s ₁

glo-ries in thy folds ap - pear Let no - ble deeds at - test: Thy pres - ence on the

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	m : f m : <u>m.d</u> s ₁ : l ₁ , t ₁ d : s s : s l : l s : - - : s ₁ r : r.d t ₁ : r.s
	d : d d : <u>m.d</u> s ₁ : l ₁ , t ₁ d : de r : r r : r ₁ s ₁ : - - : s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ t ₁ : s ₁

field of strife En - kin - dles val - our's flame: A - round thee, in the

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	d : -s ₁ d ₁ : s ₁ l ₁ : t ₁ d : t ₁ , l ₁ m ₁ : - - : m ₁ r ₁ : t ₁ d : d ₁

hour of peace, We twine our na-tion's fame. Then hur-rah, hur-rah, for

f CHORUS.

}	r :-m f : f.r d : d r :-t, d :- d .,m s :-m s :-m
	l, :-l, l, : l, s, : s, s, :-s, s, :- s, .,d d :-d d :-d
	f :-de r : f m : m f :-m m :- m .,s m :-s m :-s
	f, :-m, r, : r.f, s, : s, s, :-s, d, :- d .,d d :-d d :-d

CHORUS.

Bri-tain's flag, We hail, with ring-ing cheers, The

}	s : s m :-m r : r fe : fe s :- - : s,
	r : t, d :-d t, : t, d : d t, :- - : s,
	s : s s :-s s : s l : l s :- - : d
	t, : s, d :-d r : r r, : r, s, :- - : m,

flag that long has waved on high, And braved a thou-sand years.

}	l, : t, d : r m : l s : f m :-d r :-t, d : - -
	f, : s, s, : t, d : d d : r d :-s, s, :-s, s : - -
	d : r d : s, s : f m : l s :-m f :-f m : - -
	f, : f, m, : s, d : f d : f s, :-s, s, :-s, d, : - -

2 Beneath thy rays our fathers bled
 In freedom's holy cause;
 Where'er to heav'n thy folds outspread,
 Prevail sweet Freedom's laws.
 Prosperity has marked thy course,
 O'er all the land and sea;
 Thy favour'd sons in distant climes,
 Still fondly look to thee.—Then hurrah, &c.

3 Proud banner of the noble free!
 Emblazon'd from on high!
 Long may thy folds unsoil'd reflect
 The glories of the sky!
 Long may thy land be Freedom's land,
 Thy homes with virtue bright,
 Thy sons a brave, united band,
 For God, for Truth, and Right!—Then, &c.

LOOKING AHEAD!

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO YOUTHS. BY THOMAS HEATH, S. S. SUPERINTENDENT, PLYMOUTH.

Sam.

WELL, Jim, how is it you did not look ahead a little more when you were in work? I hear you are out of employment?

Jim. Why, one would think that I was the only one out of work, according to your remarks.

S. I am sorry if I have given any offence; but I hear you had very good wages while you were in work. I make it a point of duty, when I am in good service and getting good wages, to remember a rainy day.

J. Well, let us hear a little more about your rainy day and looking ahead!

S. There are plenty of young fellows now-a-days who are very thoughtless; they consider themselves very jolly and smart, and spend nearly all they earn in pleasure and drink. When they get out of work, then they do not know what to do; whereas, if they had minded number one, they would not be placed in such a difficulty. You appear hardly to know what to do.

J. You appear to judge my case, at least, pretty correctly. I hardly know just at this moment what to do. When I was in a good situation I used to spend several shillings every week in cigars and ale.

S. Oh, dear, what good this would have done you now; your case is similar to many—very many—in this country of ours. This is why there is so much pauperism and want—not looking ahead. Thousands might be differently off if they had made provision when they were in their days of prosperity.

J. I suppose you are a Blue-Ribbon, or White-Ribbon, or Band of Hope member, or do you take a glass of ale when you like?

S. Oh, dear no; I do not take any intoxicating drinks. I have not taken any for several years. Our family has suffered quite enough through the cursed drink. I have been connected with a Band of Hope for a long time. I have also tried to look ahead, by investing some of my wages in the Post Office Savings Bank. I hope, by-and-by, to have many pounds saved; and if I ever wish to make a start in life, or do anything that may be to my pecuniary advantage, then, you see, I shall avail myself of these savings.

J. Well, I think you are better off by far than I am. I see, also, how unwisely I have acted. I not only spent my money foolishly when in work, but offended my master through a very trifling circumstance. Perhaps if I had been like you, I might have acted differently—I should have been more considerate. I see now what you mean by looking ahead.

S. Well, Jim, you need not despair; I will give you a bit of advice with your permission.

J. I shall be glad to hear what you say; who knows but what it may do me good?

S. I do not think the advice I shall offer you will do you any harm, for I should be very sorry to advise what is wrong. Now, in the first place, I shall be glad if you will join the White-Ribbon, Blue-Ribbon, or the Band of Hope. You must make up your mind, by the help of God, to leave off all intoxicating drink; and when you again get work I hope you will begin to save a trifle; in short, try to look ahead in right good earnest. You will soon find how well this will answer. I would also advise you to join a Bible-class and connect yourself with a Sunday

School. In this way, after a time, you will redeem your character for steadiness and sobriety. There are many good friends who will give you a helping hand if they see you are anxious to do right.

J. Thank you; thank you. I shall not forget your kindness in speaking so plainly to me about my past weakness and folly. By God's help I will turn over a new leaf, and join a Band of Hope, and also see if I cannot, like you, look a little ahead.

S. I shall be glad to meet you on the night of our next Band of Hope meeting. You can then enroll yourself as one of our members, and swell the list of those who have pledged themselves to abstain from all intoxicating drinks. I am glad we have met and held this pleasant conversation. May God bless you in your new resolves; and I doubt not, if you will keep a brave heart, you will soon secure another situation.

THE SONS OF OUR NATION.

YE sons of our nation,
Of every vocation,
Arm now for the battle
Of freedom and right!
When true men are wanted,
No heart should be daunted;
For liberty's cause
Let all freemen unite.

Speed on with ambition
True, sound prohibition,
And save sixty thousand
From falling each year;
And all future ages,
In history's pages,
Shall tell the proud story
To nations afar.

Shall earth's richest treasure
Yield to such sinful pleasure,
And golden grains wave
Over valley and plain,

That malsters may gather,
To curse son and father,
That innocent joys
Shall be theirs ne'er again?

Let malster and brewer,
And every wrong-doer,
Find callings consistent
With God's holy plan,
And Satan's host tremble,
While true men assemble
To pass the good law
That shall elevate man!

Then arm for the battle!
Let truth's cannon rattle;
And soon from his strongholds
The tyrant shall flee;
And thousands now living,
In strains of thanksgiving
Shall swell the glad chorus,
"Our country is free!"

INVENTORY OF A DRUNKARD.

ALICE CARY.

AHUT of logs without a door,
Minus a roof, and ditto floor;
A clapboard cupboard without crocks,
Nine children without shoes or frocks;
A wife that has no bonnet
With ribbons and strands upon it,
Scolding and wishing to be dead,
Because she has not any bread.

A tea-kettle without a spout,
A meat-cask with the bottom out,
A "comfort" with the cotton gone,
And not a bed to put it on;
A handle without an axe,
A hatchel without wool or flax;
A pot-lid and a wagon-hub,
And two ears of a washing-tub.

Three broken plates of different kinds,
Some mackerel-tails and bacon-rinds;
A table without leaves or legs,
One chair and half a dozen pegs;

One oaken keg with hoops of brass,
 One tumbler of dark-green glass;
 A fiddle without any strings,
 A gun-stock, and two turkey-wings.

O readers of this inventory!
 Take warning by a graphic story;
 For little any man expects,
 Who wears good shirts with buttons in 'em,
 Ever to put on cotton checks,
 And only have brass pins to pin 'em!
 'Tis, remember, little stitches
 Keep the rent from growing great;
 When you can't tell beds from ditches
 Warning words will be too late.

A SHORT SERMON.

ALICE CARY.

CHILDREN, who read my lay,
 Thus much I have to say:
 Each day, and every day,
 Do what is right!
 Right things, in great and small;
 Then, though the sky should fall,
 Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
 You shall have light!

This further, I would say:
 Be you tempted as you may,
 Each day, and every day,
 Speak what is true!
 True things in great and small;
 Then, though the sky should fall,
 Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
 Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
 Do not of thistles grow;
 And, though the blossoms blow
 White on the tree,
 Grapes never, never yet
 On the limbs of thorns were set;
 So, if you a good would get,
 Good you must be!

Life's journey, through and through,
 Speaking what is just and true;
 Doing what is right to do
 Unto one and all,
 When you work and when you play
 Each day, and every day;
 Then peace shall gild your way,
 Though the sky should fall.

LOOK UP.

LOOK up! The morning crowns the
 night.
 The gloom has fled; the day awakes,
 The sun through mists and shadows
 breaks;
 Through mists and shadows of the
 heart
 And mind diviner sunbeams dart,
 And fill the sky, the soul, the world, with
 light.

Look up! Look up! The golden roof
 Of maple branches overhead
 Their wealth of Autumn glory spread;
 And through the boughs the azure blue
 Is smiling down and peeping through,
 With pearly clouds that weave their fleecy
 woof.

Look up! The vast ethereal morn
 Is all alive with hope and trust.
 Beneath our feet dead leaves and dust,
 And all the past we would forget,
 Or else, remembering, regret,
 Sleeping with our cankering doubts and
 moods forlorn.

Look not below: but look above!
 Look where the clearer, mightier life
 Of nature lifts us o'er the strife
 Of sordid aims and petty cares,
 And opens paths beyond life's snares
 Toward the all-potent Source of life and
 love!

—C. P. Cranch, in N. Y. "Independent."



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No. 160. April, 1883.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



THE EFFECTS OF SIN.

THE EFFECTS OF SIN.

BILL'S face and general appearance was not one to impress the new comer much in his favour. The marks of the wicked life he had lived were stamped on every feature. There was a ferocious bull-dog look, and the eyes were glittering and blood-shot. His hair, dark and long, was matted, and his stubbly beard had a grizzled look which added no little to the general effect. Mr. Pipkins could not see him, or, bad as he himself was, he would have shrunk from such a companion. The minister was startled and horrified; he had rarely be-

held such a combination of evil reflected in the human face. In the dim light of the candle the half-prostrate figure on the bed seemed more like a wild beast, or a ferocious demon, ready to spring upon him and tear him to pieces. He thought of the 'men among the tombs,' who cried out to Jesus, 'Art Thou come to torment us before the time?'

Thinking to open the way for conversation of a spiritual kind, he drew an old broken chair near the bed, sat down, and enquired from Bill how he felt."

—*From the Story of Nan and Jack.*

ODE.

BY SAM. NORMAN.

CREATOR, Lord of light and life,
Who gave the world its birth,
Who did but speak, and water pure
Gushed forth o'er all the earth.

Thy noblest gift to creatures all
On earth whate'er they be;
The mainspring and support of life,
So bountiful so free.

Yet strange that man, whom over all
Our nature's Lord gave sway,
Should be the only creature who
His gift perverts to-day.

Oh! shameful that a gift so rare—
Meant blessings to disburse—
Should by man's intellect be turned
Into a hideous curse.

Oh! Lord, our Father kind, behold
This small but faithful band,
United firmly, we would drive
This curse from out our land.

Lord, keep us faithful to our vows;
Our fallen brothers claim;
And let the honour of our cause
Add glory to Thy name.

UNFETTERED AND FREE.

H. T. ARDLEY.

AWAY with all sorrow, away with
dull care!"
Our glasses flashed bright as they trem-
bled in air.

Oh! light was the song,
And the tempter was strong,
For the rough road of life was so dark
and so long, [gleam
And the flush of the wine in its ruby-red
Seemed as bright and as pure as the sun's
golden beam;
And I thought how its rich, brilliant
sparkle of light [some night,
Would roll back the clouds from my wear-
When a mystic-like haze
Enveloped in blaze, [gaze.
And recalled a sad scene to my shuddering

I saw a weak woman in pale tremor shrink
From a dastard, a demon, a victim of
drink—

An oath and a blow,
And the brute laid her low,

And his fiery eyes flashed with a maniac
glow!

And I saw a dark mass in the green, slimy
wave—

The drunkard's foul corpse in a suicide's
grave—

And o'er the rude scoff, the low jest, and
coarse jeer

A mother's last charge to her son I could
hear:

*"Oh! never, my boy,
Taste, handle, or toy*

*With that curse of mankind that allures to
destroy!"*

All the blood in my veins for a moment
stood still,

Then rushed with full force to my daring
and will,

And I felt with a gasp,
The icy-cold clasp

Of Satan unloose, and I slipped through
his grasp!

With a smile full of scorn on the tempters
around,

My glass was raised high, and then—
dashed to the ground;

And staunch in my purpose to do and to
dare,

Firmly I passed into sunshine and air,
And the wind in wild glee

Swept forest and sea,

Like the pride of my manhood, UNFETTERED
AND FREE!

"THE GRASS WITHERETH, THE
FLOWER FADETH."

THE crimson rosebud veiled in moss,
Is withering hour by hour;
White lilies shed their golden floss,
The sungod's shining dower.

The jasmine from the lattice falls,
Death's odours fill the air;
The ravaged vine slips from the walls,
The harvest fields are bare.

All night the stealthy wind and rain,
Are sobbing thick and low;
All night the black boughed trees complain,
In a voice of human woe.

O earth! sweet earth, thy face is fair,
But man's frail doubting soul
Long, long had yielded to despair,
Wert thou its only goal.

Thy regal rose is sweet of breath,
But withereth in a day;
Thy very life springs out of death,
Thy beauty from decay.

Rave, winds of autumn, rave in power,
Clouds weep thy passion down;
Fade, wreaths of summer, flower by flower,
Time holds a nobler crown.

K.

I LOVE LITTLE THINGS.

By W. A. ESSERY.

I LOVE the little lambkins,
So full of sport and joy;
Their lives seem made for gladness,
No cares can them annoy.

I love the little birdies
Because they sing to me,
Then fly away to heaven
Where I should like to be.

I love the little daisies,
And all the pretty flowers;
Because they laugh and sparkle
All through the sunny hours.

I love the little dewdrops,
Like crystals in the sun;
They make the world to glitter,
Whichever way I run.

I love the little star-lights,
So high above my head;
I often wish to touch them,
Or hear what they have said.

I love my Heavenly Father,
Who made these little things;
He sent them for my pleasure,
Although the King of kings.

HOW TO BREAK THE CHAIN.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

A MAN once said to me: "I was a pretty hard case; my wife used to be afraid of me, and my children used to run away when I came in the house; it was but a word and a blow, and then a kick. When I put my name on the temperance pledge, the thought came across my mind, I wonder what my wife will say to this? Then I thought if I went in and told her all of a hurry it might make her faint. Another time I would have gone home and knocked her down and kicked her up again. Now, I was going home thinking how I could break it to my wife and not hurt her! So I made up my mind I would break it to her easy. I got to the door; I saw her leaning over the embers of the fire; she didn't look up; I suppose she expected a blow or a curse as usual, and I said, 'Mary!' She didn't turn; I said, 'Mary!' 'Well, Dick, what is it?' I said, 'Mary!' 'Well, what is it?' 'Can not you guess, Mary?' And she looked round at me, her face was so white! 'I say, Mary!' 'Well?' 'I have been to the meeting, and have put my name down on the pledge, and taken my oath I never will take another drop.' She was on her feet in a minute. She didn't faint away, poor soul; and as I held her I didn't know but she was dead, and I began to cry. She opened her eyes, and got her arm around my neck, and pulled me down on my knees, the first

time I remember ever going on my knees since I was a boy, and said, 'O God, bless my poor husband,' and I said, 'Amen.' And she said, 'Help him to keep that pledge,' and I said, 'Amen;' and she kept on praying, and I kept on hallooing, and you never heard a Methodist halloo like me, until I could not speak a word. It was the first time we ever knelt together, but it was not the last."

A great many men have said to me: "I can reform without becoming a Christian." I am not one of those who will say to you that you can not leave drink unless you become a Christian, but I say this, within my experience, that nine out of ten who try it fail. A gentleman that I know married into an excellent family and got so far abased that he could drink a quart of brandy a day; how he stood it no one knows; a man of strong constitution, splendid physique, but he drank his quart a day. He had a lovely wife and three boys, and one day he was in the house and he said to his wife: "Come, my dear, and sit on my knee." She came and sat, and then she said: "If my husband didn't drink I should be the happiest woman in Canada." "Well," he said, "my dear, I married you to make you happy, and I ought to do everything to make you happy; and if that will make you happy I will never drink another drop as long as I live." That was seven years ago, and he has never tasted a drop from that day to this. He had cut it off just as clean as you would cut off a piece of cheese. That man had a mighty will; but I want to tell you something else. Walking with him up Young Street one day, he said: "You see that red saloon. I have gone two blocks out of my way many a time to keep out of the way of that. When I come in sight of it, and begin to feel queer, I turn right down Front Street; but since I have got the grace of God in my heart I can go

right by that place, and if I find the slightest inclination to enter, I can ejaculate the prayer, God help me, and I go right along." The first was a risk; the second was absolute security and safety.

I say to reformed men, your hope is in Jesus to keep yourselves unspotted. Touch not, taste not, handle not, meddle not with it. Men may say to me, "Have you this appetite?" I don't know. My daily prayer is, "God help me to avoid the test." Although it is thirty-five years since I signed the pledge, I will not put to my lips intoxicating wine at the communion table. I have not and I never will. I have known cases of fearful falling from the first swallow, because drunkenness is a disease. A good Christian man said to me: "Three weeks ago I had the most awful struggle against my appetite," and a gentleman said to me, the other night, "God bless you, I am fighting an awful hard battle." I said, "Do you feel secure?" "Secure in Jesus." Oh, I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that is the strength of the movement to-day.

TEMPLAR ODE.

By W. C. HOLLOWELL.

LEAD us, O thou God of battles,
In our bloodless, righteous strife;
Be our bulwark 'mid our struggles
For our country's peace and life.
Haste the triumph,
Haste the triumph
Of the cause of truth and right.

Not to save some crumbling relic
From the foeman's brand and sword,
Not in distant lands to slaughter
At a king's commanding word.
We would rescue,
We would rescue
Those around us from despair.

Strong drink fills our land with sorrow,
Breaks fond hearts with anguish deep,
Orphan'd children feel its shadows,
As by drunkards' graves they weep.

Friend of children,
Friend of children,
Wilt Thou not avenge the wrong?

Give the victory o'er drink's factions,
End for ever drink's dark sway,
Let the stain of our intemperance
Be completely purged away.

And the triumph,
And the triumph
To Thy power we will ascribe.

STICK TOGETHER.

WHEN 'midst the wreck of fire and smoke,
When cannons rend the skies asunder,
And fierce dragoons, with quick'ning stroke,
Upon the reeling regiments thunder,
The ranks close up to sharp command,
Till helmet's feather touches feather;
Compact, the furious shock they stand
And conquer, for they stick together!

When now, 'mid clouds of woe and want,
Our comrades' wail rise fast and faster,
And, charging wildly in our front,
Come the black legions of disaster,
Shall we present a wavering band,
And fly like leaves before wild weather?
No! Side by side, and hand in hand,
We'll stand our ground and stick together!

God gave us hands—one left, one right;
The first to help ourselves; the other
To stretch abroad in kindly might,
And help along our faithful brother.
Then if you see a brother fall
And bow his head before the weather,
If you be not dastards all,
You'll help him up and stick together.

Wreck'd up - on life's storm - y sea, With the bil - lows roll - ing

KEY F.

{	m: f	s: l	s: f	m	f	s: f	m	d	f	n
{	d: d	d: t	d: d	d: t	d: d	d				
{	d: r	m: f	m: f	s	l	s: s	s: s	s: s	s: s	s
{	d: d	d: d	d: d	d: d	f	m: s	d	m	r	d

high, Sai - lor, yield not to des - pair, See the rock of safe - ty

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nigh; Brave - ly seek the way of life. Let no fears your cou - rage

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A BRAVE BAND OF HOPE BOY.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO YOUTHS. BY THOMAS HEATH, S. S. SUPERINTENDENT, PLYMOUTH.

John.

ELL, Tom, how are you getting on in your Band of Hope?

Tom. What do you mean by getting on?

J. What I meant to enquire about more particularly was whether you are adding to your numbers, and if your members show by their behaviour at the meetings, and also out of doors, that the seed sown by the addresses and songs is producing good fruit. Also, whether each member is striving to add to the usefulness of the society by doing his utmost to persuade others to join, and thus spread the blessings of temperance.

T. Well, I think we are getting on a little in adding to our numbers, but I must confess I have done little if anything in the way of getting others to join.

J. That is not right, Tom. I am sure if you think ever so little on the evils of intemperance, you must know that in families well-known to you, drunkenness is productive of great sin and misery; that fathers who, very likely, were it not for the drink, would be kind and loving, are turned into demons, and cruelly use their children. Nay, mothers also, are changed from kind parents to fiends in cruelty. I only noticed in the papers a short time ago an account of a mother, who, under the influence of drink, threw her little one on to the fire, and its poor little body would have been destroyed but for the interference of a neighbour. I, therefore, think that indifferent members ought to become zealous and active in getting others to join. I sincerely hope that you will no longer be one of that sort, but will in the future "show your colours." You know what the Saviour said when on earth,—“I must work the works of Him

that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.”

T. I dare say others will do something in this way,—I have no time for it.

J. I fear there is no excuse for you. We are both members of the Band of Hope, and we ought to consider it our duty to do something to extend our Bands of Hope. More, I can assure you, is expected from us who belong to a Bible Class as well as members of Bands of Hope.

T. Yes, you are right, after all. My Sunday-school teacher was telling the class the other Sunday afternoon that more is expected from those who belong to a Sunday-school. I see it with greater force now.

J. I saw some thoughtless boys, some time ago, laughing and making fun of an old drunken man in the streets. I was passing that way. I told them how wrong it was to make sport of a poor old man who was overcome by drink. Some of them, I think, felt ashamed of themselves.

T. You must have been very brave.

J. Nothing more than I ought to be. But listen, I went farther than this. I went and spoke to the old man, and asked him if he liked to get in such a state as he was then in? He shook his head, and informed me that he was once a good boy; that he had good parents, but he was led into this cursed drink by evil companions. I asked him if he would like to sign the temperance pledge. He half assented, but said he would see me again. I told him I would call upon him and shew him where he could sign the pledge.

T. What a brave lad you are. What splendid courage you must have had.

J. We should always shew our colours. Well, I got him to go to the temperance

meeting, and he *did* sign the pledge. What do you think pressed upon his mind and was the means of his signing the pledge? It was because I, though only a lad, went and spoke kindly to him, and helped him on his way home. The few words I spoke, through the blessing of God, touched his conscience, and then he signed the pledge. That he may keep it is my earnest prayer. So you see, we must not think because we are lads, that we are of no use in helping forward the work of temperance. Rather let us have faith that a little and in season may bring others into the fold of temperance.

T. I have learned something from what you have told me, and I trust I may get out of my indifference, and become, like you, earnest in doing good.

J. That little word "try" is very often forgotten by many, I fear. Every little done for good accomplishes much. Try from this time, and if you are spared till the end of the year I feel sure you will have some new members to show as the result of your striving.

T. Yes; I think many may be brought to our Bands of Hope if all the members were to try to gain only one, then we should be much braver, and do our duty as God would have us.

J. Thank you, Tom. (*Here they shake hands.*) I hope we shall see what can be done in our respective Bands of Hope. I am very glad we have met tonight; I hope we shall be up and doing, and may Jesus help us in our endeavour to do good.

THE BIT OF BLUE!

We'll wear it evermore.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

PRETTY emblem! bit of blue!
Bond of union, pure and true,
Drinking customs to subdue;
We'll wear it evermore.

By the holy Gospel plan,
Try to rescue fallen man,
Crushed beneath the drunkard's ban,
And save him evermore.

'Neath the Temperance banner's shade,
Great advances must be made,
'Gainst the drunkard-making trade,
To stay it evermore.

Fear ye not the blue to wear,
While is seen the orphan's tear,
And the widows' groans we hear,
But wear it evermore.

While the drink fiend bears the sway;
While mankind becomes the prey,
Hastening down perdition's way—
The dark for evermore.

Wear the blue each day, each hour,
Let example's potent power
Save the fallen, ere they cower
Down, down for evermore.

Swift the moments fly away;
Soon will close our working day;
To the rescue! Don't delay!
Mark, 'tis for evermore.

Let the "bit of blue" appear!
In your efforts be sincere,
Till "one and all" it shall wear—
Shall wear it evermore.

IF WE ONLY KNEW!

IT'S a curious thing to reflect some-
times

On the various incidents passing around;
To think of the number of horrible crimes
Whose authors have never as yet been
found.

A murderer's hand may be clasped in ours!
In the grasp of friendship warm and
true:

Should we love it the less, or cease to
caress,

If we only knew—if we only knew?

How many a tie that once was sweet
Has been cruelly snapt by a slanderer's
tongue;

How many a friend whom we used to greet

With welcoming words—and to whom
we clung

In joy or in trouble, in pleasure or pain—
Has suddenly *seemed* to be false and
untrue :

How oft should we find that our doubts
were unkind

If we only knew—if we only knew ?

There are some will sigh and whisper low
Of a love that is changeless, and deep
and pure ;

And we think—do we not?—when they
tell us so

That of *somebody's* heart, at least, we
are sure.

But fancy is given to wander about

And suck from a hundred flowers the
dew :

Would our love be as deep—would our
jealousy sleep

If we only knew—if we only knew ?

Then comes the time when the knot is
tied—

Surely of life its most charming scene ;

The bridegroom looks on his beautiful
bride,

And dreams of a future all bright and
serene.

But how seldom, alas! are his hopes
fulfilled—

One turns out a slattern—another a
shrew :

How many would pause, at the very
church-doors,

If they only knew—if they only knew ?

This world is composed of rich and poor,
And they both see life in a different
way ;

While *Lazarus* begs from door to door
Dives fares sumptuously every day.

But which is the happier?—peasant or
lord?—

That is a problem solved by few :

For the rich man may sigh, as the peasant
goes by,

If we only knew—if we only knew !

A tradesman fails, and his credit is gone ;

He has not a shilling to call his own :

He may have been patiently struggling on,
But his prospects are blighted—pros-
perity gone.

The world, in its wisdom (?), no doubt
will condemn,

But don't let *us* treat him as heedless
men do :

Though he failed so ignobly, he may have
fought nobly,

If we only knew—if we only knew !

We are ever too apt to be hard on a
man

Who doesn't appear to have success ;

Instead of helping him all we can

We strive to render his chances less.

A kindly word or a friendly hand

May help him—who knows?—to pull
easily through :

It may give him fresh life to renew the
strife

If we only knew—if we only knew !

It's each for himself and the weak to the
wall,

So runs the world for ever and aye ;

The stout hearts advance, while the feebler
ones fall

To perish alone on the world's highway.

Let us succour the frail ones, bearing in
mind

That tho' on this earth we meet not
our due,

For a kind act done, a crown may be
won,

If we only knew—if we only knew !

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ren who look up to him as their example may never have to blush at the thought that their father is a drunkard. We think he will, for he loves his wife and children very dearly, and he has a just sense of the value of his own character. We cannot but sympathise with those who, through want of proper caution, make a false step. Even John Dane's faithful dog understands that something is wrong, and will no doubt bark his delight when he again sees the bright smile and hears the cheerful word of his now sorrowing master.

MULLIGAN'S GOSPEL.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

I'VE a rare bit of news for you, Mary Malone,
And truth, 'tis the strangest that ever was known;
You remember I told you a twelvemonth ago,
How a soul came from heaven to Poverty Row?
If an angel had troubled the waters that bore
Such little white craft to our turbulent shore,
No mortal could tell—but that innocent child,
Like a dove without wings nestling downy and tender,
With eyes veiling pictures of Paradise splendour,
Came into the tenement crazy and wild,
And the hard life so pitiless, rough, and defiled,
Over to Mulligan's.

It is strange to our eyes, but perhaps you have seen

A vine clasp its tendrils of delicate green
Round a desolate rock, or a lily glow white [the light,
With its root in the tarn and its face in
Or when night and the storm wrapt the sky in a shroud, [cloud?
A star shaken out from the fold of a
So this little one came, but it never seemed right.

There were children enough, heaven knows! in that Babel;
Cadets for the Tombs from the bold whisky rabble, [own light,
Choked out from the love that is heaven's Rank weeds of the soil, cropping out for a fight,

Over to Mulligan's.

There was many a banquet in Mulligan Hall, [all,
When the revelers feasted on nothing at
And a king at the board giving knight-hood of pains, [chains.
And orders of crosses and clanking of

Tim held as a law the most perfect in life
 The strong tie that bound him to Nora,
 his wife;
 But blinded by drink, when his passion
 ran high,
 He beat her, of course, with a fury inhu-
 man,
 And she such a poor, patient, bit of a
 woman;
 Well for her, a soft voice answered low to
 her cries,
 And her sun never set in the baby's blue
 eyes,
 Over at Mulligan's.

It was twelve months or more from the
 time she was born,
 As I sat at my window one sunshiny morn,
 "Just come over," the voice of Tim Mul-
 ligan said;
 "I beave in me soul that me baby is
 dead!"
 He had held a wild revel late into the
 night,
 And the wee frightened dove plumed her
 pinions for flight.
 This the man saw at last, with a sudden
 dismay,
 "God forgive me," he cried, "sure she'd
 never be stayin'
 Wid the cursin' and drink whin me lips
 shud be prayin',"
 And the priest came and went, little
 dreaming that day
 How the priesthood of angels was win-
 ning its way,
 Over to Mulligan's.

Then the sweetest, the saddest, the ten-
 derest sight,
 Lay the child like a fair sculptured vision
 of light,
 Hands clasped over daisies, fringed lids
 over tears,
 That never would fall through life's sor-
 rowful years.

"Ah, mavoureen!" moaned Tim, "it's
 foriver I'll think
 That the saints took yez home from the
 demon of drink;
 And mayhap"—here he shivered decanter
 and bowl,
 "She will see me up there wid the mother
 of Jesus,
 And sind down the grace that from sin
 iver frees us."
 So the leaven that spread from one beauti-
 ful soul,
 Through that turmoil of misery leavened
 the whole,
 Over to Mulligan's.

Now a thing the most wonderful, Mary
 Malone,
 And truth, 'tis the strangest that ever
 was known;
 Mr. Mulligan met me to-day on the street,
 And he looks like a man, from his head to
 his feet.
 Though his clothes are but coarse, they
 are comely and trim,
 And no man dares to say, "Here's a
 health to ye, Tim."
 He will soon rent a cottage, and live like
 the best;
 And the gossips do say with wise lifting
 of fingers,
 It is all for sweet charity's sake that he
 lingers
 In the Row where God's peace settled
 down in his breast,
 When a soft weary wing fluttered home
 from the rest,
 Over to Mulligan's.

THE FROZEN CHILD.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

OUT in the snow! out in the cold!
 Out in the driving north wind wild;
 Out in the street, shoeless and bare,
 Totters along a drunkard's child.

On, on she goes, while falls the snow,
 Filling up quick her footprints small,
 Till to the gin-shop door she comes,
 Shivering, shaking, ready to fall.

Handing the bottle—seeing it filled,
 Staring the while around the bar;
 Men sit by the fire, so warmly clad—
 The child stands near the door ajar.

The wind sweeps in; the drunkard's
 child—
 Unheeded, shivering little one!—
 Clutches the bottle with "mother's gin!"
 Whom no one pities or looks upon.

Out again in the street, bleak and drear,
 Thicker, faster the snow comes down;
 Trying in vain to totter along,
 The wretched child falls to the ground.

No one to help—no mother near!
 Alas! that mother was drunk at home,
 And the father at the public-house
 Ne'er dreamt of his child's fearful doom.

The snow soon covered the fallen child,
 And hid her from the passer-by;
 At home the mother raged for gin,
 Threatening to beat her by-and-by.

In the early morn a hand was seen
 Holding a bottle above the snow,
 And there the lifeless child was found,
 Stiff and cold as the ice below.

They bore her to that cheerless home,
 Where the parents lay in drunken sleep,
 From their last night's intemperance—
 A scene that makes e'en angels weep.

The fatal bottle of curséd gin,
 The mother seized with eager grasp;
 The drunken father tried in vain
 The bottle from her hand to clasp.

Then scuffling there beside the dead!
 The sad pair fell upon the ground;
 While sobbing children in despair,
 And pitying neighbours stood around.

They heeded not their frozen child,
 But drank the gin as there they lay,
 And quarrel'd lest one took too much,—
 From this sad scene we turn away.

When will the vile drink curse be stayed?
 When will our native land be free?
 When will the river cease to run—
 The river of death and devilry?

Not while the license laws prevail;
 Not while the senate sanction gives
 To men to deal in deadly drinks
 Which make their fellows drunken
 slaves.

O God, in mercy, look on us,
 Stretch out Thy mighty arm to stay
 The curse that rages through our land,
 And fills our homes with dire dismay.

May Thy almighty power prevail
 'Gainst men's device, till drink and crime
 Shall but be known as of the past,
 And not unto the end of time.

QUESTIONS TO ALCOHOL ANSWERED.

BY MRS. S. E. HILL.

COME, Alcohol, now answer me
 The questions I shall put to thee.
 What is thy age, what is thy aim,
 What is thy trade, what is thy name?

My age it is four thousand years;
 My aim, to fill the earth with tears;
 My trade to kill and make expense;
 My trade, it is intemperance.

Long have I ruled upon the earth,
 To many a crime I've given birth;
 I'm father of much grief and woe,
 I spread distress where'er I go.

My dwelling-place is at the bar,
 My customers are near and far;
 I turn their heads, I drain their purse,
 And turn their blessings to a curse.

I daily breathe a poisonous breath,
My drink is liquid fire and death,
My lodging-place is Satan's seat,
My food is filth and serpent's meat.

My face I cover with a mask,
My hiding-place is in the cask,
My business most to gender strife
And part asunder man and wife.

I visit grog-shops all around —
Where Satan is, there I am found.
His waiter I am day and night,
His service is my chief delight;

He is my captain and my guide,
I always stand close by his side,
I've killed more men, upon my word,
Than Famine, Pestilence, and Sword.

'Tis temperance men I most do dread,
For they are ruining my trade,
And if their cause does onward go,
'Twill prove my final overthrow.

Thus Alcohol disclosed to me
His character and destiny.
Although a liar from his youth,
He once has blundered into truth.

Then, temperance men, be wide awake,
Your foe begins to fear and quake.
Stand to your post! go hand in hand,
And drive this monster from our land.

A WORD TO OUR GIRLS.

GIRLS, whatever else you may do, do
not marry a drunkard!

No matter how deeply in love you may
fancy yourselves to be, do not marry a
man who drinks intoxicating liquor.

It is better to be an old maid, and miss
the desired *Mrs.* from your tombstone. It
is better to go on through life single and
alone, to keep a cat, and make aprons for
the heathen children, than to be a drunk-
ard's wife.

Young men addicted to taking a glass

now and then will doubtless laugh at you
if you call their habit a vice, or hint that
it is in any wise dangerous. They assure
you in a lordly way, that they know what
they are about! Haven't they control
enough over themselves to take a social
glass, now and then, and stop there?
Why, you talk as if they were common
drunkards!

And so they are liable to become.
There is no safety in playing with poison.
He who touches pitch must be defiled.
The first glass makes room for the second.
The appetite for strong drink grows with
what it is fed upon. The man who drinks
a glass of brandy, or whisky, to-day, will
want another to-morrow. If he is not
strong enough to abstain from the first
glass, how is he to put away the second?

Young women, beware of him! Shun
him as you would one infected with the
plague!

Oh, young girls, fair, and pure, and
loving, think of what lies before you!
Think of the moral contamination, the
miserable degradation which hang around
the drunkard, and forswear the young
man who drinks!

Smile no more upon this deadly sin of
wine-drinking! Scorn it! Never give
its practice your sanction in ever so remote
a degree.

Call us radical,* or fanatical if you will—
it matters not; we are bound to stick to
the belief, born with us, that no man is
safe who takes the first glass of liquor!
For if he takes the first glass he may want
the second, but if he never takes the first
he can not take the second!

And again we say to you, young girls,
beware! No matter how handsome, or
fascinating, or wealthy the man be—if he
drinks, turn away from him, and save
yourself from becoming that most miser-
able of all women—a drunkard's wife!

KATE THORN.

I LOVE TO HOLD UP TEMPERANCE.



I love to hold up Temperance, And all that is di - vine; To

KEY C

{	<i>m.f</i>	s : s	l : d'	s : m		<i>m.f</i>	s : s	l : d	s : -		s
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	s	d' : ta	l : f	s : s		s	d' : d'	d' : l	s : -		d'
	d	d : d	f, : f,	d : d		d	d : ta,	l, : f,	d : -		<i>s.f</i>

tell there is no un - ion Twixt wa - ter bright and wine; To

{	d' : d'	r' : r'	m' : m'		<i>r.d</i>	t : r'	l : -t	s : -		<i>t.d'</i>
	s : s	s : s	s : s		s	s : s	fe : -fe	s : -		r
	d' : d'	t : t	d' : d'		<i>t.l</i>	s : t	d' : -r'	t, : -		<i>s.l</i>
	m : m	s : s	d : d		d	r : r	r : -r	s : -		<i>s.l</i>

pro - fit by af - flic - tion, Reap truth from fields of fic - tion, And,

{	r : t s : s s : d'	d' r' m' : d' s : m	m : r	m s
	r : r r : r s : m	m f s : s m : d	d : t,	m d
	t : r' t : t d' : d'	s s : s d' : d'	s : s	d'
	s : s s : f m : d	d d : m s : s	s : s	d m

wis - er from con - vic - tion, Work on each grand de - sign.

{	l : l t : t d' : - r'	m' f' : l t : s	d' : - -
	f : f f : f m : - s	s l : l s : - f	m : - -
	d' : d' r' : r' d' : - t	ta l : d' t r' : d' t	d' : - -
	f : l s : s l : - s	d d : f s : s	d : - -

2 I live for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are kind and true ;
 For the heav'n that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too :
 For all the ties that bind me,
 For all the tasks assign'd me,
 For the bright hopes left behind me,
 And the good that I may do.

3 I live to hail the season
 By gifted men foretold,
 When men shall live by reason
 And not alone by gold.
 When man to man united,
 And every wrong thing righted,
 The whole world shall be lighted
 As Eden was of old !

AUNT DOROTHY'S ONE GLASS!

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," ETC.
 CHARACTERS:—*Aunt Dorothy, May, and Mr. Coldstream.*

May (running in laughing).

REALLY, I can't help laughing, it is so ridiculous to think of! There is that horrid, long-haired, sallow-looking teetotal lecturer in the drawing-room talking to my Aunt Dorothy, and trying to persuade her to give up her wine! She is nearly forty (oh, she would scold me if she knew I had told you her age!), and he is telling her how very dangerous it is to take a glass of sherry! Ah! ah! Only to think of my aunt being in danger of ever taking too much. Why, the dear old creature is as pious as a nun, and when she pours out her daily glass I don't believe she ever misses pouring out the same quantity, almost to the drop. And to think of that horrid creature trying to persuade her she might become a drunkard! If it wasn't so ridiculous as to make me laugh, I should be indignant, and I am afraid I should say or do something which is not considered very lady-like to the long-haired gentleman. What a horrid, narrow-minded set of people these teetotalers must be. It is only *low* people who get drunk, I feel sure. Ladies and gentleman have more control over themselves, and more respect for their character than to do so degraded a thing. Ah! (*Listens.*) I think the gentleman with the long hair is going. No! they are, I do believe, coming here! Yes! that they are! It's really too bad, after I have got away from them to come and search me in my own room. But—here they come. (*Enter Mr. Coldstream and Miss Dorothy.*)

Miss D. Ah, my dear, you are here, I see; whatever made you run away, and just when Mr. Coldstream was in the most interesting part of his conversation, showing the physiological and pathological

effects of intoxicating drinks on the human frame? I am certain, my dear, you would have been edified had you stayed to listen.

M. I don't think I should, auntie, for you see I don't care about physiology and pathology.

Mr. C. (rather pompously.) But you ought to care, young lady. It is very important we should all have a knowledge of such subjects, so that we may regulate our conduct in life according to the laws of nature.

Miss D. Ah, yes; I wish I had begun to study the subject before this.

Mr. C. Never too late to mend, my dear madam—never!

M. (smiling.) If you had studied these subjects, would you have been better, auntie?

Mr. C. She would have known how dangerous a glass of wine is, and have avoided it, young lady. Her taking it so many years must have told on her constitution.

M. I thought you said it did you good, auntie?

Miss D. Yes, dear, I did say so; but this gentleman, who knows better than I do, says it does me harm; though I certainly have not felt any very serious consequences up to the present.

Mr. C. That is because you have only taken a little; but even a little, taken every day, has serious effects on the stomach, the lungs, and the heart, as I have been trying to show you. Shall I repeat how it acts on these important parts in our system, so that this young lady, who seems very callous on the subject, may understand?

Miss D. I shall be delighted!

M. With all respect, sir, to you and

my dear aunt, I must object to the lecture!

Miss D. Object, May! Don't you see the gentleman wishes to impart very valuable information to you, and—

Mr. C. Never mind, madam; perhaps the young lady prefers ignorance to knowledge. She may find out, someday, her folly. By your leave I will retire, as I have other and most important business to attend to. Good day, young lady; good day, madam. (*Bows and retires.*)

M. I am glad he is gone, auntie!

Miss D. I am surprised at you, May!

M. I hope you are not angry with me, auntie, for I really have no desire to offend you. But it does seem to me ridiculous for anyone to say that a glass of wine taken but once daily does harm; I really can't believe it. It has done you no harm, and you have not missed taking a glass for many years. If you had drunk a bottle every day, I could see harm in that; but one glass! Oh, it is nonsense!

Miss D. Well, my dear, perhaps you are right in what you say, but you may be wrong. Now, I have noticed of late that if I do not take my usual glass of wine at about the same time every day I seem unable to attend to my duties; there is a faintness comes over me, and a strong longing for the stimulating beverage. This has given me some concern, and especially when, as I have often felt, a desire has come over me to take two glasses instead of one. Now Mr. Coldstream says I have created an unnatural appetite for stimulant; my system, so long accustomed to absorb the liquid, now demands it; and worse, he says to a person of weaker will than I possess such a condition would probably lead to excessive indulgence. You see, May, I have innocently created an appetite which in some would probably be dangerous and ruinous.

May. Oh, auntie, I don't like to hear you talk thus!

Miss D. Well, dear, what I have described about my own feelings is correct, and I have no doubt whatever Mr. Coldstream is right when he declares that even one glass taken daily for a number of years will produce a diseased condition of the system. I do wish I had never begun to take wine at all; but I will do the only thing I can to repair the evil, and that is—never to take another glass!

M. Do you really mean it, auntie!

Miss D. I do, Mary; and I hope you will follow my example. You are young, and have not acquired a taste or a want for it; it will be an easy thing for you to give it up, much easier than for me; but we must both set our faces against it, and not tamper with that which is of doubtful good even under any circumstances.

M. Well, auntie, you certainly have opened my eyes, and I see that after all my despised lecturer with the long hair (though I still think him rather pompous and self-conceited) is right, and I am wrong.

Miss D. Mr. Coldstream is a clever man, and I believe a good man; though, with you, I confess he is rather pompous. But, May, we all have our little faults, and we must cast out the beam from our own eye before we talk about the mote in the eye of another. Let us do what is right; and as we are agreed that there is danger in wine—even though it be your auntie's one glass daily—let us at once abandon it for it. (*Exit both.*)

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and
slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her—
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery
street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and, so without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help *my* mother, you understand,

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low
her head [she said

In her home that night, and the prayer

Was "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

WHERE DO THE WRINKLES COME FROM?

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"**W**HERE do the wrinkles come
from?"

And joyous little Grace
Looked gravely in the mirror
At her rose-tinted face.

"Where do the wrinkles come from?
Why first, dear, I suppose
The heart lets in a sorrow,
And then a wrinkle grows.

"Then anger comes a tapping,
And the heart's door opens wide?
Then hasten naughty envy,
And discontent and pride.

"And the wrinkles follow slowly;
For the face has for its part
To tell just what is doing
Down in the secret heart.

"And the red lips lose their sweetness,"
"And draw down so," said Grace,
"And the lovely youthful angel
Goes slowly from the face,

"Watch the gate of the heart, my darling,
For the heart is the dwelling place
Of the magical angel of beauty,
Whose smile is seen in the face."

—*Boston Congregationalist.*"

THE "THOROUGHGOING" BLUE RIBBON.

To the Editor of the *Band of Hope Treasury.*

Sir.—As the committee formed to promote a fortnight's Gospel Temperance Mission in Manchester under the leadership of Mr. Francis Murphy of America are receiving requisitions from all parts of the country for the new "thoroughgoing" ribbon (discountenancing the use of Tobacco and other Narcotics as well as alcohol), may I trespass so far upon your courtesy as to ask you to allow me to state in your columns that they have made arrangements with the Anti-Narcotic League, 56, Peter-street, Manchester, to supply this ribbon to all applicants at cost price; and that it would relieve both Mr. Murphy and my committee if all inquiries for it were sent to that address.—I am, &c. FRANK SPENCE,

Chairman, Manchester Murphy Mission Committee.

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John, who holds a good position in a large mercantile house, has prevailed upon his father to come and live with him. We have no doubt John and his wife will do all they can to comfort the aged parent, and make his last days as bright and happy as they possibly can be. John is a good son, a Sunday-school worker, and a great Temperance reformer, and in all good works he is seconded by his wife. Our artist has given us this month a good picture of John and his wife welcoming the old man to his new home.

J O E .

LADS and lasses, one and all ;
I introduce to you,
Our hero, Joe, whose counterpart
You'll find the kingdom through.

Once upon a time, my boys,—
As every story goes—
Joseph a little lecture gave,
To us his temperance foes.

“When I come down stairs,” he says,
“I like a glass of grog,
It soothes you know, my aching head,
And drives away the fog.

“When I do my luncheon take,
I like a glass of beer ;
See how it cheers a fellow up,
As nothing could ; 'tis clear.

“Then, again, at dinner-time,
I'm forced to have my pot,
Or else I never could get through,
With things so steaming hot.

“When I do my supper take,
The way is never clear,
Unless, I ever and anon,
Just take a sup of beer.

“Evenings ; when my work is done,
I like to make a call
At the grog-shop, just round the street,
To see my neighbours all.

“There we drink each others' health,
With brandy, beer, or wine,
And smoke a pipe, or play a game,
To pass away the time.

“Then we take our journey home,
And, sometimes, take a nap,
Down in the ditch, or in the road,
But what's the odds of that.

“The narrow-minded temperance crew
Would have us all abstain,
And waste the brandy, beer, and ale,
As if 'twere only rain.”

Joseph's lecture now is o'er,
His folly, we have seen ;
A drunken sot, I'm very sure,
Poor Joseph, must have been.

Boys ! from Joe a lesson learn,
And to your pledge be true ;
A sorry day, when pledge you break,
I'm sure 'twill be for you.

Pilton.

A. V. A.

FOUND DEAD.

Written by *W. J. Smith*—*Anglicised by Uncle John.*

SO cold and stormy blows the wind,
So dark and cheerless is the night,
No twinkling stars are seen above,
No moon sheds round her silvery light;
The streets that but an hour ago

Were thronged and crowded with the
rush

Of busy folk, are now by all
Deserted, and a solemn hush
Seems to have fallen o'er the town;

On every hand is heard no stir,
Except the sullen angry sound
Of wintry winds that madly whirl.

But, oh! what sound is that, that now
Is borne along, half sob, half moan?
It's some poor, weary waif, who through
His parents' vice has, maybe, flown

To some lone spot the night to spend;
Though there he feels the wind's mad
foam,

He's safer far than in that den
That he through habit calls his home.
See, cowering on yon cold door-step,
Where dim dark shadows seem to keep

A watch o'er him; free from his pain
The child has sobbed himself to sleep.
Yet though the woeful sob will from
His pain'd heart come with sudden

moan,
Yet in his sleep he's haunted by
The horrid sights he'd fled to shun.

But now a change has o'er him come;
His sobbing's stopped—his fair-haired
head

Falls on his breast; his hands are numb.
Oh! gracious God! the lad is dead!
Dead? age that he is, and murdered too!

No use for us the truth to shrink.
Murdered! aye slowly murdered, say
Can we not trace his death to drink?

'Twas drink that made his home a hell;
'Twas drink that drove his father mad;

'Twas drink that dried the mother's well
Of love that for him once she had.
Dead? no; that he is not; he lives above;
No more he'll feel cold hunger's blast,
No more he'll feel the wintry wind—
Poor wanderer, you've a "home" at last.

THE STREAM AND THE VINE.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

"JOY!" said the merry mountain vine,
"A glorious lot is surely mine.

How proud am I in vintage time,
When pleasure fills the sunny clime;
When my lithe arms droop richly down
O'er maiden decked with vine-leaf crown;
When my full fruit is plucked and pressed
To fire the brain and warm the breast;
When Bacchus reels, with flask in hand,
Laughing and quaffing o'er the land;
And beauty's eyes with soft light shine.
Joy!" said the merry mountain vine.

"Joy!" said the merry mountain stream,
That flashed in morning's rosy beam;
"On paths of peace I proudly go,
To cleanse and strengthen as I flow.
The grass grows greener where I run;
Brighter the flowers, in shade or sun;
The pilgrims love my freshening wave,
The peasant feels me cheer and save.
I bear no bane, I make no strife
But offer calm and healthful life;
My waters bless where'er they gleam.
Joy!" said the merry mountain stream.

"Lo!" said the vine, "brave friends are
met—

A jolly crew, a jovial set;
Who pour libations unto me,
And drain my blood with boist'rous glee.
Up goes the glass, again, again,
Till wit and wisdom quit the brain;
Grows loud the laugh, grows loud the
tongue,

The bard breaks out in frantic song;

Roars the rude revel, drunk and dim;
Lamp, flask, and table reel and swim;
And the whole herd are mad with wine.
Joy!" said the laughing mountain vine.

"Look!" said the stream, "Yon hall of
light

Giveth a blest and beauteous sight;
Men in serene and seemly guise;
Women with calm and grateful eyes;
Age with the tranquil brow of truth;
Mild manhood and engaging youth.
They meet to hear, to learn, to teach
High thoughts that flow in lucid speech.
They talk of temperance, and essay
To bring about man's better day;
And heaven will help the gentle scheme.
Joy!" said the happy mountain stream.

"Though bright to see," said vine to
stream,

"Thy draught is dull as dotard's dream;
Puny and poor is *thy* control;
Thou hast no fire for sluggish soul."
"Though fair to see," said stream to vine,
"A sad and dangerous gift is thine.
Thou makest madness after mirth;
Thou spoilest man for heaven or earth."

Ye who are prone to love and peace;
Ye who would have disorder cease;
Ye who are happy, wise, and free,
Which is your choice—the stream or tree?

THE PLEDGE! THE PLEDGE!

GIVE US THE PLEDGE! Why do you object? Is it because you love the stimulus—the alcohol! Then you are in danger, and for your own sake you ought to sign it. No man can have a fondness for the excitement or the stimulus of alcoholic drinks without being in danger of becoming a drunkard. Do you feel at certain regular times a periodical craving

for "a drink," whether before breakfast, at eleven o'clock, or just before dinner? If you do, *beware!* you are in *great danger!* 'Tis an appetite "that grows by what it feeds on." Do you feel that "you want bracing"? Then *beware!* The stomach of no healthy man wants "bracing," and if you resort to *drink* for that purpose, be sure that you have drunk too often and too much. It is drinking—unnatural, unwholesome, *alcoholic drinking*—which causes that morbid state of the nerves and the stomach that makes you feel that "aching void." It is the best possible evidence that you have gone too far, and that you must stop short or be ruined.

But again we say, Give us the pledge! Do you say, "I am a perfectly sober man, and never drink, and therefore do not require the aid of the pledge"! Be it so. But are you not a husband or a father; a son or a brother; an uncle or a nephew; a relative or a friend even? Are you not a MAN? Are you not a member of society? Are you totally isolated in the world? Is your example of no value whatever? Are you so totally insignificant that you are of no consequence whatever in society? It is not and it cannot be so. No man is so utterly wretched and valueless. Suppose you have a son who is in danger of falling; suppose that he does fall; and in reply to your lamentations or reproaches he should say, "Father, I would have signed the pledge, and I would have kept it, had you not set me the example; but you declined it: I but follow your example, and you must share the responsibility." Would not your mouth be shut? Would not those words sear your heart as with a hot iron?

Again we say, Sign the pledge, and you will have done your duty, and that duty is not performed until you have done it.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

THE king was revelling midst his glittering shrines,
 His golden goblets had been emptied thrice,
 And wasted nectar trickled down in lines
 Upon the table where he flung his dice.
 And great Belshazzar tottered from his throne
 With the intoxication of a king,
 And danced before his images of stone,
 And smiled to hear the giddy courtiers sing
 Their wanton glee in wild voluptuous tone.

A thousand lords were feasting in that hall,
 And peerless women sat on every side,
 And golden censers swung along the wall,
 And lofty mirrors gleamed with regal pride;
 And cups were brought—the sacred cups of old—
 Robbed from the holy Temple of the Lord;
 And great Belshazzar drank from one of gold,
 And bade his nobles mock with lance and sword,
 And quaff with pride and profanation bold.

The lords polluted with their vicious hands
 The sacred cups, and boasted of their power,
 And offered incense to their idol bands—
 Alas! for them. It was an evil hour,
 For suddenly appeared before them all
 An apparition, chilling with affright—
 A livid hand loomed out above the ball,
 The chandeliers ceased shedding forth their light,
 And high that hand wrote fire upon the wall.

Aghast, Belshazzar called soothsayers in
 To tell the meaning of that living line—
 Oh! "MENE, MENE, TEKEL,
 UPHARSIN:"

Woe to Chaldea,—these are words divine;
 But they knew not the mystery which they read,
 And sent for Daniel to interpret it.
 "Thou art found wanting, king," the prophet said,
 "Thy mighty sceptre hath Jehovah split;
 A Mede shall rule this night when thou art dead."

But great Belshazzar sought again his wine,
 And, though he shook before the holy seer,
 Still rolled upon his purple couch supine,
 And drank the more to quench his guilty fear. [reign,
 That night, while giddy pleasure held her
 A Persian foe stood at the monarch's gate; [her lane,
 Their host turned broad Euphrates from
 The sword of Cyrus sealed Chaldea's fate,
 And ere the morn was great Belshazzar slain.
 EDWIN POCOCKE.

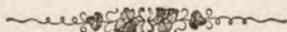
BAD WORDS.

HUSH, hush, my lad. Pray don't repeat
 The bad words spoken in the street,
 Wrong, and unfit for you;
 Perchance the lad those words who said,
 'Mid crime and darkness born and bred,
 Their meaning little knew.

But you, so much more highly blessed,
 Of Christian home and friends possessed,
 And Christian knowledge too—
 To take God's holy name in vain,
 Or utter any words profane,
 Is surely guilt in you.

ASSIST US WHILE TRYING THE CHILDREN TO SAVE.

(COPYRIGHT.)



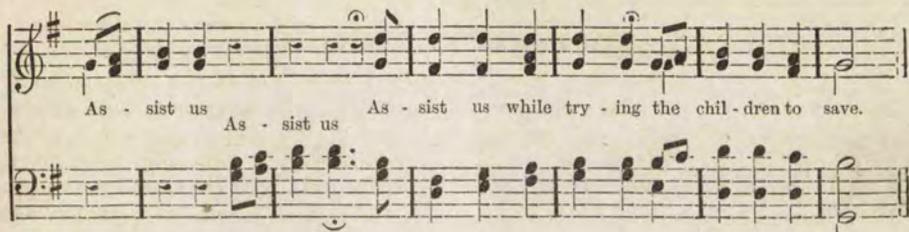
Words and Music by JOSEPH COOPER.

Thou great Three in One, Our hope and our trust, Who gave Thy dear Son To

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save sin - ful dust, While drun-kards are dy - ing, and crowd - ing the grave,

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2 The curse of our land,
 Vile spirits and ale ;
 Oh, may they withstand,
 And never say fail,
 Till drink, the destroyer,
 Our country's foe,
 And heaven's defier
 Is chain'd down below.

3 May all who enlist,
 Work with hand and heart,
 Our God will assist
 If we do our part.
 To those who keep toiling
 In frost and hot sun,
 The Judge will say smiling,
 "Come up, friends, well-done."

MODERATION A SNARE.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY THOMAS HEATH.

James.

HOW sorry I am that William Thompson's father has been brought before the magistrates for being drunk and disorderly in the streets. He seemed to me a nice quiet man, and would, no doubt, have proved to be so, were it not for this abominable drink.

Tom. It serves him right. He ought to know when he has had enough, and then there would have been no fear of magistrates, or anything else of that sort.

J. I cannot see things in that light, *Tom.* Being a relation of yours, I think *you* ought to be exceedingly sorry for him and his family.

T. It does not matter much to me. I stick up for Moderation, and if Mr. Thompson kept within those lines, he would have been all right.

J. All drunkards begin with taking it in moderation. One person may take six glasses, and yet not be made drunk, whereas another may take only two or three and yet find them enough to make him stumble. How much better it is to be free from it altogether, and then there is no fear of drunkenness and what it may lead to.

T. Well, there is some truth in what you say. I know a young fellow myself, who lately lost his situation through drink. He went out with some friends who were evidently better able to stand a few glasses than he could, and as the poor youth wished to be thought as manly as his companions, he drank as they did. The consequence was, he could not pass through the streets without reeling to and fro, and, unfortunately, he ran into a shop window and smashed a valuable square of glass. What was worse still, his master

happened to be passing at that moment, and saw his servant in that state. When he turned up the following morning, the master called him into the office, and gave him a "wiggling" and then dismissed him. It seemed very hard that because of one slip he should be thus severely dealt with, as in addition to the damage, there was the loss of situation, and in these not over brisk times, he will find it hard to get another soon.

J. You see in the case just mentioned by you, that moderation is not enough to keep you safe from drunkenness. Your friend intended to be moderate, and not take more than he could conveniently carry, but the evil influences of those who had had some experience in drinking, and the desire to be like them, were too much for the misguided young man, and there is a probability unless he leaves what you think and call the right path of moderation, for the really *safe* paths of temperance, he may become a drunkard; and if he marry, be a bad husband and a bad father. But to return to Mr. Thompson. I feel very sorry indeed for his family. Although he gets decent wages, yet the children are very often in want of food, because the father takes to the public house the bulk of his wages, and spends on drink, which ruins body and soul, as much as would clothe and feed his family in a decent and respectable manner. Little Jem and Lucy cannot go to Sunday-school for want of clothes, whereas if their father were like some of his neighbours, there would not only be clothes and food, but happiness and love at home. Now, don't you think that moderation is an exploded idea. You certainly do not desire to be like the young man you mentioned; and yet, who can say you will escape a

similar fall if you will stick to the boasted safety of moderation? Do, Tom, think seriously about the danger you are in. Let me press upon you to join our Band of Hope. You will be a better and a happier young man if you do. Then, we may both of us try what we can do to rescue the misguided Mr. Thompson, and what a happy day that will be when we can get him to sign the pledge.

T. I cannot promise what you ask now, but rest assured, I will think over the matter, carefully and seriously. Perhaps, when I see you again, I may be able to tell you I have decided to sign the pledge, and, by God's grace, keep it. Then I will help you heart and soul, in trying to rescue the unhappy Mr. Thompson, and let in a little sunlight and joy into that at present miserable dwelling.

LICENSE OR NO LICENSE? "THAT'S THE QUESTION."

THE question rises to a people's eye,
Shall we still wear the tyrant's gall-
ing chain,
Obey a demon that shall crush our souls?
Shall this proud land still wear the garb
of vice?
Shall guilt be legalized, and exile peace?
Shall men be brutalized, and fond hearts
crushed?
Shall wisdom stride insulted from our
arms?
Shall virtue look in pity and contempt
Upon the creatures who have spurned
her boons?
Shall poison be the traffic of our day?
Shall health and life be sacrificed to vice?
Shall homes be rendered desolate and sad?
Shall doting spirits see their idols slain?
The fair hopes of a lifetime crushed in
shame, [grave—
The pride of youth laid low within the

Shall this be so? Shall that strong shield,
the law,
Be made the instrument of such a work?
Forbid it, citizens! Your own proud rights
Command the wielding of that privilege
To drive the demon from your very hearth,
To strip him of his fangs, and bid him die!
'Tis yours to rescue now your fellow-men
From death—the worst he may endure or
know—
The double death of body and of soul!
And 'tis within your midst—'tis no wild
dream,
No phantom of the fancy that we paint!
Our youth have tasted, and, by wine be-
guiled,
Have wandered down the path of guilt
and vice,
Till e'en the gray hairs of their sires have
bowed
Beneath the weight of their own children's
sin!
The fairest of our noble land have sunk
Beneath the simoon that hath swept it o'er!
It cometh like a thief, yet, in its strength,
'Tis as destruction's besom all aroused!
Spirits of gentle and sweet purity
Hath shrunk and withered 'neath its
blighting touch;
Young hearts have seen their dear ones
stricken down,
Have felt their all of happiness decay,
Scathed by this demon's blow!
Fame's laurel wreath
Hath lost its bloom, and fallen from the
brow
Of many a soul whose manly efforts there
Had wasted life's bright energies to win
That very wreath, which now they care-
less spurn!
All this hath this vile monster done, and
more!
He hath robbed infants in their helples-
ness [prived
Of childhood's only stay! He hath de-
The feeble mother of her every power;

Hath stolen from her bosom's shrine that
heart [all!

For which she would have sacrificed her

He hath torn down the barrier between

The brute creation and God's image, man!

Hath laid the soul immortal in the dust,

And taught it longings grovelling as the
swine!

Hath quenched ambition's spirit-stirring
flame— [life

Hath driven from out the inmost soul the

That savored full of immortality!

Hath hastened to the victim's couch the
form

Of its grim sister, Death!

Hath rent the soul

Till e'en the heart-strings quiver, while
fair hope

Hath fled, unwilling exile, from its shrine!

This have we seen, and in our very midst—

Beside the hearth-stones sacred to our
souls,

Among the loved ones cherished proudly
there!

And when the weapon's placed within our
hand [strive

Shall we not ward the monster's blow, and

To rid our altars of its blasting breath?

Oh! let THIS PEOPLE'S mighty voice reply,

"The victory shall be ours—WE WILL BE
FREE!" *Temperance Vindicator.*

IN THE CUP.

THERE is grief in the cup!

I saw a proud mother set wine on the
board;

The eyes of her son sparkled bright as she
poured

The ruddy stream into the glass in his
hand.

The cup was of silver; the lady was grand

In her satins and laces; her proud heart
was glad

In the love of her fair, noble son; but,
oh! sad,

Oh! so sad, ere a year had passed by,
And the soft light had gone from her
beautiful eye,

For the boy that she loved, with a love
strong as death,

In the chill hours of morn, with a
drunkard's foul breath,

And a drunkard's fierce oath, reeled and
staggered his way

To his home, a dark blot on the face of
the day.

There is shame in the cup!

The tempter said "Drink!" and a fair
maiden quaffed

Till her cheeks glowed the hue of the dan-
gerous draught;

The voice of the tempter spoke low in her
ear

Words that once would have started the
quick, angry tear;

But wine blunts the conscience, and wine
dulls the brain.

She listened and smiled, and he whispered
again;

He lifted the goblet; "Once more," he
said, "drink!"

And the soul of the maiden was lost in
the brink.

There is death in the cup!

A man in God's image, strong, noble, and
grand,

With talents that crowned him a prince of
the land,

Sipped the ruddy red wine—sipped it
lightly at first,

Until from its chains broke the demon of
thirst;

And thirst became master, and man be-
came slave,

And he ended his life in the drunkard's
poor grave;

Wealth, fame, talents, beauty, and life
swallowed up,

Grief, shame, death, destruction are *all* in
the cup. *Ella Wheeler.*

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WHETHER HIS WORK BE PURE, AND WHETHER
IT BE RIGHT.”—PROVERBS xx. 11.

THE "BIT OF BLUE"—A BIBLE EMBLEM.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

Tune—"The British Flag."

BRIGHT emblem of a noble cause,
The cause of truth and right,
Of perfect Gospel Temperance,
We hail it with delight:
It binds us heart to heart as one,
In all we say and do,
To rescue the inebriate—
This pretty *bit of blue*.

CHORUS.

Then onward, onward speed the cause,
Intemperance to subdue,
Till every nation, kindred, tongue,
Shall wear the *bit of blue*.

In olden times, by God's command,
So doth the Scriptures say:
His people on their dress should wear
Blue ribbon day by day:—
That while they look'd upon the badge,
In all the ages through,
They might remember His commands,
By wearing of *the blue*.

"That ye remember," says the Word,
And, oh, it speaketh still,
"To do all the commands of God,"
And learn His blessed will;
"And to be holy!" blessed thought!
Not seeking what to do
By our own hearts, or our own eyes,
When wearing of *the blue*.

* See Numbers, xv. 38, 39, 40.

A CHILD'S MISSION.

BY LIZZIE T. LARKIN.

TWO women by a window sat,
One bright and pleasant day,
And sighed to see a wretched man
Move slowly on his way.
With bloated face and tangled hair
And trembling step he came;

For in that man there ever burned,
A fearful, quenchless flame.
"What can we do for him?" they cried;
"Our pleadings have been vain;
'Tis useless all to speak a word,
But we will pray again."
Then one of Christ's own little ones,
Who stood at mother's knee,
Said: "I will go and speak, mamma;
Perhaps he'll list to me.
I'll fill my pitcher at the spring
With pure, cold water sweet,
And then I'll watch until he comes,
And go poor John to meet."
Then on her errand quick she sped,
Love took away all fear;
She filled her pitcher at the spring,
And soon his step drew near.
He raised his eyes; before him stood
A gentle, lovely child,
With pleading face, and golden hair,
And aspect sweet and mild.
She raised the pitcher in her hands,
As fearless there she stood,
And said: "I thought you'd thirsty be,
And this would taste so good."
"Who sent you here?" he gruffly said.
"Why, Jesus bade me come;
He wanted you to drink of this,
And then to go right home."
He took the pitcher from her hands
And quickly drained it dry;
Then, lifting up his bloated face
To the o'erhanging sky,
He said: "Bear witness here, my God,
Who now hath sent to me
A little angel from above,
Once more to set me free—
I'll drink no more from this glad hour;
The rest of life's brief span;
I'll look to Thee to give me strength
To be once more a man."
The child had fled; her work was done;
I tell the tale to prove
How much one little child can do
If filled with Jesus' love.

CLOSE YOUR DOOR.

An Appeal to the Liquor Seller.

BY REV. S. BISSELL.

MR. LANDLORD, close your door!
 Close your door! Close your door!
 In the name of Jesus we implore,
 Close your door! Close your door!
 For see the poverty and sin
 Caused by men who enter in;
 Yet all their souls Christ longs to win.
 Close your door! Close your door!

Your heart is human, just like ours;
 Close your door! Close your door!
 You see the curse and all its powers;
 Close your door! Close your door!
 Then why not stop from dealing out
 The poison which brings it about,
 And put away all fear and doubt?
 Close your door! Close your door!

Just see the drunkards as they reel;
 Close your door! Close your door!
 To your heart they now appeal;
 Close your door! Close your door!
 Look at their homes—they've comforts
 none;
 Their furniture and all is gone;
 They have no bed to rest upon.
 Close your door! Close your door!

The drunkard's child with rags is clad;
 Close your door! Close your door!
 Half starved to death—this sight is sad;
 Close your door! Close your door!
 His wife with care and grief doth go
 To beg a crust of bread or so;
 All this as well as we you know.
 Close your door! Close your door!

Do stop at once the dread supply;
 Close your door! Close your door!
 And let not men as drunkards die.
 Close your door! Close your door!

Say to the man who may demand
 A cup of poison in his hand:
 "This is no more a whiskey-stand;
 I've closed my door! I've closed my
 door!"

WHAT WHISKEY DID FOR
MR. JONES.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

MR. JONES was a man who was fond
 of his gin,
 And each day would get tipsy at Mr.
 Swig's inn;
 Then home he would go, beat his children
 and wife—
 In fact, several times had near taken her
 life.
 For although Jones, when sober, was
 generous and kind,
 One glass was sufficient to poison his
 mind;
 Then glass followed glass when once he
 began,
 And Jones was a demon instead of a man.

COLD WATER.

BY LIZZIE T. LARKIN.

COLD water for me;
 For, my friends, don't you see
 'Tis the very best drink
 That ever can be?
 'Twill make me so strong
 I can sing you a song
 About cold water
 The whole day long.
 I'm but a small boy,
 But my tongue I'll employ
 Against all those drinks
 That are sure to destroy.
 Whatever their name,
 To drink them's a shame,
 And whoever drinks them
 Is surely to blame.

Bright water for me
And for you, for you see
'Tis the very best drink
That ever can be.

ADAM'S ALE.

ABEL SUNNYSIDE.

I SING about a boy who dwelt some
fifty years ago

Where forests spread for mile on mile,
and mighty rivers flow :

He laboured on his father's farm on
Mississippi's shore.

With sturdy arm he swung the axe and
plied the bending oar ;

None better knew to guide the plough or
wield the rattling flail,

And when athirst or faint he drank a
draught of "Adam's ale."

There is no drink like Adam's ale, so
sparkling, pure, and free ;

It cheers the heart of bird and beast, it
gladdens flower and tree ;

It brings no pang unto the breast, it
makes no cheeks grow pale.

Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink !
Hurrah for "Adam's ale !"

For many years this noble boy gave all
his strength and might

To help his parents and to make their
heavy labours light.

His food was of the homeliest kind, but
it was ever sweet,

For toil and industry give zest to any-
thing we eat ;

And while he ate his humble meal in
forest, field, or dale

He freely took from stream and brook a
draught of "Adam's ale."

Oh ! what is like to Adam's ale, so
sparkling, pure, and free ?

The cornfields drink it till they wave in
gold along the lea ;

It makes the grass and flowers grow
fair on mountain and in vale.

Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink !
Hurrah for "Adam's ale !"

Years passed ; this boy from home at last
resolved he should depart.

With many blessings, prayers, and tears
his parents saw him start ;

But yet they did not sorrow long, nor
sorely, for they knew

Heaven's promise unto all who give their
parents honour due.

They knew temptation's many wiles not
easily prevail

'Gainst him or her whose strongest drink
is "Adam's good old ale."

There is no drink like Adam's ale, so
sparkling, pure, and free ;

The sunbeams drink it from the lake,
the river, and the sea.

It feeds the dappled clouds that drift
before the summer gale ;

Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink !
Hurrah for Adam's ale !"

The once poor boy rose step by step, until
he came to be

The ruler of a mighty realm beyond the
western sea ;

And when men said, where feasts were
spread, "Come pledge us in the wine,"

He answered : * "Nay ! for fifty years it
ne'er touched lips of mine.

Water alone has been my drink, and kept
me strong and hale,

And I owe half my rise in life to drinking
Adam's ale."

What drink is like to Adam's ale, so
sparkling, pure, and free ?

Where'er it goes, where'er it flows, it
beareth health and glee ;

Although we travel every land, o'er
every ocean sail,

We'll find no drink so wonderful, so
old as "Adam's ale."

* President Lincoln at his Inauguration dinner.

Let all who wish through life to keep a
bright and stainless name,
Who'd rise, by dint of steady toil, to
honour and to fame,
Shun every drink of man's device that
steals the brains away,
And drags its victim to the brink of ruin
day by day;
Good resolution in the end is certain to
prevail,
Then make a firm resolve to drink no
drink but "Adam's ale."

Oh! what is like to Adam's ale, so
sparkling, pure, and free?
While clouds shall gather in the skies
and rivers seek the sea,
While day and night divide the light,
the store shall never fail
Of that, the oldest, best of drinks, the
far-famed "Adam's ale."

TOMMY'S SPEECH.

BY L. A. OBEAR.

I S'POSE you think I an't big enough
to make a speech:
You wait, and you'll find out, sir.
I'm a big boy, most six years old,
And shall grow to be a man, no doubt,
sir.

I've got a big jackknife, all my own,
And when I cut me I don't cry, sir;
I can sing Rule Britannia as well as
most,
And finish with God save the Queen, sir.

A boy asked me into a liquor-saloon;
You ought to've seen how I ran, sir!
I think hanging round a place like that
Will never make a boy a man, sir.

Another boy asked me take a cigar;
Said he could both smoke and chew, sir.

He was in an awful hurry to be grown up;
S'pose he thought that would help—
don't you, sir?

Why, I've got a little dog named Toodle;
His colour is black and tan, sir;
He knows enough to know that tobacco
and rum

Will never make a boy a man, sir.

Tom Dunn uses big swearing words,
Then he sometimes steals, and will lie, sir;
If I can't be a man without doing things
like that,

I'll never be a man till I die, sir!

The men begin to say, "Just one word
more,"

When they've but just begun, sir.

I want to say, "I'm a temperance boy,"
And now my speech is done, sir.

HIS LEGACY.

I F I could talk to-night with him for
whom

The nation mourns, I'd look into his
face [will trace

And thank him for the page where boys
In history a record which the tomb

Can never darken. There is always
room, [such place

O boy friends! for the man who seeks
As he attained: and time can ne'er
efface

The influence of such living. Though
the bloom

May wither, though the husk may fall
away, [to-day.

The seed remains; and Garfield lives
He lives in hearts that treasure safe and
sure [pure.

His influence for the good, the true, the
Thank God for the fair page in history
Which he has given the young—his
legacy!

—W. N. B., in *Woman's Journal*.

THE TEMPERANCE BALL IS ROLLING ON.



H. S. P.

From the moun-tainsto the prai-ries, From the val-leys to the sea, The Temp'rance Ball is

KEY Eb.

{	m . f	s . s	: s . s	s . s	: f . m	r . r	: r . r	r	: r . m	f . f	: f . f
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	d . d	d . d	: d . d	d . d	: d . d	s ₁ . s ₁	: s ₁ . s ₁	s ₁ . s ₁	:	s ₁ . s ₁	: s ₁ . s ₁

roll - ing, Hear the shouts of Ju - bi - lee, As the news goes roll - ing on - ward, Rolling

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	s . s	: s . s	s . d'	: d' . d'	d'	: s . s	d' . d'	: d' . d'	d' . d'	: s . s
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on - ward round the world, Our hearts are filled with glad - ness And our ban - ner is un - fud - ed.

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CHORUS.

For the Temp'rance ball is roll-ing, roll-ing on, roll-ing on, The Temp'rance ball is

CHORUS

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roll - ing, roll - ing on, roll - ing on, And our hearts are filled with glad-ness, Which we

{	f . f : m . f	s : - - : m . s	s . s : s . s s . s : f . m
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Repeat Cho. *pp ad lib.*

ech - o with a song, When we see the Temp'rance ball go roll - ing, roll - ing on.

{	r . m : s . s l : l . l	l . s : f . m r . m : f . r	d : t ₁ d :
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	f . f : f . f f : f . f	f ₁ . f ₁ : f ₁ . f ₁ f ₁ . f ₁ : f ₁ . f ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁ d :

2 Let the hills and mountains answer
 With a smile both bright and long,
 And brooks ring out a laughter,
 Like the sweetest choral song,

Let the forests bow responsive,
 And the birds their notes prolong,
 For all things must rejoice to see
 The Temp'rance ball roll on. For, &c.

MAKING IT EASY TO SAY "NO."

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

CHARACTERS: Arthur, Rosa, Joe, Bob. (Joe enters from one side, Arthur and Rosa from the other.)

Arthur.

OW are you, Joe? I'm so glad we met you; we want you to go to the temperance meeting with us.

Rosa. And you mustn't refuse, either.

Joe. I don't like to be impolite, Rosa, but I *do* refuse. I've had enough of temperance meetings to last me for some time.

A. I didn't know you ever went to one.

J. I went to a lecture with sister last week, and the man was so tiresome, and said so many big words I couldn't understand, that I leaned my head against the wall and went to sleep.

R. I hope you enjoyed your nap.

J. I guess I did until that hateful Bob Grimes, who was in the seat behind me, stuck a pin half an inch deep in my arm. Then I just bounced up, and hollered "*Outch!*" and the people all laughed.

(*Arthur and Rosa laugh heartily.*)

R. What fun! I wish I had been there.

A. So do I. Did the speaker say anything to you?

J. He was as mad as a hornet, and said "the boy that disturbed the lecture, must leave the hall." So I went out in a hurry and waited outside for Bob Grimes, because I was going to beat him black and blue.

R. O Joe! Did you fight him?

J. No; the little coward held on to his big sister's arm so close, I couldn't get a chance at him. I've cooled off now, but no more dry old lectures for me. *No-sir-ee!*

A. But *ours* isn't that kind of a

meeting, Joe. We children do most of the speaking and singing, and it's jolly enough.

R. And ten signed the pledge last week.

J. I don't need any pledge, for I don't drink anything unless I'm coaxed so that I can't say "no" without being rude; and then only wine and cider.

A. I signed the pledge to *help* me say "no." It's ever so much easier, an't it, Rosa?

R. Indeed it is. If you say "No, I thank you," people often insist, but if you say "I have signed the temperance pledge," few people are wicked enough to want you to break it."

J. I never thought of that.

(*Bob Grimes runs across the stage.*)

A. There he goes, Joe! Catch him.

(*Joe rushes after him and brings him to the front, struggling and laughing.*)

J. Now I've got you, old fellow. Are you ready for a licking?

Bob. Indeed, Joe, I'm awfully sorry I got you into that scrape, and I wanted to tell you so, but I was afraid to come near you, because you are the *biggest*, you know.

J. That's so; it wouldn't be a fair fight. Don't try it again, though.

B. Of course I won't. My head wasn't just right or I wouldn't have done such a silly thing that night. Mrs. Ritter called us in to taste the cider her father sent from the country. I didn't want any, but she insisted so much I drank one glass, and my head was so light when I got to the hall I was ready for any fun.

R. Bob Grimes, you were certainly drunk. I'm ashamed of you.

J. Then I've been drunk on beer, if a light head is any sign.

A. And all because you can't stick to your "no." I think it's time you both signed the pledge to help you.

B. Joe, I'll sign if you will.

J. All right; but where's the pledge?

R. At the Band of Hope, where we are going. How I wish all the children, and the grown folks too, would sign the pledge, for it makes it so easy to say "no." I cannot refrain from repeating the words of a song I learnt some time ago, which runs—

You're starting to-day on life's journey,
Along the highway of life :

You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
Each moment with evil is rife.

The world is a stage of excitement :

There's danger wherever you go,

But if you are tempted to evil,

Have courage my boy, to say *no*.

Have courage, my boy, to say *no*,

Have courage, my boy, to say *no*,

But if you are tempted to evil,

Have courage, my boy, to say *no*.

The syren's sweet song may allure you :

Beware of her cunning and art,

Whenever you see her approaching,

Be guarded, and haste to depart.

The drinking saloons are inviting,

Dressed out in their tinsel and show ;

You may be invited to enter,

Have courage, my boy, to say *no*.

Temperance recruits—forward! march!

(*They march around and out, Rosa leading.*)

GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

GH, many, many years ago,
They tell me she was fair—

They say the yellow buttercups

Were jealous of her hair ;

That all the peach-blooms blushed to see

The soft pink on her cheeks—

That blue-bells looking at her eyes

Would hang their heads for weeks.

But she—she only laughs and says,

"Ah, that was long ago!

My hair nothing need envy now

Except the drifted snow.

The peach-blooms and the blue-bells

Have long since smiled away

The silly fear they may have had

In some past summer day."

And I—I think her lovelier

Than any flower that grows ;

* And when I look into her eyes

I fancy that she knows

Her sweet age is more beautiful

Than fairest youth could be,

Though when I tell her what I think,

She only laughs at me.

—*Jessie McDermott in "The Continent."*

IS IT POSSIBLE ?

TWEN weary, foot-sore travellers,

All in a woful plight,

Sought shelter at a wayside inn

One dark and stormy night.

"Nine rooms, no more," the landlord
said,

"Have I to offer you ;

To each of eight a single room,

But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host

Could only scratch his head ;

For of these tired men no two

Would occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease—

He was a clever man—

And to please all his guests devised

This most ingenious plan :

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

In room marked A two men he placed ;

The third he lodged in B ;

The fourth to C was then assigned ;

The fifth retired to D

In E the sixth he tucked away,

In F the seventh man ;

The eighth and ninth in G and H,

And then to A he ran,

Wherein the host, as I have said,

Had laid two travellers by.

Then taking one—the tenth and last—

He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms—a room for each—

Were made to serve for ten ;

And this it is that puzzles me,

And many wiser men.

—*Harper's Young People.*

A BRAVE GIRL.

BY O. M.

I HEARD a man tell the other day of a brave little girl of his. She was walking along the street one day when she saw a drunken man. He was ill-clothed, dirty, and looked as if he had no friends. She pitied him, and went up to him and spoke kindly. He answered so roughly that she was a little frightened, and said, while the tears came to her eyes: "O sir! I did not mean any harm, and I am sorry if you are angry with me; but I know it is wrong to drink liquor, and I thought I must tell you so. Won't you give it up?"

He did not answer her, but looked after her as she went away, and finally followed her. He walked pretty fast, and when he caught up to her she saw there were tears in his eyes also, and then her fears left her. He took her hand in his and said: "My dear child, forgive me for speaking harshly to you. I know I ought to give up the drink, and have tried to, oh! so many times, but the habit is too strong. But yours are the first kind words spoken to me for many a day. I once had a little girl who always spoke to me as kindly as you have now, but that was long ago. For your sake I will try again."

She then took him to the rooms of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union (of which her mother was a member), where he signed their pledge-roll and received the help and encouragement he so much needed. To-day he is an active member of a church, and a respected citizen.

Do you say that little children can do nothing to reclaim those who have gone astray, and that the little they can do in any good cause won't amount to much? Let this incident convince you, for it proves to the contrary. Numerous instances can prove the truth of the declaration, "A little child shall lead them."

THE COMING VOTERS.

BY MRS. H. ROSCOT EDGETT.

A Recitation for a Boy.

WE coming voters are on the way ;
 May God forbid our feet to stray !
 Joining the tramp of the gathering host,
 Manhood shall find us at duty's post.
 We coming voters are strong and true.
 For coming voters have work to do.

Listen! We voters are coming soon
 To toll the knell of the rum-saloon ;
 "With ballots for bullets," to meet the
 foe,
 In God-given strength to lay him low.
 We coming voters will true men be,
 From the curse of rum to set all free.

So for this task we must gird us well
 With the sword of truth, that the subtle
 spell
 Of the viper cup we may boldly break,
 Now and for ever, for freedom's sake!
 We coming voters must be wise,
 For coming voters must crush out vice.

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OPERATIVE CHEMISTS, STOCKPORT.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 164.—August, 1883.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



AMONG THE CORNFIELDS.

AMONG THE CORNFIELDS.

WONDER how the boy-readers of our little *Treasury* would like the occupation of the youth in our illustration this month? Young Joe, the farm-labourer's eldest son, is engaged in frightening away the birds from the cornfields. I can fancy some of our young friends, who live in towns and cities, as they look at the full ears of corn bending with their weight of delicious grain, saying, "Oh, wouldn't it be jolly! Only fancy how nice, plucking the ears, and rubbing out the wheat in one's hands, and then eating it!" So it would, dear boys; and though we are no longer "a boy," it makes us almost long to set off at once and engage ourself for a week or two to

some ruddy-cheeked farmer, so that we might roam among the golden cornfields, and feast our eyes upon their beauty, and drink in the sweet, pure country air. Only we shouldn't have to pluck too many ears of corn, or we might become more expensive to the farmer than the birds themselves. I shouldn't wonder if the birds enjoy a good feed of corn immensely; and no wonder when boys, both little and big, are so fond of the golden grain! What a pity that man should take any of the grain which God sends for food, and make from it drinks which become a curse instead of a blessing to the human race.

IMPROMPTU ON THE
SUNDERLAND CALAMITY.

MARK! the voice of Rachel weeping
In our land is heard again!
For her little children sleeping
Still in death from joy and pain.
Gladly on that summer morning
Rose they all so freshly gay;
At the close without a warning
Death had called them all away:—
Hand in hand, their laughter ringing
In the hall they shout with mirth;
Did they hear above them winging
Mystic figures not of earth?
To the winding darkened portal
Pressed they to the gate of death;
But bright messengers immortal
Gently kissed away their breath.
Earthly eyes beheld but anguish,
Infant figures meekly bent;
Little heads whose faces languish,
'Neath their heavy chastisement.

Earthly ears heard but the dire
Heart wrung agony of grief;
Weeping mother, stricken sire,
Seeking vainly for relief!

Earthly eyes beheld the dreary
Vacant home, and empty bed,
That will never hold the weary
Loving childhood's flaxen head.

Earthly eyes beheld the winding
Of a long funereal train,
Where the little ones are finding
Rest at last from all their pain.

Earthly sight is dim with crying;
That they cannot see the band
Of a white procession flying
Upwards to the promised land!

For each angel gently carries
In his arms a little child,
Bears them to the Lord who tarries
Waiting for the undefiled;

For He died, that they for ever
Up in Heaven with Him might be,
That they here on earth should never
Learn man's infidelity.

There the little ones are playing,
Singing in the pastures green,
By still waters safely straying,
Clad in robes of spotless sheen.

Could we see those infant faces,
Golden hair and radiant eyes!
Could we view their seraph graces,
Oh, how sweet were our surprise.

For they all behold the Saviour,
And His beauty makes them fair,
And the mercy of His favour
Shines around them every where.

Folkestone.

J. Cox.

THE RUINED SOUL.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

(See Isaiah xxviii. 7, 8.)

THERE is sorrow in the homestead, in
the Church it doth abide,

A preacher is fallen—a parent they
deplore; [sacrificed

Better far had he died, than thus be
To the drinking customs of the day for
evermore.

As husband and father he was greatly
beloved,

In wisdom's pleasant ways he seemed to
move along; all approved,

His ministry was sought and by one and
With whom he oft engaged in prayer
and holy song.

As a watchman in Israel ever at his post,
To sound an alarm at the enemy's
approach,

While an enemy much stronger than a
mighty host,

Within his home and Church he allowed
to encroach.

That enemy was "custom"—with kind-
ness was sustained,

Upheld and encouraged alike by rich
and poor,

While the Church was yearly robbed of
many members gained—

Now the fall of the leader they bitterly
deplore.

Wrenched from the Church and flying
from his home,

Far away he sought to drown his sorrow
and his care;

Months passed away, and his family
mourned for one

Whom they looked upon as dead, and
would see no more.

At length a lady found him, where he in
secret hid,

For she had sought him there (a former
friend was she):

She often heard him preach, and so
determined

To try and rescue him from drink and
misery.

Upon a heap of rags he lay, crouching on
the floor,

Within a loathsome place,—a spectacle
of woe:

She begged him, for Christ's sake, to go
and sin no more,

And for his friends' and family's sake
denounce the foe.

The holy words she spoke, but froze
upon her lips,

They no impression made on that un-
happy one;

And rising from the ground, his hoarse
voice he uplifts,

And cries aloud to her, "Begone! begone!
begone!"

She trembled as she heard him the fearful
words pronounce,

As with his spectral finger he pointed
at her there,

And harshly exclaiming, as if he would denounce,
 " 'Twas your fair hands prepared the drink that brought me here!
 " Sunday after Sunday you mixed to the brim
 " Brandy and water! aye, and pressed me more to take!
 " Although I oft refused your brandy, wine, and gin,
 " As God knows! and now strong drink you ask me to forsake.
 " I tell you, woman, *you* were the very devil
 " That led me on and on to what I am become!
 " And in *his* name I bid you (in words not very civil)
 " Go from my presence! Begone! begone! begone!"
 Oh, who can tell the anguish of one so lost as he—
 Lost to the Church, the world, and all that he loved dear:
 Oh, who can guess the soul and body misery
 Through life! in death! and in the confines of despair!
 Ah! 'twere better far to die than this sad work to do—
 To lead a soul to ruin here, and to eternal death!
 Ah! 'twere better far to die, than be the cause of woe,
 In putting thus the bottle—that leadeth but to death.
 Oh, sad mistaken kindness, the drink thus to provide
 At supper after preaching, or at any other time;
 For some, when reeling homewards, on the road have died;
 Say was not the giver guilty of a crime?

Then put aside the cup, whate'er it may contain;
 Mix not another sugared glass of brandy, rum, or gin!
 Lend not your voice the baneful custom to retain,
 Lest a brother stumbleth and dieth in his sin.
 Oh! think upon the curse of but *one* ruined soul!
 Reflect upon the thousands more that yearly die!
 Mourn o'er the deathless worm that will for ever roll
 Through countless ages in despair and misery!
 The old book saith plainly, and its truth we declare,—
 " Put not the bottle to thy neighbour's mouth;" what then?
 Lest the curse be on you, that's uttered in despair:—
 May God prevent us from the evil.
 Amen. Amen.

A PECULIAR TORTURE.

HAVING a photograph taken is one of the great events in a man's life. The chief desire is to look the very best; and on the success of the picture hinges, in many cases, the most important epoch in life. To work up a proper appearance time enough is used, which, if devoted to catching fleas for their phosphorus, would cancel the entire national debt, and establish a New York daily paper. When you have completed your toilet, you go to the gallery and force yourself into a non-chalance of expression that is too absurd for any thing. Then you take the chair, spread your legs gracefully, appropriate a calm and indifferent look, and commence to perspire. An attenuated man with a pale face, long hair, and a soiled nose,

now comes out of a cavern and adjusts the camera. Then he gets back of you, and tells you to sit back as far as you can in the chair, and that it has been a remarkably backward spring. After getting you back till your spine interferes with the chair itself, he shoves your head into a pair of ice-tongs, and dashes at the camera again. Here, with a piece of discolored velvet over his head, he bombards you in this manner: "Your chin out a little, please." The chin is protruded. "That's nicely: now a little more." The chin advances again; and the pomade commences to melt, and start for freedom. Then he comes back to you, and slaps one of your hands on your leg in such a position as to give you the appearance of trying to lift it over your head. The other is turned under itself, and has become so sweaty, that you begin to fear that it will stick there permanently. A new stream of pomade finds its way out, and starts downward. Then he shakes your head in the tongs till it settles right, and says it looks like rain, and puts your chin out again, and punches out your chest, and says he doesn't know what the poor are to do next winter, unless there is a radical change in affairs; and then takes the top of your head in one hand, and your chin in the other, and gives your neck a wrench that would earn any other man a prominent position in a new hospital. Then he runs his hand through your hair, and scratches your scalp, and steps back to the camera and the injured velvet for another look. By this time, new sweat and pomade have started out. The whites of your eyes show unpleasantly; and your whole body feels as if it had been visited by an enormous cramp, and another and much bigger one was momentarily expected. Then he points at something for you to look at; tells you to look cheerful and composed; and snatches away the velvet,

and pulls out his watch. When he gets tired, and you feel as if there was but very little left in this world to live for, he restores the velvet, says it is an unfavorable day for a picture, but he hopes for the best, and immediately disappears in his den. Then you get up and stretch yourself, slap on your hat, and immediately sneak home, feeling mean, humbled, and altogether too wretched for description. The first friend who sees the picture says he can see enough resemblance to make certain that it is you; but you have *tried* to look too formal to be natural and graceful.

THE BOTTLE ON THE MANTLE-PIECE.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDEE.

"I'LL warm the blanket, Granny,
And wrap your feet up well;
But oh! there's one thing worries me
That I should like to tell:
That bottle on the mantle-piece—
Why should you keep it there?
By night and day it troubles me,
And fills my heart with care.

"You call it 'bitters,' Granny;
The name comes well in play,
For it makes you cross as anything,
And bitter words you say.
The children sometimes taste of it
When in your room they come,
And even baby Willie cried
For some of Granny's 'yum.'

"I've warmed the blanket, Granny,
And many things I'll do
To make your time pass pleasantly,
But this I ask of you:
To drink no more vile 'bitters,'
But let me take to-day
The bottle from the mantle-piece
And throw it far away."

WHO WILL BEAR THE BANNERS?



S. FILLMORE BENNETT, 1880.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1880.

Vigorously.

Oh, who will bear the ban - ners, In fight - ing for the right? The wrong too long has

KEY E flat.	{	s d' : s t : l s : m - : s l : s f : r d : - : s d' : s t : l
		m m : m re : re m : d - : d t, : t, t, : t, d : - : d m : m f : f
		s s : s fe : fe s : s - : m r : r r : f m : - : m s : s s : l t
		d d : d d : d d : d - : d s, : s, s, : s, d : - : d d : d d : d

tri - umph'd, And plung'd the world in night! Up, brothers, for the com - bat! Gird on the sword and

{	s : m - : s s : r t : l s : - : s t : t d' : d' r' : d' - : d' d' : t l : se
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	d' : s - : s t : s fe : fe s : - : t r' : r' d' : d' t : d' - : s se : se l : t
	d : d - : m r : r r : r s, : - : s s : s s : s s : d - : d m : m m : m

shield! The faith-ful ne-ver fal-ter, The faith-ful ne-ver yield! A-rouse! a-rouse! a

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a-rouse! a-rouse! The faith-ful ne-ver fal-ter, The faith-ful ne-ver yield.

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	.s s : - t t : - r' d' : s s : s f : l - : d' d' : s f : f m : -
	.s s : - s s : - s d : d r : m f : s - : fe s : s s : s, d : -

2 Oh, long has been the waiting
 For earnest hearts and brave,
 To lift the Temperance standard
 And help a world to save!
 No time is this for sleeping
 Or folding of the hands;
 Our Captain calls for soldiers,
 And He, Himself, commands.
 Arouse, arouse, &c.
 Our Captain calls for soldiers,
 And He, Himself, commands.

3 How sweet will be the morning
 When all the strife is o'er—
 When all the wrongs are righted,
 Beneath the flag we bore!
 Ho, brothers, haste that dawning,
 By earnest work and true;
 Perhaps the glorious triumph
 Depends, to-day, on you.
 Arouse, arouse, &c.
 Perhaps the glorious triumph
 Depends, to-day, on you.

PUBLIC-HOUSE SIGNS AND THEIR LESSONS.

BY W. J. HARVEY.

*(A Dialogue for two boys—HERBERT and PERCY.)**Herbert.*

PERCY, can you tell me the reason public-houses have such queer names, and why those names are almost always represented either by paintings on the signboards, or by carvings in wood or stone?

Percy. Oh! yes; Uncle James gave me an interesting book the other day, which contains much curious information, respecting shops, tradesmen, and business in the olden time.

H. Did he? Good! Tell me something; I like to learn about olden times.

P. Certainly, but if you would like to borrow the book I will lend it to you.

H. Thank you; perhaps I will; but go on now.

P. Shops in the olden times were open in front, and as the houses were not numbered, the shops of all tradesmen were distinguished by signboards. The chemist had the dragon—some astrological device; the pawnbroker had three golden balls; the barber-surgeon (for the barbers often acted as surgeons also) the pole for the wig and the different coloured ribbons to bind up the patients' wounds after blood-letting. The clothing stores had the golden fleece, the tobacconist the snuff-taking Highlander, the vintner the bunch of grapes, and so on.

H. That is very interesting, and I suppose it was rendered necessary because advertising in print, and even printing itself, had not been invented.

P. Just so; in those days a man advertised his wares by word of mouth from his open shop, proclaiming their quality, and inviting passengers to step in and buy them. These shops were open to wind and weather; a candle stuck in a

lantern swung in the night breezes, and cast a dim glare over the goods.

H. How very uncomfortable both for salesmen and their customers! It is like the pictures I have seen of the bazaars in Naples, Alexandria, Cairo, and other eastern cities.

P. The origin of some of the public-house signs is worthy of mention. The Crusaders introduced the "Saracen's Head," the "Turk's Head," and the "Golden Cross." Inns situated near churches were called the "Lamb and Flag," the "Bell," the "Cock of St. Peter," the "Maiden's Head," and the "Salutation of St. Mary." "The Blue Boar" was in honour of the house of Oxford, and the "Talbots," "Bear," "White Lions," "Antelopes," "Griffins," "Swans," "Dragons," and many others referred to the arms of noble families whose tenants the tavern landlords were. In the latter part of the sixteenth century the custom of noting inns by signs was followed by other tradesmen.

H. The business of sign painting must have been as flourishing in those days as now.

P. Yes; as the houses were not numbered a tradesman in a large city could only be known by such means; hence every house in business thoroughfares displayed its sign, and the ingenuity of tradesmen and artists was taxed for new and characteristic devices by which their shops might be distinguished. After a time, however, signs were ordered to be placed flat against the fronts of the houses, so far as London was concerned; the houses, too, were numbered, and when other tradesmen discarded their emblematical signs innkeepers clung pertinaciously to the old custom.

H. But cannot teetotalers learn some important lessons from these public-house signs?

P. Oh! yes; I think some of them are about the best that could have been chosen for such a business as the liquor-traffic.

H. So do I. The other day I saw a sign with "Live and Let Live" on it, and I thought to myself: Yes, that is a very good motto for abstainers, and one that is likely to be most true and useful if read only from the *outside* of the public-house. We should live the longer ourselves, and the publicans' lives would in all probability be lengthened, if the liquor-traffic were speedily suppressed.

P. Well done, Herbert! Now let me try to moralize. The sign, "A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush," means to the non-frequenter of public-houses that one shilling in our pockets is of more value than two shillings deposited in the rumseller's till.

H. Quite so; and the "Lamb" and the "Angel" should remind us of the wise saying of an old author, "Glorious signs, but bad customs; an angel for a sign here, a lamb there, but within"—well, the reverse.

P. When we see "Black Swans" hung outside a public-house, we should think of the "black-legs" that are kept out of sight by publicans as well as by the real birds.

H. Yes, though a "Blue Boar," a "Red Lion," a "White Hart," a "Black Swan" may exist only where the animals have been *painted*, there are hundreds of "greenhorns" who patronize them.

P. The "Ship" may spread her sails to every breeze, and allure by her jovial crew and genial captain, but we should look ahead to the time when those who go on board will have to encounter the storms and tempests of intemperance, and

when their characters will be wrecked on the rocks and quicksands of appetite and custom.

H. Bravo! Percy. Now for my turn. The "Sun" may appear as bright as gold can make it, but if we would retain the sunshine of purity and peace within us we must ever keep on the outside of such a luminary, or our happiness may be eclipsed, and that for ever.

P. The "Greyhound" may allure sporting characters, but we should remember the "brewer's dog" that is kept within, for he has bitten thousands, and is likely to bite as many more as possible.

H. The "Wheat Sheaves" preach an excellent sermon, for they remind us of the myriad sacks of good grain that are annually destroyed in the manufacture of poisonous beverages.

P. The "Woolsack" and the "Golden Fleece" advertise far and wide that "flats" are "fleeced" within, and that puts me in mind of another sign and name of an inn-keeper, which I have seen—viz., "The Fleece," kept by Sam Leech. The words were written up in very large letters, and ought to have been a warning to all. The sign and name spoke the whole truth. The inn-keeper's name put me in mind of the leech itself, whilst, doubtless, without ever thinking of it, he was fleecing the drunkard, his wife and children, of everything worth possessing.

H. The "Packhorse" tells of silly fellows who bear burdens all their lives because they spend their money for that which is not bread.

P. The "Fountain" should proclaim that the beverage God has given us is pure water, and that those who drink at the fiery springs of alcohol may be poisoned and die.

H. The "Spread Eagle" is emblematical of many things that take to themselves wings and fly away when people

frequent the ale-house—such as riches, reputation, health, happiness, and home comfort.

P. The "Bell" should ever sound in our ears as an alarm to warn us from the dangers that beset the drinker's path and the fires that rage in the drunkard's bosom; or as the funeral knell of despairing and lost souls.

H. The "Beehive" tells of the hard sons of toil who take their honey thither for the landlord's benefit, and of the stings of conscience that they get in return.

P. Why, how learned we are, arn't we? I've enjoyed the talk and learned something, too.

H. I've enjoyed it, too, but I must be off now.

P. Good-bye, Herbert.

GOD'S SPARROWS.

"COME nearer," little sister Nell,

'Tis bitter cold, I know;

I'll put my arm around you,

So do not tremble so.

Oh! Billy, where is mother?

I'm so afraid that she

Is taken up for drinking;

What will become of me?

The Bobby will be coming,

And order us away;

For even on a doorstep

They will not let us stay.

And I am very hungry;

I wish we both could die;

I wonder if an angel

Would take us to the sky.

Nay, little Nellie, do not cry,

But we will go and see

The teacher of the Ragged School,

Who spoke so kind to me.

He said we are God's sparrows,

And He for us would care;

So we will go and tell Him

We've nothing warm to wear.

And that we have not any food,
And mother's gone away;
So God must feed His sparrows,
And give them clothes to-day.
The teacher was so very kind,
That what he said, I knew,
About God's love for children
Must every word be true."

They rose, but blinding hail and sleet
Soon numbed their weary feet,
And they could go no further,
So sank upon the street.
But very soon their Father
Called to them from on high;
And away the little sparrows
Flew upwards to the sky.

Their tiny earthly cages,
All stiff and cold were found
Next morning, by the watchman,
Together on the ground.
The mother had forgotten
Her duty to her child;
The voice that once was gentle,
Through drink was hoarse and wild.
And whilst within her prison cell
Drink's penalty to pay,
God took from her the gift He gave,
Her children called away.
Ye parents, now take warning
By this sad little tale,
Nor let the strong drink make you
Parental duty fail.

Manchester.

ANNIE PASCOE.

From the Tenth Annual Report of the London Temperance Hospital, it appears that the in-patients admitted and treated during the year were 411, and from the opening of the Hospital 1,765. There is also a large and increasing number of out-patients four times a week. The doctors have power to prescribe alcohol as a drug, but have seen no reason to do so, and they regard its absence as tending rather to rapidity of recovery and successful treatment of the most serious diseases. The mortality of the hospital has been from the first extremely low. The accumulative facts and extending experience of the Temperance Hospital cannot fail to produce a powerful effect on the public and private practice of medical men in regard to the use of alcohol even in cases where it has been generally considered essential.

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I Drink Water.

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The Good Resolve. A Dialogue for Two Youths
A Mournful Story.
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Take Care!
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The Red Nose. A Humorous Dialogue for Three
My Pledge I Must not Break
Up, Lads, and at Him
Don't Taste a Drop
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I Cannot Kiss you Now
The Band of Hope Boy's Alphabet
I Used to Tremble
John Mason's Rescue. A Dialogue for Five
Going, Going, Gone
Come, Let's Have a Drink
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OPERATIVE CHEMISTS, STOCKPORT.**

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No. 165.—September, 1883.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



OLD MATTHEW.

OLD MATTHEW.

MY first acquaintance with old Matthew began one Sunday morning. I was seeking all the roughs I could find, and inviting all the street loungers, or any that attended no place of worship, to our evening service at the "Destitute." Five or six men that stood at the corner of St. Mary's Gate seemed disposed to have a tilt with me. One of them, who had on a poor drab cotton jacket, speaking in a civil and respectful manner, said,—

"Mr. Ashworth, look at this jacket, and look at my whole garments. Would you go into any church or chapel dressed as I am; now, would you?"

"I know that a man with self-respect must keenly feel being poorly dressed, especially on the Sabbath, and no doubt this keeps many from the church," I replied; "but perhaps in your case the fault may be your own. Are you a sober man?"

"Yes, I am a sober man, and have only sixteen shillings per week wages; and there are six to keep out of it, for I am the only one that earns a penny in our house."

"Well, my man, your case is bad enough; but there is one comfort for the poor. God does not judge us by the shape of our coat, or quality of our cloth; our Saviour was poor, and He lived amongst and preached the Gospel to the poor, and the common people heard Him gladly."

A voice behind me said, "Bless Him! bless Him! He was poorer than any of us, and He was poor for us, and He just suits poor folks; bless Him!"

I turned round to look at the speaker, and saw a thin-faced, white-haired old man. It was old Matthew; and that

evening the poor man with the drab jacket and old Matthew made two more to our congregation.

But there are greater troubles in this world than poverty. Trials more severe, and anguish of heart more bitter, have been the lot of many parents through the conduct of undutiful, rebellious children, bringing a sadness of soul, a sorrow of spirit, far more distressing than mere struggles for bread. Matthew had one son, whose conduct greatly embittered the old man's last days. This son was a drunkard, and through drink often got into disgrace. The old man could sometimes prevail on this child of his sorrows to accompany him to the Chapel; then hope would spring up concerning him. But that hope was again and again dashed to the ground. When Matthew, in his prayers, mentioned this lad, his voice always trembled:—bad children have caused thousands of trembling prayers.

Matthew's chief earthly comfort was his Chapel for the Poor. As long as strength remained, he was found at the various means. Often might he be seen on the Sunday evening leading old blind John Hamer through the narrow streets. It was a beautiful sight! Two feeble, gray-headed, old men, bending under the weight of years, plodding their weary way to the house of prayer. To Matthew it was the house of God, the gate of heaven. But the blind man's guide was the first to fall, his white locks disappeared from our midst, and we all heard with sorrow that he was sick unto death.

On his death-bed, he said, "What could I do now, Mr. Ashworth, without Christ? He is very near me, and very, very precious! I have been praying for my children,

especially one—you know where he is. Poor lad! my prayers for thee are now ended, but I hope to meet thee in heaven. I leave my wife and children in my heavenly Father's care, and die very happy."—*Old Matthew (No. 42 Strange Tales).*

YOU CALL ME SOT!

(A SOLILOQUY.)

BY UNCLE JOHN.

Heb. xiv. 13.

2 Peter ii. 22.

"It is simply a fact that we have been assured by those whose experience and good faith we cannot deny, that the wine at present in use at the Holy Communion is a grave stumbling-block to many inebriates."—*Dean of York.*

YOU call me sot! It is no fault of mine;
I'd striven long for true sobriety:
I did the drink abhor, or many a time
I'd sunk again to inebriety.

I was a drunkard once. Well this I know;
But was I not long time teetotal?
The pledge I held quite as a sacred vow—
No more to touch the glass or bottle.

While free from drink—ah, how well you
know it—
My lost manhood I once more regained!
I had a happy home—you have been
through it,
And rapturously "Well done!" ex-
claimed.

My wife was happy as Old England's
Queen—

You know how long she'd been in
tatters!—

My children were not what they once had
been

While their sire drank the poisoned
waters.

But, best of all, I'd found a Saviour kind
While in the house of God once
kneeling;

And then how altered my behaviour was
While under that religious feeling.

But sad to tell, I must now confess it,
No longer I feel peace in believing:
You ask me why? I will now confess it,
My burdened spirit thus relieving.

My pastor asked me,—nay, thus he told me
'Twas the Christian's bounden duty
To take the bread and wine,—'twould
uphold me,
And help me in my walk and duty.

He little thought of that foul pit I came,
Nor of the pit I had emerged from;
Else he might not have asked the same,
Nor the sacramental cup thus urged on.

But I consented! At the altar knelt;
With holy reverence there was bowing;
But when upon my lips the wine I felt,
It sent my heart's blood quickly flowing.

With sacred joy that cup I'd truly sought;
"Drink of it—it is blood most pre-
cious!"

So said the pastor, wrongly, "and as oft
As ye take it, do it for Jesus."

What mockery of things so very sacred!
That brandied wine! Oh, great de-
lusion!

E'en still it fills my soul with great hatred
Against the vile, the dread infusion.

I even longed the goblet then to clutch,
And its contents to swallow quickly;
But I dared not the holy thing to touch;
With fearful longing I felt sickly.

Ah, often I wished the service over—
Each moment like an hour seeming;
I felt again the dread demon's power
At work within, with fearful meaning.

No more I knew that holy peace and joy,
No longer thought of Christ my
Saviour; [employ,

Dark horrid thoughts did but my mind
And soon was altered my behaviour.

Like a chained tiger, or some caged lion,
From the lair or den just springing, [me,
So was the thirst for drink that came on
Those foul desires to quench it bringing.

Onward rushing—*there* and then I sought
Where often I had drunk so deeply [it,
The fatal draught! Alas, soon I got it!
And, oh, I fell—I sunk so deeply.

Day after day; *but no one e'er sought me:*
Just like a sow I had returnèd
Unto the mire; but what had brought me
To that sad state in which I mournèd.

And now I do not care what may follow;
DRINK I MUST HAVE, there's no denying;
No matter what sort it is I swallow,
Without it I feel almost dying.

But this I know—'tis true, believe me—
'Twas not *my* fault! 'Twas *there*, remember,

Where "spiritual food" was to relieve me,
I met the demon! *There!* remember.

'Tis now too late—alas! *too late* for me—
The cursèd thing to be removing [me!
From off God's table! NOW TOO LATE for
But t'wards it others still are moving.

Seek to prevent them—oh! do not urge
them—

Lest like me they may be falling,—
To take the so-called blood do not urge
them,
Or they may curse your holy calling.

Oh, cast it quickly out! No emblem this
Of that shed blood on Calvary— [this:
That pure and holy blood. Just tell them
No alcohol e'er came from Calvary.

A little longer—I still must have it—
The accursèd drink! 'Twill soon be
over!

You say no drunkard to heaven will get;
'I know it, and the fact may soon dis-
cover.

OPENING RECITATION.

T. H. MAYHOOD.

ONCE more, dear friends, we meet you
here

On this our festive night,
Determined naught shall interfere
To keep us from our duty clear
Or drag us from the fight.

We're entered in the glorious cause
With steady hearts and strong;
We wish to make our rulers pause;
We wish to change our country's laws,
Right must prevail o'er wrong.

We know the fight will be severe,
The foe wields mighty sway;
But we are bound to persevere;
We care not for the taunting jeer
While you assist with kindly cheer
To help us on our way.

The drunkard can't escape the snare;
His love for drink doth burn;
Temptations meet him everywhere;
To right—a public-house is there—
To left—one in his face doth stare;
He knows not where to turn.

The dens existing on each hand,
Alluring him to crime,
We wish to purge from out our land;
This is our aim—we think it grand,
And hope for the glad time
When the temptations which abound
Shall all be swept away.

We're glad to see you here to-night;
We think it plainly shows
Your sympathies are with the right,
You wish us God-speed in the fight
Against our giant foes.

We hope our programme may give joy
To friends both great and small;
Don't follow with a critic's eye,
But pass all faults and failings by;
I'm sure we *every one* will try
To benefit you all.

THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

IN the day when hope glows brightly,
 And the radiance streams afar,
 And the buoyant heart beats lightly,
 And the conscience has no scar ;
 When the world seems full of pleasures,
 But the greatest yet to come,
 And the soul desireth treasures,
 Beyond the bounds of home.

While the heart is kind and plastic,
 And devoid of carping care,
 And the feet are yet elastic,
 And remember the early prayer ;
 Then teach religious duty,
 The moral nature mould,
 Show temperance in its beauty,
 And virtue's charm unfold.

While yet to evil strangers,
 While vice is still unseen,
 Speak oft of coming dangers,
 Remind of inbred sin ;
 Tell of the foe deceitful,
 Like serpent in the grass ;
 Make all intemperance hateful,
 Even from the earliest glass.

Portray the source whence floweth
 The intoxicating flood ;
 The tares the devil soweth,
 Are surely not of God !
 Man's evil genius worketh
 God's blessings to pervert,
 Because the devil lurketh
 About the human heart.

Instructions clear and warning
 With fervent prayers present
 Before the precious morning
 Of life on earth is spent.
 The wily foe is working,
 Our youth are falling fast,
 And we are duty shirking :
 O fathers, mothers ! haste.

DO THE RIGHT, BOYS.

W. N. E.

HAVE courage, boys, to do the right !
 Life's battle must be fought,
 And those who strive will win the fight ;
 Success can not be bought.
 For cowards ne'er can win the day,
 Nor men who idly pace ;
 'Tis only those who work away
 That gain the foremost place.

Have courage, boys, to do the right
 In every little thing !
 No sin is small in heaven's sight,
 And trouble sure 'twill bring.
 The wise and good can safely stand
 Where others surely fall ;
 For goodness strengthens every hand,
 And makes strong men of all.

Have courage, boys, to do the right !
 Be bold, be brave, be strong !
 By doing right we get the might
 To overcome the wrong.
 'Tis only those who evil do
 That need a coward fear,
 So let your lives be good and true,
 And keep your conscience clear.

Have courage, boys, to do the right,
 Like heroes of renown ;
 For only those who bear the fight
 Can hope to wear the crown.
 Let manliness your standard be,
 Nor heed the scoff and jeer ;
 Seek after truth and purity,
 And holy filial fear.

Have courage, boys, go on and win,
 Walk in the good old way ;
 Strive day by day to conquer sin,
 And ever watch and pray.
 Success will come, still persevere,
 And keep the prize in sight ;
 Help from on high your heart will cheer
 While fighting for the right.

49.—The Voice of Gladness.

Hark! 'tis the voice of glad - ness Rings o'er the roll - ing sea,

KEY
A flat.

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Joy to the dis - tant na - tions, Par - don and peace are free;

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Lands that are deep in sha - dow, Hearts that in dark - ness lay,

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Wake from the sleep of a - ges, Hail ye the light of day.

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CHORUS.



Hark, 'tis the voice of glad - ness, Hark, 'tis the voice of glad - ness,

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Joy to the dis - tant na - tions, Par - don and peace are free.

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2 Hark, 'tis the voice of pleading
 Comes from the earnest throng,
 Help, for the work is glorious,
 Help, for the foe is strong;
 White are the fields to harvest,
 White in the morning sun:
 Help, lest the evening shadows
 Fall e'er the work be done.

3 Hark, 'tis the Master calleth,
 Hear from the longfago,
 "Lo, I am with you always,"
 Forth to the conflict go;
 Strong in His strength unfailling,
 Work till the earth shall ring
 Loud with the song of triumph,
 Jesus the Lord is King.

BLUE BOWS.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR. BY MRS. J. MCNAIR WRIGHT.

CHARACTERS—*Ellice, Ruth, Charles, Frank.* Girls seated on stage making blue bows. Enter Charles and Frank.*Charles.*

YHEW! making so many blue bows. What are they for?

Ellice. Temperance badges. Will you wear one?

C. I don't care if I do. (*Holds out his hand.*)

Ruth (stopping him). Wait; they mean a good deal. If you wear one, you mean that you will have nothing to do with intoxicating drink, with brewed liquor, or alcohol.

C. (*putting his hands in his pockets.*) Oh-h! *nothing* to do. Come, no one would be a drunkard, but *nothing*—oh-h-h!

E. Why start on the road to New York, if you don't mean to go there? Better set out for some place where you are going.

F. The road may be very pretty for a little while, you know, and when one gets tired one can come back.

R. Ah! Well, show us some of the good or pretty things about strong drink.

C. You see, it may be useful, like other medicines, if one don't get fond of it. If one gets so fond of it as to be a drunkard, then it is dangerous.

E. Then you had better take medicines that there is no danger of getting too fond of. What is liquor good for as medicine?

C. Well, in hot weather it keeps the heat out, *they say*, and in cold weather it warms one up; it is good to cure a cold also, and—and they use it for cholera.

R. Well, I should say, cool off on lemonade and soda-water; and warm up on hot tea and coffee; and take some boneset for your cold; and as to the cholera, our doctor says that a man used to liquor is almost sure to die of that. If you take these remedies that I recom-

mend, they will not finish by making a drunkard of you.

C. But *they say* that a proper use of liquor makes one strong and healthy.

E. Look at the whiskey-drinkers in this town; are they strong and healthy? Little Bob Topp drinks, and he can't carry a pail of water; his little sister is stronger than he. And Jerry Tuller drinks, and they say he's in a decline; he can hardly walk. And old Sam can hardly hobble on a cane, he shakes so; and Topsy Meg cannot hold a cup of water, her hand is in such a tremble. Think, there isn't in our town one *strong* person who is a drunken person.

F. But if all are teetotalers, what will become of the liquor-sellers?

R. Why, they will be driven to honest ways of living.

C. Honest! Why, isn't that honest and profitable?

E. (*scornfully.*) Profitable to whom? To the men who work in *breweries* and *distilleries*? They are given the poorest wages of any labourers, and usually are the shortest-lived and most quarrelsome, and worst supported, of any kind of working-men. Not profitable to the men who buy, surely? Who are so ragged, who go to jail, who fill the poorhouse, who have so much sickness, who lose their homes, who abuse their wives and children, if not these men who buy what brewers and distillers make? If you mean that so many men must be miserable beggars, just to support a few brewers and distillers, that is not fair.

R. But, in fact, brewers and distillers usually end by losing their property, and their children are often bad, and die violent deaths, or make some bad end.

C. But wine, *they say*, sharpens the

mind. Lawyer Lest always drank wine before going to plead in court.

F. Ah! And how did he die?

C. Why, he committed suicide from melancholy.

F. And Squire Hollis drank when he was to make a speech.

R. And you know what has become of him?

F. They say he is idiotic, from softening of the brain.

E. And, Charles, your poor cousin Jim, who said in college he studied on wine and brandy, is in an insane asylum.

R. You see the *strength* got by brain or muscles from the use of liquors is what they call a *spurt*; it drives one on fiercely for a little, and then he just sinks so much farther into weakness. As the pendulum of the clock, if you pull it far out on one side, it flies far back on the other. This strength is like the flashing of a fire, it burns out *real* strength and power of endurance.

C. Why, you girls seem to have studied this matter.

E. We have just used our eyes and our common sense.

R. Stand up here, like good boys, and say your catechism. Now divide in your minds the people of this town into those who drink and those who don't drink. Ready? Well, in which party are the oldest, strongest, healthiest people?

C. & F. In the Temperance party.

R. What party has most money, and lives best?

F. & C. The Tem-per-ance party.

R. Which is the most intelligent?

C. & F. Well, the Temperance lot.

R. Which party is the most respected, their opinions looked to, their word relied on, their notes honoured, eh?

C. & F. THE TEMPERANCE PARTY.

R. (*severely*.) Which party are you going to belong to?

Boys. Oh! now you're putting too fine a point on it. Here, girls, stand up and say your catechism. Won't you think us just as nice if we won't wear those blue bows?

E. & R. No, indeed, we won't—not one-half!

C. Will the bows be any special advantage to us?

E. They will become your complexions beautifully.

C. And if we grow young men, and took just a little wine and such stuff, wouldn't you walk out with us?

Girls. My! no. We wouldn't think of such a thing.

C. (*pathetically*.) And wouldn't you speak a good word for us?

E. We would not have any to speak, since you would be wilfully doing what is wrong and dangerous.

C. And you would prefer these *teetotal* young men to us?

Girls. Yes, indeed; not a doubt of that.

F. Charles, I should die of sorrow at such a state of things. There is no help for it, let us leave off before we begin. Girls, bestow upon us BLUE BOWS.

E. Here they are; now let us all march home wearing Blue Bows. (*They march round the stage, single file, and go out in great state.*)

A CUPBOARD LEGEND.

THERE was a little girl, named Jane,
Who had a brother Sam;
And both, I may at once explain,
Were very fond of jam.

There was a cupboard, on whose shelf
Stood rows of round white pots;
Covered with skin and tied with string,
And labelled on their tops.

All kinds of jams these pots contained,
 As Jane and Sam well knew ;
 Raspb'ry and currant—red and black,—
 And plum and damson too.

Besides, another nice preserve,
 To which their thoughts oft strayed ;
 Which being made of orange peels,
 Called orange marmalade.

And in this cupboard snug and dark,
 These luscious jams reposed ;
 And not a bit got Jane or Sam,
 Because the door was closed.

This was to them a serious thing,
 And all their hopes were stopped ;
 Not only was the cupboard closed,
 The door was tightly locked.

So day by day passed on, and still
 No prospect did they see
 Of getting at the jam until,
 At length, Sam found the key.

"Hooray !" he cried, "the jam is ours !"
 He stopped, and heav'd a sigh ;
 Both Sam and Jane were small and short,
 The cupboard it was high.

"What's to be done?" said Sam ; "I know ;
 Bring me a chair to stand on,
 And see how quick I'll clamber up,
 And get a pot of damson."

The chair was fetch'd, up scrambled Sam,
 With all his might and main ;
 But hardly had he reached the top,
 When down he came again.

The shelf gave way, with awful crash,
 The jam pots rattled round ;
 Whilst Sam, alack upon his back,
 Lay full length on the ground.

The prize for which he'd risk'd his neck
 Had proved a blank instead ;
 He missed the jam, but caught the pots,
 That tumbled on his head.

And as he lay amidst the wreck,
 He cried, with bitter moan,
 "Oh, Janey, dear, I really wish
 I'd let the jam alone !"

This little tale its moral tells,
 Receive it all who can ;
 Ne'er climb on chairs to cupboard shelves
 To seek for pots of jam.

TOMMY AND THE PLUMS.

IT was a summer morning,
 Said Tom, "I'll have some fun."
 He started for the orchard
 As fast as he could run.

He stood beneath the plum-tree,
 And this is what he said :
 "These plums must be delicious,
 They look so ripe and red.

"If I could only reach 'em
 I'd have a splendid treat.
 It's very tantalising:
 They must be very sweet."

Then Tommy jumped his highest,
 But couldn't reach the limb
 On which the plums were hanging,
 And seemed to mock at him.

They nodded and they nodded,
 And they really seemed to say,
 "We know you cannot reach us,
 And you'd better go and play."

The very leaves seemed laughing
 As they rustled overhead,
 Till Tom got tired and angry,
 And this is what he said :

"I really wouldn't touch one
 If it was in my power ;
 They can't be worth the trouble ;
 They must be green and sour."

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Praise the Lord in Song
Some are Walking in the Shadow
Guard, my Child, thy Tongue

No. 4.

Anchored to the Rock
The Sweet Old Song

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On to the Goal
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Tell it Again
No, Not Despairingly

No. 9.

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Stilling the Tempest
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No. 10.

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Thy word have I hid in my heart
Sweet Zion Bells
The Voice of Gladness
We praise Thee

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No. 166.—October, 1883.]

NEW SERIES.

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GRANDMA'S ADVICE.

GRANDMA'S ADVICE.

"**W**HAT do you think, grandma?" said Lottie Cranson, putting her mouth close to her grandmother's ear, and speaking in a loud whisper, for the old lady was slightly deaf.

"Nay, my dear, what a question! I think many things in the course of a day."

"Yes, I know, grandma; but I've something to tell you—something that will please you very much."

"Tell me at once, then," said the grandmother, resting her knitting on her knee, and smiling at her little granddaughter's earnestness.

"I'm going to the Band of Hope meeting to-night."

"Glad to hear it, Lottie; and what else?"

"Oh, I'm to receive a prize!"

"A prize! what for, dear?"

"For reciting the most pieces at our meetings, and for reciting them so well. I'm to have the *best* prize, grandma!"

"Well, dear, I *am* glad to hear this, for it shows clearly that you have been *regular*

in your attendance at the meetings, that you have been *industrious*, and that you have good abilities and a retentive memory. Take your old granny's advice, my child—stock your memory with useful knowledge, good poetry, and texts from God's Word while you are young, and when you grow old, and your mind is no longer able to retain much of what you read, these early gleanings will be like precious gems. They will come up when most needed, and be a source of delight and comfort to you. Often when I am sitting alone, some piece of poetry, or text of Scripture, or it may be a short passage I have read and committed to memory in my girlhood, comes back to my remembrance, and while I knit I repeat the words, and it seems like talking with some dear old friend of the past."

Away went Lottie to the Band of Hope meeting, where she received a valuable book of poetry as a prize; and many pleasant evenings were spent in reading its contents to her admiring grandma.

THE CONQUEROR'S BAND.

J. WATKINSON.

THE world's a battle-field, boys,
Beyond's the promised land;
War rages all around, boys—
Who'll join the Conqueror's band?
There's wrong to trample down, boys,
That right may rule the land;
The trumpet calls to arms, boys—
Who'll join the Conqueror's band?
Sin's hosts are gathering strong, boys,
Who can their power withstand?

They only who do right, boys—
Who'll join the Conqueror's band?
Hearts true as steel we need, boys,
High purpose and strong hand;
Each mind and eye alert, boys—
Who'll join the Conqueror's band?
What men may do we'll dare, boys,
And fight at God's command;
His banner high we'll bear, boys,
We'll join the Conqueror's band.
Then if we're true and brave, boys,
The foe will sink as sand,
And high will swell the song, boys,
Led by the Conqueror's band.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

JOHNNY.

"COME, Tommy, let's play drunkards;

It will be such a game!

I'll put a pipe in *my* mouth,

And you shall do the same.

And then we'll puff and pout, Tom,

We shall look fine and grand;

We'll rock and reel about, Tom,

As though we couldn't stand.

For that is what the men do,

And we'll be men some day,

And then we'll get *real* drunk, Tom,

Instead of only play."

TOMMY.

"No; I'll not play at drunkards,

It is no fun to me;

Nor would it be to you, if you

A drunkard's son should be.

In rags sent forth to roam, John,

The drunkard's child must go,

And oft must feel the smart, John,

Of want and cruel blow.

I cannot play at drunkards,

And if I should grow up

I'll hate the dreadful drink, John,

And spurn the fatal cup."

JOHNNY.

"Well, then, we'll play at drinking

'Wee drops,' as good folks do;

And I will be the parson grave,

And the doctor, Tom, be you.

We'll hold the glass so grandly, Tom,

And call it 'God's good gift,'

And never think of drunkards, Tom,

As the sparkling wine we lift.

I'll tell of wine in Scripture,

And *you* its wondrous cures,

My theme its ancient glory,

Its present fame be *yours*."

TOMMY.

"Bat, John, you have forgotten

That every drunken man,

With parson and with doctor,

Once tried the 'wee drop' plan.

This way they could not walk, John,

'Tis so unsafe, you see;

And the path on which so many slip

Will never do for me.

I cannot play at drinking,

But, if you like, we will

Just have a game of trying

Foul drunkenness to kill."

JOHNNY AND TOMMY (*together*).

"Yes, that is far the best game,

To slay the giant Drink,

Beneath whose dire and dreadful swell

So many helpless sink.

So we'll play giant-killers, boys,

And bravely face the foe;

We'll end his cruel reign, boys,

So fraught with sin and woe.

For we have found a plan, boys,

With his base arts to cope;

We'll get each little boy and girl

To join our Band of Hope."

(*Other children join in, saying or singing*):

"And that's the way to win, boys;

Then tell it with a shout,

That when we grow to men, boys,

We'll turn the Drink King out;

And he shall look in vain, boys,

Where'er our steps shall tread,

For e'en the smallest hole, boys,

To hide his shrunken head.

Oh! then it will be grand, boys,

We'll all be glad and free;

We'll try to shun all other ills

And nobler men to be."

HASTE TO THE RESCUE.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

IN depths of sorrow sunken,

Our brothers, sisters, lie;

Through strong drink they are drunken,

Oh, save them! ere they die.

In mighty phalanx moving,

On, on to death they go;

Ere long they may be proving

The pangs of endless woe.

On every side lie open
 The traps wherein they fell ;
 Then with a word, quick spoken,
 The hope of rescue tell :—
 That by alone abstaining
 From strong drink, day by day,
 And seeking Power sustaining
 The fatal thirst to stay.

And by the hand quick taking
 Each fallen one, to save ;
 Tell them to be forsaking
 What brings men to the grave ;
 And leading them to Jesus !
 That Friend of sinners dear ;
 Tell them He will receive *us*,
 If *we* by faith draw near.

The "bit of blue" providing,
 That emblem pure and true,
 When each one then deciding
 To start in life anew ;
 Oh, let it e'er remind them,
 While each their path pursue,
 To leave strong drink behind them,
 And, sober, onward go.

In paths of virtue walking,
 Oh, leave them not alone ;
 But cheering words be talking,
 As onward they move on ;
 Until at last, life ended,
 Together ye may meet
 Around the throne, ascended,
 Again each other greet.

BABY'S WALK.

UPON his ten wee toddling toes
 From chair to chair the darling goes.
 Take care, brave pet, or you'll go down ;
 Don't pout his lip, ah ! never frown
 Because he's bumped his curly head.
 Now try again, with firmer tread.

There, that's well done, I do declare
 He travelled to another chair,
 And now he's trotting round the table

As well as such a mite is able,
 Now see him run to mother's arms
 Her dearest bundle of small charms.

Look at his great blue dancing eyes,
 Bluer than any April skies,
 His mouth as sweet as honey-dew
 With pearly toothies peeping thro',
 And note his chubby little chin
 With a deep dimple dented in.

Say, is he not a darling laddie,
 In his red sash and tartan plaidie ?
 What, is he tired, the bonnie one ?
 Come, pussie, come, and make some fun,
 Now give your velvet paw to baby
 And he will pat, and kiss you, may be.

Behold them at their romps so glad,
 Puss really loves the little lad ;
 And we will teach him gentle ways
 When he with puss, or kitty plays,
 For baby boy must never be
 Indulged in acts of cruelty.

MARTHA LOUISA MUMMERY.

THE HIDDEN FOE.

ANNIE PASCOE.

TWAS bright and merry Christmas
 time,

When families unite,
 And sit around one festal board,
 With faces glad and bright,
 There met a happy gathering
 Within Rose Cottage fair,
 Sisters and brothers, parted long,
 With children, dear, were there.

The Christmas toast was handed round,
 Most full of joy and glee,
 A little boy of six years old,
 Upon his father's knee,
 Said—"Papa, let your Freddie drink
 The Christmas toast with you."
 "How sharp he is," the father said,
 "He'll do as others do."

So Freddie had his glass of wine,
 They could not say him nay,
 And yet within that purple drink,
 A subtle serpent lay.
 They knew it not, those parents fond,
 No danger did they see,
 They'd freely give their lives for him
 They loved so tenderly.

But many Christmas days have passed,
 The party meet again;
 How changed, alas! the merriment
 But hides the hidden pain.
 For one is missing, one they love,
 Whose life once promised fair,
 Who drank when six years old the toast;
 Oh! where is Freddie, where?

His aged father's back is bent,
 His mother's hair is white,
 But, gleaming in those loving eyes,
 We see no happy light.
 Their darling son, they'd cherished long,
 And striven hard to save,
 With all his youthful promise fair,
 Lies in a drunkard's grave.

The serpent, hidden in the cup,
 Had worked his subtle ill,
 Though all unseen, his work had wrought,
 Whose mission 'tis to kill.
 Then, children, never taste the drink,
 But shun it as your foe,
 Drink water pure, that you may e'er,
 In strength and wisdom grow.

WORK FOR EACH MEMBER.

CAN we help the cause along?
 Yes by words of cheer,
 Strengthening the aching hearts
 Bowed in sorrow near.

Can we help the cause along?
 Yes, by earnest deeds,
 Bringing blessings, light, and joy
 To each heart that bleeds.

Can we help the cause along?
 Yes, by fervent prayer
 Mounting to the throne above,
 Interceding there.

Can we help the cause along?
 Yes, if we are true
 To this cause of God and right,
 And of mankind too.

LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

LIFE to some is full of sorrow—
 Half is real, half they borrow;
 Full of rocks and full of ledges,
 Corners sharp, and cutting edges.
 Though the joy-bells may be ringing,
 Not a song you'll hear them singing;
 Seeing never makes them wise,
 Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining,
 Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
 They but see through these same sorrows
 Sad to-days and worse to-morrows—
 See the clouds that must pass over,
 See the weeds among the clover—
 Everything and anything
 But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Draining from the bitter fountain,
 Lo! yon mole-hill seems a mountain;
 Drops of dew and drops of rain
 Swell into the mighty main.
 All in vain the blessings shower,
 And the mercies fall with power;
 Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
 Rich and royal, 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbour;
 Look up, as you love and labour,
 Not for one alone woe's vials,
 Every one has cares and trials.
 Joy and pain are linked together,
 Like the fair and cloudy weather;
 May we have—oh! let us pray—
 Faith and patience for to-day.

UNFURL THE BANNER.

F. E. BELDEN, 1880.

D. S. HAKES, 1879.

Un - furl the temp'rancegos-pel ban-ner! Shout the gath'ring call! To bat - tle with the

KEY E flat.

{	<u>d</u> . <u>r</u> m : - m m : f s : - l s : m d' : - t s : m r : - r m : - m <u>m</u> . <u>r</u> : <u>m</u> . <u>f</u>
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	<u>m</u> . <u>f</u> s : - s s : s d' : - d' d' : s l : - f m : s s : - s s : - s s : <u>s</u> . <u>t</u>
	d d : - d d : d d : - d d : d f ₁ : - f ₁ d : m s : - s ₁ d : - d <u>d</u> . <u>f</u> : <u>m</u> . <u>r</u>

hosts of e - vil Come, ye war-riors all! U - nite to deal the cru - el ty - rant Migh - ty

{	s : - l s : m r : d t ₁ : m l ₁ : - d r : - r m : s <u>d</u> . <u>t</u> : <u>l</u> : <u>s</u> s : m l : l
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CHORUS.

o - ver-throw, And bring a reign of peace and gladness To a world of woe! Un - furl the

{	r' : d' t : - : l s s : - l s : m d' : - l s : m r : d m : - r d : - : d r m : - s
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	d' : l : l s : - : l t d' : - d' d' : s l : - f m : s s : m s : - f m : - m f s : - d'
	r : r s : - : s d : - d d : d f : - f, d : d s : s, s : - s, d : - d d : - d

temp'rance gospel banner! Set the captives free! And bid the glorious reformation Spread from sea to sea!

{	d' : t : l s s : - l s : m d' : - l s : m r : - : r m f : s l s : d' d' : l s : m r : d m : r d : -
	m : s : f m m : - f m : d d : - d d : d t : - : t, d r m f m : m f : d d : d t : d d : t, d : -
	s : d' d' : - d' d' : s l : - f m : s s : - : s s : d' d' : s l : f m : s f : m s : f m : -
	d : d d : - d d : d f : - f, d : m s : - : s, d : d d : d f : f, d : d s : s, s : s, d : -

2 Unfurl the flag of reformation !
 Let the world behold !
 In ev'ry clime, to ev'ry people,
 Let the news be told !
 The kingdom of despair and darkness
 Shall for ever fall,
 And hope and truth and glorious union,
 Triumph over all.
 Unfurl the temp'rance, &c.

3 Unfurl the blessed temp'rance banner !
 Strike for victory !
 Let all the hopeless ones take courage,
 Let the dying see !
 For soon shall dawn a better morrow
 When in mighty power,
 And girded with eternal justice,
 Right shall rule the hour !
 Unfurl the temp'rance, &c.

HABITUAL DONKEYS.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE BOYS.

CHARACTERS—WALTER, ALLAN, and LEONARD.

Walter.

HABITUAL drunkards! indeed! I call them habitual donkeys.

Alan. Come, come, Walter, I think you are rather too hard on them.

W. I don't, Alan. What can be more stupid than for a man to ruin his health and his business, to destroy his comfort and his happiness, and kill himself by inches, all because he will drink too much?

A. Well, Walter, it certainly is not wise; but very few people, if any, mean to drink too much.

W. Then why do they do it? They ought to drink in moderation, and leave off when they have had enough, like sensible people.

A. Like you, you mean.

W. Yes, if you like. You never saw me the worse for liquor, I know.

A. I never saw you the better for it, that's certain; but I think you forget one thing, and that is that all these "habitual donkeys," as you call them, were once just as sensible as you are now, and no more, so much the worse for them.

W. Then why didn't they keep so, instead of going farther and faring worse?

Leonard. You forget that habits grow on people, and sometimes get too strong for them.

A. Yes, Walter, and so I should advise you to give up your habit of taking a little beer, in order that you may never be one of these "donkeys."

W. I am not at all afraid of that; it wouldn't be any trouble to me to leave off my beer, so that will never master me.

L. (taking out a reel of coarse cotton). Do you mind my showing you an experiment with this cotton, Walter?

W. No, Leonard; what is it?

L. Put your arms down by your side and let me tie this one thread of cotton round you. Now try to break it.

W. That's easy enough.

L. Now I will put it round twice.

W. (breaks it). So much for that.

L. Now three times.

W. (breaks it). So much for that.

L. Now four times.

[If *W.* can break it now, let him say, as before, "So much for that," and then *L.* must put it round five times, taking care to bring all the turns of the thread close together; if *W.* breaks that, then six times, and so on, until at length it will be impossible; then proceed as follows:]

L. Ah! now I have you fast.

W. Well, I didn't think that cotton was so strong, I must confess.

A. Now you see, I hope, that there is not such a great difference between habitual drinkers and habitual drunkards after all. Both drink through habit, but in the case of the drunkard this chain of habit has become a little too strong for him before he knew it.

L. Shall I call you a donkey, Walter, because now you can't break my chain?

W. I don't see why you should, because I have tried my best to break it; but with my arms down like this I can't use all my strength.

A. Just in the same way the drinker robs a man of his power of will, with which he used to think he could throw off the habit when he chose, and when he wants to do so he finds it too weak for the purpose.

W. If you will be kind enough to cut this cotton and set me free I promise you I will be more careful in future not to form these little bad habits, which grow to big ones, and I'll never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor.

L. You were certainly more like a donkey not to break off the cotton when you could than not be able to break it off when you wanted to.

A. I am sure you would have been much more sensible not to have let any of it be put on at all, and I am very glad you see it so now.

W. Yes, when I was in the habit of drinking a little I was the habitual donkey, and I am much obliged to you for making it so clear. I certainly shall not call drunkards "habitual donkeys" any more.

The demon Drink doth slowly creep,
He is so very wily;
He winds a tiny thread around,
And does it very slyly.

A. It seems an easy thing to break,
Not worth a moment's thinking;
And so the moderate drinking men
Continue in their drinking.

L. But when he can he throws around
Another and another,
Until no human power can save
The drink-entangled brother.

W., A., & L. (*together*).
Then sign and keep the temperance pledge:
This devil's chain 'twill sever,
And save you from all drunkenness,
For ever and for ever.

WINE IS A MOCKER.

THERE is a mocker, aged and diseased,
Yet with him still are all the nations
pleased; [health,
He hath a charm for sickness and for
For heat or cold, for poverty or wealth.
When grandeur asks him in her stately
rooms,

A foreign name and title he assumes;
When plebeians call their common friend
to see

His plain appellative begins with B (beer);
And yet, despite his *price*, or *age*, or *name*,
The spirit that inspires him is the same.

Accursed spirit! that throughout all time
Hath been the friend of every flagrant
crime,

Is there a villain who would dare proceed
Without its aid to do some fearful deed?
Is there recorded one more shameful blot
Of deepest dye, and this foul fiend was not?
Hark! there ascends a sad, despairing cry
From those who have been duped and slain
thereby.

"Look not upon it!" Inspiration writes:
"At last the adder stings, the serpent bites."
"Wine is a mocker!" If that still be true,
Its modern substitutes are mockers too.

THE CRY OF THE EARTH.

"**G**OD!" sighs the grain, as it goldens
the hills, [below,
And waves, like the sea, in the meadows
"Oh! why should I poison the stream in
the stills? [woe?"

Or change the pure water to currents of

"Why," murmurs the corn on the slopes
of the plains,

"Should my sweetness and strength be
perverted to crime?"

My health-giving juices be tortured to
pains?

My nurture be tainted with fetor and
slime?"

"Ah!" moan the rich fruits on the bounti-
ful trees,

"Why, mortals, destroy us, brute
passions to feed? [to please?"

Is the chief end of fruitage the drunkard
Is the grape yet to grow for the wine-
seller's greed?"

"Do the sun, air, and rain come to earth
in their wrath?"

Does God till the ground for a vintage
of blood?

Is the demon of hatred in every path?
Lurks the spirit of murder in every
flood?"

"No! no!" saith a voice from the infinite
space,

Encircling the earth, an omnipotent
train; [human race!

"Love, peace, and good-will for the whole
Our God, our Creator, makes nothing
in vain!

"'Tis man, guilty man! in his passion
and pride, [flow!

Who poisons the fountain of life at its
A drunkard engulfed in the merciless tide,
He is sinking, by millions, to ruin and
woe!"

Rev. CHARLES W. DENISON.

THE HONEST DEACON.

AN honest man was Deacon Ray,
And though a Christian good,
He had one fault—the love of drink;
For drink he often would.

On almost every Sunday, too,
He would at dinner-time
Indulge to quite a great extent
In good Madeira wine.

At church, in front, upon the side,
The deacon had his pew;
Another worthy, Squire Lee,
He had a seat there too.

One Sunday morn, the sermon done,
The parson said he'd talk,
In language plain, that afternoon,
Of sins within his flock.

He warned them that they must not flinch
If he should be severe; [down,
Each thought his neighbour'd get dressed
So all turned out to hear.

The church at early hour was full;
The deacon, some behind,
Came in quite late, for he had been
Indulging in his wine.

And up the long and goodly aisle
He stiffly tottered on;
And by the time he reached his seat
The sermon had begun.

The parson of transgressors spoke,
And of the wrath to flee;
And soon he to the query came:
"The drunkard, where is he?"

A pause—and then the deacon rose,
And answered like a man,
Though with a hiccup in his voice:
"Here, parson—here—hic—'ere I am."

Of course, the consternation
Was great on every side,
For who'd have thought the deacon
Would thus aptly have replied?

The preacher, not the least disturbed,
With his remarks kept on,
And warned him to forsake his ways;
The deacon then sat down.

'Twas soon another question came,
With no more welcome sound:
"Where is the wicked hypocrite?"
This made them look around.

Some looked at this one, some at that,
As if they would inquire
Who was it that the parson meant;
His eyes were on the squire.

The deacon, noting how things stood,
Turned round and spoke to Lee:
"Come, squire—hic—come, you get up;
I did when he—hic—called me!"

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THE RIVAL DOLLS.

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sketch of the two girls, with their surroundings. Katie's doll is evidently fond of being carried about, while Susie's has just fallen asleep, and by the wistful look on the girl's face she seems afraid it will awake before she gets it laid in its cosy cradle! How real everything seems to the child-mind! What little things give pleasure! We hope both Susie and Katie will grow up to be a blessing to their parents and to the world at large; and that they may govern those little tempers which are ugly, whether displayed in child or man.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

SO many things there might have been
Had our dear child not died.

We count them up and call them o'er,
We weigh the less against the more,
The joy she never knew or shared,
The bitter woes for ever spared,

The dangers turned aside—
Heaven's full security—and then
Perplexed we sigh—all might have been.

We might have seen her sweet cheeks glow

With love's own happy bloom,
Her eyes, with maiden gladness full,
Finding the whole world beautiful;
We might have seen the joyance fail,
The dear face sadden and grow pale,

The smiles fade into gloom,
Love's sun grow dim and sink again—
Either of these it might have been.

We might have seen her with the crown

Of wifehood on her head,
A queen of home's fair sovereignties
With little children at her knees;

Or, broken hearted and alone,
Bereft and widowed of her own,
Mourning beside her dead.

This thing or that, beyond our ken,
It might have been, it might have been.

There is no need of question now,

No doubt, or risks, or fears:
Safe folded in the Eternal care,
Grown fairer each day and more fair,
With radiance in their clear young eyes
Which in cool depths of Paradise

Look without stain of tears,
Reading the Lord's intent, and then
Smiling to think what might have been.

We too will smile, oh, dearest child;

Our dull souls may not know
The deep things hid from mortal sense
Which find thy heavenly confidence,
On this one sure thought can we rest,
That God has chosen for thee the best,

Or else it were not so,
He called thee back to Heaven again
Because He knew what might have been.

—Boston "Congregationalist."

LITLEDROP AND BIGDROP.

(A Dialogue for Two Youths.)

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

Bigdrop.

GOOD morning, brother Littledrop,
What makes you sad to-day ?

Littledrop.

Sad are my thoughts, dear Bigdrop,
Mankind are led astray.

B. What nonsense, brother Littledrop,
(I beg your worship's pardon),
Mankind have always gone astray
Since Adam left the garden.

L. O yes, my brother Bigdrop,
That's very true, I ween ;
But I was thinking more about
The subjects of our Queen.
My brother, I repeat again,
Mankind are led astray ;
'Tis very dreadful when we see
Men drinking so each day.

B. Indeed it is, dear Littledrop,
You're coming to the point :
It needs no telescope to see
The world is out of joint.
Mankind are led astray, 'tis true :
They drink like fools, and die ;
But who is it that's leading them—
Pray, is it you or I ?

L. Who is it, brother Bigdrop,
You don't insinuate
That men like me, so temperate,
Can ever harm the State ?
I only take my single glass,
That surely is not sinful ;
But you are never satisfied
Until you get a skinful.

B. Well said, my brother Littledrop,
Your words are choice and ready ;
You are a perfect model man,
So temperate and steady !
I own that I'm a wretched sot,
A beacon on life's sea ;
For none would care to imitate
A drunken fool like me !

L. Remember, brother Bigdrop,
The truth is hard to see :
Society would ne'er go wrong
If all men followed me.
The little drop I daily take,
In sympathy with others,
It sweetens all the cares of life,
And makes men act like brothers.

B. Not quite so fast, dear Littledrop,
You covet all the glory.
Come back with me a dozen years
While I relate a story.
You don't forget that very day
I wed your father's daughter :
We drained our goblets at the feast—
Which glass was filled with water ?

L. 'Twas yours, dear brother Bigdrop,
The truth I must allow ;
You were a staunch teetotaler—
I wish you were one now.
Although I've little sympathy
With such a stupid lot,
I'd rather see a man abstain
Than be a reg'lar sot.

B. Remember, brother Littledrop,
I took you for my friend ;
You taught me many clever things
My simple life to mend.
You led me here, you led me there,
Before I'd time to think ;
And, last of all, you ruined me—
You taught me how to drink !

L. No ! no ! dear brother Bigdrop,
The charge is false, I trow ;
My influence never made a man
The drunkard you are now.
'Tis true you drank at my request,
But who will dare to say
The single glass of wine you took
Could lead a man astray ?

B. You never meant it, Littledrop,
But, listen, my dear brother,
The sea is made of little drops
Which join to one another.
As tiny rills from mountain side
The mighty ocean feed,
So little drops in many lives
To wretched drunkards lead.

- L. 'Tis sad, dear brother Bigdrop,
The subject is distressing ;
I feel a twitch of conscience now,
Though careless of confessing.
'Tis noble only to be good,
And kindly help each other :
I long to see you once again
The same sweet, pious brother.
- B. Believe me, brother Littledrop,
'Tis hard with drink to cope ;
My days are running swiftly out,
But while there's life there's hope.
You proved my foe in years gone by ;
I still respect your mettle :
Let's sign the pledge together now,
This argument to settle.
- L. Dear brother, I will sign with you,
My mind is quite made up.
(Both Sign.)
There ! let the world say what it will,
I'll never taste a drop !
- B. We'll tell them Big and Littledrop
Could never act like brothers,
But, having got two better names,
We hope to rescue others.

NEGLECTED.

TRANGLED, curly, golden hair,
Eyes of sunny blue,
Cheeks like summer lily pale,
No spark of colour show.
"Say, whose darling little one
Dost thou claim to be?"
She answered with a sunny smile,
"'Tis God who cares for me.

"For mother's gone above the sky,
And father lies so still,
I fear the man who sells the beer
Has made him very ill.
For he has been so different—
Does never seem to care,
That because he earns no money,
I've scarce anything to wear.

"Lady, he used to be so kind
When mother was alive,
And used to let me with him sit,
And help the cab to drive.
But now, you see, I've run away,
He frightens me instead ;
'Tis dreadful when I hear him say,
He wishes I was dead.

"But I have asked that God will send
Some lovely angel bright,
To give me food, and warmer clothes,
And, come this very night."
Poor little soul, 'twas pitiful,
A mite of eight years old,
She told me her sad, simple tale,
Upon the doorstep cold.

I cared for her, but many more
(Oh ! fathers, mothers, hear,)
Of helpless little children, now
Are perishing through beer.
That fatal curse of England fair,
Oh ! when 'tis cast away,
By children of our "Bands of Hope,"
'Twill be a happy day.

ANNIE PASCOE.

TEMPERANCE AND RELIGION.

TEMPERANCE is not religion, but it is one of the virtues of religion. A man may be a temperance man without being a religious man ; but he cannot be a pious or religious man so long as he remains an intemperate man. Temperance is an aid of religion ; the ally of Christianity, preparing the mind and heart to receive the truth of religion. It casts the devil of drunkenness out of the man ; sweeps the temple of the soul with the pledge of abstinence, and fits it to receive the holy influence of true piety. There is no antagonism between temperance and religion, for the former prepares the way for the latter. Temperance societies are

the nurseries of the church; temperance tracts are the leaves which are intended for the healing of the nations; temperance lectures are the voice of John the Baptist in the wilderness. Drunkenness is a physical disease, breaking out in blotches upon the face, and sapping and mining the foundations of health and life. The pledge is a panacea which never fails to cure the disease when it is taken in time and kept inviolate. Drunkenness is also a moral malady, and religion is the remedy which is sure to cure it when it is taken from the hand which offers it. Those men who trust to temperance for salvation are like the carpenters of Noah, who built a ship for other folks to sail in, and yet were drowned themselves at last.

THE LITTLE MESSENGER OF LOVE.

BY LOUIE BRINE.

TWAS a little sermon preached to me
By a sweet, unconscious child—
A baby girl scarce four years old,
With blue eyes soft and mild.
It happened on a rainy day;
I, seated in a car,
Was thinking, as I neared my home,
Of the continual jar
And discord that pervade the air
Of busy city life,
Each caring but for "number one,"
Self-gain provoking strife;
The gloomy weather seemed to cast
On every face a shade,
But on one countenance were lines
By sorrow deeply laid.
With low-bowed head and hands clasped
close,
She sat, so poor and old,
Nor seemed to heed the scornful glance
From eyes unkind and cold.
I looked again. Oh, sweet indeed
The sight that met my eyes!

Sitting upon her mother's lap
With baby face so wise,
Was a wee child with sunny curls,
Blue eyes and dimpled chin,
And a young, pure and loving heart
Unstained, as yet, by sin.
Upon the woman, poor and sad,
Her eyes in wonder fell,
Till wonder changed to pitying love.
Her thoughts, oh, who could tell?
Her tiny hand four roses held;
She looked them o'er and o'er,
Then choosing out the largest one,
She struggled to the floor.
Across the swaying car she went
Straight to the woman's side,
And putting in the wrinkled hand
The rose, she ran to hide
Her little face in mother's lap,
Fearing she had done wrong,
Not knowing, baby as she was,
That she had helped along
The up-hill road of life, a soul
Cast down, discouraged quite,
As on the woman's face there broke
A flood of joyous light.
Dear little child! she was indeed
A messenger of love
Sent to that woman's lonely heart
From the great Heart above,
This world would be a different place
Were each to give to those
Whose hearts are sad as much of love
As went with baby's rose.

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

WHEN March is here, with hail and snow
And the wind its trumpets blow,
The school-boy hastens to his school,
Heeding not the air as cool
As though it were the breath of ice;
With cap and mittens in a trice
He hastens to his desk and books;
And all may tell him by his looks
That he has the taste and sense
To stand by total abstinence. G. W. B.

O PURE AND FREE!



F. E. BELDEN, 1880.

D. S. HAKES, 1880.

O rain-drops bright with liq-uid light! O heav-en-born, and pure! O gems that shine with

KEY E flat.

{	m,f	s .s : m .d'	t .l : s .m	f ,f : s .f	m :-m ,f	s .s : m .d'
	d,r	m .m : d .m	s .f : m .d	r ,r : m .r	d :-d ,r	m .m : d .m
	s	d' .d' : s .s	s .l,t : d' .s	s ,s : s .s	s :-s	d' .d' : s .l
	d	d .d : d .d	d .d : d .d	s ,s : s ₁ ,s ₁	d :-d	d .d : d .l

light di-vine, Whose lus-tre shall en-dure! Ye bring us health, ye bring us wealth, The aching heart ye

{	t .t : l	l s ,m : m .r	d :-r,m	f .f : f ,s ,l ,s	s .s : m .d'	t .l : m .fe
	m .r : d	f m ,d : d .t	d :-t,d	r .r : r,m,f	m .m : d .m	r ,d : d .d
	se.se : l	d' d' ,s : s .f	m :-s	s .s : s .t	d' .d' : s .s	s ,fe : l .l
	m .m : f	f s ₁ ,s ₁ : s ₁ ,s ₁	d :-s ₁	s ₁ ,s ₁ : s ₁ ,s ₁	d .d : d .d	r ,r : r .r

REFRAIN.

cure ! We'll drink of you, from heaven's blue, And hap-pi-ness is sure ! O heaven-born ! O sweet and free !

{	s :-	<u>m</u> ,f	s .m:d'.m	r r:l l	s .,m:m.r	d :-	<u>s</u> ,f	m.m:m.s	l t:d'
	t, :-	<u>d</u> ,r	m.d :m.d	d.d :d .d	d.,d :t, t,	d :-	<u>m</u> ,r	d .d :d .m	f .s :l
	s :-	s	d'.s :l l	l l :f .f	m.,s :s .f	m :-	s	s .s :s .d'	d'.d':d'
	s, :-	d	d .d :l ,l	f, f, :f, f,	s, .,s, :s, .s	d :-	d	d .d :d .d	f .f :f

O bet-ter far than wine ; Bright liq-uid pearls of pu-ri-ty, Ye come from hand di-vine.

{	l	s .,d' :s .m	r :- <u>d</u> ,r	m.m: <u>m</u> ,f.s	d'.t :l l	s .,d' :r'.t	d' :-
	f	m.,m :m.d	t, :- <u>d</u> ,r	d .d : <u>d</u> ,r .m	m r :d .de	m .,m :f .f	m :-
	d'	d',s :d'.s	s :- <u>m</u> ,f	s .s :s .s	l .se :l .d'	d',s :s .s	s :-
	f	d .,d :d .d	s, :-d	d .d :d .d	l .m :f .fe	s .,s :s .s,	d' :-

- 2 O gift of love from God above !
 O jewels fresh and fair,
 That by His hand o'er all the land
 Are showered ev'rywhere !
 His arm is strong, and gay His song,
 His heart is free from care,
 Who drinks thy cheer, O pure and clear !
 O gems that all may share !
 O heaven-born, &c.

- 3 In forest shade, in sunny glade,
 In mead or flow'ry dell,
 As pure as snow the waters flow,
 From crystal fount and well !

Oh, he is blest who takes the best !
 And peace with him shall dwell ;
 Who loves to drink from mossy brink,
 Where limpid waters swell.

O heaven-born, &c.

- 4 The purling stream with ardent gleam,
 That hums a little lay,
 The gushing spring where linnets sing
 Through all the summer day :—
 These to the heart will joy impart,
 And make the saddest gay !
 Then give to me the pure and free,
 And bear the wine away !
 O heaven-born, &c.

HOW TO KEEP GOOD RESOLVES.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY MRS. NELLIE R. BRADLEY.

CHARACTERS—LOTTIE, GEORGE, DELLA.

George.



LOTTIE! do you know that horrid cat has gobbled down your canary and only left these two feathers?

Lottie. (*much distressed*). O poor little birdie! O you cruel cat! you shall not live three minutes longer. (*Rushes out.*)

G. (*laughing*). I didn't think I could fool her so easily. Won't she be mad when she finds it's a hoax!

(*Enter Lottie, very angry.*)

L. George Hayes, you'd rather tell a falsehood than the truth any day. You said my bird was killed, when you you know it is singing in its cage like a little yellow angel; and the poor, innocent pussy is asleep in the yard.

G. I didn't say the cat had killed the bird. I only asked if you knew it had happened.

L. (*enraged*). It's all the same, and you meant I should believe it. You're a mean, hateful story-teller, and I'll never speak to you again. I hate you! (*stamps her foot, and snatching an apple from the table, throws it at him violently.*)

G. (*clapping his hands*). You've broken it! you've broken it! and I'm glad of it.

(*Enter Della.*)

Della. What is the trouble, Lottie? and what have you broken?

G. She's broken her New Year's resolve. I knew she would.

L. (*indignantly*). It was your fault and you know it; I'll leave it to Della to decide. (*To Della:*) We resolved on New Year's day that we would each break off at once from our worst fault.

D. And what is yours, Lottie?

G. Why, I thought everyone knew it. She's a little spitfire. My! what a temper she's got. She goes off pop! bang! like a percussion-cap at the least thing.

D. Since he is so prompt at explaining your weak point, Lottie, it is but fair that you should make me acquainted with his.

L. He's always making up what he calls "white fibs" to play jokes on people, and I

think they are just as bad as downright lies. He resolved to quit it, though.

D. Did he keep his resolve?

L. No; if he had, I should not have broken mine. He made my heart jump right to my mouth almost by making me think the cat had killed my bird; and when I found it was not so I couldn't help getting angry.

G. Well, it's much easier to make resolves than to keep them; and it's such fun to hoax people, especially Lottie. But I must say she has held out much longer than I thought she would.

L. Della, I've tried just as hard as I could to control my quick temper, for I know how wrong it is to give way to it. I have bit my tongue and shut my teeth tightly when angry words would come, and mother said I was doing bravely; but now George has made me spoil it all.

D. No, dear; you must try again; don't be discouraged by one failure. I am sorry to know that George regards his own resolve so lightly, and also tries to make it harder for you to keep yours.

G. I don't believe anybody keeps them; and as for my little white fibs, where's the great harm in them?

D. There are no such things as "white fibs," George. If a statement is not true, it is false, and the fact that you are only in sport does not change its character.

G. Della, you are very severe on me; and besides, I can't help it. The fib pops out almost before I know it.

L. That's just my case. I try to control my temper, but it is too quick for me, and I don't see much use in trying again.

D. Did you ever ask God to aid you in subduing your temper?

L. No; I have never thought of that.

D. George, have you asked God to help you speak the truth?

G. No; I don't suppose God notices little things I do in fun, if they are not really wicked.

D. He notices our smallest words and acts; and it is not strange that you and Lottie have

failed to keep your good resolves if you have depended entirely on your own strength.

L. Della, do you think God wil' help father keep his pledge, if he will ask him? You know he has broken it again.

D. He will strengthen and help all who come to Him.

L. (*earnestly*). Then I will plead with father this very night to ask for that help; and I'll pray for it myself, for I do want to conquer my fiery temper and be gentle and lovable.

G. Della, you have shown me *my* fault in a new light, and I feel sorry and ashamed. Do give me a Scripture text that I can remember as a sort of warning at the time.

D. Here is one that will suit both you and Lottie: "*Keep your heart from evil and your lips from speaking guile.*"

NO DANGER.

BY YOUNG AMERICA.

"**I**LL take good care of number one;
To him I surely am no stranger.
I love to see the cider run;
I drink it too—there is no danger."

So said the youth, and drained the cup
Until his mouth and eyes grew wider.
"No harm can come from such a cup
Of apple-juice, delicious cider!"

He drank until his eyes grew red;
But lo! the lad so gay and frisky
Remained all night within a shed,
Beside a bloated cask of whiskey.

All said it was a pity that
The tavern was so nigh and handy;
For cider to the youth was flat,
And so he got supplies of brandy.

Seasons rolled round, and he was found
Dead drunk beneath a horse's manger;
And now he sleeps beneath the mound,
Because he could not see the danger.

GOD'S WORK.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

GATHERING brands from the burn-
Plucking them out of the fire, [ing,
Lifting the sheep that have wandered
Out of the dust and the mire;
Bringing home sheaves from the harvest
To lay at the Master's feet—
Lord, all Thy hosts of angels
Must smile on a life so sweet.

Speaking with fear of no man,
Speaking with love for all,
Warning the young and the thoughtless
From the wild beast, "Alcohol;"
Showing the snares that the tempter
Weaveth on every hand—
Lord, all Thy dear, dear angels
Must smile on a life so grand.

Fighting the bloodless battle
With a heart that is true and bold,
Fighting it not for glory,
Fighting it not for gold,
But out of love for his neighbour,
And out of love for his Lord;
I know that the hands of the angels
Will crown him with his reward.

For whoso works for the Master,
And whoso fights His fight,
The angels crown with a star-wreath,
And it glows with gems most bright.
They wear them for ever and ever,
The saints in that land of bliss,
And I know that heaven's best jewel
Is kept for a soul like this.

JOHNNY BROWN'S DRINKING-CUP.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

I BOUGHT a drinking-cup
New and bright
With the money I'd saved up
Day and night.

It was only made of tin,
But it shone like gold within
Or a brand-new silver pin,
In the light.

As I placed it on the shelf
Upside down,
Then I said unto myself:
"Johnny Brown,
Don't be selfish with your cup;
Better that you hung it up;
Many a soul would like a sup
In the town."

Quick I took it from the shelf,
Then and there;
To the street Trip and myself
Did repair.

Then I mounted on a stump,
And, with many a spring and jump,
Hung my treasure on the pump
In the square.

Now my little cup, I'm sure,
Takes the lead
In supplying water pure,
Nature's need;
While the weary passer-by
Drinks a cool and free supply,
And a happier boy am I
For the deed.

"NOT A DROP MORE!"

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

[A penniless rum-drinker was pleading for brandy on trust. The anery reply of the rum-seller, "Not a drop more!" was the means of his signing the pledge and becoming a temperate and wealthy man.]

"**N**OT a drop more!"
Did he say so to me?
When money is gone
There's no trusting, I see!
"Not a drop more!"
When I paid him in *gold*
For the richest of wines,
How my hand he would hold!

"Not a drop more!"
That was never the word
While the clink of my *silver*
For brandy was heard;
And even while *copper*
I brought to his door
He never once thundered,
"Not a drop more!"

"Not a drop more!"
Then so let it be!
Gold, silver, and copper
May yet be for me.
Then when he shall watch
For a bit of my pelf—
"Thank you, 'Not a drop more!
I prefer it myself."

VERY QUEER!

SOME men do write when they do
wrong,
And some do live who dye;
And some are "short" when they are
long,
And stand when they do lie.

A man is surly when he's late,
Is 'round when he is square;
He may die early and dilate,
And may be foul when "fair."

He may be "fast" when he is slow,
And "loose" when he is "tight,"
And "high" when he is very low,
And heavy when he's "light."

He may be wet when he is "dry";
He may be "great" when small;
May purchase when he won't go by;
Have naught when he has awl.

He may be sick when he is "swell,"
And hot when he is scold;
He's skilled so he on earth may dwell,
And when he's young he's sold.

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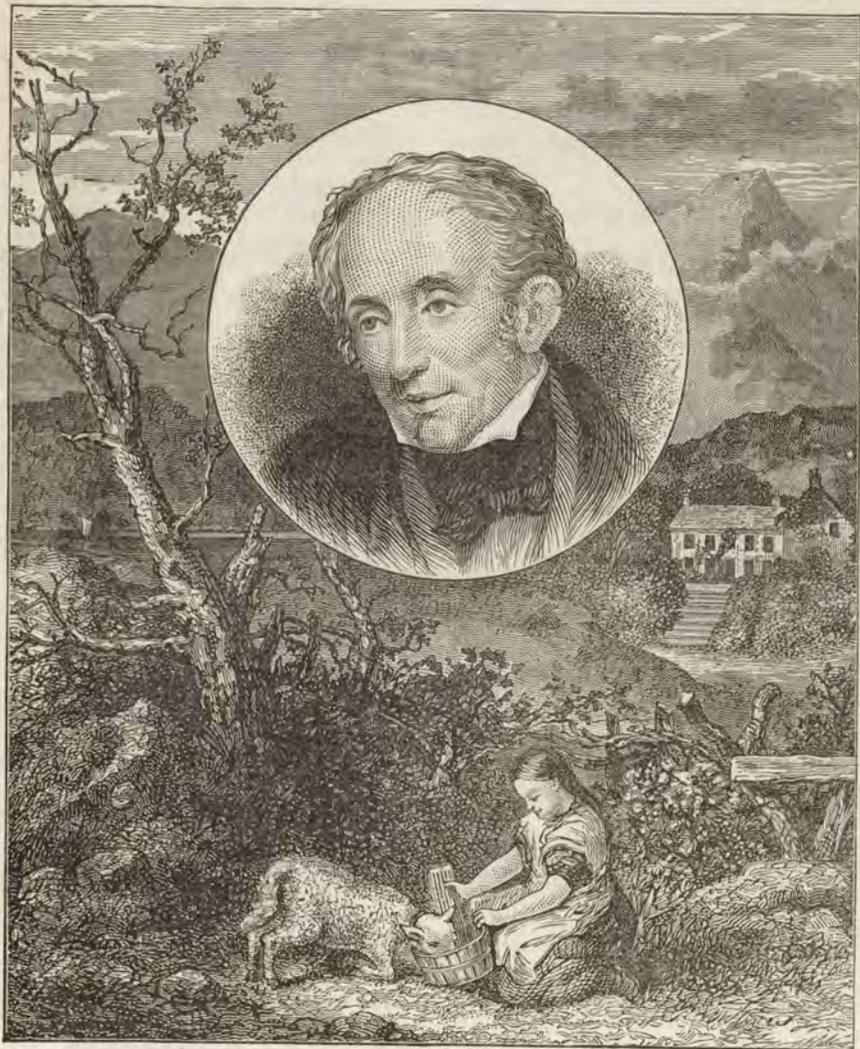
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THE PET LAMB.

THE PET-LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a Maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden turned away:
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and from a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face:
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little Maid might sing:

"What ails thee, young One? what?
Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for
bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as
green can be;
Rest, little young One, rest; what is't
that aileth thee?"

* * * *

—Wordsworth.

TO AN OLD COMRADE.

The Toronto *Evening News* of September 29, 1881, contained the following:— This morning an old grey-headed drunkard, who for years has haunted the cells, sprang up suddenly as he overheard the police talking of the death of Garfield. "Is Jim dead?" he asked. "Why, I knowed Jim. Him and me went to school together, and used to fight and learn to spell at the same school. Poor Jim!" The tears flowed down the cheeks of the miserable wretch, who started in life with the same chance as he whose death last night cast a gloom over a whole planet. He seemed utterly broken down, and asking for a pencil and paper he penned the following uncouth tribute:—

I'M the same age ez Garfield wus,
And I went to school with him,
And here I be in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' Jim.
I knew him better'n I know you,
He lived next farm to us:
But he was as good as the wheat, and I
Waz allus a worthless cuss.
Why, I can remember Jim
When he driv an Erie mule,
And I would stand on the banks and say,
"Wall, you're a thunderin' fool;"
But on he'd go like a meadow lark,
A whistlin' a Methodist hymn,
And here I be in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' Jim.
I went down, and he went up;
It's queer when I come to think,
But he would never go on a whirl,
And he never learned to drink.

I tell you what, there must have been
A lot of sand in Jim,
For here I am in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' him.

Why, blame it! I remember Jim
In rags and such, when I
Was dressed like any dry-goods clerk,
And reckoned pretty fly.
I had a chance to climb the hill
God never gave to Jim,
Yet here I am in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' him.

Why didn't they go to work and shoot
A worthless cuss like me?
But the poor chap was fit to die,
Which isn't my case, d'ye see.
I wish that I was dead and gone
Once more along of Jim,
But here I be in No. 1,
While millions is mournin' him.

MORAL.

Because you're ragged don't be afraid,
But allus remember Jim.
Stick to the right and go ahead,
And you'll come to somethin' like him.
Keep a stiff upper lip, never get drunk,
Allus be strong and true,
And you'll never be locked in No. 1,
And millions may mourn for you.

THE WINE OF PARADISE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

WOULD ye have cheeks like flowers?
Would ye have sparkling eyes?
Roses drink from the showers,
And so do all the flowers;
And every bird that flies
Drinks wine of Paradise.

Would ye have voices clear
As the blithe bird that flies?
In the bright fountain near,
Reflecting the soft skies,
It dips its bill. We hear
Its praise of Paradise.

Would ye be loved by all,
And to true honor rise,
And be sun-crowned and tall,
In knowledge just and wise?
Drink crystal drops that fall,
The wine of Paradise.

Would ye live to be old,
And hear when "wisdom cries"?
Drink water pure and cold;
The soul, that never dies,
Is not left in the mould;
Its home is Paradise.

Would ye be truly great
And good? There greatness lies,
A pillar in the state.
A word unto the wise
May come to those too late
Turned out of Paradise.
—*National Temperance Advocate.*

AWAY WITH THE WINE.

THERE is woe in the wine cup, there's
death in the bowl,
Though it brightly may sparkle and
shine:
There's a serpent within that will strike
at the soul;
Then away, then away with the wine!

There is death in the wine cup; the
tempter may smile,
And may seem for a while half divine;
But there's nothing on earth half so
fiendish and vile
As the serpent that lurks in the wine.

Then arise, friends of temp'rance, and
strike for the right!
And in Faith, Hope, and Love quick
combine,
Free the land that we love from the dram-
seller's blight—
From the demon that dwells in the wine.

HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST!

Mrs. KATE SUMNER BURR.

M. J. MUNGER.

"Ho - san - na in the high - est," Of old the chil - dren sang.

KEY B flat

{	s, s, :-: s, s, :l, :t, d, :-: s, :-: d d :-:t, :d r :d :l, s, :-: :-:
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While thro' the spa - cious tem - ple Their hap - py voi - ces rang ; So

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to the Son of Da - vid May we our voi - ces raise, And with our

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CHO.—Ho - san - na, ho -

glad ho - san - na, Like them pro-claim His praise. Ho-san-na,

d :-: t, r :-: d : l, s, :-: d t, l : t, d :-: :-: d r :-: r :-: r
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 san - na, Ho - san - na,

ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est! Ho-san-na, ho -

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- san - na, Ho - san - na to our King!

d :-: | l, :-: l, s, :-: d | t, l : t, d :-: | - :-: |
 f, :-: | f, :-: m m, :-: m, | f, :-: f, m, :-: | - :-: |
 l, :-: | d :-: d d :-: d | r :-: r d :-: | - :-: |
 : f, | f, f, fe, s, :-: s, | s, :-: s, d, :-: | - :-: |

2 When scribes and priests demanded,
 "Hear'st what these children say?"
 He knew their wrath and malice,
 But only answered "Yea."
 Out of the mouth of infants
 Thy praise made perfect is:
 Have ye not read the Scriptures?
 These have done nought amiss. Hosanna, &c.

3 Then let us sing hosanna,
 Like little ones of old,
 And seek the blessed shelter
 Of Jesu's happy fold;
 He will not chide our coming,
 He loves to hear our songs:
 Hosanna in the highest!
 To Him all praise belongs. Hosanna, &c.

THE LANDLORD'S WIFE.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY REV. J. A. DAVIES.

CHARACTERS—The Landlord and his Wife.

LANDLORD (*entering a room in which his wife stands at some distance from a number of poorly-clad women.*)

WIFE, what does this mean? Who are those women, and what are they doing here?

WIFE. They are my friends.

L. Your friends! Such women your friends? What do you mean?

W. Just what I say. I have invited these ladies in to spend the day here.

L. Friends! Ladies! Maggie, are you crazy?

W. Why?

L. Because you invite such creatures to our house, and call them ladies, and your friends.

W. Perhaps they are not what the world calls ladies; but I certainly invited them here, and expect to entertain them.

L. They look like beggars, and are not fit for your company.

W. Does that unfit them for my house and society?

L. Yes. They are dressed hardly decently; some are even dirty, and judging from appearances, worthless characters.

W. Then you think I ought to have only neat, cleanly, and respectable company at our house?

L. Certainly. I think too much of my wife to have her associate with such women as these. Besides, it is hardly to the credit of our house to have such guests in it.

W. But, husband, have not I a right to choose my company?

L. Of course you have; but not such as are here now.

W. What difference can it make to you if I am satisfied with them?

L. What difference? Why, people will judge me at once by your company. And do you think that I do not wish you to be in the best society?

W. Husband, what would you say were I sometimes to object to some of your guests?

L. If your objections were as good as mine I would say that you had a perfect right to

object; and I, as a reasonable man, should at once give up the associates that were disagreeable to you.

W. Do you know who those women are?

L. No.

W. Let me tell you, then. They are the wives of the men who are daily in your bar-room!

L. Well, what of that?

W. Just this: their husbands are your guests, so I thought I might make the wives mine. As you spend most of your time in entertaining the men, it seems fair and reasonable that I should entertain the women. But, judging from what I have seen of the men, mine are the better guests.

L. Maggie, are you crazy?

W. Not at all, Stephen. You must admit that I am as reasonable in my choice of companions whom I admit to my part of the house as you are in those whom you entertain in the part that you occupy most.

L. But I must associate with those men. It is my business that keeps me with them. I do not choose them as companions.

W. Yet you admit them to our house and spend most of your time with them; and, husband, people judge me by the very company you have in your bar-room. Besides, do you think it gives me no pain and sorrow to see you in such society? My husband is too respectable a man, and he is too dear to me to be spending his life with such characters as frequent the bar. When I see these profane, drunken fellows lounging about our home, my heart aches and my cheeks burn with shame to think that my husband is compelled to associate with them.

L. I am ashamed too, Maggie. I don't keep hotel because I like that part of it. No, I hate liquor-selling; but it is part of the business and must be done.

W. And because of his business my husband must shame me, insult his better nature, and disgrace us both before the world.

L. You use too strong language, Maggie. I own that I despise and abhor this liquor business; and I am growing more and more sick

of it every day, but I don't see how it can be given up. A hotel must be kept, and liquor sold; and since it is my business I must keep at it, and allow any kind of men in the bar-room.

W. Well, Stephen, perhaps you are right. In business matters, I suppose, we must hide our feelings, and submit to many disagreeable things.

L. That is so, wife, and I would gladly shield you from this dirty life, but I must do something; I am in this, and may as well keep on until we have some more money.

W. Will you give it up, Stephen, 'as soon as we have made a reasonable fortune?

L. Yes, indeed, and before the fortune is large, too, I tell you.

W. Husband, I thought that you did not like the business, and would stop as soon as you had money enough; I have a plan to help you to make money, that you may stop the sooner.

L. You help to make money! What can you do?

W. I mean to have those women gather waste paper, old rags, and bones, which I will buy of them, and after sorting will sell again.

L. Maggie, what do you mean? Are you in earnest?

W. Certainly; I mean business.

L. Do you mean to say that you will deal in old rags and bones? Would you take such a dirty way of making money, and with such people as these?

W. It is a dirty way; but it is not any dirtier or meaner business than you are engaged in; nor are these women any worse than their husbands with whom you transact your business. And if, to make a fortune for us, you must do what you despise and abhor, I don't see why I should not. I am not better than you.

L. Maggie, would you disgrace me as well as yourself?

W. Stephen, to be frank with you, the business I intend to undertake is not disgraceful; yours is! Mine, while a very humble and even uncleanly one, certainly can do no one any harm; besides, it will give these women a chance to earn something, and that you cannot say of your business.

L. Maggie, I usually let you do as you

wish, but pardon me for saying that while you are my wife you shall not engage in this dirty business.

W. Not even to help you make a fortune?

L. No. What is a fortune to me purchased at such a price?

W. And what is a fortune to us both when bought at the price you are paying for it? Stephen, if these women are not fit associates for me, then their husbands are not fit company for you. If the business I propose undertaking is beneath me, then yours is beneath you. If a fortune would be purchased at too dear a rate by my humiliation, then it is paying too much for it to have you engage in such a business. If you are willing to stop selling liquor, and will keep a temperance house, I will do all I can to help you; but if you must sell liquor, then I will buy and sell old rags and bones, and employ these women to gather them.

L. Maggie, I never thought of the matter as you present it. Give me time to think. I believe you are right; and, yes, I will try it. Send off these women; don't talk any more of such humiliating employment, and I will keep a temperance house, even if I must live and die a poor man.

W. Thank you, Stephen. I would rather be the wife of the poor proprietor of a temperance house than of the rich rumseller. Remember this, I mean to share your lot, and if you must sacrifice, so will I. If to own a fortune you disgrace yourself, I will too. We are equal.—From "*Rescue the Drunkard and other Dialogues*," published by the National Temperance Society.

BRIEF THOUGHTS.

GONE now is worth a hundred *presentlys*,
One *try* a thousand *can'ts*. 'Tis *try*
and *now*

That makes your laurelled and world-famous men;

Not *can'ts* and *by-and-bys*.

It is not singing psalms, but being one,
Is music in God's ear. Not only lips,
But also lives, must swell the hymn of praise,
Or vain the song. To be true worshippers
We must ourselves be temples.

TIME FLIES.

By UNCLE JOHN.

Written for his 72nd Birthday.

TIME is stealing fast away,
Year by year;
All things hastening to decay,
Disappear.

Friend from friend asunder torn;
Many friendless and forlorn,
Left to bear a cold world's scorn,
Through the year.

Time is quickly moving on,
Month by month;
Thirty days so soon are gone—
But a month;

Although twelve months make the year,
Soon they come and disappear:
Seasons fine and seasons sere
Month by month.

Time with lightning's speed flies by,
Week by week;
Mortals sicken, pine, and die,
Week by week;

But how few note its flying,
Or to improve even trying,
While around they see the dying,
Week by week.

Time is fleeting quicker still,
Day by day;
Who've not duties to fulfil,
Every day?
While we tarry looking on,
Oh! how soon the day is gone,
The "one thing needful" scarcely done
Through the day.

Time is ebbing, ever sure,
Hour by hour;
Hastening on the "Evermore!"
Hour by hour;
What thy hand shall find to do,
Do it surely—freely too—
Ever as you onward go,
Hour by hour.

Time rushes on as the wind,
Each moment;
Foolish he who stops behind
A moment!

Onward seek to run the race,
Not with sluggish, snail-like pace,
Set towards the mark thy face
Each moment.

Thus time goes on year by year,
For ever!
Months, weeks, and days disappear
For ever!
Hours and moments quickly go,
None a moment can renew,
But eternity pursue,
For ever!

Wisely then the time improve,
As it flies;
Let your motto e're be "Love,"
As time flies;

And in all things be sincere,
As the "latter days" draw near,
And to meet thy God prepare,
As time flies.

Three-score years! how soon they pass,
Year by year;
Some to four-score years may last,
Year by year;
Happy is the man whose days
Have been spent in wisdom's ways,
Giving to our God the praise
Year by year.

THE FIRST WRONG STEP.

BEWARE of the first wrong step.
Sin is of a hardening nature. It is not easy to break off bad or sinful habits; it is like rolling a stone down a hill, the further it goes the faster it goes; so it is not easy to stop a coach in the middle of a hill.

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AN AFTERNOON IN THE COUNTRY

W. D. W.

AN AFTERNOON IN THE COUNTRY.

IT is not always convenient for the working man, living in the heart of a large town, to get out into the country of an evening; but at holiday times, to those who are willing, there is nothing to hinder them from spending a few quiet hours in the green fields, or rambling in the lovely country lanes, where the graceful ferns and the many-coloured wild-flowers deck the hedge-banks, and where everything charms the eye and delights the ear. What a contrast between the whirr of machinery in our mills, the noise of our streets, and the hurry-scurry of every-day business life, to the quiet calm of a country lane, where the only sound is the buzzing of insects, the mooring of kine, or the sweet song of the merry birds. Often have we sat beneath the shade of some friendly tree and drank in the beauties of nature till our soul was filled with delight; and when we have again paced the noisy street and breathed the smoke-laden air, the calm of our coun-

try experience has come upon us and helped us to bear our lot.

Our artist has given us the picture of a happy group—father, mother, and three children—spending an afternoon in the country. There is something touching in the faces of the parents. Look at the father with baby in his arms, smiling at the eager delight of his two elder children whose hands are filled with buttercups and daisies; and the kindly mother's chastened smile as she watches baby's chubby fingers reaching forth to grasp the bright flowers. They are only working people, but they have true hearts and honest minds, and are all the world to each other. God bless such, wherever they may be. Would that every father found his deepest pleasure in the society of his wife and children! If this were so, the public houses would soon be shorn of their strength, and the British workman be the happiest and most contented man on earth.

THE CHILD I SAW ASLEEP.

IGAZED upon a young child in its sleep,
 And thought of sunny days now passed away,
 Ere yet I knew what 'twas to groan and weep,
 And look with sorrow for the coming day.
 Emblem of innocence, how sweet! how pure!
 Thy rosebud lips just parted with a smile;
 Soon thou wilt win full many a loving heart,
 And all thy mother's toil and care beguile.

I turned and left the spot, and thought
 Of what a change would come with coming years;
 We see the bud, but oh! we know not what
 The fruit will be of all our prayers and tears.
 The years rolled on. I stood within a house—
 A gloomy prison where the mad were bound:
 And there, within an iron-bolted cage,
 I saw a maniac grovelling on the ground.
 I asked the keeper what had brought him there;
 His answer might have made the careless think—

He gravely shook his head and answered me,

"What brought him here, sir? 'Twas the drink! the drink!"

And then I further asked his history,
And its deep pathos made me pause
and weep;

For when cleared up of all its mystery
I found he was the child I saw asleep.

I went my way, and vowed that never
more

Would I pay homage to the god of wine;
And I would counsel you to do the same,
Lest the poor grovelling maniac's fate
be thine.

LITTLE BUT WISE.

BY JESSIE MACGREGOR.

THERE'S a man with a smile
Would beguile
A small boy into smoking a while,
As he winks with one eye

On the sly,
Does he think you a fool,
Who has never been to school?

You and I
Better pass such a fellow by.

If a man with a rose
On his nose,
And exceedingly shabby old clothes,
Should call to me to-day,

And say:
"Here, boy, have a drink!"
Does anybody think

It would pay
To be caught in that way?

A SONG AGAINST DRINKING, FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

BY ELEANOR S. DEANE.

DEAR little women and little men,
I am here to give you a warning;
This life "a day's journey" is often called,
And this is your early morning.

There'll be dangerous places along the way,
There'll be scenes of brightness and
beauty;

In the light and the dark there is one sure
guide
To show you the path of duty.

Have you some time seen, as you walked
the street,

A pitiful, loathsome creature
In the form of man, but with strange, ill
looks,

Dim-eyed and swollen in feature?
Did he lift in anger a threat'ning hand,
And deep, mad curses mutter?
Or did he stagger from side to side,
And fall at last in the gutter?

Now take good heed, and whenever you see
A youth, no matter how charming,
Who takes his wine and his stronger drinks,
And says, "It is nothing alarming,"

Remember that fallen creature once
As gaily such word could utter;
Remember that wine and the stronger
drinks [gutter.

Bring the bravest young men to the
You will see the flush of the fragrant wine,
And how merry they grow who are
drinking;

But be sure, however they laugh and sing,
It is down towards the gutter they're
sinking.

Trust not in the mirth that is born of wine,
It endeth in sorrow and madness;
Taste it not, trust your guide, and your
life may be

Full of beauty, and goodness, and glad-
ness. —*Zion's Herald.*

THE TWO ALPHABETS— ALCOHOL AND WATER.

A is for Ale-house, where sots congregate;
B is for Bottle and boisterous debate;
C is for Cider, their thirst to create;
D for the Doom which they all must await;

E is Ejectment, their immediate fate
Should **F**, which is Fury, the venders
inflat.

G stands for the Gulf which opens its gate,
And **H** is for Hades, the quick-coming
state

Of **I**, the Inebriates, who never abate
Seeking **J**, or the Jug, till reform is too
late ;

K is the Keg, the drunkard to bait,
And **L** is the Liquor which serves as its
freight ;

M the Madmen confined by the jail's iron
gate ;

N the Night-brawls of rowdies envenomed
by hate ;

O the Ocean of crime we can ne'er esti-
mate ;

P the Poison of fools, which their ranks
decimate,

Q the Quarrels it breeds at a furious rate ;
R is Reason's high throne, which the sots
abdicate,

And **S** is the Sabbath they all desecrate ;

T is the Triumph of rum, which bad men
celebrate ;

U the Use of strong drink, which never
can sate ;

V is the Vice of the sot, which the good
execrate ;

W stands for old Whiskey, which topples
his pate ;

X the Xebec, which drunkards and dolts
navigate ;

Y the Yell of the crazed, as all good they
berate ; [abrogate.

Z the Zone where the toppers all laws

But a truce to the ills we no more can
relate,

The crimes and the wrongs we cannot
narrate ;

We will let these all pass and begin a
new song

With the glorious theme of the Tem-
perance throng.

Then hurrah for the **A**le that was Adam's
potation,

And for **B**, the Bright fountain, refresh-
ing creation ;

C the Clear Crystal streams ever gay in
their motion,

Down the Dark mountain-slope to the
wide-rolling ocean ;

E the Early-spring rills, from the snow-
crest's solution,

F the Freshness of Fields from the rain's
soft abluton,

G the Gushing of showers from the thun-
der's dark mansion,

H the Hope of blue skies in the rainbow's
expansion,

I the Ice of the glacier on cloud-circled
mountain,

J the silvery Jets in the white flashing
fountain ;

K the Kind summer rain from the vapor's
condensation,

L the clear, placid Lake in glittering
extension,

M the Myriads of pearls in the dew's
distillation,

N the Noise of Niagara in ceaseless
duration ;

O is Ocean's white foam as it crests the
dark billow,

P is the Placid, cool stream in the shade
of the willow,

Q the Quiet retreat in the glen's deep
seclusion,

Where the Rivulet dashes in sparkling
confusion ;

S the Sunlight's quick flush on the cas-
cade's commotion,

T the Torrent's wild rush through its
rocky erosion,

U the unending course of the stream's
circulation,

V the Vapor's moist breath in its soft
exhalation ;

W Whitens the world with snowy pro-
tection

From Xanthus of old to Behring's connection;

Y has Yielded the sea its endless influxion
Through the Zodiac of ages, from earth's introduction.

Thus through the wide sweep of this
wondrous creation, [dial rotation,
And of nature's vast wheel in peren-
Bright water for ever triumphantly
reigns. [tation,

But alcohol's fumes cannot help vege-
Nor whiskey give sweetness to the
flower's exhalation,

Nor the stench of the still or of malt's
fermentation [fication

To the fresh morning air impart puri-
Or develop the fragrance the rose-
bud contains.

Then hurrah for the drink that was
Adam's potation,

For the pledge that shall stand our un-
changed declaration,

For the law which would bring to our
country salvation! [gation

But the cup shall receive our eternal ne-
While consciousness lasts and while
reason remains.

[The above makes an admirable recitation, if
carefully committed to memory, and recited with
strict attention to the sense. It must not be ren-
dered too quickly; but a deliberate, bold, and
animated style of elocution is required.]

HELP EACH OTHER, BOYS.

BY MRS. J. E. MCCONAUGHY.

HOW to make this bad world better is
the great problem with all who love
their fellow-men.

Did you ever stop and seriously think
that boys can bear a hand in this great
work—that there is a great deal for them
to do to help lessen crime?

I will tell you one way. Each good
boy should in a sense lay hold of his fellow
and help him to walk in the right path, or

try to lead him in it if he is walking the
wrong way. I have in mind now two
schoolmates who set themselves resolutely
to work to influence another comrade to
leave off reading the sensational story-
papers in which he so delighted. First
one talked to him, and then desired the
other to attack him on the first good
chance. They succeeded in making him
take the resolution to leave off the poisoned
trash, and they took care that he had good
interesting reading to take its place.

Now, this is an excellent way to help a
boy in such danger; for the danger of
these papers is greater than that of the
"pestilence that walketh in darkness."

Two lads in Ohio were recently hung
for the murder of a poor old man. One
of them told a gentleman that what
brought him there was reading two boys'
story-papers published in New York.
He had not missed a number for years.
He thought them nice to pass away the
time with; "But here I am," he said.
It was such reading that made him a
murderer.

Like the taste of strong drink, this in-
toxication of the mind calls ever for "more,
more." There is no satisfying either thirst,
any more than you can put out a fire with
dry fuel.

Crowd out the bad with literature of a
good kind. Talk over projects for secur-
ing good periodicals among yourselves,
and, where you can, make a kind of part-
nership of the business, and each take a
different paper, lending them among your-
selves.

Do not read what is bad just from
curiosity. It will leave a blot on your soul
and on your memory which you cannot
ever fully erase. Life is too short for
trash, even if there was no other harm in
it, and the world too full of good reading
that you could never get through with if
you lived to be a hundred years old.

32.—A Smile from Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

Though hun-dred ties a-round us Like i-vy bran-ches twine, Though

KEY E.

{	m		m	:-	m		m	:-	s		s	:-		m	:-	m		r	:-	r		f	:-	f		m	:-	:-	:-	m
	d		d	:-	d		d	:-	m		m	:-	:-	d	:-	d		t	:-	t		t	:-	t		d	:-	:-	:-	d
	s		s	:-	s		s	:-	d'		d'	:-	:-	s	:-	s		s	:-	s		r	:-	s		s	:-	:-	:-	s
	d		d	:-	d		d	:-	d		d	:-	:-	d	:-	d		s	:-	s		s	:-	s		d	:-	:-	:-	d

life has ma-n-y plea-sures, That o'er my path-way shine; Though

{	m	:-	m		m	:-	s		l	:-	:-		f	:-	l		s	:-	s		s	:-	:-	fe		s	:-	:-	:-	s
	d	:-	d		d	:-	d		d	:-	:-		d	:-	d		d	:-	m		r	:-	d		t	:-	:-	:-	t	
	s	:-	s		s	:-	s		f	:-	:-		l	:-	f		s	:-	d'		t	:-	l		s	:-	:-	:-	r	
	d	:-	d		d	:-	m		f	:-	:-		f	:-	f		m	:-	d		r	:-	r		s	:-	:-	:-	s	

words to friend-ship sa-cred More sweet than mu-sic fall; One

{	f	:-	s		f	:-	s		s	:-	:-		m	:-	s		f	:-	s		f	:-	s		m	:-	:-	:-	m
	r	:-	m		r	:-	t		d	:-	:-		d	:-	m		r	:-	m		r	:-	t		d	:-	:-	:-	d
	s	:-	s		s	:-	r		m	:-	:-		s	:-	d'		t	:-	s		s	:-	s		s	:-	:-	:-	s
	s	:-	s		s	:-	s		d	:-	:-		d	:-	d		s	:-	s		s	:-	s		d	:-	:-	:-	d

look, one smile from Je - sus Is dear - er far than all.

{	m : f	s : d'	t : l	s : d.r	m : d	m : r	d : -	-	-	-
	d : t	d : d	d : -	d : d	d : d	t : t	d : -	-	-	-
	s : s	s : s	f : -	s : s.l	s : m	s : f	m : -	-	-	-
	d : r	m : m	f : -	m : m.f	s : s	s : s	d : -	-	-	-

CHORUS.

Dear - er, Yes dear - er, Dear - er far than all. One
 Dearer than all, Dearer than all, Dearer, yes, dear - er far than all.

{	s : -	m : s	f : -	r : -	d : t	d	r : m	r : -	-	-	r
	m : -	d : m	r : -	t : -	s : s	t	d	t : -	-	-	t
	d' : d' : d'	s : -	s : s	s : s	s : f	m	s : s	s : s	s : s	-	s
	d : d : d	d : -	s : s	s : s	m : r	d	t : d	s : s	s : s	-	s

look, one smile from Je - sus Is dear - er far than all.

{	m : f	s : d'	t : l	s : d.r	m : d	m : r	d : -	-	-	-
	d : t	d : d	d : -	d : d	d : d	t : t	d : -	-	-	-
	s : s	s : s	f : -	s : s.l	s : m	s : f	m : -	-	-	-
	d : r	m : m	f : -	m : m.f	s : s	s : s	d : -	-	-	-

2 We meet in Christian converse,
 We speak of joys to come;
 We lift our eyes expectant
 To Eden's blissful home.
 Though sweet and precious blessings,
 With every moment fall;
 One look, one smile, from Jesus,
 Is dearer far than all.

3 One look, one smile, from Jesus,
 For whom our souls would live;
 Not heaven's transcendant beauty
 Such holy joy can give.
 Beyond the silent river,
 Tho' spirit-voices call;
 One look, one smile, from Jesus,
 Is dearer far than all.

WHAT IS A GLASS OF BEER ?

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO.

Sandy.

HERE, youngster, drop that hammer, and fetch us a quart of beer. I'm about worked out, and a glass or two will stir me up a bit. You shall have a taste, too, for you have worked like a little man all morning.

James. I'd rather not go for beer, Sandy; you see I'm teetotal, and belong to the Band of Hope.

S. Band of Hope! Humph! We want nothing to do with Bands of Hope here; you must drink your glass of beer or you'll never be a man.

J. Then, I'll always be a boy.

S. Nonsense! You'll have a man's work to do, and will have to take some drink.

J. Nay, nay, I shall never need any drunkard's drink to help me to do my work.

S. You know nothing about it, for with you it's all to try.

J. But I know that the strongest man in history, who was brought up under God's orders, was not allowed to have any strong drink, and yet he became very powerful and did many wonderful things.

S. Who was that?

J. His name was Samson.

S. Ah! I remember. That was the man who, when he was locked up in a walled city, and the people thought he could not get away, got up in the night and went off with the gates of the city on his back, which he had lifted off the hinges—locks, bolts, and bars included—and left the big gates at the top of the next hill for the people to look at in the morning, when he had gone far enough away.

J. Yes, that was the man; and he managed that exploit and other feats of strength without any strong drink.

S. Ah! but there was no beer in his time, and people are obliged to take some beer now-a-days if they mean to do any hard work.

J. Not so; for there is nothing in beer to make any one strong.

S. Oh! don't talk like that to me; I have worked in a malt-house, and I know something about it. Why, even a boy like you ought to know that beer must be a nourishing drink

when it is made from barley. Isn't barley a good thing?

J. Oh! yes, if you only get it; but do maltsters put the substance of the barley into the beer? How do they prepare the barley for beer?

S. They first steep the barley, or wet it with water, and then spread it on the malt-floor till it sprouts.

J. Have you ever seen it sprouted?

S. Yes, often.

J. Is it not beginning to grow when the sprouts appear?

S. Yes; the sprouts are the new barley coming out.

J. The sprouts must be the life of the barley then, the real substance of it?

S. No doubt.

J. Then if the best part of the barley comes away in the sprouts it cannot both come out and stop in, can it?

S. Of course not.

J. But are the sprouts put into the beer?

S. Dear me! no; the sprouts are the 'culms,' which they give to the cattle.

J. Then it seems the cattle get the best part of the barley. But is the malt boiled into beer when the 'culms' have been given to the cattle?

S. O dear! no; that would make sweet wort instead of beer; it is not proper beer until it has been brewed.

J. What becomes of the sweetness when it is brewed?

S. Cannot tell; but proper beer is not sweet.

J. I have learned in our Band of Hope that malt is only the sugary part of the barley, and that the sugar, which would help to make fat, is destroyed in brewing, and turned into an evil spirit, which, when men drink the beer, gets into their heads and makes them talk silly talk and do all sorts of foolish and bad things.

S. Well, I reckon it does.

J. And what becomes of the grains when the malt is brewed?

S. They are given to the cattle.

J. Cattle again! It seems, then, the cattle

get all the solids and the beer-drinkers get only the slops.

S. I think, my lad, you've learned your lesson pretty well in your Band of Hope.

J. I wish you would come too, for I am sure it would do you good, and perhaps you would not want to spend any more money on beer. We were told at one meeting that the great chemist Liebig says there is more nourishment in as much flour as will lie on the end of a table-knife than in nine quarts of the best beer.

S. Why, does he really say that?

J. He does; and he says there is more nutriment in a five-pound loaf than in three hundred and sixty-five gallons of beer.

S. Three hundred and sixty-five gallons?

J. Yes; and that agrees with what Dr. Lyon Playfair has said, that there is more food in as much oatmeal as can be bought for 3½d. than in 7s. 6d. worth of Bass's best ale. And, besides, when we buy the oatmeal we buy no mischief; it is all good and no harm; but when people buy ale they buy mischief in the bargain.

S. Well, youngster, you know a thing or two to-be-sure. We'll just do without the beer to-day, and may-be—mind, I don't say for certain—may-be I won't have any more.

J. Oh, Sandy, how glad I shall be if you won't!

A TALK ON TEMPERANCE.

BY H. ELLIOT M'BRIDE.

Characters—JOHN ROSS, ALFRED RAYNOR.

SCENE—A Room.

John.

LET us go down-street and have a glass of beer.

Alfred. No, indeed; I never drink beer.

J. Don't drink beer! Why, what's the matter?

A. Nothing, except that I have signed the pledge and promised that I would never drink any kind of intoxicating liquor.

J. O ho! You've signed the pledge! Well, you're a dunce. You've signed away your liberty.

A. I don't think so. I am free yet to do anything except to drink whiskey, gin, rum, brandy, cider, or anything that can intoxicate.

J. But you might want to take a glass some time, and you can't do it now without breaking your pledge.

A. If I should ever feel like taking a drink and the pledge should restrain me, I shall feel glad that I have signed it. But I never expect to want to take a drink.

J. Well, I'm sure I will take no pledges of that kind. I want to be free, and I think I have mind enough to be my own master. If I want a glass of beer I will take it, and if I don't want it I will not take it.

A. After a while you will, no doubt, want it very often.

J. I know I can take care of myself, and I am not such a coward as to be afraid of a glass of beer. Alf. Rayner, you can go your way and I will go mine, and my way just now is to go down-street and get a glass of beer.

A. Wait a few minutes until I recite a poem.

J. Oh! you're always reciting poems. Well, go ahead; I'll listen to you.

A. (*recites "The Man and the Still"*):

"I remember the time when those that were able
Had whiskey to drink, and it stood on the table;
They would say, 'Help yourself,' and the glasses
would ring [slang.]

As they stirred up the black-strap and rye whiskey
It was bought at the house that stood on the hill,
An old stone house, and they called it 'The Still.'

"I have seen an old man as he begged on the street;
His clothing was rags, with no shoes on his feet,
His friends were all gone, he had nowhere to go;
It was brandy and whiskey that brought him so
low;

He had been to the house that stood on the hill,
Where drunkards were made, and they called it
'The Still.'

"I remember a woman, her form bowed with years,
Her heart filled with sorrow, her eyes dim with
tears; [feet:]
She was shivering with cold, and had rags on her
She said she was hungry, but had nothing to eat;
Her husband had gone to the house on the hill,
Where drunkards were made, and they called it
'The Still.'

"I have seen a young man in the vigour of youth,
Who fell from the summit of honour and truth;
He was caught in a snare, there was no one to save,
And in Alcohol's chains he was henceforth a slave.
He had been to the house that stood on the hill,
Where drunkards were made, and they called it
'The Still.'

"I met a poor child who was crying for bread;
She told me her father and mother were dead
Drunk at home, and what could she do
For something to eat, and the poor baby too?
Her father was then at the house on the hill,
Where drunkards were made, and they called it
'The Still.'

"I remember the man who owned the 'old Still,'
And made widows and orphans his pockets to fill;
His money and land, all, all had to go
To pay off the debts, and he was brought low,
And so was the house that stood on the hill;
They both fell together—the man and 'The Still.'

"In the Bible it says plainly, 'Woe be
Unto him that makes drunken, or causeth to be.
Let all of the sober ones united be,
And help the poor drunkard to make himself free;
Let those that sell whiskey by the pint or the gill
Beware, and remember the man and 'The Still.'"

J. Very well done. You'll make a speaker
in the course of fifteen or twenty years.

A. Will you come to our meeting to-night?

J. Yes, I can go to your meeting, but that
will do no good. I will not sign the pledge.

A. Come anyhow. For performances, we
have speeches, essays, lectures, and stories.

J. Stories? What kind of stories?

A. Temperance stories. The members
sometimes relate stories they have read in the
papers.

J. I think I should like that kind of a per-
formance; but I always hated essays. I will
go to your meeting to-night, and if you will
give me a chance I will tell you a temperance
story.

A. Certainly we will give you a chance.

J. I am not crazy on the subject of temper-
ance like some of you boys, but I read a very
nice temperance story a few days ago, and I
think I can repeat it.

A. We shall be glad to hear it. Our meet-
ing opens at eight o'clock. I will call for you.

J. Very well. I suppose I need not ask
you again to go with me for a glass of beer.

A. No, you need not ask me to do that,
but I have a request to make.

J. What is it?

A. Don't take another drink of ale or beer
until after our meeting.

J. Whew! You're very absurd.

A. Can't you get along without beer for so
short a time as that? If you can't, the love of
the beverage must be growing upon you.

J. Oh! yes, I can get along very well, and
just to show you that I can I will not drink
any until after the meeting.

A. I'm glad to hear you say so. Good-
evening.

J. Good-evening.

(Exit John, R.; Alfred, L.)

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single
bound, [rise
But we build the ladder by which we
From the lowly earth to the vaulted
skies, [round.
And we mount to its summit round by

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God.
Lifting the soul from its common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our
feet— [gain,
By what we have mastered of good or
By the pride deposed and the passion
slain, [meet.
And the vanquished ills that we hourly

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air
on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find a way,
We may hope and resolve and aspire
and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire
walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision
falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillar of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we
rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted
skies,
And we mount to its summit round by
round.

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No. 173.—May, 1884.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



CRIPPLED BENNY.

CRIPPLED BENNY.

SAD indeed is it to see a poor cripple, but sadder still when we know the injury has been caused through strong drink. In our illustration this month we have a crippled boy, sitting in the summer-house in his father's garden; his crutches are by his side, and his curly head is resting on his hand. Of what is he thinking? He hears the merry shouts of children in the lane, as they romp in healthy play, and he is sad to know he is unable to join them. He cannot go far alone, even by the aid of his crutches, as his spine is injured, and he will never be like other boys. Poor Benny! And yet no boy is more loved than he, and no boy is more carefully watched and tended. Even while he sits in the summer-house his mother's eyes often seek the spot to make sure he is all right. But it is his father who, if possible, loves him most. When business is over Benny is his constant companion. In summer he carries him out into the lanes and woods, and talks to him of the birds, and flowers, and trees; in the long winter

evenings he reads and draws and paints; and never seems tired of trying to amuse and instruct his crippled child. Little does Benny know that in his father's heart there is a constant, ever-abiding pain. But this is true. Benny would never have been crippled had his father been a teetotaler. It was one evening, when Benny was quite a baby, his father came home intoxicated with wine, and meeting the nurse with his boy in her arms, persisted in carrying him, and as drunken people often do, acted foolishly, throwing the boy into the air and catching him. He had done this several times successfully, the nurse all the while in trembling dread; but at length he missed his hold and the child fell to the ground, crippled for life. The father was instantly sobered, and has never touched intoxicating drinks since; but there, in his son, whom he loves with a love deep and strong, is a constant reminder of his folly and sin. Alas, how many children, like Benny, carry with them through life the scars of their parents' unholy passion for strong drink!

THE FAY OF THE RIVULET.

MID the bonny hills of England,
Near Caledonia's land,
Nestled a lovely hamlet small,
By mountain breezes fanned.

Fair glistening waters cradled lie,
Like diamonds sparkling bright;
And rippling rills in sweet accord,
Steal from each rocky height.

A laddie small, whose features seemed
Meet for that Eden fair,
Stood by the sparkling rivulet,
A little vessel bare.

Just as I passed, he held it high,
Doffing his cap and said,—

"A drink of water, will you, sir,
Fresh from its mountain bed?"

"My little one, is this your taste?
I love pure water well,
Full gladly, many a draught will take,
But, tell me do you sell?"

"Nay, surely, sir, the water's free,
God sent it, but I bring
My little glass, for every one
Who passes by the spring.

"A gentleman came here one day,
To speak about strong drink,

He called the cause 'A Band of Hope,'
That was the name I think.

"He stood just by the rivulet,
'Twas a bright summer's day,
The people left their work to list,
We children dropt our play.

"He spoke of these great mountains,
Of our fair lovely home,
And how the Lord was grieved to see
'King Beer' had brought *his* gloom.

"How when he came along the road,
Outside the ale-house door,
He saw two drunkards reeling by;
Blots on our peaceful shore.

"Then turning to the stream again,
He said yon mountain rill
Flows onward, as a river large,
With teeming dirt doth fill.

"Polluted thus, the brewers use
The water here you see,
Then send it back as finest beer,
Say, do they give it free?

"Nay! for impurity you pay,
Whilst free and pure for thee,
The mountain beverage from God,
The streamlet dancing free."

Oh! how we children laughed aloud,
It was such fun to think,
What Tompkins, at the "Mountain Nest,"
Had mingled with his drink.

"Then, Sir, I joined the 'Band of Hope,'
Sang water pure for me;
Now daily at my post I stand,
To give the water free.

"Sure none would further go, when I
Hold up my sparkling glass,
And tell them what is in the beer,
Before the place they pass."

ANNIE PASCOE.

HABITS TO BE SHUNNED.

BY THOMAS CRAMP.

YOUTHFUL smoking drains the
purse,
Often leads to something worse;
'Tis a hurtful, costly yoke,
Therefore do not learn to smoke.

Gambling is a fearful sin;
Woe to those who once begin!
All the savings of a year
In an hour may disappear.

Drinking makes and keeps men poor;
'Tis the little leads to more;
Those who join the drinking ranks
Rarely visits savings-banks.

Pray for courage, girls and boys,
To withstand the sinful joys;
'Tis the thoughtless go astray,
Not the youths who watch and pray.

BE A TRUE WOMAN

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

YOU heard a slanderous tale to-day
About one in your set,
That makes you quite unhappy, dear—
A tale you can't forget.
You turn it over in your mind,
Then take a lenient view;
You doubt again, and then exclaim:
"I wonder if it's true!"

Some tales are false, and some are true;
Whichever way they be
The victim holds no envied place,
As you'll agree with me.
And that you may not pain a heart
That now a burden bears,
Oh! whisper not unthinkingly
This tale in other ears.

In maidenhood you've started now,
Your pathway strewn with flowers;
Then make it your great task in life
To garner up the hours.

Be not a busybody, dear,
A bearer of the news,
A gossip whom all hearts despise,
Though some she may amuse.

Begin by keeping this sad tale
A secret in your heart,
And if you can no good thing say,
Of speech withhold your part;
And you will grow, my pretty one,
A woman to be prized,
An honor to your time and sex,
And not a thing despised.

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

NEVER a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy, and Jim,
and James,

Jeems, and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel out in the hall
"Jim-my! Jim-my!" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know
Where she could find him; she loved him
so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Don't believe in abridging names,
And made the most that he could of
"J-a-m-e-s!"

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons, "Jim!"
That would make the boy on his errands
run

Much faster than if he had said, "My son."
Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems,
Call him anything else but "Jeems";
And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVyse,
Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest
Was the one pet name that he liked the best,
"Darling!" he heard it whate'er he was at,
For none but his mother called him that.
—*St. Nicholas.*

TOM.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

YES, Tom's the best fellow that ever
you knew,

Just listen to this:

When the old mill took fire, and the floor-
ing fell through,
And I with it, helpless, there full in view,
What do you think my eyes saw through
the fire,

That crept along, crept along, nigher and
nigher,

But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there
after me—

Toddled along from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then what a
shout!

Oh! how I shouted: "For heaven's sake,
men,

Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire kept them back
like a wall.

I could hear them go at it, and at it, and
call:

"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man;
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could; he sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side, and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have
kept

The sound of his mother's voice shrieking
his name

From reaching the child. But I heard. It
came

Again and again. O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster; I saw the sparks fly,

Where the men worked like tigers, not
minding the heat
That scorched them, when suddenly, there
at their feet,
The great beams leaped in. They saw him
—then crash!

Down came the wall! The men made a
dash—

Jumped out of the way—and I thought,
“All’s up with poor Robin,” and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there; when swift
at my side

Some one rushed by, and went right
through the flame

Straight as a dart, caught the child, and
then came

Back with him, choking and crying, but
saved!

Saved, safe and sound!

Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahd. Then
they all

Rushed at the work again, lest the back
wall

Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.

Oh, you’d admire
To see Robin now; he’s as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the
time.

Tom it was saved him! Now, isn’t it true
Tom’s the best fellow that ever you knew?
There’s Robin now; see, he’s strong as a log;
And here comes Tom, too,

Yes, Tom was our dog.

JUST TRY IT ONCE.

BY SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

YOU may think him a dunce,
But he begged that for once
He might sit up all night, or as long as
he pleased.

The nurse was in tears,
With her murmured “My Dears!”
But only the louder and faster he teased.

Overhearing the din,
His father came in.
“Wish to sit up all night, John?” he
wrathfully cried.

“You shall have your request
Till you’ve learned we know best.
Nurse can go. I will stay at this naughty
boy’s side.

When two hours had passed,
John grew sleepy at last,
And so tired that he feared he would fall
from his chair;
But, attempting to go,
Heard his father’s stern “No!
Keep your seat at the table. Your place,
sir, is there.”

Oh! how slow ticked the clock,
With its dickory dock
(For his Father insists that the boy keep
awake),
Till quite humbly he said,
“May I please go to bed?
I’ve found you were right, and I made a
mistake.”

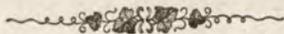
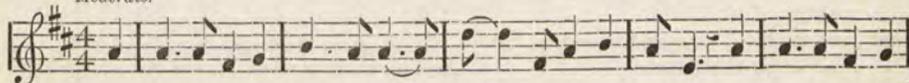
His father said yes;
And now you can guess
If ever that boy did the same thing again.
No sermon could preach,
No punishment teach,
A lesson more clearly than he learned it
then.

Now, boys, when you’re told
That it’s bed-time, don’t scold,
And say that you feel just like keeping
awake.

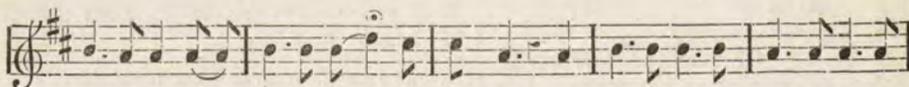
Sitting up all night
Isn’t such a delight.
Just try it for once, and you’ll own your
mistake.

—N. Y. “Independent.”

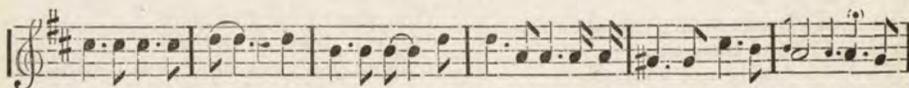
RIGHT OVER WRONG.

*Moderato.*

KEY D \sharp | s | s :-s | m : f | l :-s | s :-s | d' . d' :-m | s : l | s . r :- | : s | s :-s | m : f |
 Be - hold, the day of prom - ise comes, Full of in - spi - ra - tion, The bless - ed day, by



| l :-s | s : s . s | l :-l | l . d' :- t | t . s :- | : s | l :-l | l :-l | s :-s | s :-s |
 pro - phets sung, For the heal - ing of the na - tions. Old mid - night er - rors flee a - way; They

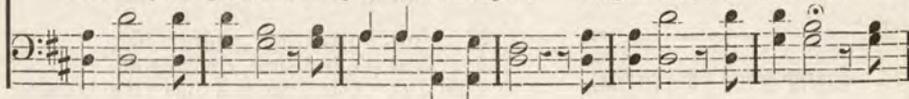


| t :-t | t :-t | d' . d' :- | : d' | l :-l | l . l :-d' | d' :-s | s :-s . s | fe :- fe | t :-l | s :-s | s :-f |
 soon will all be gone; While heav'nly an - gels seem to say, "The good time's coming" on. O! the

CHORUS.



Good time, the good time, The good time's com - ing on. The good time, the good time, The



{	m : s :-s l : d' :-d' d' : s f : r d :- :m m : s :-s l : d' :-d'
	d : m :-m f : f :-f m : m r : t, d :- :d d : m :-m f : f :-f
	s : d' :-d' d' : l :-l s : s s : f m :- :s s : d' :-d' d' : l :-l
	d : d :-d f : f :-f s : s s : s, d :- :d d : d :-d f : f :-f

Rall. *Allegretto.*

good time's com-ing on, Com-ing right a-long, Com-ing right a-long, ha! ha! ha!

Two-four time.

{	t : s m'.r' :-: d' :-:	m ,s .s ,s : s f ,l .l ,l : l s .s : s .
	r : r s .f :-: m :-:	d ,m .m ,m : m f ,f .f ,f : f m .m : m .
	s : t t .t :-: s :-:	s ,d' .d' ,d' : d' l ,d' .d' ,d' : d' d' .d' : d' .
	s : s s ,s ,s :-: d :-:	d ,d .d ,d : d f ,f .f ,f : f d .d : d .

Lento. *Repeat pp.*

Com-ing right a - long, Com-ing right a - long, Com-ing right a - long, Com-ing right a - long.

{	s ,r .r ,r : r m ,s .s ,s : s f ,l .l ,l : d' t ,t : r' ,t d' :-:
	r ,t .t ,t : t, d ,m .m ,m : m f ,f .f ,f : f f ,f : f ,f m :-:
	t ,s .s ,s : s s ,d' .d' ,d' : d' l ,d' .d' ,d' : l s ,s : t ,s s :-:
	s, ,s, ,s, ,s, : s, d ,d .d ,d : d f ,f .f ,f : f s ,s : s ,s d :-:

2 Already in the golden east,
 The glorious light is dawning,
 And watchmen from the mountain tops
 Can see the blessed morning.
 O'er all the land their voices ring,
 While yet the world is napping,
 Till e'en the sluggards begin to spring
 As they hear the spirits "rapping,"
 Of the good time, &c.

3 And all the old distilleries
 Shall perish and burn together,
 The Brandy, Rum, and Gin, and Beer,
 And all such, whatsoever.
 The world begins to feel the fire,
 While e'en the poor besotter,
 To save himself from burning up,
 Jumps in the cooling water,
 Of the good time, &c.

CARING FOR THE DRINKSELLER'S VICTIMS.

A DIALOGUE FOR ONE MALE AND THREE FEMALES.

BY REV. J. A. DAVIS.

SCENE—Mrs. NORTH arranging the furniture. Enter Mrs. RADNOR and MARY.

Mrs. North.

MY good woman, what brings you here on such a night as this? Come and warm yourself; you are freezing.

Mrs. Radnor. Thank you. We are cold. I am sorry to intrude, but it is a necessity. We are suffering. We have no fire and no food at home.

Mrs. N. Poor creatures. Are you sick? Have you no one to provide for you?

Mrs. R. Pardon me, ma'am, but I would rather not tell all. If you will give me something to buy food and fuel to last a day or two, I think that we can help ourselves.

Mrs. N. I will be glad to help you, but wish to be certain that you are worthy. You know that there are many impostors.

Mrs. R. Believe me, I am no impostor. I have never before asked for anything for which I did not pay; and if you will trust me now, I will gladly pay for anything your generosity may give, as soon as I can earn the money.

Mrs. N. I am sorry that unless I know more about you I cannot help you.

Mary. Please, mother, tell the lady that you are Joseph Radnor's wife, and that father sold the coal and took your money to buy drink.

Mrs. R. Mary, did not I tell you to say nothing of your father?

M. Mother, I could not help it. I am so hungry; and Tommy and Annie are hungry too.

Mrs. R. I am sorry that my child has told so much. Please do not think hard of my poor husband. He is as good a man as ever lived, except when maddened by a thirst for drink. Oh, I wish that he could conquer it! While under the power of this craving he sold our winter's supply of coal, and besides, used the money I had kept for food. If you can give me a little help now, you will save my suffering little ones from greater suffering and—
—and—

Mrs. N. My good woman, I will help you to anything you need. But will you please tell me where your husband spends his money?

Mrs. R. I am not sure, ma'am.

M. I know, mother; he goes to Mr. North's vault.

Mrs. N. Mr. North's! That's my husband's vault.

Mrs. R. Your husband's! Madam, I beg your pardon. We must go. Come, Mary.

Mrs. N. No, you must not go. This is just the place for you. My husband has made his money by selling liquor to those who have robbed their families in order to buy it, and it is but simple justice that his money should go to relieve the suffering his business has caused.

Mrs. North (entering). Why, wife, what are you doing with these people here? Who are they?

Mrs. N. They are the victims of your business; and I mean to relieve their distress.

Mr. N. Annie, what do you mean?

Mrs. N. Husband, do you know who these are?

Mr. N. No.

Mrs. N. They are the wife and child of Joseph Radnor, who spends his money for drink in your vault. Now they are freezing and starving, and I verily believe that Providence has sent them to me to save their lives.

Mr. N. Well, give them food and let them get warm, and then go home.

Mrs. N. That's what I mean to do. But, husband, I mean to do more. We are enjoying many luxuries, and you are becoming rich, while many like these are freezing and starving.

Mr. N. Well, can you and I help that?

Mrs. N. We can help it. Husband, it is your business that causes much of this suffering. You took the money that this good woman had saved to buy food for her children; you took the money that her husband got for the sale of their winter supply of coal, and instead you gave him liquor. While he is drunk with it, his wife and children are left to starve.

Mr. N. Annie, if I did not sell such men liquor they would get it elsewhere. I might as well have their money as let it go to others.

Mrs. N. Nevertheless, we get the advantage of it, and at a fearful cost to those who are unwilling that the money should reach us.

Mr. N. But I have nothing to do with *them*. I take no money from *them*. Men want liquor; I keep it. They buy and pay me for it. That is as far as my business goes.

Mrs. N. Yet, husband, if you gave up the business, and other dealers did too, the poor men would be unable to waste their money for drink, and their needy families would get it.

Mr. N. But other dealers will not give up. Until they stop I suppose I must keep on. I don't like the business, but we must live; and this is an easy way of making money.

Mrs. N. Well, husband, perhaps I cannot prevent it; but there is one thing that I can and will do.

Mr. N. What is that?

Mrs. N. I mean to use the money you make from the poor drunkards, and with it keep their families from starvation.

Mr. N. Annie, are you crazy? You surely are not in earnest?

Mrs. N. No, husband, I am not crazy. I was never more in earnest in my life. I have often felt troubled because of your business; but as I did not really know, until these came here to-night, who suffered by it, I felt unable to do anything. I now know some of your victims, and I will help them.

Mr. N. Oh! if that is all, I have no objection.

Mrs. N. That is not all. I mean to find out who spend their money in your vault, and then I will go to their homes and see that none of their families suffer.

Mr. N. Annie, you will ruin me by such a course, and bring us all to poverty.

Mrs. N. Well, it will be only one family ruined, and that *one* to save *many*. But how many families have been ruined to give us our wealth and luxury? Husband, you have been kind and indulgent to me; you have supplied my every want; but never until to-night did I think my comforts and luxuries were bought

at the price of others' sorrow. In future, if I know of one person suffering on account of your business, I will not have another luxury or comfort from it while I live. I would rather beg or starve than enjoy the greatest fortune, if wrung, as I know the liquor-seller's is, from the starving bodies and agonizing souls of innocent women and children.

Mr. N. Annie, you are excited. Please take time to think of what you propose.

Mrs. N. Husband, no further time is needed. Part of your fortune is my own, as my money is invested in your business, and I mean to use my share as I choose. I have been a silent partner in this business; henceforth I intend to be an active one. Our business in future shall be to deal with drunkards' families. You, over the bar, may supply the wants of the men, and I from the house will supply the wants of the women and children.

Mr. N. Annie, you are a little rash.

Mrs. N. If it be rash to *relieve* the suffering of innocent victims of the liquor traffic, what then can that be called that *causes* the suffering?

Mr. N. Well, wife, you can do as you wish. I have no objection to your helping those who need it, and to tell you the honest truth I am as anxious as you are to be rid of the business. Of course, one has to put a good face on, seeing one is in it; but as soon as I can I will clear out. Give Mrs. Radnor enough to help her in her trouble.

Mrs. N. I'm glad you feel as I do on the matter, husband; we will soon get rid of the business and enter into something which, if not quite as profitable, will at any rate bring blessing and contentment with it. (*Turning to Mrs. R.*) Here is something to help you out of your present distress. Don't thank me, please, for I feel anxious to make some amends for the evil done by my husband's business. Take it and welcome.

Mrs. R. You are a noble woman, Mrs. North, and I hope you may be blessed. Good day. (*Exit Mrs. R. and Mary.*)

Mr. N. And now, wife, we will go to supper, and then we can talk over these matters, and see if we can't arrange some plan that will quickly restore our peace of mind and give ease to our conscience. (*Exit.*)

DRAUGHTS OF WATER,

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO GIRLS.

BY M. B. C. SLADE.

Jane.

WHEN the great Sisera was vanquished,
and fled,

All fainting and thirsty, what was it he said ?

Annie. Give me, I pray thee, a little water
to drink, for I am thirsty.—Judges iv. 19.

J. When David was thirsting in Rephaim,
What wished he his captains to bring
unto him ?

A. David longed and said, Oh ! that one
would give me drink of the water of the well
of Bethlehem.—1 Chron. xi. 17.

J. The Egyptian found dying, now what do
you think,

When they brought him to David, they
gave him to drink ?

A. And they found an Egyptian in the field,
and brought him to David. And they made
him drink water.—1 Sam. xxx. 11.

J. When Hagar was weeping for Ishmael,
What gave she the child when God
showed her the well ?

A. She saw a well of water ; and she went
and filled the bottle with water and gave the
lad to drink.—Gen. xxi. 19.

J. What did Elijah at Zarephath say
When brook Cherith dried, and he jour-
neyed away ?

A. A widow woman was there gathering of
sticks ; and he called her, and said, Fetch me,
I pray thee, a little water in a vessel that I
may drink.—1 Kings xvii. 10.

J. When the maidens drew water, and Laban
was there,

What did he ask of Rebekah so fair ?

A. She went down to the well and filled
her pitcher, and came up, and Laban ran to
meet her, and said, Let me, I pray thee, drink
a little water of thy pitcher.—Gen. xxiv. 16.

J. When the prophets from Jezebel hid in
a cave,

What for their food and their drink did
they have ?

A. Obadiah hid them by fifty in a cave,
and fed them with bread and water.—1 Kings
xviii. 4.

J. When Jesus was wearied, for what, can
you tell,

Asked he of the woman at Jacob's well ?

A. There came a woman of Samaria to draw
water. Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink.
—John iv. 7.

J. When Israel sang, " Spring up, O well ! "

What did the Lord to Moses tell ?

A. The Lord spake unto Moses, Gather the
people together and I will give them water.—
Num. xxi. 16.

J. Will a man leave the snow of Lebanon,
which cometh from the rock of the field, or
shall the cold flowing waters be forsaken ?—
Jer. xviii. 14.

Both (in concert).

No, no, no, it shall not be so !

Wherever we are and however we go,
We will drink of the flowing waters cold,
Sweet, snow-cold draught of the kings of old.

The song of the princes we will sing,
" Spring up, O well ! for ever spring."

—*Good Times.*

THE SAFE SIDE.

PULL well we know

That many go

Down to a drunkard's grave,

But those who learn

Strong drink to spurn

Will never be its slave.

And then we think

That those who drink

A little wine for pleasure

Should take no more heed

Or soon they'll need

To fill the drunkard's measure.

Though each may not

Become a sot

Who takes the poisonous drink,

They surely gain

In life a stain

From which their souls should shrink.

Then not to touch

We feel is much

The safest course for all ;

And this is why

We pledge to try

And shun King Alcohol. E. D. W.

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DRINK THIS, FATHER!

DRINK THIS, FATHER!

ROBERT Nelson was a first-rate joiner, and his skill was in great requisition by the gentlemen and farmers around the quiet little country village where he rented a tree-embowered cottage. His wife was a clean, industrious, and intelligent woman, who loved her home, her husband, and her children. For many years after their marriage Robert and his wife were as happy as love, industry, and contentedness could make them; and this happiness might have continued but for one thing,—Robert gradually acquired a love for the cup which, while it is said to cheer, most certainly inebriates. At the large houses and farms where he was employed, a liberal supply of drink was provided, and thus he acquired the habit which in after years caused him many a bitter pang, and often made tears of sorrow flow down the cheeks of his loving wife. Such was the demoralizing effect of drink upon him that he soon lost the courteous manners which had made him quite a favourite with his employers, and many of them sent to the distant market town for workmen, when they had building or repairs, rather than be subject to Robert's drunken rudeness. Thus he lost character and work, and the results were disastrous to the comforts of himself, his home and family.

But a happy change was wrought, and it was as follows. Robert had been drinking several days, and had never been near the job which a kind neighbour had given him to do, more for the sake of his wife and family than for his own. He was gradually coming round after his

spree, and was feeling wretched and thirsty. He had called at the "Church Inn," where most of his money had been spent, and asked for a pint of beer on trust, but had been rather indignantly refused. Just as he was sauntering past his own cottage towards the only other public house in the village, to try his luck there, his little girl, a sweet, loving child, whom any father might be proud of, came running up to him with a jug of bright, sparkling water in her hands, and looking up into his face with a beaming smile, said, "Drink this, father!" Robert was for a moment staggered; he first looked at his child's innocent smiling face, and then at the bright, sparkling water, and grasping the jug, he raised it to his cracked and parched lips and took a copious drink; and while drinking the cool nectar the tears burst from his eyes, and his heart was almost broken; a flood of thought rushed into his mind—the cruel, foolish past, with its dishonour and neglect and sin. His child's smile had rent the veil of darkness which had so long wrapt his mental and moral vision, and he resolved there and then once more to be a man. What joy the keeping of that resolve brought to Robert's home! Gradually character was regained and work became abundant; smiles and sunshine lit up the cottage which had been for years shrouded in gloom. Oh, that men might see the folly of strong drink, and the beauty of Temperance! The one brings joy to the heart and peace and plenty to the home; the other blights and withers and destroys all that is right and good and pure.



WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

I KNEW a man, and his name was Horner,
 Who used to live on Grumble Corner,
 Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch Town,
 And he never was seen without a frown.
 He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that;
 He growled at the dog; he growled at the cat;
 He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at night;
 And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
 Began to grumble as well as he;
 And all the children, wherever they went,
 Reflected their parents' discontent.
 If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
 Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
 And if there was never a cloud about
 He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
 He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
 The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
 Or else he hadn't had half enough.
 No matter how hard his wife might try
 To please her husband, with scornful eye
 He'd look around, and then with a scowl
 At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
 My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
 Whose face was without the look of care
 And the ugly frown that it used to wear.
 "I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
 As, after saluting, I turned my head,
 "But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner
 Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner!"

I met him next day; and I met him again,
 In melting weather, in pouring rain,
 When stocks were up, and when stocks
 were down; [frown.
 But a smile somehow had replaced the

It puzzled me much; and so, one day,
 I seized his hand in a friendly way,
 And said, "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
 What can have happened to change you
 so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear;
 For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
 And he said, with none of the old-time
 drawl,
 "Why, I've changed my residence that is
 all!"

"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said
 Horner,
 "It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
 And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;
 And you'll find me now on THANKSGIVING
 STREET!"

Now, every day as I move along
 The streets so filled with the busy throng,
 I watch each face, and can always tell
 Where men and women and children
 dwell;

And many a discontented mourner
 Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
 Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
 To take a house on THANKSGIVING STREET.
 —Josephine Pollard, N. Y. "Independent."

"THE PRETTIEST GIRL."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

WE had such fun on Valentine's Day
 With the little girls who live over
 the way!

Teddy and I, and Jed and Joe,
 Picked out the prettiest girls, you know,
 And wrote 'em things about "Violets Blue,
 And sugar is sweet, and so are you,"
 And only that Bobby said it was mean,
 I wanted to write, "The grass is green,
 And so are you," and send it out
 To a girl we fellers don't care about.

But Bobby he's queer, and doesn't go
For fun like the rest of us chaps, you know.
Why, who do you think he chose to be
His Valentine? Now, if I'd been he,
I'd rather have chosen— Never mind;
I'll tell you about it, and you will find
That if ever you want a feller that's queer,
You'll get him in Bobby, never you fear.

You see, we boys we had all picked out,
As I told you, the prettiest girls about.
But Bob he said there wasn't a girl
As pretty as his, and there wasn't a curl
On any girl's head that could half compare
With his chosen Valentine's soft, fine hair.
And he said her eyes were a whole lot
bluer

Than any skies, and double the truer.
And that he was going to be her knight,
And take care of her always with main
and might.

He wouldn't tell us his Valentine's name
Till the regular day for Valentines came,
And Mamma had hers and sister, you know
(Of course from Papa, and Sister's beau).
Then Bob he told us to come ahead,
And he'd prove the truth of all he had said.
And where do you think he took us boys?
Hushing us up at the leastest noise,
And making us promise not to laugh,
Nor quiz him, nor give him any chaff?
Why, he opened grandmamma's door.
"See there!"

He said.

It was Grandmamma, I declare!
Grandmamma sitting and knitting away:
Sweet grandmamma, with her hair so grey,
Lying all soft on her forehead in curls
Just as pretty as any girl's.
And I never had noticed before how blue
Were grandmamma's eyes. It was really
true,
As Bobby had said, that there never were
skies
One bit bluer than grandmamma's eyes.

So she was his Valentine, he was her
knight,
And somehow we all thought Bobby was
right

When he kissed her hand, and cried, in glee,
"Dear Grandma's the 'prettiest girl,' you
see;

Of course I chose her instead of mamma,
For she, you know, belongs to papa.
But grandpa's in heaven, and so I knew
That grandma must be my Valentine true."

—*Harper's Young People.*

THE CONTRAST.

(*The Queen of May.*)

SPARKLING with mirth and beauty,
Sweet May is our Queen to-day;
No roses so bonnie as her's are,
The darling light-hearted May;
We roam through jewel-decked meadows,
Bright with the daisy stars;
Glist'ning the pearly dew-drops,
No shadow our fayland mars.

Singing in competition
To the woodland piper's lay,
No music echoes sweeter,
Than that of the Queen of May;
As the bright sun's warm kisses
Makes us wish to sit and dream,
May's voice in silver accents
Says "Girls, let us seek the stream."

AFTERWARDS.

Faded, worn, and degraded,
Where the sunbeams dare not stray,
Eyes unnaturally brilliant,
Can this be the "Queen of May"?
Wand'ring through courts polluted,
Where sin e'en the children mars,
And evils undreamt by many,
Are watched by the silent stars.

Singing amid the sinful,
 'Mid sights which we blush to see,
 May's voice is as loud as any,
 Devoid of all purity ;
 As mem'ries dawn upon her,
 Maddening her brain to think,
 She cries " For sake of pity,
 " Let me sear them out with drink."

Little ones, like the picture,
 The first in this simple lay,
 Knowing not of the latter,
 Neither did fair little May ;
 But yielding to temptation,
 She fell through the love of drink.
 Keep thou to sparkling water,
 From that which is *ruin's* brink.
 ANNIE PASCOE.

THE TWO BRIGADES.

WALKING early down the street
 In the morning, you will meet,
 Keeping time with rested feet,
 The tin-pail brigade.
 When the twelve of noon rings out,
 Round the friendly water-spout
 They will dine, those workmen stout,
 The tin-pail brigade.

There's another army quite,
 Such a shuffling, shambling sight
 In their ragged, wretched plight ;
 'Tis the jug brigade.
 When the twelve of midnight rings,
 These the ones the watchman brings
 And within the guard-house flings ;
 'Tis the jug brigade.

Now, who wouldn't rather be
 These that in the morn I see ?
 Oh ! all honour give will we
 The tin-pail brigade.
 But if there is a sight
 We'll despise with all our might,
 'Tis the stragglers of the night—
 'Tis the jug brigade.
 —*Good Times.*

THE CHILD'S WORLD.

" **G**REAT, wide, beautiful World,
 With the wonderful water round
 you curled.
 And the wonderful grass upon your
 breast—
 World, you are beautifully dressed.

" The wonderful air is over me,
 And the wonderful wind is shaking the
 tree ;

It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
 And takes itself off to the top of the hills.

" You, friendly Earth ! how far do you go
 With the wheat-fields that nod and the
 rivers that flow,

With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and
 isles,
 And people upon you for thousands of
 miles ?

" Ah ! you are so great, and I am so small,
 I tremble to think of you, World, at all ;
 And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
 A whisper inside me seemed to say :

" You are more than the Earth, though
 you are such a dot :
 You can love and think, and the Earth
 cannot ! "

FALSE FRIENDS.

SHUN false friends as you would a
 venomous reptile ; therefore make not
 the acquaintance of spirituous liquor. A
 false friend will appear to you as taking
 an interest in your welfare, strengthening
 and buoying you up through your trials in
 life, when he is really taking up his time
 with you only to find out something of your
 private life and actions in this world. A
 glass of liquor is like unto him—in giving
 you a false strength mentally and physi-
 cally, when it is really undermining the
 strength and power of an intellectual man,
 who is really foolish enough to seek false
 power from a glass of liquor. J. F. J.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.



C. WESLEY.

104 Metre; or 10.10.11.11.

JOHN WOOD.

O what shall I do My Sa - viour to praise, So faith-ful and true, So

KEY C.	{	d' d':d':t d':-:t.d' r':-:d'.r' m':-:d.,t l :d':l s:-:d',t
		m s:l:s.f m:-:r.m f:-:m.f s:-:m f:s:f m:-:m
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plen-teous in grace, So strong to de - liv - er, So good to re - deem The

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	f:m:r s,-: d d:d.r:m.d f:f:f f:r.m:f.fe s:-:d,m

CHORUS.

weak - est be - liev - er That hangs up - on Him. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le -

{	l : d' : l	s : d' : m'd'	l.r' : d' : t	d' : -	s .s	d' : m' : s .s	l : l : d' .l
	f : s : f	m : m : s	f : m : r	m : -	m .m	m : s : m .m	f : f : l .f
	d' : d' : d'	d' : d' : d'	d .l : s : s	s : -	s .s	s : d' : d' .d'	d' : d' : d' .d'
	f : m : f	d : d : d .m	f .r : s : s,	d : -	d .d	d : d : d .d	f : f : f .f

lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah ! A - men.

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	m : m : r .t,	d : d : m .m	f : f : s	s : - : s .s	f : f : f	m : -
	d' : d' : s .s	s : s : d' .d'	d' : d' : m'	r' : - : d' .d'	d' : l : s	s : -
	d : d : s .s,	d : d : d .d	f .m : r : d	s : - : d .m	f : r : s	d : -

- 2 How happy the man Whose heart is set free,
The people that can Be joyful in Thee !
Their joy is to walk in The light of Thy face,
And still they are talking Of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight Shall be in Thy name ;
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim ;
Thy righteousness wearing, And cleansed by Thy
blood ;
Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.

- 4 For Thou art their boast, Their glory and power ;
And I also trust To see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, A life from the dead,
The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus, my Lord, Is now my defence ;
I trust in His word, None plucks me from thence ;
Since I have found favour, He all things will do ;
My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.

The following verses (written by Mr. S. Knowles, Author of "Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter") may be used.

- 1 O how shall I sing Of water so free,
So fresh and so pure, So precious to me ;
So sparkling in streamlet, So cool in the well,
Its health-giving virtues No mortal can tell.
- Sparkling water ! cooling water !
Beauteous water ! healing water !
Rippling water, for me !
Precious water, for me !

- 2 It springs from the rock, It curls in the brook,
It foams in the gorge, It shines in the nook ;

- Wherever it wanders New beauties are found,
The sweetest of flowrets And verdure abound.
- 3 How happy are they Who crave not for wine,
To touch nor to taste Their lips ne'er incline ;
Their joy is in water, Which God to man gave,
To drink when he's thirsty, When heated, to lave.
- 4 Then let us all sing To water our praise,
And own it our king The rest of our days ;
Though drunkards despise it, And fools vent their
scorn,
The nectar of streamlet We'll quaff night and morn.

WHAT IS ALCOHOL?

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

BY W. J. HARVEY.

Farmer.

HAVE you heard the news, Mr. Marks?

Schoolmaster. What news, Farmer Burge?

F. Why, that six sheep were poisoned in our village last night!

S. Indeed! That is a small matter compared with the calamity that occurred in our parish. There were no less than twenty men poisoned. Some of them were carried home insensible.

F. How did that happen? What poisoned them?

S. Well, they were all spending the evening together, merrymaking and drinking at a friend's house, and—

F. (*hastily interrupting*). Oh! I suppose they were only *drunk*, after all. Why, what a story to make up!

S. I did not make up the story, Mr. Burge; I simply told a matter of fact. Now what do you mean by intoxication!

F. Well, drunkenness, I should say.

S. Intoxication means nothing more nor less than simply being poisoned. The word *toxicum* is the Greek for poison. Strong drink contains a poison, and it is this poison which affects the heads of those who drink it, and, indeed, their whole bodies and minds, taking away their power to think, speak, and stand. It also acts upon the brain, the senses, and the muscles. So when we see a man thus acted upon we say he is *poisoned*; only, unfortunately, instead of saying it in plain English, we have got into the habit of saying it in Greek, until some people think that the thing itself is as fine as the name bestowed upon it.

F. Well, Mr. Marks, I have heard you are a learned man, and you have certainly told me something I did not know before. What is this poison which strong drink contains?

S. It is a fiery spirit called *Alcohol*. Many years ago that name was given to it by a nation in the East, called Arabs, who had great knowledge of chemistry, or the art of separat-

ing things and finding out of what they are composed. When they came to separate the things of which strong drink is composed they found this poisonous spirit in it, and called it *Alcool*, or *Alcohol*, or, as we say, *Alcohol*.

F. What does that mean?

S. *Alcool* means devil; and the Arabs probably gave it this name because they observed how it instigated those under its influence to all manner of evil. And we shall feel that the name is a true one if we bear in mind that nearly every murder, as well as in all other crimes, strong drink plays a prominent if not the chief part.

F. Well, I've been accustomed to call it "a good creature of God," but I will never do so again. But why don't they let us have it without the alcohol?

S. I am afraid you would not like it if they did. It is for the sake of this poison that people drink it. It acts on the brain, producing a pleasurable amount of excitement at the time, but it must not be forgotten that this is always followed by corresponding depression. Hence the wretched spirits of the habitual drinker when not under the influence of liquor. Both the excitement and depression may be slight with the moderate drinker, but they just as certainly take place. The pleasurable elation produced is mistaken for strength, and the feeling of depression for a need for more. In this lies part of the danger of taking it. When the nervous system is suffering from its depression—that is, its poisoning effect, often mistaken for weariness and fatigue—another draught gives immediate relief by restoring, for a short period, the excitement.

F. But how does the poison get into the drink? I don't understand that. Surely the brewers do not knowingly put in what will injure us?

S. The alcohol is not put in. It is formed in the beer and porter in the process of brewing. As soon as fermentation begins then the alcohol is formed.

F. And what is it in brandy and other spirits that makes people drunk?

S. The very same thing—alcohol, only stronger; for after being produced by fermentation, it is separated from the water by distillation. A very small quantity of pure alcohol would poison to death, but when sold under the names of brandy, gin, wine, beer, etc., it is mingled with a certain proportion of water and other things.

F. Well, I knew a man who drank hard one night and died while in the stupor of intoxication. I suppose he was poisoned to death?

S. Just so, and the only difference between him and those who live to come out of the stupor is that they have taken a smaller dose, or that their constitutions can bear a large one.

F. Then upon the same principle you would make it appear that the only difference between a moderate drinker and a hard drinker is that the one is slowly poisoned and the other fast?

S. Such, I believe, is simply the fact. We should consider that the person who habitually took laudanum or strychnine, in however small a quantity, was injuring himself, though he might plead he used the poison moderately.

F. Why, then, it strikes me that the druggists are the persons who ought to sell this poison, and not the licensed liquor-sellers; aye, and that they should carefully label it in plain English—*Poison*.

S. Yes, the apothecary or the doctor's shop is certainly its proper place. It is classed with such drugs as chloroform, laudanum, strychnine, and narcotic poisons in general—that is, those which affect the brain and nervous system; though they forget to prescribe it with equal caution. It seems to me that it cannot be right to take as a daily beverage, even moderately, as it is called, that which exercises such an influence on the mind—an influence that tends directly downwards to the most positive evil, and which is continually acknowledged to do so in the expression, "The worse for liquor."

F. Well, perhaps you are right, Mr. Marks, but I never thought of it so before. I know the public houses cause a great deal of mischief, and so I have always advocated the use of "good old home-brewed," and take my own

glass in moderation. But I believe you are right.

S. I am pleased with our conversation, and trust that before long you will fully resolve to abstain from poisonous drinks of every kind.

F. I will decide at once to be on your side, and then I shall be able to set a consistent example to my own labourers.

S. And you will find the old motto true, "Example is better than precept."

"WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS."

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO GIRLS.

BY S. A. KING.



Jane.

ANNE! I am glad to meet you; I want to ask you a question.

Anne. I am glad to see you, Jane. I suppose you are well?

J. Oh! yes; but I want to ask you a question, if I may.

A. Why, yes, of course, Jane. What is it? I shall be most happy to tell you, if I can.

J. Well, I saw Ellen Roberts yesterday. She has been to one of your meetings, and says you may be right, but the Bible says nothing about it.

A. About what, Jane?

J. Why, about temperance.

A. Oh! I suppose she means that the Bible says nothing about total abstinence and the pledge.

J. Yes, Anne, that's it. She says that the Bible recommends us to use wine.

A. Well, now we will see what the Bible says. But first let me ask you why we are teetotalers, or rather, why you think I am?

J. I have heard you say that you abstain for the sake of others, and that you yourself may be safe.

A. Yes, that is right. Now, Jesus taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation"; and Paul says, "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby my brother is made weak." That's what the Bible says about it.

J. Ah! but does that refer to teetotalism, do you think? Have you any text which says we should not take these things?

A. Do you always require a text for things before you think they are right?

J. I don't know. I suppose we could have one for most good things.

A. For Sunday-schools, do you think?

J. Yes; I suppose so.

A. Well, Jane, you can't; and there is not a text for many good things that we do.

J. Then how are we to know that they are right?

A. Why, just as far as they agree with the spirit of the Bible and the teachings of Jesus they are right.

J. Oh! I see; and so you think your Band of Hope agrees with the spirit of the Bible and with the mind of Christ?

A. Yes, I do, indeed. Let me give you some sentences. Listen! "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." "Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died." "It is not for kings to drink wine, nor princes strong drink, lest they forget the law." That's what the Bible says about it.

J. I certainly did not think there was so much in the Bible on your side, Anne. Can you tell me some more?

A. Yes, with pleasure; but you can tell me yourself. Name a Bible teetotaler.

J. A Bible teetotaler, Anne?

A. Yes, certainly; the priests were not allowed to drink wine or strong drink when they went to the temple or tabernacle.

J. No; that's right, certainly.

A. And Samson was a total-abstainer from his birth.

J. Why, yes, of course he was; I had quite forgotten. And Daniel and the Rechabites were abstainers, and so were the three men who were put into the furnace of fire.

A. Yes; and any one in the New Testament.

J. Yes; of course. John the Baptist and Timothy.

A. So you see, Jane, the Bible is on our side, if total abstinence is necessary. We think it is the only way out of this wicked sin of drinking to excess, which is so different in every way from eating to excess.

J. O Anne! I only wish Ellen could hear what you say. I am sure she must see you are right.

A. You can tell her yourself, and get her to join our Band of Hope. But first you should join it yourself.

J. I should like to do so.

A. Well, come to our next meeting.

J. Oh! I shall if you don't let me forget it. Good-night.

THE CONCEITED CHICKEN.

THERE was once a pretty chicken, But his friends were very few, For he thought that there was nothing In the world but what he knew.

So he always in the farm-yard

Had a very forward way,
Telling all the hens and turkeys

What they ought to do and say.

"Mrs. Goose," he said, "I wonder

That your goslings you should let
Go out paddling in the water;

It will kill them to get wet."

"And I wish, my old aunt Dorking,"

He began to her one day,

"That you wouldn't sit all summer
In your nest upon the hay.

Won't you come out to the meadow,

Where the grass with seeds is filled?"

"If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,

"Then my eggs would get all chilled."

"No, they won't," replied the chicken,

"And no matter if they do;

Eggs are really good for nothing.

What's an egg to me or you?"

"What's an egg?" said Mrs. Dorking,

"Can it be you do not know

You young wits were in an egg-shell

Just one little month ago?

And if kind wings had not warmed you,

You would not be out to-day

Telling hens, and geese, and turkeys

What they ought to do and say!

To be very wise and show it

Is a pleasant thing no doubt;

But when young folks talk to old folks

They should know what they're about."

Porches of the Temple. By Thomas

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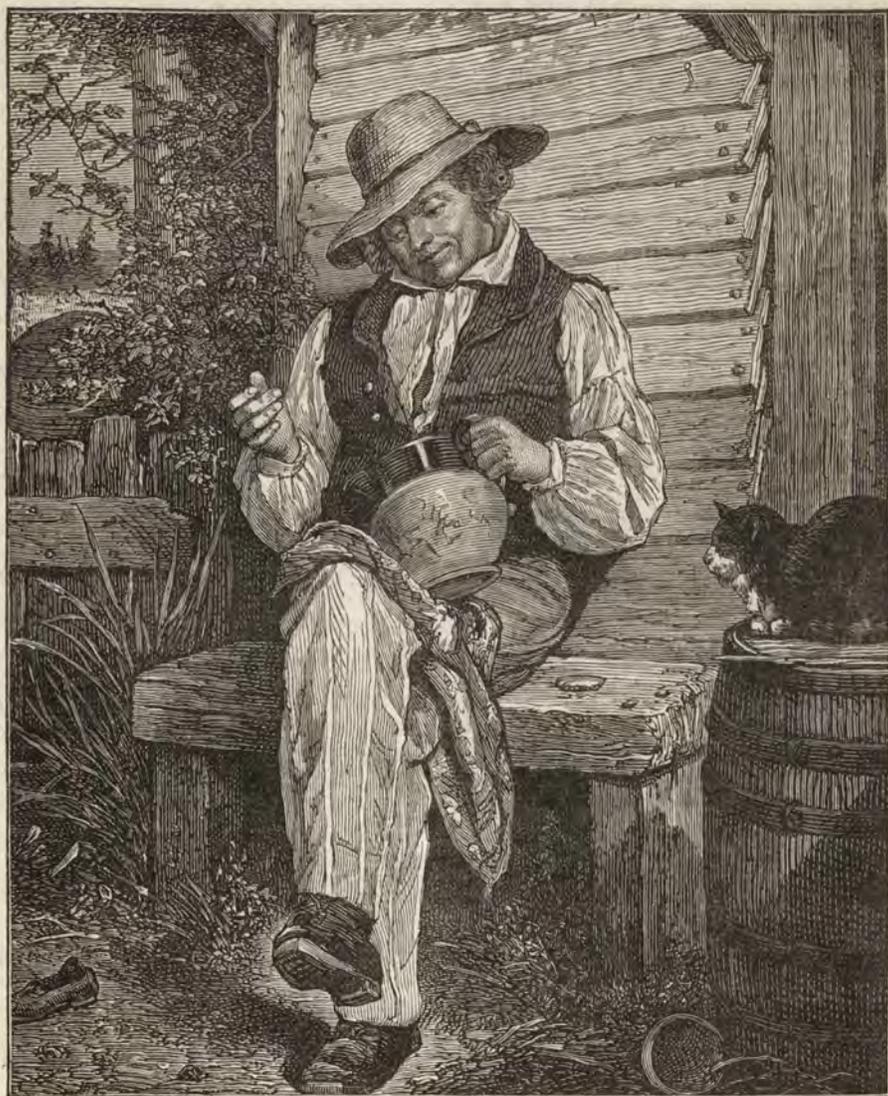
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OPERATIVE CHEMISTS, STOCKPORT.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 175.—July, 1884.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



“SHALL I, OR SHALL I NOT?”

“SHALL I, OR SHALL I NOT?”

IT was a broiling summer afternoon. All nature was parched with heat. The flowers hung their heads; the grass was crisp and brown; not a breath of air stirred the limp leaves on the trees; the very streams seemed sluggish. The birds had ceased to trill their merry notes; the cows stood in the shade, with protruding tongues, whisking away the troublesome flies with their tails. The only creatures apparently happy were the myriad insects dancing out their little day in the sunbeams, and filling the air with a dreamy, buzzing sound, which seemed to make the intense heat even more oppressive.

Dennis MacGuirk was not proof against the weather. Work wanted doing, but he was tired and thirsty, and sought the rude shed behind the farm house for a rest. It was shaded and cool; and, moreover, there was a barrel of beer, which had been bought for the use of the haymakers, standing in one corner, and he thought he should like a good draught. He knew he had no right to touch it; but Dennis had a weakness for beer, against which he had made many a struggle. Indeed, he was even now under a pledge to himself and his wife that he would take no more. But

it was so hot, and the beer was so tempting, and besides he thought no one would know! So he got a large jug off the shelf and filled it three-parts full of the sparkling liquor, and sat him down on the bench to take it easy. But while he sat looking at the beer he thought, “I promised Mary I’d take no more, and I oughn’t, for if I take a little I must take much. Besides, I vowed to myself this time I’d be firm and stick to my word. Well, shall I, or shall I not?”

The answer came in his action. Taking the jug he poured the beer on to the ground, and then quickly left the shed, went to the pump, and there slaked his thirst. This action proved to Dennis that he could keep his word, and that he had a will strong enough to do the right. A few days after, when in the hay-field, and the foolish and injurious practice of handing round the beer-jug was in full swing, Dennis not only refused the intoxicating beverage, but proved to his fellow-workers that he could labour with more cheerfulness, less exhaustion, and for a longer time than they could, though he drank nothing stronger than water, with an occasional jug of buttermilk from the farm.

SHOWER AND FLOWER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

DOWN the little drops patter,
 Making a musical clatter;
 Out of the clouds they throng;
 Freshness of heaven they scatter
 Little dark rootlets among.
 “Coming to visit you, posies!
 Open your hearts to us, roses!”
 That is the raindrops’ song.

Up the little seed rises,
 Buds of all colours and sizes
 Clamber up out of the ground.
 Gently the blue sky surprises
 The earth with that soft rushing
 sound.
 “Welcome,” the brown bees are humming;
 “Come, for we wait for your coming!”
 Whisper the wild flowers around.

“Shower it is pleasant to hear you !”
 “Flower it is sweet to be near you !”

This is the song everywhere.
 Listen ! the music will cheer you !
 Raindrop and blossom so fair
 Gladly are meeting together
 Out in the beautiful weather :
 Oh ! the sweet song in the air
 —*St. Nicholas.*

THE SERPENT OF THE STILL.

THEY tell me of the Egyptian asp,
 The bite of which is death ;
 The victim yielded with a gasp
 His hot and hurried breath.
 The Egyptian queen, says history,
 The reptile vile applied,
 And in the arms of agony
 Victoriously died.

They tell me that in Italy
 There is a reptile dread,
 The sting of which is agony,
 And dooms the victim dead.
 But it is said that music's sound
 May soothe the poisoned part ;
 Yea, heal the deep-venomed wound
 And save the sinking heart.

They tell me, too, of serpents vast
 That crawl on Afric's shore,
 And swallow men ; historians past
 Tell us of one of yore.
 But there is yet one of a kind
 More fatal than the whole,
 That stings the body and the mind—
 Yes, and devours the soul.

'Tis found almost o'er all the earth,
 Save Arab's hot domains ;
 And there, if e'er it hath a birth,
 'Tis kept in mercy's chains.
 'Tis found in our own gardens gay,
 In our own flowery fields,
 Devouring every passing day
 Its thousands at its meals.

Its poisonous venom withers youth,
 Blasts character and health ;
 All sink before it—hope and truth,
 And comfort, joy, and wealth.
 It is the author, too, of shame,
 And never fails to kill ;
 My friends, dost thou desire the name ?
 “The serpent of the still.”

BRAVE WILLIE.

THE battle was o'er, dread silence
 reigned

In place of the cannon's roar,
 But the victory was great for the English-
 men,

Who gathered in peace once more.
 In that contest, among the bravest there,
 Was a boy of tender years,
 Who knew no fear in the dread affray,
 Nor quaked at the flashing spears.

His drum resounded each dexterous beat,
 When their hope was nearly o'er,
 And nerved them all from a base retreat,
 To fight as never before.
 So now in a place of honour high,
 Amid their carousing gay,
 They place the brave little drummer boy,
 As the hero of the day.

And the Captain, speaking words of praise,
 Poured a glass of sparkling wine,
 And held to the little soldier brave,
 As his approbation fine.
 He shook his head, and “No thank you,
 sir,”

Were the modest words he said ;
 But the Captain pressed him not to fear,
 He was worth the token red.

“Surely our Willie is not afraid,”
 A bantering soldier cried,
 “True warriors love the ruby wine,
 Come, Will, boy, you have not tried.”
 Then Willie turned with a grateful look
 To his comrades brave, and true,
 And said “I thank you every one
 For the honour you would do.

"But the sparkling wine I ne'er will touch;
And, sirs, I will tell you why,
'Tis a greater foe than to-day we fought,
And one it is right to fly.

My Father, sirs," (and a tear stole down,
And slid o'er the boy's fair face),
"He loved to taste of the purple wine;
It led him to deep disgrace.

"Our home was lost, and my mother died
In the fruitless task to save;
And now the Father, whose pride I was,
Lies low in a drunkard's grave.

I have made a vow, I ne'er will break,
That *his* foe shall not be mine;
Sirs! that is the reason I refuse,
To taste of your purple wine."

When Willie had ended, a silence reigned,
And husky the soldier's voice,
As the Captain said, "Little hero,
God honour your noble choice.

You were brave in the field of battle,
More so, this moment I say;
Then three cheers for the moral hero,
For the truth he's taught to-day."

ANNIE PASCOE.

"NO."

WOULD ye learn the bravest thing
That man can ever do?
Would ye be an uncrowned king,
Absolute and true?

Would ye seek to emulate
All we learn in story
Of the moral, just, and great,
Rich in real glory?

Would ye lose much bitter care
In your lot below?
Bravely speak out when and where
'Tis right to utter "NO."

For be sure our hearts would lose
Future years of woe,
If our courage could refuse
The present hour with "NO."

THE TWO TRACKS.

BY CECIL.

THERE'S a tiny spring in the fissured
rock
On the grand old mountain-side,
Where the robin pipes in the early morn
Or trills in the eventide;
Where the lark looks in, and the tiny wren
Tidies her coat of gray,
And tastes the silver crystal drops
As she lingers on her way.

There's a bubbling spring at the mountain's
foot
Near a labourer's humble cot,
Where his barefoot bairns drink and feel
Of the joy the rich know not.
They are nature's children free and strong,
Nor stinted, nor pinched or pale;
They drink the breath of the dewy morn
As well as "Adam's ale."

There's a well by the farm at the foot of
the hill,
Where an elm-tree casts its shade,
And often the dripping pitcher tells
Of the happy trips it made
To the hay-field hot, where the men at
work
Blessed its sparkling flow,
And drank, while thanking Him who gave
This precious gift below.

There's a still and a bar, and a grog-shop
vile,
In the city's whirl and din,
Where with faltering step and clouded
brain
Men go to perfect their sin.
Which shall we choose, the drunkard's
track,
With its winding road toward shame,
Or the "Lake Shore" road, which "slows"
at last
By a good, untarnished name?

GOD IS WITH US.

WHAT though the topers all,
Madmen and mopers all—make
such a fuss?

It is all vanity,
Drunken insanity.
Friends of humanity,—God is with us!

We shall not totter yet,
Though they wax hotter yet—Demon and
man.

Though they surround us now,
'Twill not astound us now,
They can't confound us now,—God leads
our van!

Drugs we have swill'd enow,
Men they have killed enow,—Quit your-
selves brave.

"Up, and be doing," lads!
Stop all this brewing, lads!
Till this wide ruin, lads,—Comes to the
grave.

Zion's true soldiers, come!
Reason's upholders, come!—Fear not, nor
shrink;

Fight till these dandy shops—
Rum, gin, and brandy shops—
Beelzebub's handy shops—Shut up or
sink!

"NOT IF IT WAS MY BOY!"

SOME years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only *one boy* was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost and care and labour of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him:

"Did you not colour that a little, when you said that all that expense and labour would be repaid if it only saved *one boy*?"

"Not if it was *my boy*," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about "my boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labour than they ever will repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand; but "my boy," it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save *him* from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world around to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor wandering outcast, homeless man, is one whom some fond mother called "*my boy*." To-day somebody's son is a hungry outcast, pressed to the very verge of crime and sin. Shall we shrink from labour? shall we hesitate at cost when the work before us is *the salvation of a soul*? Not if it is "*my boy*"; not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost.

GOD'S WORD.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

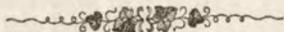
IT comes not down in thunder-tone
From flaming skies;
We hear no speech from the great throne
Whence songs of seraphs sweetly rise.

It finds its way the heart within
In whispers soft,
Rebuking deeds and thoughts of sin,
From the sweet heaven of heavens aloft.

That word in nature's book is love;
In flowers 'tis writ,
And in the bow that's arched above;
And safe is he who honours it.

But in the Bible, "book of books,"
The word we find,
Clear as the dew that dimples brooks;
It is the transcript of God's mind.

SPEED THE DAY.



W. S.

WM. STEVENSON.

1st.

1 Pre - cious tid - ings we hear, Both from far and near, And our hearts are glad to -
 For in God is our trust, And suc - ceed we must; None His might - (Omit) - - -

KEY
E2.

1st.

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CHORUS.

2nd.

day; } y arm can stay. } Speed the day, hap - py

2nd.

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day, When the wrong shall fail, And the right pre - vall; Speed the

Hap - py day,

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Speed the day,

hap - py day,

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2 Though the foe may be strong,
To uphold the wrong,
We will never doubt or fear;
But will urge on the fight,
And maintain the right,
Till the wrong shall disappear.
Speed the day, happy day, &c.

3 Then to God let us raise
Loudest songs of praise,
For the work already done;
And if faithful we prove,
In His courts above
We shall sing of victory won.
Speed the day, happy day, &c.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR. BY REV. J. A. DAVIS.

Characters—CARPENTER, BEN, WILL, and MARY.

Ben.

SAY, mister, be you a carpenter—a man who makes head-boards and such?

Car. Yes, I am a carpenter. What do you want a head-board for?

Will. I'll tell you, sir. We want it for a grave. It's—it's—it's a grave we often go to see. There are lots of others around, and we're 'fraid we'll lose it. Something (*wiping his eyes with his coat-sleeve*) in my throat stops me, sir, when I try to talk about her.

C. Why don't you have a tombstone for it? They last. A head-board will soon rot.

B. We're poor, sir, and can't buy one. We thought we'd get a board one now, and when we are grown up and get plenty of money, then we'll have a big marble one there, with an angel on the top, and gilt wings. An angel's buried there.

Mary. That's the reason why God took her. He likes angels. But we liked her, too, and she's all we had. God knows best, though. Mamma said so before she went.

W. Can you make us a board, and paint it nice and white, with black letters on telling all about her?

C. Yes, I think so. I will try.

B. How much will it cost? We want it just as good as you can make it, and of wood that'll last. It will be years before we're rich enough to get the marble one. Make it big, too, so that we can see it a good way off.

C. A very nice head-board of hard wood such as you would like would cost four dollars; but I will make one of the very best for you for three.

W. Three dollars! We han't got so much money. We want to pay for it. Mother said we must always pay for everything we get; but we can't pay so much, though we want the best you can make. Ben's got forty cents, Mary has thirteen, and I have fifty-seven; that's one dollar and ten cents. It's all the money we have. What shall we do?

C. Are you orphans? Are your father and mother both dead?

B. Father isn't dead, but mother is. It's her grave that we want the head-board for, and we've been trying to earn money to get one. We thought maybe they were cheaper.

C. Why don't your father have a tombstone placed there?

M. He didn't like mother as we did. He don't go to the grave at all. He don't want us to go. But we go when he is at work. Father used to scold mother when she coughed so; but she couldn't help it.

C. How did you children get the money you have?

W. I got mine by shovelling off the snow from the sidewalks. But there won't be any more snow now, I suppose, until next winter. Ben got his by holding the doctor's horse. But the doctor don't come now; and Mary got ten cents for her dollie, and the other three cents she got for sweeping the crossing. They won't let her sweep there now.

C. Why did Mary sell her doll? Don't she like dolls?

M. Yes, sir, I liked my dollie, but I liked my mamma better. When it was so hard to find mamma's grave, because so many others were buried around hers, and Will and Ben said they meant to buy a head-board with their money for mamma's grave, but they were afraid that they hadn't enough, I sold my dollie to Annie Smith for ten cents to get me money enough. Bennie means to get me another, a great big one, that can open and shut its eyes, when he's a man.

C. Your mother was a good woman, was she, children?

All. Yes, sir.

W. She was the best woman ever lived.

B. I guess they were glad in heaven when she got there. But, oh! the glad all went out of our home when she went.

C. If she was such a good woman, why don't your father care more for her grave?

W. Please, sir, mother said we must never say anything bad about father. Maybe it

won't be bad to say just this: He don't want to sign the pledge.

C. Well, children, I am a poor man, but I think that I can make you a nice head-board for nothing.

B. Please, sir, we don't want it for nothing. We want to pay for it. That's all we can do for her now.

W. We want to do something for mother's grave, if we only can. We never can show her any more how much we think of her. I wish that she could look in on us, she'd see that we don't forget her or what she told us to do.

C. Let me tell you, children, what I will do. You may pay what money you have and I'll give the rest.

W. You are a kind man. Mother said we would find good, kind men in the world if we were only good and kind too. But we'd rather pay for the head-board all ourselves, if we only can do it. Will you take this money and trust us for the rest?

B. If you will, sir, I am sure that we'll pay it some day.

C. Yes, gladly will I do it. Boys who had such a mother can't help being honest. But I want to help you more than that.

W. You will help us, sir, all we need, and more than we dared ask, by trusting us. We've written down on this paper (*handing a paper*) what we want put on. May be it isn't just right, but it's what we would like to have there.

B. We thought, you see, that if angels look at mother's grave and see what we put there they'll tell it in heaven, and she will know. That's one reason why we want the board and can't wait for marble.

C. (*Reading*): "Mary Raymond, aged thirty-three, who went to heaven with the angels, November 12. She was the mother of William, Benjamin, and Mary Raymond, who do not forget their mother. They are trying to do what she told them; and every night and morning they pray to do right, and they find that Jesus helps them just as mother said He would. They mean to meet her in heaven, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

W. Will you put it all on? I don't know about the last, though. It don't sound right. But mother will know by that that we pray as she told us to.

M. And tell her, too, that we try to be kind to father.

C. Yes; I'll put it all on, and more too, if you wish.

B. You might say that it isn't so hard to do right now as it was, and that we mean to keep on trying. We want to see mother again.

W. Do you think mother will find out what we put on the board? For we want her to know. It's the only way we can think of telling her.

C. I don't know surely, but think that in some way your mother in heaven will find out that you are trying to do right.

M. I know she will, for the angels will tell her. They'll be glad, and will want to make her glad too. How glad she will be to hear it!

W. There is our money (*giving it to the carpenter*). We'll work hard for the rest; and please make the very nicest head-board you can.

B. Make it big, too, so that the angels can read all, even though they can't stop to look long. If it costs more, we'll pay all.—*From "Rescue the Drunkard" and other dialogues.*

MICKY BURNS ON TEMPERANCE.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

Characters—Four well-dressed boys, and one neat but poorly-dressed one.

JOHAN (*shouting to Micky as he goes by*). Micky Burns, here is a job for you.

Micky. An' what is it, sure?

James. Swap hands for the evening and I'll pay you a dollar.

M. Me hands is me own. They were sint down to me from me great, great granny, who was a lady. There's but a pair in a gineration. It's thankful I am they come this time to Micky Burns. (*Micky goes.*)

George (*calling him back*). Back with you for the job, and a dime to pay.

M. A dime is it? It's meself that wants that same.

Ned. Well, then, come here and we'll tell you.

M. Me ears is good, so I've no occasion to crowd me better. What is it ye want? (*A boy whispers to Micky, who starts back indignantly.*) Do ye think I'm a dog to be doin' the like of that? T'd starve, and lose me hands entirely, before I'd bring ye liquor.

J. Hush, Micky!

M. I'll not hush. Ye're rich, and ye're handsome dressed, while I've but me old cloes; but I'm temperance from the tips of me red hair to the ends of me bare toes. Where was ye larnt, I wonder?

Jas. Where you were, Micky?

M. That ye weren't, if ye're for liquor and timplin' a poor boy to go for it.

N. Never mind, Micky. Forget all about it and say no more. We didn't know you were so strong for temperance. It is not a temperance quarter where you live.

M. True for ye. It's a dark place, so there's more need of me candle shinin'.

G. What do you mean by your candle?

M. I mean me Tistamint that me teacher give me. It tells me the way to go; and when I learn that much what am I to do but let me candle shine for others? Have ye Tistamints?

All. Yes.

M. Well, thin, I don't understand at all why ye'd be doin' what's wrong. I've only had mine since last Christmas, and it's lighted me path all the year. It's warmed me, too.

J. How has it warmed you?

M. It promised so much that was sure to come I forget to be cold while waitin' for the warmth that's comin'.

Jas. You're a queer chap, Micky.

M. I'm thinkin' ye're quare yerselves. Why an't ye temperance?

G. We are. We wouldn't drink too much any sooner than you would.

M. A drop is too much. That's what me teacher said; and she said, too, we wa'n't to be ashamed to show our colours.

N. Micky Burns, I shouldn't wonder if you make a preacher.

M. I'll make a good man. I won't make a drunkard.

J. Lots of drunkards down your way.

M. Lots of drunkards yer way, too. I've heard there's but one kind of drunk, whether it's wine or whiskey that makes it.

Jas. Does your father drink whiskey?

M. That he don't. He did, but I've reformed him. Does yer fathers drink wine?

All. I'm sorry to say mine does—and mine—and mine.

M. There's four, and ivery one livin' in a fine house, with big windys and broad steps, and niver one good as me father, heavin' coal and livin' in two bits of rooms up dark stairs.

J. Do you live in two bits of rooms?

M. We do, but we'll not be doin' it long. We'll be havin' a snug cottage, all our own, and—and—may be a carpet.

Jas. I hope you will, Micky; you deserve it.

M. I'll help to earn it, and I'm thinkin' there'd be always enough for ivery mither's child in the world if they'd all let the cursed drink alone. There's all sorts, but it's all bad, and I wish ye'd never touch another drop of it. Ye're nice lads; so much nicer than me; and ye've all got Tistamints, so ye know the right way. Think, now, that me, a poor boy that's not left all his Irish ways of talkin', should be pladin' with ye. Oh! I wish ye'd be temperance, same as I be.

J. How would we set about it when there is wine at home, and our fathers always drinkin' it? How can we help tastin'?

M. Say ye won't (*bringing his hands together with a clap*). Say ye won't, and do the same as I do: kneel down ivery blissed night and ask God to make ye kape yer promise. Then ask yer fathers not to drink any more, and it can't be but they'll be after plasin' ye.

Jas. Well, Micky, you have reason on your side; no mistake about that.

N. We didn't mean to tempt you to do anything against your principles; so don't bear us any ill-will.

G. You have preached a first-rate temperance sermon, and it is no more than fair that you should be paid for it. Pass 'round your hat, and see what you will get. We will promise to think of what you have said.

M. Thinkin' is no good unless ye be doin', too. I'll bear ye no ill-will, and I'll wait for anither to pass the hat for me. (*Exit.*)



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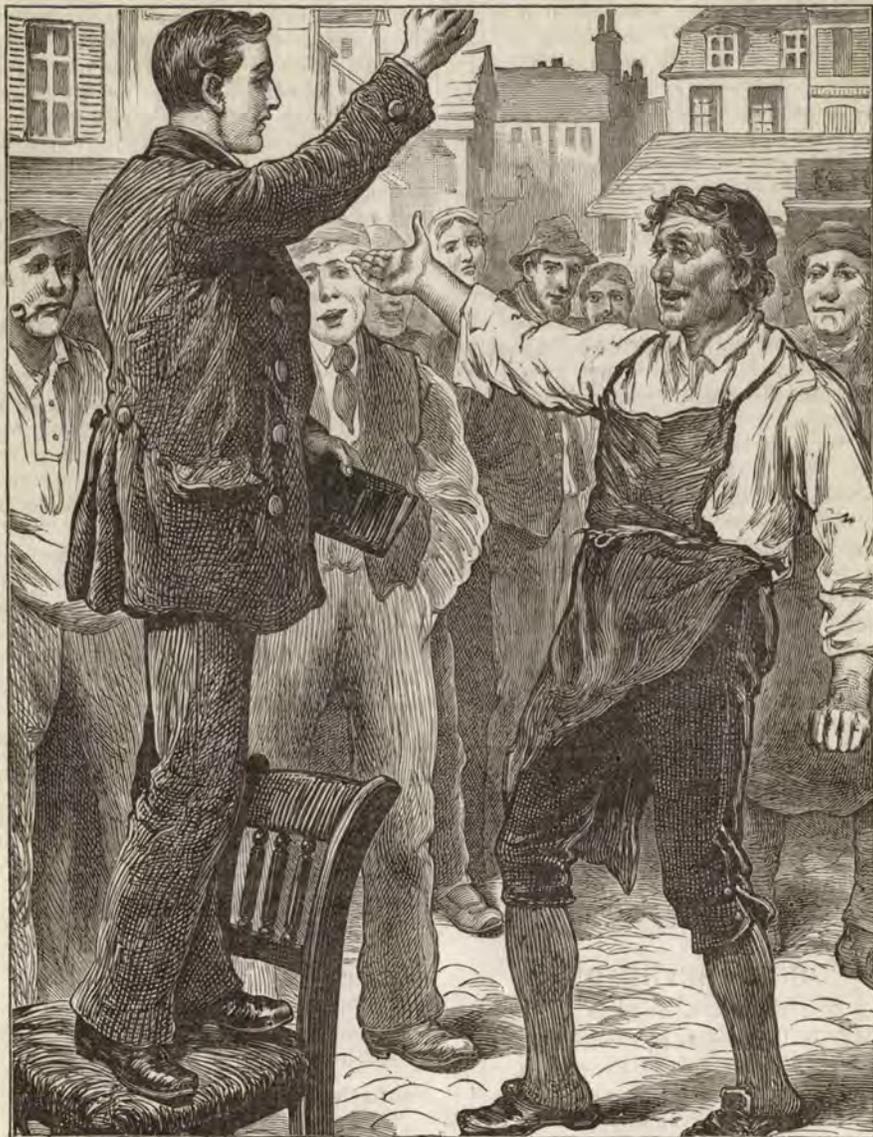
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No. 176.—August, 1884.]

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CONQUERED AND WON.

CONQUERED AND WON.

PAUL Norton was, when quite a youth, deeply convinced of the evil so widely wrought through indulgence in strong drink. He early connected himself with a Band of Hope, and there first acquired the courage, and cultivated the natural abilities, which he undoubtedly possessed, for public speaking. After a time, he felt inwardly admonished to extend his sphere of usefulness. He had an earnest desire to be made the means of rescuing certain poor men whom he saw night after night spending their time and money at a large public-house not far from his own home. It required no little courage to attempt a reform among these men, for several of them were well-known godless, drunken characters; but Paul had confidence in his principles and in his God, and he had faith that his efforts would result in good.

One summer evening he threw a chair over his shoulder, walked boldly out of the house, and turned his steps in the direction of the "Golden Crown." The evening being warm, groups of men stood in front of the public-house, smoking short black pipes, and talking in a loud boisterous manner in language which was neither choice nor elevating. Paul took his stand right in the midst of them, and at once discoursed on the evils of Intemperance and the blessings of sobriety. At first the men were too much taken by surprise to say anything; but Paul felt

convinced he was not to have the talk all to himself. Occasional coarse jokes were made at his expense; and one old man, a drunken shoemaker, who prided himself on his ability to "tackle any fellow in an argument," came and stood in front of the youthful speaker and challenged him to a discussion. This Paul firmly but respectfully declined; "But," said he, "I should like to ask you just one question." The old shoemaker beckoned his companions to draw nearer that they might hear him answer the question, when it was asked. "Now," said Paul, fixing his kindly eye on the old man, "the question I want to ask you is this: If I were your son, whether would you rather see me standing here recommending men to be sober and God-fearing, or joining you and your companions in the public-house, degrading myself and dishonouring God?" The question seemed to stun the old man. His eyes sought the ground, and a thoughtful expression settled on his face. Then suddenly holding out his hand for Paul to grasp, he feelingly said, "God bless you, lad; stick to your good work; and forgive me being so foolish."

Paul and the shoemaker were good friends from that night; and not only did the old man sign the pledge of Total Abstinence, but many more of his drunken companions were induced to follow his example.

GOD'S BEVERAGE.

BY JAS. S. WATKINS.

NOT in the haunts of the wicked,
 Not in the dens of the craven,
 Not in the hot-house of Satan
 Is God's best beverage given;

Not in the vale of corruption—
 Not in the poisonous gases
 Out from the simmering still, to
 Laugh in the wine-bibbers' glasses.
 Not in the brewery, seething—
 Not in its sickening fumes,

Brewed for the craven death-angel
 Keeping the gates of the tombs;
 Not in the stifling odours
 Out from the stench of the mill
 Where Satan is Superintendent,
 Grinding destruction at will.

But down in the beautiful valley,
 The vale that we cherish so well,
 Where the red-deer playfully wanders
 With its mate in the shadowy dell.
 Way down in the rock-bound ravine,
 Where pebbles are carelessly strewed,
 Where fountains are all the day singing,
 Is Heaven's best beverage brewed.

High up on the crest of the mountains,
 Where granite-rocks glitter like gold,
 Where the storm-clouds gather relentless,
 And the crash of the thunder is told;
 And out on the turbulent waters,
 Where the hurricane howls o'er the sea,
 Is brewed there the best of all beverage—
 The best for you, reader, and me.

'Tis brewed in the cataract sporting,
 As it leaps from its perilous height;
 'Tis seen in the gauze around Luna,
 As she lights up the heavens at night;
 'Tis seen in the glittering ice-gem,
 When its brilliance, like jewels, doth
 seem,
 And, too, in the hail-shower dancing;
 Cloud-hid from the morning sun's beam.

'Tis seen in the rain-drops descending,
 As they weave the bright bow in the air,
 Whose woof is the sunbeams of Heaven,
 Each painting their bright colours there;
 If dances along 'neath the curtains
 All dark, in the silence of night,
 And kisses the vines of the bowers,
 As a blessed life-water of light.

On its brink are no poisonous bubbles,
 Its foam brings no murder or madness,
 No blood stains its crystallized glasses,
 No heart bends before it in sadness;

No widows and orphans are weeping
 With tears of dark misery's gall;
 Then tell me, dear reader, why change it
 For the DEMON'S DRINK—KING ALCO-
 HOL?

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

YOU think it is easy your steps to
 retrace

Before the last pitfall is gained,
 That a man can stop short of a crushing
 disgrace,

And still find his honour unstained.
 But sin is so mighty and conscience so
 weak,

And under so tempting a spell,
 That though you may long other pleasures
 to seek,

Your weakness you never can tell!

The ocean of evil you never can sound,
 Its depth you can never discern,
 But under your feet there is treacherous
 ground,

If away from the good land you turn.
 You see not the danger, you fear not the
 foe,

You whisper the soul, "It is well!"
 And think that you know just how far
 you may go,

But you never, no, never, can tell!

You never can tell at what moment you'll
 slip

Into snares that are cruelly laid
 By those who are willing another should
 trip

Where they were as foully betrayed.
 A moment's indulgence may lead you to
 crimes

That merit a prisoner's cell;
 Then quench the hot fever of passion be-
 times,

For its power you never can tell!

You never can tell at what moment you'll
hear

The signal of death at your gate,
Whose touch will arrest your wild,
thoughtless career,

And bring your repentance too late.
Stand firm, then, to-day; the allurements
of sin

With pride and persistence repel,
And strive for a prize that is worthy to
win,

And whose glory no mortal can tell!

TO THE FRONT!

BY G. PENN.

TO the front, to the front!
Little women, little men;
There is much of useful labour

You may do
In the battlefield of life,
Where man's enemy is rife.
Put your armour on

And wage the warfare too.

You may think because you're young
That you are not over-strong,
And that others will not heed you

If you try;
But, little friends, be sure
Your success must be secure
If you ask the Lord

To grant you victory.

Then bravely to the front,
Little women, little men;
Like David in the grand
Old story-book;

Such a little lad was he,
Yet he slew the enemy,
And only with small pebbles
From a brook.

But the hand that held the sling
By a great Almighty King
Was guided in this act
That proved so grand;

And to you, my little friend,
He this wondrous power will lend,
If you rise against the great foe
Of our land.

In this world you may not know
How your little efforts grow,
And what harvest in the future
Will be given;

But when this life is overpast
You will have reward at last,
If through temperance you have
Led some souls to heaven.

SOMETHING TO DRINK.

BEN Holt was a hardy, sinewy man;
His arm was like iron, his face like
the tan;

From hard work and toil he was ne'er
known to shrink,
But he frequently called for something to
drink.

His labour was heavy, his heart it was
light,
As he wielded his hammer from morning
till night;
No man was more skilful in forging a link,
And he ne'er thought it wrong to take
something to drink.

He said it was needful for hard-working
men,
As he quaffed at his goblet again and again;
And no one could ever induce him to think
That his health would be injured by
something to drink.

He had found a notable, "bonny wee wife,"
The pride of his heart and the joy of his
life;
She was blithe as the lark, and of neatness
the pink,
And always brought Ben his something to
drink.

His children at eventide climbed up his
knee,
Six as bright boys and girls as you'd e'er
wish to see;
And yet it is true, and the fact I won't
blink,
Both parents and children took something
to drink.

Now, people would talk, and some they
did laugh
And said it was foolish such liquor to
quaff;
But good, honest Ben replied with a wink
"When I'm thirsty I must have some-
thing to drink."

At length twenty years brought reward to
his toil,
And he and his sons are now tilling the soil;
Though no more on his anvil is heard the
loud clink,
He still feels the need of something to
drink.

Old Ben and his wife dwelt free from
alarm,
While their good, stalwart sons well
managed the farm;
How they kept up their strength, to tell
I'll not shrink—
'Twas by taking large draughts of some-
thing to drink.

You will now all have guessed the drift of
my song,
And therefore I will not its stanzas prolong;
The reason Ben's habits ne'er caused him
to sink
Was that water alone was his something
to drink. J. M.

Temperance boys make temperance men;
Temperance girls grow up, and then
Our land sober, our land free,
Full of happy homes will be.

A GRADELY DRYING-IN.

BY JOSEPH COOPER.

(By Permission.)

I MET a man the other day
Who said, "How do you do, sir?"
I answered, "I am very well,
But don't remember you, sir."

No wonder—he was very like
The knife of Silly Daffs,
A family favourite that had worn
Three blades and three new hafts.

His face was wrinkled like ploughed
ground,
Or washerwoman's thumb,
Bedecked with carbuncles and wens,
The brand-marks of "King Rum."

A threadbare coat hung on his back,
As meant to frighten crows,
And all the warmth from his blue veins
Seemed centred in his nose.

The greasy vest hung round his breast,
Was far too wide and long;
One in the trade would think it made
For "Bawsen-bellied Bung."

His shrunken legs had grown too long
For his thin shiny breeches;
His dangling hose and shoe-cut toes
Sucked in the slush like leeches.

He said, "I worked along with you
A many years ago;
You may not know me, I'm so changed,
They call me 'Drunken Joe.'"

"Joe Bu—y—you may recollect
I drank till I'd no 'tin,'
Then went to th' workhouse, where I got
A gradely 'drying-in.'"

* * *

At that time he would smack his lips,
And say he'd often had
Ale good, and middling, and some worse,
But never any bad.

—*Gems and Tit-bits.*

When sail - ing o'er life's rest - less sea, Be - neath a cloud - ed

KEY : $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{m.f} \quad \text{s., l : s. fe} \quad | \quad \text{s} : \text{d}' \\ \text{d.r} \quad \text{m., f : m. re} \quad | \quad \text{m} : \text{m} \end{array} \right\} \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{r}', \text{d}' : \text{t., l} \quad | \quad \text{s} : \text{-f} \quad \text{m} : \text{s} \quad | \quad \text{d}' : \text{m} \\ \text{s} \quad \text{d}' : \text{d}' \quad | \quad \text{d}' : \text{s} \quad \text{f., m : r., f} \quad | \quad \text{m} : \text{-r} \quad \text{d} : \text{m} \quad | \quad \text{m} : \text{d} \\ \text{d} \quad \text{d} : \text{d} \quad | \quad \text{d} : \text{d} \quad \text{s} : \text{s} \quad | \quad \text{d}' : \text{-d}' \quad \text{d}' : \text{d}' \quad | \quad \text{s} : \text{s} \\ \text{s} : \text{s} \quad | \quad \text{d} : \text{-d} \quad \text{d} : \text{d} \quad | \quad \text{d} : \text{d} \quad | \quad \text{d} : \text{d} \end{array} \right\}$

sky, How sweet the whis - per comes to me, "A

$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{r} : - | - | \\ \text{t} : - | - | \\ \text{s} : - | - | \\ \text{s}_1 : - | - | \end{array} \right\} \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{m. f} \quad \text{s., l : s., fe} \quad | \quad \text{s} : \text{d}' \\ \text{d. r} \quad \text{m., f : m., re} \quad | \quad \text{m} : \text{m} \\ \text{s} \quad \text{d}' : \text{d}' \quad | \quad \text{d}' : \text{s} \\ \text{d} \quad \text{d} : \text{d} \quad | \quad \text{d} : \text{d} \end{array} \right\} \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{r}' : \text{d}' \quad | \quad \text{t} : \text{l} \\ \text{f} : \text{f} \quad | \quad \text{f} : \text{f} \\ \text{l} : \text{l} \quad | \quad \text{l} : \text{d}' \\ \text{f} : \text{f} \quad | \quad \text{f} : \text{f} \end{array} \right\}$

Sa - viour e - ver nigh." Bree - zes from the heav'nly

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land, They sweep a - cross the sea, They waft the mu - sic

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CHORUS.

on the strand, The song of hope to me. O wait-ing souls re -

{	r' : d' t : l s :-d' d' : t d' : - - :	CHORUS.	s : - s : s : s : s
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- joice, We're near the ho - ly strand; List,

{	l : - - : d' t :-t l : t d' : - - m'
	f : - - : f r :-r d : r m : - - s
	d' : - - : l s :-s s : s s : - - d'
	f : - - : f s :-s s : s d : - - d

'tis the Sa - viour's voice, The wel - come breeze from land.

{	r' :-r' d' : r' m' : - - : l s :-d' d' : t d' : - -
	s :-s m : s s : - - : f m :-m m : r m : - -
	t :-t l : t d' : - - : d' d' :-s s : s s : - -
	s :-s l : s d' : - - : f s :-s s : s, d : - -

2 Loud raves the voice of angry gales ;
 But while the breakers foam,
 A soft wind fans the spreading sails,
 A pleasant breeze from home.
 Breezes from the heavenly land,
 They sweep the billows o'er ;
 The voices of a loving band
 Are wafted from the shore.

3 Then let the frowning clouds grow dark,
 The tempest wildly rave ;
 A strong hand guides the laden bark
 Across the stormy wave.
 Breezes from the heavenly land,
 They murmur o'er the wave ;
 The welcome of an out-stretched hand,
 A heart that bled to save.

THE BOY'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

SCENE: WILL is seated at a table, with a book open before him; his head rests on both hands, and he seems perfectly absorbed in what he is reading. BEN and ARTHUR watch him through the half-open door, and finally enter and address him.

Arthur.

WHAT are you reading, Will, that is so interesting? It must be some wonderful story that so completely holds your attention.

Will. I was almost lost, that's a fact. I had been reading of a boy's temperance society, and I was thinking why we boys can't have one like it.

A. I don't believe you could get more than half a dozen boys to join it—at least not in our set.

W. Half a dozen! That's enough for a beginning; the society of which I spoke had only four members.

Ben. Only a quartette! It couldn't have been good for much as a working society.

W. It was; it was a perfect success, and fully accomplished the object for which it was organized.

B. Oh! it was a systematic affair, was it?

W. Yes; and its object was to prove that "temperance is conducive to both health of body and strength of mind."

A. Was it here in —?

W. No; it was in a great city, and the members were all students in a large boarding-school.

B. Then their parents could not have been very poor?

W. No; and they were princes themselves, though exiles from their native land.

A. This is getting interesting and romantic. Being princes, I don't think they belonged to Great Britain; I never heard of any of our Royal Family forming a Temperance Society.

W. No; but I wish all young Englishmen would follow their example.

A. Really, it seems to me there is something very remarkable about your model temperance society; I would like to know —

B. (having gone towards the table and found that the book is a Bible, comes forward, excitedly, with it in his hand). See here, Arthur, I did not think Will would cheat us in this way.

W. I assure you, Ben, I was never more in earnest.

A. (looking at the open page). Oh! I see. Why didn't I think of Daniel and his friends?

B. Will, do you think it is quite right to speak in this way of Bible characters?

W. Why not? I like to think of them as real people—really having lived—and I do all I can to make them seem so to me. And as for Daniel's temperance society, to my mind the very best part of it was that they were boys. Call them young men, if you prefer; I, myself, like the word boys better. And I take it boys are pretty much the same the world over, and from the time of Adam, or rather of Cain and Abel, until now; and what a small company of boys did once, boys can do again.

B. But we have not to stand against a king.

A. Then it's all the easier.

W. I don't know about that—there's King Alcohol.

A. And a cruel old tyrant he is. But if we boys once get to work at him— (Making a motion as though cutting off an imaginary head.)

B. The sooner the better then, I say. But, Will, you said that society was organized to—

W. To prove that temperance is conducive to both health of body and strength of mind.

B. How did it do that?

A. Don't you remember? Here, let me read it (reads Dan. i. 15): "And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat."

B. That certainly shows that temperance had a remarkably good effect upon their bodies; how about their minds?

A. (reading). "As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom." I don't wonder, Will, that you were enthusiastic over a temperance society that accomplished such wonders.

B. How do you know that?

A. It says so: "And the king communed with them; and among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah: therefore stood they before the king. And in all matters of wisdom and under-

standing that the king inquired of them he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers."

B. Glorious, wasn't it? Is that the only temperance society we read of in the Bible?

W. No; there were several others.

A. I guess this of Daniel's was the only boys' society.

W. No; I am thinking of a society some of whose members were even younger than these.

B. Younger. The next thing you will tell us that they received babies as members.

W. They did. Samson was a Nazarite from his birth.

B. A Nazarite! What's that?

A. This is one of the conditions: Samson was not to "eat anything that cometh of the vine, nor drink wine nor strong drink."

B. Well, if Samson was a specimen of the working of that pledge it needs no argument to prove that it is not liquor that strengthens a man or boy.

A. That reminds me of the passage we were parsing in Milton the other day:

"O madness! to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
This mighty champion, strong beyond compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook."

B. But to return to the beginning of this talk: You said you thought we might form a boys' temperance society. I'd like to be a young Samson, so I'll go in for it with all my might.

A. So will I.

W. Suppose, then, you canvass your own neighbourhood or class at school. Go anywhere where there are boys, and bring all you can here to-morrow night. I'll get father to draw up a pledge for us in due form, and I will have it ready to sign.

B. No, let's do it all ourselves; the boys will like it better if it is done in our own way. We will say just what we will never drink again—not "hardly ever" either, but surely never.

A. Yes, make it as strict as you like; for I tell you, boys, if we are, as we are often told we are, the hope of this great country of ours, let us try to grow up decent, sober, and honourable men.

B. Agreed. Let's see which one of us will come to-morrow night with the largest squad of raw recruits for the Boys' Temperance Society.

MOTTOES.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

Characters—HELEN, MARY, JAMES, RALPH, WINNIE,
DOTTIE.

(All the characters present.)

Helen.

SUPPOSE each one of you is ready with a motto, according to promise?

James. I've selected a splendid one.

Mary. I'm sure mine is the best.

Winnie. Don't be too sure till you hear mine.

Ralph. Mine will eclipse all the others.

H. I am glad to know you have taken so much interest in this matter, young friends. Has little Dottie chosen a motto, too?

Dottie. Yes, one made up of little words; but it means a great deal.

J. What do you know about mottoes? Why, you're only eight years old.

D (with dignity). I suppose you think I don't know anything, because I an't old and bald and gray. (Laughter.)

H. I think we shall be pleasantly entertained and instructed before we get through. After hearing the mottoes, we will take a vote to decide which is the best, and the one that gets the largest number of votes will receive this beautiful temperance book called "Water Lillies." (Exclamations: "What a beauty!" "I hope I'll get it!" "I'm sure I will!")

D. Wouldn't it be funny if I should get it?

J. Don't worry yourself, Miss Midget. I know who the lucky fellow will be.

H. Now, let us be very quiet, while Ralph, who is the eldest, tells us what he has chosen for his motto.

R (rising). "Be sure you are right, then go ahead!" That's my motto. Some people don't go ahead at all. Others go ahead the wrong way, like those who use liquor, tobacco, and cards. But if you're sure you are going ahead right, you'll be apt to succeed in what you undertake.

H. Quite a little sermon from a very good text. It is your turn now, Winnie.

Winnie (*rising*). "*Fidus et audax.*"

D. O my! that's Dutchman's talk. (*Laughter*)

W. No, it is Latin, and means "*Faithful and bold.*" I know some people who are faithful to their temperance pledge, but they are not bold enough in trying to save those who drink, nor in telling those who are temperate that it is their duty to help the cause with their names and influence; and I know others who strike out very boldly, but cannot be trusted, because they are not faithful. So I think that in all things, but especially the temperance work, we must be "*Faithful and bold.*"

H. Very good, Winnie. I wish all the temperance workers would adopt your motto. Let us hear from you, James.

J (*rising and flourishing his arms*). "*Look out for Number One!*" That's my text.

H. James! you surprise me. That is a very selfish motto.

M. "*Number One*" means just yourself, and nobody else. Get all you can—keep all you get—live for yourself.

D. If I had such a motto, I'd be so 'shamed I'd want to hide in a mice-hole, and let the mice cover me up with straw. (*Laughter.*)

J. I don't care. People that are so ready to help others and give up their own comfort and be generous and self-sacrificing, and all that sort of thing, don't get any thanks one-half the time, and it don't pay. I say let others take care of themselves, and I'll "*look out for 'Number One.'*"

H. I'm sure you will change your mind about that, James. What have you for us, Mary?

M (*rising*). My motto is "*Onward and upward.*" We cannot stand still, because life is a journey, and we must go onward; but we must not travel along on a dead level, as many people are satisfied to do. We must fill our lives with kind words and good deeds, so that we may be continually going "*upward*" as well as "*onward.*"

H. A beautiful motto, Mary. Now, little Dot, we are all anxious to hear from you.

D (*rising*). "*Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.*" That's my motto, and I think I know what it means if I am only eight years old. If people would treat everybody else as kindly and honestly as they would like for everybody else to treat them,

this world would be much happier. I think too many folks are looking out for "*Number One*" without caring the least mite what becomes of poor Number Two. That's all. (*Applause. Cries of "Good!" "Give her the book!" "Her motto's best!"*)

H. Yes, it is best, because it includes all that is in the others and more too. All who think so will say "*Aye.*"

Children (together). "*Aye.*"

H. The book is yours, Dottie. I suppose you will put it in the book-case and keep it new a long time. (*Gives it to her.*)

D. Thank you. I do love books; and I'll let every one read this and make it preach temperance for me. (*Opens it.*) Oh! come see the pictures. (*They gather about her, looking over her shoulders.*)

J. Dottie, I won't have that silly motto. I've given it up. I want to go partners with yours. (*Laughter and applause.*)

(*They form single file and march around and out, singing:*)

Do unto others as you would that they should do to you;
And, let the world say what it will, be honest,
good, and true.

A PLEDGE.

"**A** PLEDGE we make

No wine to take;
No brandy red,
That turns the head;
Nor brewer's beer,
For that we fear;
Nor fiery rum,
Which ruins home;
And cider, too,
Will never do.
To quench our thirst,
We'll always bring
Cold water from
The well or spring.
So here we pledge
Perpetual hate
To all that can
Intoxicate."

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FOR the sunshine and the rain,
For the dew and for the shower,
For the yellow, ripened grain,
And the golden harvest hour,
We bless Thee, oh our God!

For the heat and for the shade,
For the gladness and the grief,
For the tender sprouting blade,
And for the nodding sheaf,
We bless Thee, oh our God!

For the hope and for the fear,
For the storm and for the peace,

For the trembling and the cheer,
And for the glad increase,
We bless Thee, oh our God!

Our hands have tilled the sod,
And the torpid seed have sown;
But the quickening was of God,
And the praise be His alone.
We bless Thee, oh our God!

For the sunshine and the shower,
For the dew and for the rain,
For the golden harvest hour,
And for the garnered grain,
We bless Thee, oh our God!

PUT DOWN THE BRAKES.

NO matter how well the track is laid,
No matter how strong the engine is made,
When you find it running on a downward grade
Put down the brakes.

If the demon Drink has entered your soul,
And his power is getting beyond your control
And dragging you down to a terrible goal,
Put down the brakes.

Remember the adage, "Don't trifle with fire;"
Temptation, you know, is always a liar;
If you want to crush out the burning desire,
Put down the brakes.

Are you running in debt by living too fast?
Do you look back with shame on a profitless past,
And feel that your ruin is coming at last?
Put down the brakes.

Whether for honour, or knowledge, or gain
You are fast wearing out your body and brain,
Till nature no longer can bear the strain,
Put down the brakes.

A NOBLE LIFE.

WHAT is a noble life? Lo! some men scheme
To gather wealth till life is but a dream
Of riches; Midas-like their touch behold
Transmuting even grosser things to gold!
Their clutch grows closer as their hoards increase,
And only with their breath their labours cease.
They die! Their fellow-men for splendid gain
From their vast treasures hope, but hope in vain!
Their memories shall be compassed in this line:
They lived, waxed rich, but died and made no sign!

What is a noble life? Lo! some men toil
To conquer fame in many a battle broil,
Shed blood, waste treasure, deal in wounds
and death;

Build sudden empires, scattered with a
breath,

Or fix a despot firmer on his throne,
Or hurl one thence and mount it as their
own,

Till with thy brother's blood they stain the
ground;

And these, too, die; and after many days
The senseless marble speaks their only
praise!

What is a noble life? Some men grow
pale

In learning's quest. Till their strained
senses fail

They struggle with strange lore, and heap
again

Marvels of wisdom in their wearied brain;
Entombing aye vast treasures of the mind,
The hidden meaning of all things they
find,

Or seek to find, and, as they deeper go,
Keep still a jealous guard on all they know,
Till, fallen with the weight of knowledge
in the race,

They wither like the leaf and leave no trace!

Wisdom and Wealth and Fame are glori-
ous things,

And each may grace a life to which it
brings

Its treasures to be shared—not garnered
pelf:

No life is noble with a god of self!

Whoso on earth a noble life would live

Must toil to aid, and gather still to give;

Succour the weakling, smooth the rugged
ways,

And with wise bounty sweeten all the days

He hath with man; so laying down his
staff,

A noble life shall be his epitaph!

WORDS OF CHEER.

BY T. H. B.

TEMPERANCE workers, toil away!
The field is wide and short the day,
Plough and dig and scatter the seed,
Stooping to pluck each noxious weed.
Your tireless toil the Master sees,
And fans you with a balmy breeze;
He'll give you strength to labour on,
And cheer with gracious words, "Well
done!"

Who work for God can never fail.
Angels their "harvest home" shall hail;
The precious seed they sow in tears
A golden sheaf of joy appears.

Temperance warriors, fight away
Until ye win the well-fought day.
Before you all your foes shall flee,
And leave you crowned with victory!
The cause you strive for is divine,
Truth, mercy, goodness from it shine;
It seeks, like God's abounding grace,
To raise and bless a fallen race!
Then let us earnestly contend,
And 'gainst all foes this cause defend;
Our Captain leads us through the fray,
And by His help we'll win the day.

Temperance voters firmly stand,
In one united, earnest band;
Wield your vast electoral might
To aid the cause of truth and right,
Nor care for class nor party ties,
Nor selfish ease, nor specious lies—
Nor aught your courage e'er restrain,
For faith and truth the victory gain!

Workers, warriors, voters all,
Now listen to the Master's call:
"Press forward! for the prize is sure
To all who to the end endure."
Make this the year of jubilee,
Fruitful of work from sea to sea!
So shall the cause triumphant stand,
And scatter blessings through the land.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY KATE CLYDE.

ONE small stone upon the other,
 And the highest wall is laid;
 One wee stitch and then another,
 And the largest garment's made.
 Many tiny drops of water
 Make the mighty rivers flow;
 One short second, then another,
 And the ages come and go.

Place one bit of useful knowledge
 On another tiny mite,
 Keep on adding, time will make them
 Shine with wisdom's burning light.
 Each small act of perseverance
 Nerves you to some greater deed;
 From one little grain of forethought
 Often grand results proceed.

If you want to be a hero
 On the battle-field of life,
 Do not scorn the humblest vict'ry,
 For 'twill aid you in the strife.
 Little acts of care and patience
 Grow to giants in the fight;
 They will nerve your soul to conquer,
 And will win you laurels bright.

A WAYSIDE SERMON.

BY JENNY L. ENO.

THROUGH the quiet streets of the
 dull old town [down;
 The children from school came hurrying
 Their voices, stirring the summer air,
 Spoke of life and beauty everywhere.
 But close by the way a picture they see
 That speaks of death and misery.
 The fading glow of the evening skies
 Lights up a form that beneath them lies—
 The form of a vagabond thither strayed
 To make his bed in a tree's cool shade,
 Dirty, ragged, eyes bleared and red,
 A battered hat on his uncombed head,
 One foot encased in a ragged shoe,
 And one in a boot that was far from new.

The children in wonder stopped and gazed,
 Till slowly the man from his stupor raised,
 And, leaning hard 'gainst a friendly tree,
 Cried: "Yes, children, look and listen to me.
 Once I was a child all free from care,
 No marks of sin on my forehead fair;
 Once I was a household's pride and joy,
 A beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy.
 The years passed on; I became a youth,
 Still loving the right and strong for truth
 I became a man, I was honoured by all,
 Success attended my lightest call.
 My home was the fairest in all the land,
 The brightest and dearest my household
 band;

I gave banquets where wine shone clear
 With the garnered light of many a year,
 And healths we drank to the good and fair,
 And again we drank and banished care.
 Oh! small was the draught I took at first,
 But it raised within me a maddening thirst;
 I must have drink or I could not live,
 And the demon for ever cried, 'Give!
 give! give!'

Till I gave him all—home, children, wife,
 My hope of heaven and eternal life.
 And what has he done for me? Now I lie
 In the gutter, jeered at by passers-by,
 A vagabond wretched, of home bereft,
 In the whole wide world not one friend left;
 And peace cometh not beneath the sod,
 For 'no drunkard can enter the kingdom
 of God.'

Children, heed the cry of a ruined soul,
 And shun for ever the drunkard's bowl;
 For 'the wages of sin,' as the Scripture
 saith— [death!'"

And I hear it for ever—'is death! death!
 With voices hushed and faces white,
 The children passed on in the fading light;
 And the skies, as in pity, bent them low
 To shut out from sight the drunkard's woe,
 While the leaves, softly stirred by the
 evening's breath,
 Seemed to echo that wail of "Death!
 death! death!"

POLITE MANNERS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

SAYS Mrs. Grey to Mr. Grey :
 "Our son must manners learn ;"
 And so he went to dancing-school,
 Was taught to bow and scrape by rule,
 And many a figure turn.

He learned to stand up very straight
 And turn his toes well out ;
 But one thing, it is sad to say,
 With all his father had to pay,
 They never thought about :

They failed in time to caution him
 Against the drunkard's sin ;
 So when he stayed away at night,
 Lured by the bar-room's evil light,
 They found his *toes turned in*—

In toward the place where manners are
 Of no account at all,
 Where gold and silver buy the stuff
 That makes a gentleman a rough,
 And fills his heart with gall.

Says Mr. Grey to Mrs. Grey :
 "Our shame is now complete ;
 You'll own it is the better plan
 To train the mind and make the man,
 Than *educate the feet*."

GROWING.

BY MRS. HELEN B. BROWN.

[An excellent recitation for a little boy or girl ; or, if preferred, four little ones can take part, each reciting a verse.]

HOW do pinks and roses grow ?
 Is it whiskey, do you know,
 Sprinkled over them each day
 Makes them bloom so fresh and gay ?
 No, no ; let me tell you no—
 Water makes the flowers grow ;
 Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scat-
 ter,
 So the fresh and cooling water
 Wets the leaves and roots, and lo !
 This is how the flowers grow.

How do grapes and apples grow ?
 Do they all nice juices owe
 To champagne and beer and ale,
 Showering down on hill and vale ?
 No, no ; let me tell you no—
 Water makes the sweet fruits
 grow ;
 Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scat-
 ter,
 So the fresh and cooling water
 Wets the vines and trees, and lo !
 This is how the sweet fruits grow.

How do little birdies grow,
 Flying, chirping, singing so ?
 Are they fed with wine and rum
 In their dainty nesting-home ?
 No, no ; let me tell you no—
 Water makes the birdies grow ;
 Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scat-
 ter,
 So the fresh and cooling water
 Wets their tiny beaks, and lo !
 This is how the birdies grow.

How do little children grow ?
 Not by drinking rum, I know.
 Brandy, cider, wine, and beer
 Never make them strong and fair.
 No, no ; let me tell you no—
 Water makes the children grow ;
 Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scat-
 ter,
 Fountains fill and flow with water ;
 See ! they bathe and drink, and lo !
 This is how the children grow.

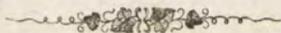
—*Sunday-School Visitor.*

HE KNEW HOW TO RHYME.

SAID a prim teacher to the class in composition :
 "Make a rhyming couplet including the words
 nose, toes, corn, kettle, ear, two, and boil."
 There was a silence for a little while, and then
 a boy held up his hand in token of success.
 "Read the couplet," said the teacher. And the
 boy read :

"A boil in the kettle is worth two on your nose,
 And a corn in the ear is worth two on your toes."

STAND LIKE DANIEL.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

While to Zi - on we are march - ing, Clad in bright ar - ray,

KEY F flat.

{	s	:-f		m	:m		m	:r		d	:s ₁		d	:d		r	:m		r	: -		-	:
	d	:-d		d	:d		d ₁	:s ₁		s ₁	:s ₁		s ₁	:l ₁ s ₁		t ₁	:d		t ₁	: -		-	:
	s	:-l		s	:s		s	:f		m	:m		m	:f.s		s	:s		s	: -		-	:
	d	:-d		d	:m		s	:s ₁		d	:d		d	:f.m		r	:d		s ₁	: -		-	:

Ho - ly voi - ces urge us for - ward; Hark, we hear them say:

{	s	:-f		m	:m		s	:-f		m	:m		l	:d		m	:fe		s	: -		-	:
	t ₁	:-r		d	:d		m	:-r		d	:d		l	:d		m	:d		t ₁	: -		-	:
	s	:-s		s	:s		s	:-s		s	:s		l	:d		m	:r		r	: -		-	:
	s ₁	:-t ₁		d	:d		d	:-t ₁		d	:d		l	:d		m	:l		s ₁	: -		-	:

REFRAIN.

Stand like Dan - iel, Brave and dar - ing, Stand for truth and right;

for truth and right.

{	s :-s m :s l :-t d' :l s :-s f :m r :- s :-
	m :-m d :m d :-d d :d d :-d r :d t, :- - :-
	s :-s s :s f :-s l :f m :-m s :s s :s s :-
	d :-d d :d f :-f f :f d :-d t, :d s, :s, s, :-

Stand like Dan - iel, Though a - gainst us Le - gions of foes u - nite.

{	s :-s m :s d' :-d' t :l l :s .s f :r d :- - :-
	d :-d d :d d :-d d :d t, :t, .t, t, :t, d :- - :-
	m :-m s :s l :-l s :f f :f .f r :f m :- - :-
	d :-d d :m f :-f f :f s, :s, .s, s, :s, d :- - :-

2 Stand like Daniel, firm and fearless ;

Ask of God above
 Abram's faith and Jacob's fervour,
 Daniel's trusting love.

3 Stand like Daniel, bear with patience

All our trials here ;
 Knowing this, in every danger
 Aid divine is near.

4 Stand like Daniel, trusting ever,

Till the strife is past ;
 We shall triumph, God has promised
 Victory at last.

A STUMBLING-BLOCK.

BY DR. J. J. RIDGE.

Characters:—BEN, JACK, FRED, and TOM.

Ben.

I SAY, Jack, I know such a lark.

Jack. What is it?

B. I have a piece of string here; we'll tie it across this path, then go and hide, and see some one tumble over it.

J. Capital? Won't it be fun?

[They tie the string across, about three inches above the ground.]

B. Now, then, let's hide; I see some one coming.

[Fred comes along whistling; he sees the string just in time to step over it; looks at it and all round, but does not observe Ben and Jack; then walks on slowly, turning round and walking backwards, leaving the string as it was. Then Tom comes along the same way, running; he catches his foot and tumbles down, and is supposed to hurt his arm; he sits down and holds it.]

Tom. O dear! O dear! I'm afraid I've broken my arm. What ever was it I caught my foot in? A piece of string, I declare!

Fred (comes back). What's the matter? Have you hurt yourself?

T. Yes, very much. Some wicked boy has put a stumbling-block in the path and I didn't see it.

F. Yes; I saw it just in time and jumped over it.

T. What! you saw it, do you say, and didn't take it away? Then you're just as bad as the boy that put it there.

F. It wasn't any business of mine.

T. O Fred! how can you say so? You know very well you ought to love your neighbour as yourself.

F. There they are. I see them hiding. I'll fetch them out. (He goes to Ben and Jack.) Come here and help, there's some one broken his arm, I think.

(Ben and Jack come forward.)

T. Did you put this stumbling-block here?

J. It was Ben who put it.

B. You helped.

T. What wicked boys you are! I have hurt my arm dreadfully.

B. I didn't know you would hurt yourself so much. Besides, Fred went that way before you, and he didn't tumble over it.

T. That's nothing to do with it, and no excuse for you at all. The Bible says we are not to put a stumbling-block in our brother's way, not because he certainly will tumble over it, but lest he should.

B. You drink beer and wine, and give them to your friends and visitors; so you're just as bad as we are.

T. That's not a stumbling-block.

B. Yes it is; a great deal worse than a bit of string. Look how many thousands it has made to stumble and fall.

T. But my friends and visitors are not drunkards, and it doesn't make them stumble.

B. No thanks to you, though. You can't tell whether they will or not; you put the stumbling-block which can and has caused stumbling, and is certain to cause it again; so whether they fall or not, you are just as much to blame, even as you said I was.

F. You told me I ought to have taken the string away, though it did not injure me; so I'm sure you ought not to give other people strong drink any more.

T. I never saw it like that before; and I remember now that the Bible also says: "It is good not to drink wine nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth."

B. Yes, and Jesus said, "Woe unto the world because of occasions of stumbling, for it must needs be that the occasions come, but woe to that man through whom they come."

T. And it also says that hereafter "the Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that cause stumbling"; so alcohol will have to go; thank God for that!

Stumble, stumble, stumble as you may,

Pray what is that to me?

My alcoholic pleasure I must have,

Whate'er the ruin be.

B. O hard and selfish word! think, think again,
How terrible their lot;

Drink's victims' misery and future woe!
Will you regard it not?

F. That nothing else such stumbling e'er hath
caused

You must indeed allow; [fallen,
Thousands in days gone by by drink have
Thousands are falling now.

J. Then use this cause of stumbling never
For some are sure to fall, [more,
But rather clear thy brother's path that he
May stumble not at all.

All. To banish it for ever from our shores
Join with us heart and hand,
That all the sooner we may drive away
Intemperance from our land.

PUTRID FISH.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

BY DR. RIDGE.

Characters—WALTER AND ALLAN.

WALTER (with a basket, cries :) Putrid
fish! putrid fish, oh! Who'll buy my
putrid fish?

Allan (laughing). Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho!
ho! What a Simple Simon! Who do you
think wants putrid fish?

W. Well, what are you laughing for? You
don't know how nice it is. Putrid fish, oh!

A. Why, everybody knows how nasty it is.
Faugh! it almost makes me sick.

W. Makes you sick, does it? All I can
say is, some people like it very much.

A. What! like putrid fish? That's a big
joke. Where do they live when they're at
home?

W. In Burmah, to be sure. And if the
people of Burmah like it, why shouldn't the
people of England?

A. You won't find any English people
buying your fish. I suppose it is because we
never learnt to like it when we were young. I
am sure it would be better to throw it away.

W. Then what was it made for, I should
like to know, if not to be eaten?

A. How absurd you are! The fish has
gone bad, and would make me ill.

W. It might make you ill at first, but you
would soon get used to it and long for it.

A. If it would make me ill at first, that is

quite enough to show it's not fit to be eaten,
and must do me harm in the end, even if I did
get used to it.

W. Then why do you take wine and beer?
And why did you try to get me to take some
the other day?

A. Oh! there's a great difference between
wine and putrid fish.

W. But they are very much alike after all.
You say that the putrid fish would make you
ill, and I say that the wine would make me ill;
it would get into my head and make me tipsy.

A. That's because you are not used to it.

W. And you are not used to putrid fish,
and, as you said just now, we can tell if a
thing is bad by its first effects on us.

A. But what were grapes sent for, then?

W. I have just as much reason to say that
fish were sent to be eaten putrid as you have
to say that grape-juice was sent to drink when
it has fermented and changed into intoxicating
wine.

A. Well, but you know your fish must be
bad, because it would give a great many peo-
ple pain inside, and perhaps make them very
ill, or kill them.

W. Perhaps it might; but as your in-
toxicating wine and spirits do make people ill
and kill them, and, more than that, often make
them mad and wicked, intoxicating wine must
be worse than putrid fish.

A. But, you see, wine is so nice.

W. Ah! that's the reason you don't see
how much more silly it is for you to drink
wine than for the Burmese to eat putrid fish.

A. I shall tell the police, and then you
will be fined and put in prison for selling bad
fish.

W. I know I should, but I don't really
mean to do so. I only wanted to make you
see how blind you are to your own big bad
habits, while you see other people's smaller
ones very well. And I say it's a crying shame
to put any one in prison if they sell bad meat
or fish, and not to put in prison those who do
ten thousand times more harm to the bodies of
men, and their souls also, by making and sell-
ing intoxicating drinks.

A. I think you are right after all, and no
doubt some day they will treat both alike.
Good-night!

W. Good-night!

KATY'S PLEDGE.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

WHE stood one evening 'mid a crowd
Of poor—made poor by sin—
To tell them of the love that could
Their souls from evil win;

And of the poison drink that wrecked
The body and the soul;
And bid them come and pledge themselves
Against the maddening bowl.

A little maid with sunny hair,
And eyes of violet blue,
Tripped from her seat with fairy step,
And asked: "may I sign too?"

"Oh! yes," we said; "but tell us first,
What is the pledge you take?"

You are so little; do you know
The promise you would make?"

A smile swept o'er the childish face;
Slowly she spoke, and clear:
"It means to give my heart to God,
And never taste of beer."

Right willingly we put the pen
Within the childish hand;

"If others fail," we softly said,
"Katy will surely stand.

"For to the heart she gives to God
Will come a holy power,
To keep his little trusting child
Safe in temptation's hour."

—*Morning Light.*

WHERE THE MONEY WENT.

BY REV. J. O. PECK.

IN a large American city a labouring man leaving a large saloon saw a costly carriage and pair standing in front, occupied by two ladies elegantly attired conversing with the proprietor. As it rolled away, he said to the dealer, "Whose establishment is that?" "It is mine," replied the man

complacently. "It cost three thousand five hundred dollars; my wife and daughter cannot do without it." The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought, then, looking up, said with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by some startling flash, "I see it! I see it!" "See what?" queried the dealer. "See where for years my wages have gone. I helped pay for that carriage, for those horses and gold-mounted harness, for the silks and laces and jewelry for your family. The money that I earned, that should have given my wife and children a home of our own and good clothing, I have spent at your bar. My wages, and others like me, have supported you and your family in luxury. Hereafter my wife and children shall have the benefit of my wages, and, by the help of God, I will never spend another cent for drink. I see the mistake and the cure for it."

WHISKEY.

OF all the plagues that scourge mankind,
There's none that so impairs the mind,
And renders it to virtue blind,

As whiskey.

What is the cause of every ill
That does with pain the body fill?
It is the oft-repeated gill

Of whiskey.

What is it that poisons all their lives,
And makes men curse and beat their wives,
And thousands to destruction drives?

It's whiskey.

What makes chill penury prevail?
Makes widows mourn and orphans wail,
And fills the poor-house and the jail?

It's whiskey.

O whiskey! thou art the greatest curse
To soul, to body, and to purse,
Pandora's box holds nothing worse

Than whiskey.

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NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



THE SAILOR-BOY AT SEA.

THE SAILOR-BOY AT SEA.

MOST boys have been to a seaport town and seen the ships lying peacefully in the docks, and have examined with much curiosity and interest the masts, and ropes, and sails, and it may be, by kind permission of the captain, they have walked through the vessel and seen the cabins and bunks where the sailors sleep at night when not on duty. And many boys have thought how nice a sailor's life must be, to visit foreign lands, the wonders of which they have read in books, and on returning home relate to their admiring companions and friends what they have seen in their journeys.

Boys are apt to look at the bright side of everything. A sailor's life is one of hard toil, and much sacrifice and danger. The sea is not always calm; storms and tempests arise; the ships are tossed on the bosom of the angry waves like mere toys, and it is then the sailors have to

brave the real dangers of a sea-faring life. No matter how high the billows or how strong the gale, they have to climb the rigging and reef the sails, or do anything else, however dangerous, at the captain's bidding. Not unfrequently, by a sudden lurch of the vessel, a sailor is thrown from the yard-arms into the boiling foaming sea, and perishes. Sometimes a mighty wave sweeps the deck and carries the men over the bulwarks, and they are seen no more.

The curly-headed sailor-boy in our illustration is evidently made of the right stuff for his dangerous calling. He has a well-built frame, an open honest countenance, a clear and fearless eye, and by his firm grip of the ropes, manifests a resolute character. We hope he will grow up to be a blessing to his widowed mother, whose constant thought and prayer is for her sailor-boy at sea.

UNDER THE BABY'S EYELIDS.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

UNDER the baby's eyelids,
What dream hath entered in,
That he smileth in his cradled sleep?—

The little paladin!
Who counteth all the ladies dear
Within his baby-land,
And holdeth for a knightly spear
A rattle in his hand.

Under the baby's eyelids,
I wonder how it came,
The merry dream from slumber-land—
It sent us in no name.
It never stirred the silent bell,
Or tapped upon the door;
No footstep on the threshold fell,
No shadow on the floor.

Under the baby's eyelids,
In a tiny moonlight boat—
I think it sailed from the sea above,
Where the golden star-ships float.
It glided down the evening air,
As such dainty sail-boats can,
And steered between the lashes fair
Of the little dreamy man.

Under the baby's eyelids,
I wonder what he sees,
That he smileth in his tender sleep—
A smile more pure than these
That bloom within our elder eyes,
Which lose the light of birth
By looking little to the skies
And long upon the earth.

Under the baby's eyelids
This heavenly boat may bring
Some wondrous freight no earth-dream bears,
Some flash of cherub's wing,

Or voice of lily-hearted maid
 Who singeth to him yet
 The song from which our hearts have strayed,
 Which baby must forget.

Under the baby's eyelids,
 Dear Lord, though this must be,
 And darkness on the earth must teach
 His soul to look to Thee,
 Yet grant to us who watch his sleep,
 Which now so holy seems,
 That ever may Thine angels keep
 His eyes from evil dreams.

THE AMBITIOUS PINK.

"I AM out of my place," said a bright
 rosy Pink,
 "By blooming so near to the ground; and
 I think
 I will try to ascend to a much higher
 sphere
 Than the lowly position I occupy here.

"Tis the height of a plant commands
 admiration,
 And ranks it the first in the scale of
 creation;
 For the Tree stands a monarch with
 branches spread wide,
 While a poor simple Pink, sure, must
 smother its pride.

"It was merely by chance, I have recently
 found
 I was placed on a plant that's so near to
 the ground;
 In my beauty's behalf I'll endeavour to
 make
 The needed correction in Nature's mistake.

"O winds! be ye gracious, break off my
 sweet bloom,
 On thy swift-flying pinions, oh, carry me
 soon
 To the highest of branches, where I can
 be seen
 By the sweet flowers below, and acknow-
 ledged their Queen."

Its stem was soon broken and whirled in
 the air

To the top of an Oak, in a cavity where
 It frowned on the bush, its fond parent,
 with scorn,

And thought how its prospects had risen
 since morn.

"I've attained," it exclaimed, "to the
 height of ambition.

And I'll keep, as I ought, my own proper
 position;

'Twill be seen in the future that no one
 will think

I was born in the sphere of a poor lowly
 Pink.

"I will root in this branch as my own
 native place,

And be richer in bloom than the rest of
 my race; [snub

As Queen of the garden, I'll rightfully
 The Lily and Rose and the sweet-scented
 Shrub."

Here it stayed quite content, till some
 chattering birds

Pecked deep at its heart, while they
 uttered these words, [joke;

"O friends! come and look at this terrible
 A Pink is pretending to grow on an Oak."

The sun breathed upon it with withering
 breath

Till it felt that its leaves were all scorching
 to death;

And a bee flying by left its sting as it said,
 "Ah! beauty and sweetness for ever have
 fled."

Then the rain beat upon it with pitiless
 power,

Till the wind tossed aside the unfortunate
 flower,

When it fell to the ground and was
 crushed in the earth,

At the foot of the bush that had given it
 birth.

—*Christian Register.*

THE BOOKS I BOUGHT WITH CIGAR MONEY.

BY JOHN BANVARD.

“**A** NICE cigar” I never smoked,
And never wanted to;
But frequently I’m nearly choked
By friends of mine that do.

“How many,” once I asked a friend,
“Cigars smoke you a day?”
And as he puffed he answered: “Ten
In smoke I puff away.”

“How much,” I asked, does each one cost?”
“Ten cents,” he said, “I pay.”
To me it was just so much lost,
And money thrown away.

Then I resolved that I would spend
The same precise amount
For what to me would pleasure lend,
And that of some account.

And so each week some books I bought
Instead of “light cigars,”
And these to me great pleasure brought,
Much more than smoking far.

Six times more pleasure, too, I got
Than e’er my friend received;
Six children mine enjoy my lot,
Who all my volumes read.

Broad shelves of books I have to-day,
And valued volumes rare;
Their value he has blown away
In smoke upon the air.

And of his chest my friend complains,
And frequently is ill;
While I’m in health and free from pains,
And have no doctor’s bill.

Since I that resolution took
Good thirty years have flown,
Ten thousand dollars’ worth of books
Are on my shelves at home.

My friend has now that money less;
To smoke he has it roll’d,
While I a library possess
Worth that amount in gold.

A TALE OF THE DRINK.

BY ANNIE PASCOE.

WHILST hurrying home, ’mid the
blinding sleet,
Through the now deserted, and quiet
street;
The bright home-hearth, I knew I should
And the loving welcome, they cheered my
mind.

I pictured my darlings waiting for bed,
In snowy night-gowns, with cheeks rosy
red;
Waiting for their father’s blessing and
A most needful part of the children’s bliss.
How I wished all London had homes
like mine, [shine];
Where such loving smiles on the dear faces
For though humble and poor my home
may be,
It is better than palace royal to me.
For dread giant *drink* has no dwelling
there,

We all the banner of Temperance bear;
The peace of our home (I know it is true),
Is found in that little badge of blue.

I was pondering thus on my lonely march,
Till I found myself ’neath a railway arch,
When a sudden cry on the night wind
brought, [thought].
Called back to the present, my wand’ring
I listened again; ’twas a scream so wild,
Yet seeming to come from a little child.
I peered through the wild’ring darkness
around, [sound].

And guided my steps by that piercing
Till beneath a lamp’s pale flickering light,
My gaze was fixed on a saddening sight;—
A sadder, ‘my brother,’ you’ll never see,
I would you had gazed on that scene with
me.

Sure never again would you tamper with
drink,

But far from the cause of such misery
shrink; [sleep,

There—low on the ground, in his drunken
Death-like the slumber—so still and so
deep,

Lay a man, and on him a little child,

Entreating in piteous accents, wild:

"Father, dear father, wake up, I'm so cold,

'Tis raining, the bell eleven has tolled;

Mamma is lying at home cold and still,

Come home, oh! do, father, I know she
is ill.

Father, dear father, oh! hear little May!"

I hardly knew what to such grief to say;

My warm tears fell on that little bowed
head;

As "tell me your trouble, darling," I said.

"How is it you're here, in the cold and
rain?"

"I came to fetch father," the sad refrain
Of the little child, "dear mother is weak;

To her little May she can hardly speak.

When I left her, she was so cold. They
said,

(The people around) that mother was
dead.

Of course, she isn't, so I thought I
would come

To the public to fetch my father home;

When she hears his voice, she is sure to
wake,

And try to be merry for father's sake.

When I told him, he came quite readily,

But I was too small to lead steadily;

So he fell down here. Kind sir, would
you mind

Lifting him up? it would be very kind."

This was the tale which I heard on that
night,

With its piteous subjects 'neath my sight—
From the little maid over whose small

head, [shed.
Not nine bright suns had their radiance

Then together we raised him, May and I;

But half he opened his drink-bleared eye,
And stupidly gazed as I raised to his feet,
Half dragged, half carried him down the
street, [tread

Following May, who with quick light
To her wretched home our footsteps led.

The poor little mite, her trouble seemed
o'er, [the door.

When now with her father she reached
Darling! she thought all now must be

right, [night.

She had brought her father home for the
Frail little flower! from the sin and gloom,

I bore her away to my own glad home;

But soon will she follow beyond the sky,

Her mother, poor dear, I will tell you why.

The hunger and cold of that dreadful
night, [light;

Have speeded her flight to the realms of
His wife, and his child, ah! 'tis sad to

think,
That wretched father had given for *Drink*.

EDITH'S THREAT.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

EDITH had been very naughty,
All the livelong day,
She had teased her little sister,
Thrown her doll away.

She had scattered all my papers,
Made a naughty face,
Till I scolded her and sent her
From me in disgrace.

At the door she turned upon me,
Lifted up her head,
Flashed a look of bold defiance,
Stamped her foot—and said:

"When I am a *great big Ella*,
You a little me,
Won't I give you awful scoldings!
Just you wait and see!"

52.—The Song We Love to Sing.

REV. M. L. HOLFORD.

J. R. MURRAY.

The song we love to sing..... Of Je - sus and His

KEY G.

{	s ₁	m:—:m	f:m:r	d:—:—	—:—:—	s ₁	l:—:d	d:—:r
	s ₁	s ₁ :—:—	s ₁ l ₁ :s ₁ :f	m ₁ :—:—	—:—:—	s ₁	f ₁ :—:—	l ₁ :s ₁ :—:—
	s ₁	d:—:—	t ₁ :—:—	t ₁ :—:—	d:—:—	—:—:—	d:—:—	f:—:—
	s ₁	d:—:—	d:—:—	s ₁ :—:—	s ₁ :—:—	d:—:—	—:—:—	m ₁ :—:—

love,..... Is just the song the an - gels sing, A - round the throne a -

{	m:—:—	—:—:—	m	r:—:—	m	f:m:r	m:—:—	f	s:—:—	m	r:—:—	t	d:t:l
	d:—:—	—:—:—	d	t:—:—	d	r:d:t	d:—:—	r	m:—:—	d	t:—:—	s	l ₁ :s ₁ :fe
	s:—:—	—:—:—	s	s:—:—	s	s:—:—	s	s:—:—	s	s:—:—	s	s:—:—	r
	d:—:—	—:—:—	d	s ₁ :—:—	s ₁ :—:—	s ₁ :—:—	s ₁ :—:—	d:—:—	d:—:—	d:—:—	r:—:—	r:—:—	r:—:—

- - bove,..... It fills the vault - ed sky,..... It sweeps the gold - en

{	s ₁ :—:—	—:—:—	s ₁	r:—:—	r	m:—:—	m	f:—:—	—:—:—	r	m:—:—	m	f:—:—
	s ₁ :—:—	—:—:—	s ₁	t:—:—	t	d:—:—	d	r:—:—	—:—:—	t	d:—:—	d	t:—:—
	t:—:—	—:—:—	t	s:—:—	s	s:—:—	s	s:—:—	—:—:—	s	s:—:—	s	s:—:—
	s ₁ :—:—	—:—:—	s ₁	s ₁ :—:—	—:—:—	s ₁	d:—:—	d	r:—:—				

lyre,..... The key-note of the grand-est theme Of heav'n's re-joic-ing choir.....

{ s : - : - : f m : - : s m : r : d r : d : l , s , - : d t , - : d m : - : r d : - : - : - : |
 d : - : - : - : t , d : - : d d : - : s , l , - : f m , - : s , s , - : s , s , - : s , s , - : - : - : |
 s : - : - : - : s s : - : m s : - : s f : - : d d : - : m r : - : r s : - : f m : - : - : - : |
 m : - : - : - : r d : - : d d : - : m , f , - : l , d : - : d s , - : s , s , - : s , d : - : - : - : |

CHORUS.

The song we love, The song we love, we love, The song we love to sing,..... It we love to sing,

{ : r r : - : | : : r m : - : | : : m f : - : m r : - : d s : - : - : - : s ,
 : : : t , t , - : | : : d d : - : d r : - : d t , - : - : l , t , - : t , t , - : s ,
 : : : s | s : - : | : : s s : - : s s : - : s | s : - : fe s : - : s | s : - : s ,
 : : : s , | s , - : | : : d d : - : d t , - : - : d s , - : - : l , s , - : s , | s , - : s ,

tells of Je-sus and His love, The song we love to sing.....

{ m : - : m r : m : r d : - : l , s , - : s , l , - : d d : - : r d : - : - : - : - : |
 s , - : s , f , s , f , m , - : f , m , - : s , f , - : l , s , - : s , s , - : - : - : - : |
 d : - : d t , - : - : t , d : - : d d : - : d d : - : f m : - : f m : - : - : - : - : |
 d : - : d s , - : - : s , l , - : f , d , - : m , f , - : f , s , - : s , d , - : - : - : - : - : |

2 The song we love to sing,
 Is Jesus and His love,
 The notes of praise we love to bring,
 Are echoed from above.

To Christ, the Lamb of God,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Who draws us by His precious love,
 Be all the praise. Amen.

ANYTHING FOR PARTY.

A DIALOGUE FOR FIVE.

Characters:—MARY, SARAH, JANE, LAURA, MR. BEADEN.

Mary.

WHAT is the matter with your Uncle John? Is he insane?

Sarah. No; but he has the strange fancy that the opposite party, after the election, took off his head and put it on again, but with his face turned to his back. He persists in wearing his coat and vest buttoned behind. All that we say to convince him of his folly only makes him the more sure that we are wrong and he right.

Jane. I wish that you girls could give us a hint what to do. He says that the other side, after the election, took revenge because he watched so closely, and got the doctors to change his head to prevent his watching the counting of the votes again.

Laura. What a strange idea! How did he get such a fancy?

S. I fear that he had been drinking too much, and got into trouble. Probably he took off his coat and vest to fight, and after the affray put them on wrong; this, added to something that may have been said about turning his head, has probably given him the idea.

L. But after he became sober I would suppose that he would see his folly.

J. I am sorry to say that he has not been sober since. He says that he must drink to drown the pain.

M. Girls, I have an idea; we may cure your uncle of his folly, and at the same time induce him to give up drinking.

S. We will all feel grateful if you can do anything, especially to make him stop drinking. Uncle is as fine a man as can be found when he is sober. But his drinking almost breaks grandmother's heart; I am afraid that it will kill her yet.

J. What is your plan? Can we try it at once? I am sorry for uncle.

M. Yes. Let us humour his fancy. You girls invite him in and introduce Laura to him as a lady doctor, and me as a medical student, who can set his head right in a few minutes. Let Laura put on her solemn face and wear these spectacles (*taking up a pair*)—

I suppose they are your grandmother's—and we'll do it.

L. But how will you do it, Mary?

M. We will take off his coat and vest, and then put a string tightly about his neck and scratch it a little with a needle or pinch it; and while Laura and I are doing that you two girls each take hold of an ear, and at the word pull as though turning his head. After that we will put his vest and coat on right, and tell him that that is well.

L. Mary, it seems too much like making sport of a drunken man.

M. We do not do it to make sport of, but to cure him.

S. Mary is right; and, girls, I think that the true way to conquer a foolish man is to treat his absurdities as if real, and thus we win his confidence and are able to lead him. I say, let us try Mary's plan on Uncle John. Jennie, you bring him in.

(*Jane goes, and soon returns with Mr. John Beaden—his coat and vest buttoned behind.*)

J. Doctor Burton and Miss Mary Burton, this is my unfortunate uncle, Mr. John Beaden.

Mr. Beaden. Happy to meet you, ladies (*bowing*), and all the more so that you are medical ladies, and, as my niece tells me, able to appreciate and probably remedy my sad misfortune.

L. We will be glad to help you, sir, and probably can. Please tell us your trouble, and how it happened. It is necessary to know all, that we may work more surely.

Mr. B. Certainly. I am glad that you think there is hope. My nieces tell me that I am only imagining my troubles. They do not feel them. *I do.* Girls cannot understand. A medical education is worth a great deal. A doctor can see disease where ninety-nine out of a hundred see perfect health. Ah! ladies, a good physician can even tell when one is likely to become feeble. By the way, is *feeble* a contraction of the medical term *fee-able*? But no matter.

M. Let us know much more about your own case, sir.

Mr. B. Yes, yes; I am coming to that. Well, I was at the polls on the evening of election to see that there was a fair count. The other party is always guilty of fraud, and must be watched. I told the canvassers so, and some of the other side tried to put me out. I had a right there, and determined to stay. I do not remember all, but they got so angry when they saw that they had lost the election at our polls, and because I watched the counting, that they said they would turn my head so that I could not see right. A number of them took hold of me, and while they held me down the doctor took off my head and set it as you see (*pointing to the back of his coat in front*), with my face to my back. Now can you put it right?

L. I think we can if you can endure the pain.

Mr. B. Pain! Ladies, I will stand anything to get right. A great deal depends on it. The next election will be close, but may depend on our ward. And if I cannot see that the counting of ballots is right our party may lose. Ladies, you may have it in your power to put our party in. Do what you will with me, only get my head straight again.

M. Sit down, sir, and we will do what we can. (*To Laura*). Doctor, just examine his head and neck.

(*Both feel at his neck and turn his head from side to side.*)

L. It has not grown very tightly yet. I think, sir, that we can succeed.

M. Ah! see here, doctor (*pointing to back of neck*); do you see that? The patient has been drinking at some time, and that may account for the ease with which his head has been changed.

L. You are right. (*To Mr. B.*) I am sorry, sir, to see that your trouble is partly owing to yourself. You must have been under the influence of liquor, or your head would not have been put on wrong.

Mr. B. Ah! girls, see what medical learning will do. Yes, doctor, you are right; I had taken a glass too much on election night. But you are the only ones who have found it out. I knew it, though.

M. Doctor, would it not be better to bandage the eyes of the patient?

L. Yes. Sarah, will you give me a bandage?

A handkerchief will do. (*Blindfolds Mr. B., and then puts a string about his neck.*) Ah! I forgot; it will be better to remove your coat and vest, to have them out of the way, and prevent blood dropping on them. Please remove them. (*He takes off coat and vest and seats himself again.*)

M. Now, girls, we shall need your help. Sarah, you take hold of the right ear and Jennie of the left; and when the doctor gives the word, pull the head around towards the patient's left. (*Laura places a string round Mr. B.'s neck, and Mary draws a needle so as to scratch slightly beneath the cord drawn tightly.*) Now, doctor, we are ready.

L. All ready! Now pull. (*Mr. B. screams.*) Well done. Quick, Mary, with the sponge and blood-stauncher. (*Pressing hand on Mr. B.'s head.*) Why, it hardly bleeds at all. It is a success. Now give me the plasters. (*Pretends to put on a salve.*) There, that will do. It is the best operation I have ever performed.

M. Now, sir, please rise. Girls, please help your uncle to put on his coat and vest. (*This is done.*) Now remove the bandage, and get a glass that he may see himself. (*Small hand-glass is brought, into which Mr. B. looks.*)

Mr. B. Well, this is wonderful. Nothing but the red scar and a line left. Hurrah for lady doctors, I say! No man could have done this. The party is saved. Ladies, you have done a noble, a patriotic deed! What is your fee?

M. We do not ask any fee, if you will grant us one favour—make one promise.

Mr. B. Anything, ladies. Anything whatever.

L. Only this: your head was turned because you had been drinking. If you drink, this may occur again, and might ruin our reputation; and we ask not only for yours, but for our own sakes, that you will not touch intoxicating liquor again.

Mr. B. What! Not enjoy a social glass with a friend, nor even treat a man whose vote I want? Can't do it, ladies! Ask anything but that. Patriotism and the party demand it! Why, if we could not use liquor in winning votes, hardly a man would be elected, and the country would go to ruin at once.

M. But, sir, we have done not only yourself

but your party a great favour, as you said it would be, and we claim a lesser favour in return.

Mr. B. Do you think really that I risk having my head turned again if I drink?

L. Most surely you do; and that from your own showing would be a great injury to your party, for you would be unable to give it fair attention then.

Mr. B. That is so. I never thought of that before. Well, I will do anything for my party. But this is a great sacrifice. By drinking I may do it far more harm than by staying sober. I never saw it in that light before; but you are right. It is hard, but anything for party. I'll do it. Here's my hand on it.

M. We wish more than that. It is our reputation as well as the party that we are interested in, and we wish you to sign a pledge never to drink again.

Mr. B. All right. My word is as good as a pledge; and if I give one I may as well give the other. Anything for party. (*To the audience.*) Liberals and Tories, if you would serve your parties well, and keep your heads right, don't drink.—*From "Rescue the Drunkard, and other Dialogues," by Rev. J. A. Davis.*

FIVE STEPS.

BY THOS. R. THOMPSON.

First Step.

A LITTLE sip of cider,
A little sip of beer;
A taste that's rather bitter,
But what is there to fear?

Second Step.

A glass of foaming lager,
A choice perfumed cigar;
It's funny what fanatics
Those temp'rance people are.

Third Step.

Say, boys, here's to our welfare—
May none here lack a dime
To buy a glass of liquor
At any other time.

Fourth Step.

Say, can't you trust a fellow?
Give us a drop of gin

To stop the dreadful gnawing
That's going on within.

Fifth Step.

Found dead—a common drunkard!
Alas! how came he there?
It was the beer and cider;
Beware! *beware!! BEWARE!!!*

LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

UNMINDFUL of the chill and frost,
The butterfly had left its bower;
It did not stop to count the cost
Of vain display for one short hour.
Vain Lady Butterfly, behold
Thy neighbour the industrious bee!
It has a home when days are cold,
And bread for all the family.

In cities of the ants we see
Order and discipline and skill,
Examples of the industry [chill.
That laughs at want when winds are
The busy bee for food will strive
When blossoms beckon in the sun;
The happy masons of the hive
Use golden mortar well laid on.

We saw the weaver-spider spin
Soft strands of silken gossamer;
Watching he sat his tent within
Provider and philosopher.
The squirrel through his gothic door
Within the hollow tree has fled,
To bins where he secretes his store;
When comes the snow he will be fed.

The migratory birds took wing
When whispering winds said, "Storms
are near;"

In warmer climes they sweetly sing
The happy songs that charmed us here.
This is the simple lesson taught
By butterflies and bees and birds:
*Be busy both in deed and thought,
And turn from idle ways and words.*

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No. 179.—November, 1884.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

WHAT WILL HE BECOME ?

WHAT a sturdy little fellow our artist has given us in the illustration this month. And there are thousands of such in our land, who, when grown to manhood, will take the place of the busy workers of to-day. How important, then, it is that the children should receive right training. We often, when looking at a child, ask the question, "What will he become? Will he be a blessing to his friends and country, or a source of anxiety and trouble to those who love him, and an annoyance and danger to the community?" We cannot tell. Life's pathway is beset with

snares and temptations, and many fall victims to evil. One of the most dangerous and subtle of these snares is drink. We witness its baneful effects every day. In all classes of society it is working mischief. It is the chief source from whence spring poverty, disease and crime. And if the rising generation is to be sober, healthy, and virtuous, we must zealously train our young people to avoid the dangerous and insidious foe. If we do this, with God's blessing, the days of strong drink are numbered, and at no distant period a brighter and happier condition of things shall rule in our land.

"LE CORDON BLEU."

Presentation of medals and prizes to the children of
"the Band of Hope."

"**M**EDALLIST day!" And the rostral ode,

And the speech in an antique tongue,
And the classic verse, the lore have showed
Of the gifted and the young.

And Alma Mater applaudeth each son
Who the Prizeman's medal pins proudly on.

"Medallist day!" And they form the square,

And the troops "at attention stand,"
'Mid the roll of drums, and the trumpet's blare,

The heroes of Fatherland
Receive from the Monarch such prize* as none

But lion-like spirits e'er yet have won!

"Medallist day!" And the grandest lore,
And the noblest courage too,

Are here, on a simple school-room floor,
To receive a guerdon due;—
The learning is † "fear of the Lord" Most High!

And o'er sneer, and o'er self, is the victory!

"Medallist day!" Have ye never heard
Of the famed "Young Guard" of France?
How those junior troops at Napoleon's word

Would, as "Garde Vieille" advance
To the charge, though outnumbered by three to one,

And stand laurel-crowned ere the set of sun?

"Medallist day!" And in serried line
Lo! our "Young Guard" on parade!
Their Captain in war is the Lord Divine;
And they, by His gracious aid,
Are fighting a battle, though one to three,
'Gainst Satan, the drink, and infirmity!

"Medallist day!" As each little one
Steps out from the ranks to claim
A medal or prize,—from our hearts "well done!"

Is breathed, and we link his name
With an earnest prayer, that, as warrior true,
He may fight until death 'neath "the Banner of Blue."

* The "V.C." † Job xxviii., 28.

"DON'T STAND ON THE TRACK."

A THOUGHT strikes my soul with a feeling of awe,
That life is a railway, whose engine is law—
Which knoweth no rest and never turns back

While it shrieks out its warning, "Don't stand on the track!"

There are laws for the body and laws for the soul;

By yielding obedience their force we control. [black;

They know no exemption for white or for Then hark to the warning, "Don't stand on the track!"

The iron horse, Progress, for ever rolls on,
Old systems die out and new ones are born;
We must go with the engine that never turns back,

Or else heed the warning, "Don't stand on the track!"

Young man, keep awake on the journey of life—

Your pathway with terrible danger is rife;
The speed of the iron horse never grows slack,

For the love of your life then "Don't stand on the track!"

Shun the fumes of the cup as the rattle-snake's breath—

You are playing with fire that will burn you to death;

Yield not to temptation, though fierce its attack;

Remember the warning, "Don't stand on the track!"

With eye never closing, your watch you must keep, [asleep:

For our passions are often like wild beasts Sin takes from the soul what it never brings back—

For the sweet home of heaven, "Don't stand on the track!"

WILL YOU?

WILL you join the temp'rance army
And battle for the right?
Will you take the sword of truth
And enter in the fight?

Will you march beneath our banner
In virtue's paths to-day?
And when the battle rages
Will you join us in the fray?

Our foe's a cunning, cruel one,
The contest will be hard,
And trusty men are wanted
To take the stand on guard.

Then will you join our ranks, my boy,
And be a soldier true,
And fight beneath our banners,
The red, the white, the blue?

We have enlisted for the war,
We'll see the battle through,
Or on the field of honour fall
As honest men. *Will you?*

—*The Junior Templar.*

WE'RE A BAND OF TEMPERANCE BOYS.

BY GRACIE HOLMES.

WE'RE a band of temperance boys,
temperance boys,

And we strike out boldly, bravely for the right;
We go forth to fight the demon that destroys

So many with his wondrous power and might.

We are led by truth; with truth our guide,

Good deeds shall follow us where'er we go.

The right shall conquer—right so long defied—

And in our hearts the light of heaven shall glow.

Around us we see victims of strong drink ;
 Around us we hear cries of want and
 woe ;

Our hearts are wrung with pity : shall we
 shrink

From entering the contest ? Never !
 No !

We hope to see our nation free from crime ;
 We hope to see our flag wave o'er a land
 Where every man has manhood in his
 prime,

And every youth is building strong and
 grand.

And so we've donned our armour now
 while young ;

We hear the sharp, resounding battle-
 call.

Before us is a life-work just begun ;

We ask the help and influence of you all.

—*Good Times.*

WHEN SHALL WE WIN ?

BY REV. DAWSON BURNS.

WHEN shall we win ? Why, when
 we fire

Straight at the mark and never tire ;

When we hold fast, as we've begun,

And still work on till all is done.

When shall we win ? When, filled with
 zeal,

We face the foe of human weal,

And flinging to the wind each fear,

God's trumpet-call alone we hear.

When shall we win ? When we're con-
 tent

To die, nor to retreat consent ;

Resolved to shun the recreant's shame,

And rather choose the martyr's name.

When shall we win ? 'Tis best to say :

"What can we do from day to day ?"

With truth, and faith in truth, we dare

Not faint, or falter, or despair.

The cause of right is charged to win—
 Omnipotence is not with sin—

Since God is King His cause will see
 The light and crown of victory.

Be this our care : that we endure ;

'Tis this will keep our conscience pure,
 And when the righteous cause has won,
 We too shall hear the words, "Well done?"

CHURN SLOWLY.

A LITTLE maid in the morning sun
 Stood merrily singing and churn-
 ing.

"Oh! how I wish this butter was done,
 Then off to the fields I'd be turning."

So she hurried the dasher up and down
 Till the farmer called, with a half-made
 frown :

"Churn slowly !

"Don't ply the dasher so fast, my dear ;
 It's not so good for the butter,
 And will make your arms ache, too, I fear,
 And put you all in a flutter ;

For this is a rule, wherever we turn ;
 Don't be in haste whenever you churn—

Churn slowly

"If you'd see your butter come nice and
 sweet,

Don't churn with a nervous jerking,
 But ply the dasher slowly and neat—

You'll hardly know that you're working :
 And when the butter has come you'll say ;

'Yes, this is surely the very best way'—
 "Churn slowly !"

Now, little folks, do you think that you
 A lesson can find in butter ?

Don't be in haste, whatever you do,

Or get yourselves in a flutter ;

And while you stand at life's great churn
 Let the farmer's words to you return—

"Churn slowly !"

THE LESSON OF THE STREAM.

BY F. G. BROWNING.

ASKED of a little winding stream,
 As I stood by its mossy bank,
 Whither it journeyed so silently
 Through the meadow and forest dank;
 And it spake to me in silvery tones:
 "Toward the ocean, so deep and wide,
 Over the pebbles, with laugh and song,
 To its bosom I onward glide."
 "Nay, nay, little stream, your course is
 wrong,"
 With a merry voice I replied.
 But it babbled out the same sweet song,
 "Toward the ocean I onward glide."
 "The ocean is not that way," I called;
 "You never can reach it, I know."
 It answered again: "The God I serve
 Has taught me the way I should go.
 "I wind about through the shady dells,
 I dance in the rays of the sun;
 I ripple adown the mountain-side,
 And on through the valleys I run. [pass,
 Sometimes through the smoky towns I
 But I never will cease my song;
 My home is the ocean, deep and wide,
 And thither I hurry along.
 "You look at me with the eyes of flesh,
 And your judgment is human ken;
 You say that my onward course is wrong,
 Because you see only as men!
 God makes my path as I flow along,
 He formed every mountain and dell;
 He leads me up, and He leads me down;
 And my Maker does all things well.
 "Oh! hush your murmurings, sinful man;
 How poorly you trace His designs!
 God plans the course of each human life—
 About it His providence winds.
 The path is up, and the path is down,
 Through shadows and through sunny
 rays;
 But always ends, to the trustful soul,
 In glory, in triumph, and praise."

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

LITTLE by little the world grows
 strong,
 Fighting the battle of right or wrong;
 Little by little the wrong gives way,
 Little by little the right has sway,
 Little by little all longing souls
 Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the good in men
 Blossoms to beauty from human ken;
 Little by little the angels see
 Prophecies better of good to be;
 Little by little the God of all
 Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

ODE TO COLD WATER.

BY D. A. ROBINSON.

WHAT is it God has made for man,
 To give him strength to cool his
 brain,
 To quench his thirst, his life sustain?
 Cold water.
 What was it in the wilderness,
 When God His people deigned to bless,
 He sent to keep them from distress?
 Cold water.
 When Moses by the rock did stand
 With rod uplifted in his hand, [mand
 Out gushed the streams at God's com-
 Of cold water.
 What was it in the days of yore
 The prophet said would prove a cure
 To Naaman of the plague he bore?
 Cold water.
 For what did Daniel make request,
 When he with others stood the test,
 And at the last were called the best?
 Cold water.
 What is it to a thirsty soul
 That's like good news from either pole,
 Revives his spirit, makes him whole?
 Cold water.

I ASKED A RIVULET TO TELL.



GERMAN AIR.

Flowing.

I asked a Riv-u-let to tell What mus-ic sweet its bo-som fills; I

KEY E.

{	<u>m</u> , <u>f</u> s . s : s . f m . m : m . r d . m : l . , s s . f : f . <u>r</u> , <u>m</u>
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lis-tened—but could on-ly hear The tink-ling of the rills.

{	f . f : f . m r . r : r . t ₁ s ₁ . s ₁ : l ₁ . t d :
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REFRAIN.

Lit - tle stream-let ev - er flow - ing On - ward to the migh - ty sea;

{	s . s : s . f	m . m : m . r	d . m : l . ,s	s . f : f .
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May we learn a use - ful les - son From thy mel - o - dy.

{	f . f : f . m	r . r : r . t,	s, . s, : l, . t,	d :-
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- 2 I asked a Rill from whence it came,
But it refused a song to sing;
And seeking for its origin,
I found it in a spring.
- 3 I asked a Spring from whence it came,
It gave no answering word or sign;
Just then a pearly rain-drop fell,
And this was its supply.
- 4 I asked the Rain-drop whence it came,
And silently it made reply;
And then with upward gaze I saw
A cloud was in the sky.

WHY DO YOU SMOKE?

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR CHARACTERS. BY S. E.

Characters:—GEORGE, JOHN, CHARLES, MARY. [SCENE.—GEORGE'S room. GEORGE and CHARLES together, the latter with a half-used cigar in his hand. JOHN enters and they say "Good-morning" all around.]

George.

DO you smoke, John?

John. I'm learning; was most sick all last week, but begin to feel a little better.

Charles. I learned about a month ago. I was so sick for a week that I thought I should die.

G. Well, if you had such a sister as Mary to take you over the coals you would not enjoy smoking much, I guess. Here she comes now. See if she does not open her batteries upon you.

(Enter Mary.)

Mary. Good-morning, boys; fine morning.

J. Splendid.

C. Magnificent.

M. What, Charles, you smoking? Well, I declare, I am astonished!

C. Astonished, hey? Why so? Don't everybody smoke, I should like to know?

M. No, everybody don't smoke, and if they did, that would be no reason why you should. Suppose everybody should put their fingers in the fire and get burned, would you follow their example? And if you did, would the smart be less because others suffered too.

C. Oh! but smoking and putting your fingers into the fire are very different things.

M. Not so very different, after all. No need of doing either. No reason for putting your fingers into the fire that will not apply to smoking.

J. Please tell us, Miss Philosopher, how you make that out? I can't see it in that light.

M. That's because the air about you is apt to be smoky.

J. Don't twit a fellow in that way, please; it makes him see things in a blue light.

M. If I could only make you see things in a right light I should be ever so glad; but boys are so perverse I am afraid it will do no good to talk to you.

G. Attention, all! Now please to proceed with your facts. We are all ears.

J. At least you seem well provided for in that direction.

C. Yes, give us your objection to tobacco.

M. First, then, it is a filthy weed; and the lips, breath, and the entire person become saturated with it in a little while, and the person who uses it soon seems like a walking tobacco-box. I'd almost as soon have a polecat in the vicinity as a real old smoker, and I give you fair warning, brother George, of what you may expect if you use the weed.

G. Whew! that's a little tough, Mary.

C. Proceed, Miss Radical, to objection number two.

M. Wait till I finish number one before you confer any more titles, Master Charles. Smoking generally leads to chewing, and opens the ways to drinking too, I think. I never knew a drunkard yet that did not use tobacco. Secondly, it is expensive. Most smokers use at least three cigars a day, costing from two-pence to sixpence each. (Takes out paper and pencil.) Now suppose Charles begins this morning, smokes three cigars each day, costing threepence each (begins to make figures), for a year; it will then amount to £13 13s. 9d. Let him spend this amount yearly, reckoning no interest, and in forty years the sum will amount to £547 10s. 0d.

C. You don't say so! Is it possible? Haven't you made some mistake?

M. No, figures don't lie, Charles; and I've cast them up carefully.

C. Well, I could hardly believe it! I never thought of the cost before.

M. Thirdly, it is injurious to the health. I read the other day that it softens the brain and bones, deranges the stomach and nerves, and shortens life.

J. My brain is soft enough now.

M. Fourthly, it is a foolish habit. To spend money and time in smoke and injuring your health is about as near the height of absurdity as my ideas can reach. The man who described a cigar as a "roll of tobacco with a fire at one end and a fool at the other" hit the nail on the head exactly.

J. Aren't you bearing down a little hard, Mary?

M. The boy who will make himself deadly sick for a week or more learning this foolish habit deserves to be borne down upon, I think. Of all the animals in creation, man and the monkey are the only ones that will take tobacco.

G. Ha, ha! boys, that's what I call a sly dig. Only think of you two fellows making monkeys of yourselves! Ha, ha, ha!

C. Please tell us, Miss Severity, what tobacco was made for, if not to be used.

M. Another title added to the list. As to your question, what were arsenic, dog-wood, reptiles, and other poisonous things made for? Not to chew or smoke, certainly.

C. (*Throwing down his cigar*). I believe you'll turn my stomach if you keep on talking that way.

J. I believe mine is a little deranged already.

M. I am going to draw up a pledge, and I hope you boys will sign it. (*Writes and then reads*): "We whose names are hereto signed pledge ourselves never to use tobacco after this time."

G. Well, I believe I'll sign it for the sake of retaining the good opinion of my sister. (*George signs*.)

J. I think I'll save my time and my money by signing my name. (*Signs*.)

C. And I my brains and stomach. (*Signs*.)

M. (*turning to the audience*). And let us hope that all here may go and do likewise.

To mix again with your old chums;
But let's part friends—here give your hand.

Peter.

Not quite so fast; we don't part yet;
Hear first what I have got to say:
I've set my heart on being rich,
And sought, till I have found a way.

R. Of getting rich? Well, that's a joke,
With such a lot of mouths to feed!
You must have found some paying job,
And liberal master too, indeed.

P. It's true, there's many mouths to feed,
With lads and lassies, six in all;
The eldest still too young to work,
The youngest not begun to crawl.

But I have now exactly twice
The money that I had before,
Yet have not changed my work or wages;
And soon I hope to have still more.

R. Then some relation must have died
And left you money by good hap;
It can't drop from the clouds, you know,
So don't you try to stuff a chap.

P. No fortune have I heard of yet,
Nor money-laden cloud have seen;
And yet I speak the honest truth;
I'm richer than I e'er have been.

I've hot meat dinners every day,
And good warm clothing on my back;
I can afford my wife a shawl,
And strong new boots for little Jack;

A woollen frock for Mary Anne,
Warm comforters for Rob and Tim,
A scarlet hood for bonnie Kate,
And soft, warm shoes for baby Jim.

R. You make my heart with envy burn!
My wife and bairns are poorly clad;
And for a taste of butcher's meat,
Once in a while, they're very glad.

P. Then, Richard, let me tell you, pray,
The way in which *my* money's made.
The same plan open lies to you,
All plain and fair—don't be afraid.

R. Now, Brown, I know it's all a joke;
I thought it from the very first.
Your good hot meals and clothes so fine
Are just a bubble made to burst!

WHOSE HAT WILL YOU BUY?

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

BY A. S. O. C.

Characters—PETER BROWN and RICHARD DUNN.

(*Richard should be dressed in rather shabby clothes.*)

Richard.

WHAT, Peter Brown, I thought you lost!
It's weeks since I set eyes on you.
Quick! tell me where you've been of late,
Or what new job you've had to do.

I thought, mayhap, that you were ill,
But that your present looks deny;
Nor can your wife or bairns be sick—
I see the twinkle in your eye.

It's some fine lark that you're at;
I s'pose you're coming out too grand

P. Not so; no bursting bubble they;
But let me quick the mystery show;
I've done with spirits and with beer—
That's where the money used to go!

And this is how it came about—
(Great changes rise from little things)—
One Sabbath morn I lounging stood
Outside the "Eagle with Spread Wings."

Close by me, on their way to school,
The landlord's dainty children passed;
And as they went, not heeding me,
Their little tongues ran pretty fast.

"I wish," said Meg, that fair-haired one,
"That Mr. Brown would pay his bill;
For mother says she'll buy for me
A nice new hat whene'er he will."

O ho! thought I, that's very fine.
So I'm to find the cash for that?
And my poor bairn—what's she to do?
I reckon go without a hat!

So next day in I walked and said:
"I'll pay my score up, Mr. Pratts;
I can't afford to keep six bairns,
And keep your lassies, too, in hats."

R. Ha! ha! well, that's the rarest lark
I've heard this many and many a day;
I bet the landlord stared at you;
But had he anything to say?

P. He stared, as if he'd never take
His startled eyes from off my face;
But ere he'd found his tongue, says I,
"Good-day," and marches from the place.

R. Peter, what worse than fools we've been,
To spend our wages in such a way!
To see our wives and children go
In rags and tatters day by day;
To see them thin and pale and weak
For want of strengthening food to eat;
While what we sweat to earn supplies
Our landlady with clothes and meat.

I tell you, Brown, what I will do:
No more on liquor will I spend,
But save up every penny till
I can Pratts' score against me end.

And then good-by to tattered coats,
To battered hats, and leaking shoes!

Farewell, you "Eagle with Spread Wings,"
On others your enchantments use!

P. The question simply turns to this
(Nor can one change it, if he try):
Your landlord's lassies', or your own—
Whose hat would you the rather buy?

THE RILL BECOME A RIVER.

BY MISS L. T. LARKIN.

A LITTLE spring beside a hill
Sent out a tiny stream;
It danced along, a sparkling rill
Fair as a poet's dream.

And other little streamlets came,
Each from its mountain home,
And, locking arms in close embrace,
Right gaily on they roam.

Lo! soon a river greets the view;
O'er rugged rocks and steep
It rushes foaming on its way
Down to the mighty deep.

See here a picture, sadly true,
Of him who sips the wine;
This little rill, with many more,
Will all too soon combine.

A mighty torrent, hard to stem,
With rude, resistless force
We call the "drunkard's appetite,"
Hurries him on his course.

And o'er the steep and rugged rocks
The poor lost victim goes,
Till in Eternity's broad sea
The drunkard's doom he knows.

Then shun the wine, the cider, too;
They are the little rills
That seem so small a thing at first,
Yet work such endless ills.

NOTICE OF BOOKS.

Mr. S. Knowles has just issued Nos. 23 and 24 of his "Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter." There are now 4 parts at 6d. each; 2 vols. in fancy boards, at 1s. each; and the two vols. are bound in one, in neat cloth, at 2s. 6d. No Band of Hope should be without this excellent Reciter, as it contains something like 258 original Recitations and Dialogues. The Volumes and Parts make acceptable and useful presents and prizes for Band of Hope children.

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 180.—December, 1884.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



“CATCHING FLIES.”

"CATCHING FLIES."

DO the young readers of our "Treasury" ever think what a cruel thing it is to catch flies and torment them? We have known boys who delighted to catch flies simply, as it seemed to us, for the pleasure of tearing off their legs and wings. This is cruel. Flies are God's creatures, and serve useful purposes in His great economy; for no creature hath He made in vain. We are older than the majority of our readers, and we have seen and observed many things in our journey through life, and one fact we have observed again and again. It is this, and we wish our young readers to note it: The boy who is cruel to dumb animals, or takes delight in tormenting birds or insects, almost invariably grows up to be cruel and tyrannical, unfeeling and selfish. As the boy so the man. It is rarely indeed that a cruel boy develops into the noble, tender-hearted, philanthropic christian man. It is a sign of a gross nature when boys are cruel; and these gross natures, unless God's grace

works a mighty change, become grosser and develop into the wife-beaters, the children-neglecters, the drunk and brutish part of society.

Boys, cultivate a tender spirit towards all God's creatures. Always protect them from danger, never torment or ill use them. Remember it is cowardly for the strong to oppress the weak; but it is the highest indication of a noble nature when, having the power to crush, we are merciful and tender.

Now look at our picture. Tommy ought to be at school by this time. But his whole mind is absorbed in catching flies. What an ignoble employment! How beneath an intelligent, honest school-boy! We hope when Tommy enters the school his master will find out why he is late, and (though we are not strong advocates of corporeal punishment) give him something which will forcibly remind him that there are higher duties and nobler pleasures for boys than catching flies.

A BIT OF HOMELY COUNSEL.

By WILLIAM HOYLE.

By Permission.

GIVE a bit of homely counsel which I gladly give to you,
 You may think it rather simple but you'll find it always true;
 It is worth a mine of rubies what I'm going to impart—
 You will think it worth the knowing if it brings a cheerful heart.
 Never nurse a little trouble till it like a mountain grows,
 'Tis the maddest of all folly to sit sighing o'er life's woes;
 Sing a song to banish sorrow, take a ride or walk about,
 Anything for change or pleasure, till you drive the demon out.

Don't go whining like a pilgrim with a long and mournful face
 Telling everybody round you earth is such a dreary place.
 Where the darkest clouds are frowning you will find the breezes play,
 And the golden sunshine linger when the rain has passed away.
 All repose and all enjoyment never made earth's stalwart men,
 They who build our ships and cities, they who lead with voice and pen,
 Men of mind and sterling mettle, men, the noblest of their time,
 These men know the daily struggle—you can read their lives sublime.
 There are swells about the city, but *their* lives are all a cheat,
 Vain, conceited, empty fellows, you can find them in the street

THE

 AND OF  HOPE

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Dawdling on with cane and eyeglass, stiffened
up from head to foot,
Each a walking advertiser of the latest London
cut.

There are Drink's deluded victims, whom you
pity as you pass,
Never happy or contented till they sit with
pipe and glass,
Working hard and spending freely, throwing
every chance away,
Never saving up a penny for a dark or stormy
day.

Thousands toil and live for riches, scraping
gold with every tool,
Stifling every grace and virtue—these of all
men play the fool.

Heaven save us from such madness; teach us
now to count the cost,
Ere we leap into the whirlpool where the
multitudes are lost.

Charity alone remaineth when we cross death's
sullen flood,

Memories of the gifts and graces we have spent
in doing good,

Scattering flowers where earth is dreary, sun-
beams where the shadows lie,

Walking humbly, living truly,—these bring
comfort when we die.

There's a time for earnest action when we rush
with might and main

Every claim and call unheeding, till the
victory we gain;

There's a time for contemplation, when the
purer life begins,

When we see the utter folly of the world's
besetting sins;

There's a path where wise men enter, turning
from the giddy throng,

Where the feet find quiet resting and the
heart is ever young,

Where the flowers are the fairest and the
freshest waters flow,

Then we catch a glimpse of heaven as we
linger here below.

That's a life that's worth the living, and a
prize that all may win,

None may keep us from the treasure if we
earnestly begin;

There's a glory that awaits us, though despised
on earth and poor,

If we enter in the conflict with a purpose firm
and sure.

Every holy resolution, every effort for the
right,

Every sacrifice of pleasure makes us bolder
for the fight.

With a conscience pure within us, with a fear-
less, God-like aim,

We may nobly do our duty, leave behind an
honoured name.

THE YEARS PASS ON.

WHEN I'm a woman, you'll see
what I'll do!

I'll be great and good and noble and true;
I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor—

No one shall ever be turned from my door:
But I'm only a little girl now."

And so the years pass on.

"When I'm older I'll have more time
To think of heaven and things sublime;

My time now is full of studies and play,
But I really mean to begin some day:

I am only a little girl now."

And so the years pass on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said,
"I'll try to do right and not be afraid;

I'll be religious, and give up the joys
Of the world with all its dazzling toys:

But I'm only a young girl now."

And so the years pass on.

"Ah! me," sighed a woman gray with years,
Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears,

"I've kept putting off the time to be good
Instead of beginning to do as I should:

But I'm an old woman now."

And so the years pass on.

Now is the time to begin to do right;
To-day, whether the skies be dark or bright;

Make others happy by good deeds of love,
Looking to Jesus for help from above;

And then you'll be happy now,
And as the years pass on.

HARK! A BURST OF HEAVENLY MUSIC.



Mrs. N. M. MEIGS.

FRED. SCHILLING.

Hark! a burst of heaven-ly mu-sic From a band of ser-aphs bright, Sud-den-ly to

KEY E.

{	s :- s fe : s : l s :- d' s :- m s :- m r : m : f m :- l s :- s :- s fe : s : l
	m :- m re : m : f m :- m m :- d m :- d t : d : r d :- f m :- m :- m re : m : f
	s :- s d' d' :- s :- s s :- s
	d :- d d :- d d :- d s, :- s, s, :- s, d :- d d :- d d :- d

earth des-cend-ing In the calm and si-lent night: To the shep-herds of Ju-de-a,

{	s :- d' s :- m s : l : t d' :- m r : m r d :- r :- t t :- t t :- l t :- l
	m :- m m :- d m :- m m :- d t, :- t d :- t, :- r r :- r d :- d d :- d
	s :- s s :- s s :- s s :- s f :- f m :- s :- s s :- s fe :- fe fe :- fe
	d :- d d :- d s, :- s, s, :- s, s, :- s, d :- s, :- s, s, :- s, r :- r r :- r

Watch-ing in the ear-liest dawn, Lo, they bear the joy-ful tid-ings, Je-sus, Prince of

{ r' :-: d' t :-: l s :-: m r :-: r :-: t t :-: t t :-: l t :-: l r' :-: d' t :-: l
 fe :-: m r :-: d t :-: d t :-: t :-: r r :-: r d :-: d d :-: d fe :-: m r :-: t,
 fe :-: fe fe :-: fes :-: s s :-: s :-: s s :-: s s :-: s fe :-: fe fe :-: fe fe :-: fe
 r :-: r r :-: r s :-: s, s :-: s :-: s s :-: s, l :-: l r :-: r r :-: r r :-: r

... Peace is born! Sweet and clear those an-gel voi-ces, Echo-ing through the star-ry sky,

{ s : t l s :-: s :-: s :-: s | fe : s l s :-: d' s :-: m s :-: m r : m : f m :-: l s :-:
 t : r : d t :-: m :-: m re : m : f m :-: m m :-: d m :-: d t : d : r d :-: f m :-:
 s :-: fe s :-: s :-: s s :-: d' d' :-:
 s :-: r s :-: d :-: d d :-:

As they chant the heaven-ly cho-rus, "Glo-ry be to God on high!"

{ s :-: s | fe : s l s :-: d' | s :-: m s :-: d' | m' :-: d' t : l : t d :-: t
 m :-: m | r : m : f m :-: m | m :-: d m :-: m s :-: m f :-: f m :-: t
 s :-: s | s :-: s s :-: s | s :-: s
 d :-: d | d' :-: d d :-: d | d :-: d d :-: d d :-: d d :-: d s :-: s, | d :-:

2 And this joyful Christmas morning,
 Breaking o'er the world below,
 Tells again the wondrous story
 Shepherds heard so long ago.
 Who shall still our tuneful voices,
 Who the tide of praise shall stem,

Which the blessed angels taught us
 In the fields of Bethlehem?
 Hark! we hear again the chorus,
 Ringing through the starry sky,
 And we join the heavenly anthem,
 "Glory be to God on high!"

CHRISTMAS CLUBS.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE BOYS. BY A. W.

Characters—ALFRED, JOHN, AND GEORGE.

Alfred.

✕ SAY, John, it will be Christmas soon!

✕ John. Yes, I know, and rare times we shall have!

George. Well, Christmas comes and goes without bringing very much pleasure to our house!

A. Why, how's that, George?

G. Why, you see, father's a member of a "Christmas Club," where they subscribe so much a week for several weeks before Christmas.

A. Well, what of that?

G. Why, the subscriptions buy two or three bottles of gin, and mother and father, somehow, generally manage to quarrel about Christmas day. They have the fun and the gin, but we have no plum-pudding. I suspect our pudding goes in the gin, somehow. Anyhow, the Christmas time brings us no extra comforts.

A. What a shame, to be sure! I think these clubs must do a great deal of harm.

J. They do, Alfred. They bring no good, except to the publican who starts them, in most cases. In London, for many weeks beforehand, they have up in their gin-palaces notices to the effect that "A Goose Club, with a Bottle of Gin, is held here." They care more about selling the gin than the goose, a long way!

A. Yes, and I've seen people drunk at Christmas-time through these pernicious clubs who never were drunk before.

G. I wish they could be shut up, then we might stand some chance of having a nice dinner on Christmas days!

J. Well, we have a "Christmas Club" at home. Father and all of us drop into a box our savings. The day before Christmas day the box is opened, and a first-class goose or a turkey, with all the fixings, is bought with the money; if we can spare it, we give what is left to the poor. But we are all teetotal at our house, and so there is neither drunkenness nor quarrelling on that day with us.

A. We have a similar mode at our house. We make a point to be altogether on that day. Last time, Cousin John came from Scotland; and, after our dinner, brought out a big, fat-looking bottle of Scotch whiskey, and asked father if he would accept it. "Oh! yes," he said, and then added, "May I do what I like with it?" Of course he could, said Cousin John. "Then follow me," said father. Well, John wondered what was the matter. Father went to the pig-trough and emptied the whiskey bottle into it; the pigs came, smelt it, grunted, turned up their noses, and walked away. "You see, John, even the pigs won't have it; so don't wonder that I won't!" Of course John looked blue. "It's the best use it could be put to," said father. John had a lesson taught him that day.

G. My father wouldn't have been of that opinion. He is in another "Christmas Club" now; and so I know very well that, whilst he will get his gin, I shall get no Christmas plum-pudding.

J. I'll send you a piece of mine, George.

A. And I'll send you a big piece, too.

J. But if you could only induce your father to sign the pledge, things would alter with you.

A. And, above all, if our law-givers could only be induced to close for ever those seething hot-beds of temptation and crime, the grog-shops, they would confer an incalculable boon on all!

BEWARE OF THE FIRST GLASS.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE YOUTHS.

By Thomas Heath, Sunday School Superintendent,
Plymouth.

John.

✕ WONDER what Tom and Sam are up to? They appear very friendly; some time ago they were not on very good terms.

Tom (*approaching, Sam standing at a distance*). Ah, John, is that you? How are you, my friend? I am just calling at Baker's on a little business, and then Sam there and I are going to have a glass of beer together. Perhaps you'll join us, and then we can talk over old times a bit.

J. No, thank you, Tom; I don't take any intoxicating drinks. It is some time since I signed the Teetotal pledge, and I have no wish to break it now. Indeed, when I signed, it was to be a life-long abstainer.

T. Why, bless me, whatever made you sign the pledge, John?

J. Well, I will tell you what brought me to a final decision, though I had often felt condemned when taking my glass of beer. My father was reading in the newspaper of a very sad case of a young woman. It appears she had given way to drink, and became so besotted and degraded that she was taken to the workhouse, where she died a miserable death. She was once respectable, and a promising young woman; but by persuasion she drank her first glass, when at a social party, and from that first glass sprang all her after misery and ruin.

Sam (*coming closer*). Now, then, what are you two talking so long about? I am tired of waiting.

T. We are talking about Drink.

S. What do you mean? Are you ready, Tom, to have a glass?

T. I was just asking John to take a glass with us.

S. Well, what does he say? I'm not going to stand here all day. If he won't come, never mind, we can do without him.

J. You will have to do without me, Sam, for I am a decided teetotaler. But, listen, both of you. I tell you plainly you are doing very wrong in asking any one to join you in taking drink, and you are running a terrible risk in taking it yourselves. You say, "Just one glass." Ah, how many have been ruined by taking the first glass. I have just been telling Tom of a sad case, Sam.

S. Oh, I see how it is; you want Tom and me to join your Band of Hope.

J. Right glad should I be if I could persuade you to sign the pledge and join our Society. I know it is safest to be teetotal.

You can't get drunk if you don't take the drink, that is certain.

S. I'm not easily persuaded unless I can see reasonable grounds for changing my opinions. Now, I don't yet see why I should not take a glass of beer when I need it.

J. I see, Sam, you are an independent thinker; you are not blown about by every wind and doctrine. You are just the sort of young man I like, and just the sort to make a good teetotaler, and one that will be useful to others. The reasons why you should not take a glass are, because it is dangerous to take drink—thousands have died miserable drunkards, who began by taking only *one* glass; then drink does you no good in any way; it is a bad example to others; it is also a waste of money, which you might save, or use in better ways; and so on. Now, I won't argue further. As a young man of sense I will leave you to think over the matter, and I feel sure you will conclude with me, that Teetotalism is the best thing.

S. Well, I should have been in the Red Dragon before this drinking my glass of beer; but, really, our talk seems to have taken away all desire for it, at present, at any rate.

T. Aye, John is right. There is danger in the first glass. I shall have none of it. Sam, old fellow, I think we ought to thank John for his honest, straightforward remarks. I have often seen the poor wives and children of drunkards standing outside the Red Dragon, but it never struck me, that I might, someday, become a drunken sot, and bring untold suffering on others.

S. Yes, I do thank him. Now, instead of the glass of beer at the Red Dragon, let us go and have a cup of coffee at the Coffee Tavern. I feel quite chilly with standing so long. John (*Sam puts his hand on John's shoulder*), you are a good fellow; you are right, and we have been wrong. I will sign the pledge and join your band, and I know Tom will do the same. Henceforth and for ever I promise you, and my promise is not made lightly, that no more intoxicating drinks shall pass my lips. But come along; let's away to the Coffee Tavern, where over a cup of warm coffee we can further talk the matter over.

T. & J. (*each taking Sam's arm.*) All right, old fellow, come along. (*Exit.*)

HE WAS NOT ALWAYS VILE.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"I SHOULD be ashamed to own him," said a careless bystander to a pale-faced weeping mother who was wringing her hands over the condition of her besotted son.

"Ah!" said she, lifting her eyes to heaven, "he is my child, and *he was not always vile!*"

NO, mother, no! We see it all
As from a vision lent—
A fair young wife, upon her breast
Her little innocent!
His cunning, winsome baby ways
Her spirit doth beguile:
She thanks kind heaven for such a gift—
He was not always vile.

Again the vision leads us on;
We see thee, mother true;
Beside thee walks a stripling fair
With eyes of Irish blue.
Quite full of frolic and of play,
Yet loving all the while,
He gave your tender heart no pang—
He was not always vile.

Again we see you, mother dear,
'Mid household griefs and joys;
Your son is now a stalwart youth,
A favourite with the boys.
"He does not care as much for books
Or labor as for play,
And seems so fond of company;
Too fond," I hear you say.

And by and by he takes, alas!
The step that leadeth down
Away from duty's beaten path,
Away from cross and crown!
But, though your heart should break
to-night
While nursing him the while,
You'll still pray to God to pardon him
Who was not always vile!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from
all lands

The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars
of the morn; [born.

Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was
With glad jublations
Bringing hope to the nations!

The dark night is ending, the dawn has
begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as
one!

Sing the bridal of nations with chorus of
love; [dove,

Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the
Till the hearts of the people keep time in
accord,

And the voice of the world is the voice of
the Lord.

Clasp hands of the nations
In congratulations,
The dark night is ending and dawn has
begun;

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat
as one!

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of
peace;

East west, north, and south let the long
quarrel cease;

Sing the song of great joy that the angels
began,

Sing of glory to God and of good-will to
man!

Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us,

The dark night is ending and dawn has
begun;

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat
as one!

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 Blood, and strengthening the Constitution.

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 181.—January, 1885.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



THE FLOOD.

THE FLOOD.



ATER, like fire, is a good servant, but a dangerous master. The snow-covered hills look very beautiful in winter, but it often happens when the snow suddenly melts, and the water flows into the valleys, the rivers and streams become swollen and overflow their banks, and much destruction of property, and sometimes loss of life, take place. But the most disastrous floods in our own country have been caused by the bursting of reservoirs—the large artificial lakes, where water is stored for our use. At Holmfirth, and later still at Sheffield, the water broke through the embankments, and rushed with mighty and resistless force along the valleys, uprooting trees, throwing down mills and houses, and sweeping away everything in its impetuous fury. Some lives were lost, and many heart-rending scenes were witnessed. There were also many wonderful escapes recorded, and in our illustration this month we have one of these beautifully depicted.

Let us look at this picture a moment. The flood has spent its fury, and everywhere is seen the havoc it has made. It is the calm after the storm; the peaceful hush after the roar and rush and gurgle of the cruel flood. Men have ventured forth to witness the devastation and calculate the probable loss; and while gazing round they behold something which makes them first start, then wonder, then weep. A chubby infant, with bare rounded limbs and wide-open laughing eyes, is lying safe and sound in a cradle—a very ark of safety. Its parents have both perished in

the flood; their comfortable home, with its contents, has been swept away, and the child lies amid the surrounding wreck, happily unconscious of its terrible loss. Gentle hands soon lift it from its little bed and lovingly carry it to a place of shelter; and loving hearts warm towards the orphaned child, and devise plans for its future comfort and welfare. For in spite of much hardness in the world, there is a vast amount of tenderness in the human heart, which delights to manifest itself in acts of kindness and in deeds of love.

Now it was proved, beyond doubt, that these terrible disasters might have been avoided, and that the disregard of little leakages caused the mighty floods. A child might have stopped the flow at first, but by-and-by the breach grew larger, and at length not all the power of all the men in the country could have kept it back. And is not this so with bad habits in ourselves? Do we not neglect to pluck up the little weed of sin, or stop the tiny leak of appetite and self-indulgence? and by-and-by the leak grows larger, or the weed grows stronger, and destruction follows. The habitual swearer, thief, hypocrite, the libertine and the drunkard—these have all neglected to crush the first indications of danger. "Ill-weeds grow apace;" no need to cultivate *them*, they will grow without watchfulness; the watchfulness is needed to keep them under, to pluck them up, lest they choke the good seed, and bring ruin and disaster to our lives.

Boys, girls, readers of our "Band of Hope Treasury," let the year 1885 witness in you a marked improvement in all that is noble and good. Keep a watchful and jealous eye on the little leaks of sin and the tiny weeds of passion. When sin assails and temptation woos and tries

to fascinate, have the courage to say
 "No!" Aspire to things above you.
 Store your minds with useful knowledge;
 let gentleness and kindness mark your
 pathway; and do all that in you lies to
 help on the cause we have so much at
 heart, we mean the cause of Temperance.
 Do this, and you will have, what we sin-
 cerely wish for you all—A HAPPY NEW
 YEAR.

TAKE CARE.

BY ALICE CARY.

LITTLE children, you must seek
 Rather to be good than wise,
 For the thoughts you do not speak
 Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
 Cross and cruel and look fair,
 Let me tell you how to see
 You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass
 And some ugly thought contrive,
 And my word will come to pass
 Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have and what you lack,
 All the same as what you wear,
 You will see reflected back;
 So, my little folks, take care;

And not only in the glass
 Will your secrets come to view;
 All beholders, as they pass,
 Will perceive and know them too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
 Or in eyelids drooping down
 Like a violet from the light;
 Badness in a sneer or frown.

Cherish what is good, and drive
 Evil thoughts and feelings far;
 For, as sure as you're alive,
 You will show for what you are.

THE VICTORY.

BY IOLA.

RING out the glad tidings!
 The grand work is done,
 The fierce conflict ended,
 The victory won.
 Down, down with the rum-shops!
 Away with them all!
 For right is triumphant,
 And traitors must fall.

False lights and false beacons
 They've held out too long,
 To entice and destroy
 The unwary throng;
 And thousands on thousands
 Each day and each hour
 Have fallen beneath
 The tempter's fell power.

And men have stood calmly
 And gazed on the foe,
 And dallied and queried
 How far they should go—
 Should they boldly attack him,
 And join hand to hand
 To banish the tyrant
 From the bleeding land?

Oh! no; milder methods
 'Twere wise to employ—
 To cripple his powers,
 But not quite destroy.
 So rum-shops were licensed,
 And, laughing in glee,
 The tyrant swept onward
 From the land to the sea.

But the West has arisen
 And sounded her call;
 "Come forth to the conflict!
 The monster must fall;
 Our homes are too precious,
 Our children too dear,
 To parley with murderers
 Or shrink back in fear."

With banners all waving
 Fair Kansas appears,
 And soon of the tyrant
 Her virgin soil clears;
 Then calls to her sisters
 To arm for the fight,
 And bravely to battle
 For truth and the right.

Iowa's broad prairies
 Re-echo the cry,
 And onward and onward
 The glad tidings fly:
 "Down, down with the rum-shops!
 Away with them all!
 For right is triumphant,
 And traitors must fall."

"DON'T DRINK NO BEER."

M. B. V.

"**D**EAR papa," said Charley, "don't
 drink no beer,"
 A voice rang out so full and clear,
 As passed from the hall that summer day
 A father rich in two boys at play.

"Your papa, dear Charley, ne'er drinks
 the beer,"
 Said the mother. "I know, I know; *for*
fear
He might forget I 'mind him now,"
 Said the child, with an anxious, thought-
 ful brow.

The boy had seen in the street a sight
 That made his heart stand still with fright,
 And heard it was beer that wrought such
 woe

To a prostrate form lying there so low.

Had this blessed child a prophet's ken?
 Did he look far off to the moment when
 The tempter's wile might lure him on
 With her siren voice and her midnight
 song?

When the darling lay in the arms of death,
 With brow so pale and quivering breath,
 He said, in accents slow and clear,
 "Dear papa, never drink no beer!"

In coming years, when the Moloch lies
 In wait for another sacrifice,
 May the father hear those whispers clear,
 "Dear papa, never drink no beer."

O ye who toil with heart or brain
 In the mart of life! your lips refrain
 From the madd'ning bowl, and ever fear
 The insidious glass, the glass of beer.

"THE THREE CATS."

ANNIE ELLIOT PASCOE.

COLD and dreary was the landscape,
 On that dark November morn;
 On the window raindrops pattered,
 All outside looked sad, forlorn.
 But when little Tom to breakfast,
 Shivering came down, that day,
 No warm food, or glowing fire,
 Cheery words of warmth did say.

Thereupon the table lying,
 Was a crust of bread, and tea,
 Silent sat his father, moody,
 Little Tom could plainly see.
 And his mother had been crying,
 For her eyes were swollen red;
 Down before the smoking embers,
 Tommy sat in silent dread.

Till at last, his father speaking,
 Broke the silence of the place,
 And he raised his eyes (to listen)
 To the drink-besotted face.
 "Wife, I had a dream last even,
 'Twas a queer one too, my word!
 Nothing like it could *you* ever,
 Tommy boy, have seen or heard.

"In my dream, upon a doorstep,
 Sat *three cats*, and gazed at me,
 One was fat, another thinner,
 One as blind as it could be.

Now, my boy, I've told you plainly,
Of the funny thing I dreamt,
Can you tell your father, Tommy,
What it was those three cats meant?"

Tom sat thinking for a moment,
Then explaining it, began,
"Father, I will (as you wish me,)
Tell its meaning if I can.
That *fat* cat must be the lady,
At the tavern down the street,
For so many give their money,
For her toddy, hot and sweet.

"And the *lean* cat is my *mother*,
With her face so thin, and white,"
Tommy stopped—"You have not finished,
I saw another cat last night."
"Dont be angry with me, Father,
If I tell its meaning true;
For I cannot keep from thinking,
That *blind* cat must be like *you*."

A WINTER SONG.

BY E. J. HALL.

WE woke in the morning, and found
without warning
The meadows and hill-sides were white
with the snow; [hidden
It came all unbidden, the brooklet was
And hushed in the hollow below.
Softly, silently, white and fair,
Floating along through the frosty air,
Swirling, whirling,
Shifting, drifting,
Came the glittering snow.
A poor little robin stood silently bobbing
His wee little head in a pitiful way;
The chickens, with wonder, stood solemnly
under
The homely old shed o'er the way.
Softly, silently, white and fair,
Floating along through the frosty air,
Swirling, whirling,
Shifting, drifting,
Came the glittering snow.

The north wind was blowing, the cattle
were lowing, [old shed,
The poor sheep were bleating about the
The horses were neighing; all seemed to
be saying:

"We want to be sheltered and fed."
Softly, silently, white and fair,
Floating along through the frosty air,
Swirling, whirling,
Shifting, drifting,
Came the glittering snow.

SHE IS ONLY SEVEN.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

SHE is a sweet child, only seven,
A little woman true;
But her soft eyes have more of heaven
Than its cerulean hue.
Her fair round cheeks her future show;
Their ruddiness disclose
A charm of beauty in their glow,
As rosebuds show the rose.
Her hair is slightly touched with gold,
As though the sun had smiled
Through clouds of glory, fold on fold,
Upon the happy child.
Her little feet step gracefully
At leisure or at play;
A miniature lady she,
And love shall light her way.
Her little hands are soft and fair,
And many things they do,
Like tiny white wings fluttering where
Her fancy bids her go.
What dreamy wisdom in her eyes!
What beauty in her face!
Some angel straying from the skies
Halts here to bless the place.
There is a sweet light in her smile,
Without a cloud above;
'Tis light without a shade of guile,
It kindles trust and love.
She dreams not of her coming teens,
When hearts may palpitate,
And she sits throned a queen with queens,
And sways the staff of fate.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Rev. M. J. SAYAGR.
Cheerfully.

H. S. PERKINS.

The sleigh-bells jin-gle in their glee, The joy-ous chil-dren shout; And so with harm-less

KEY G.

{	s_1	$s_1 . d : d . d$	$t_1 . r : r . , r$	$d . d : d . m$	$s_1 :-s_1$	$s_1 . d : d . d$
	s_1	$s_1 . s_1 : s_1 . s_1$	$s_1 . t_1 : t_1 . , t_1$	$d . s_1 : s_1 . d$	$t_1 :-s_1$	$s_1 . s_1 : s_1 . s_1$
	m	$m . m : m . m$	$r . f : s . , f$	$m . m : m . m$	$r :-m$	$m . m : m . m$
	d	$d . d : d . d$	$s_1 . s_1 : s_1 . , s_1$	$d . d : d . d$	$s_1 :-d$	$d . d : d . d$

Fine. A little slower.

rev-el-ry The good old year goes out. For God was in the year gone by, And

6.8.

{	$t_1 . r : r . , r$	$m . r : d . t_1$	$d :-$	s_1	$s_1 : d : r$	$m :-r$	$d :-l_1$	$l_1 :-l_1$
	$s_1 . t_1 : t_1 . , t_1$	$d . t_1 : l_1 . s_1$	$s_1 :-$	s_1	$s_1 :-s_1$	$s_1 :-t_1$	$l_1 :-l_1$	$f_1 :-f_1$
	$r . s : s . , s$	$s . f : m . r$	$m :-$	m	$m :-r$	$d :-f$	$m :-f$	$d :-d$
	$s_1 . s_1 : s_1 . , s_1$	$d . f_1 : s_1 . s_1$	$d :-$	d	$d :-t_1$	$d :-s_1$	$l_1 :-f_1$	$f_1 :-f_1$

bless'd us ev - ery day, And led us through its

{	$s_1 : - : s_1$ $d : - : m$ $r : - : -$ $- : - : s_1$ $s_1 : d : r$ $m : - : r$
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	$d : - : m$ $s : - : s$ $s : - : -$ $- : - : m$ $m : - : r$ $d : - : f$
	$d : - : d$ $m : - : d$ $s_1 : - : -$ $- : - : d$ $d : - : t_1$ $d : - : s_1$

flow - ing path, And Win - ter's snow - y way. D. C.

{	$d : - : l_1$ $l_1 : - : m$ $r : - : r$ $r : m : fe$ $s : - : -$ $fe :$
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	$m : - : f$ $d : - : s$ $s : - : s$ $fe : m : r$ $r : - : -$ $- :$
	$l_1 : - : f_1$ $f_1 : - : d_1$ $r_1 : - : r_1$ $r_1 : - : r_1$ $s_1 : - : -$ $- :$

2 Our hearts are merry as the bells,
 While with our voices clear
 We sing the words the hope foretells,
 And welcome the new year.
 For God who in the year gone by
 Did bless us every day,
 Will lead us in the steps we take
 Along our forward way.

3 Then jingle, jingle—clear and sweet—
 Each voice and bell in tune ;
 The years run on with hurrying feet,
 Now Winter, and now June.
 But God doth give us all the years,
 And all the years we'll sing :
 They lead us to a country where
 The whole year long is Spring.

D. C. The sleigh-bells jingle, &c.

MAY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

A DIALOGUE FOR SIX. BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

Characters—GRACE MORTON, Sunday-School teacher; FRED, MINNIE, MAY, scholars; WILLIE and CORA, poor children; several little children of both sexes.

(Parlour scene. In the centre of the room is a handsomely-decorated Christmas-tree. Grace walks around it slowly and surveys it closely.)

Grace (solus).

YES; I think that looks very attractive. I am very glad I thought of that surprise for my Sunday-school class, for I know it will please them. Here they come.

(Enter half-a-dozen or more prettily-dressed girls and boys of different ages shouting "Christmas gift, Miss Gracie." Seeing the tree, they break out into a chorus of "oh's!" and other childish expressions of delight.)

G. Merry Christmas to you each and all, dear children. I hope I shall do my part towards making it so. But where is little Minnie? Ah! here she is.

(The children laugh merrily as Minnie, aged five or six, walks up to the teacher carrying an immense stocking, apparently full, the lower part being stuffed with paper, the upper containing apples, oranges, nuts, etc.)

Minnie. Miss Gracie, I know grown folks don't hang up their stockings, so I got one of Aunt Sally's biggest ones and hung it up, and got mamma to write your name on it, so that Santa Claus would know who it was for, and he filled it up full for you. (Gives it to Grace, amid the laughter of the children.)

G. (kissing her). Thank you, little darling, for thinking of me. I shall love you more than ever. (Hangs it on the tree.) Now all run into the other room and take off your wraps, and then we will try and have a merry time. (They run out.)

(Solus.) Dear little Minnie, to remember me so kindly. I think if Santa Claus had many such huge stockings to fill his supply of goodies would soon give out. (Children return.) I think all my scholars are here but May Wilson. I hope she is not sick.

Fred. I called by her house for her, and her mother said she was gone to buy a present for you, and—oh! my, I forgot; I was not to tell. (Claps his hand over his mouth.)

G. (smiling.) Never mind, Fred; I'll try and forget, too. There's no harm done. She's coming now.

(Enter May, leading by the hand two poorly-dressed children wearing bright stockings and new shoes.)

May. (timidly). Miss Grace, please excuse me for inviting these poor children to come with me. They were looking in a shop-window wishing for some of the nice things they saw, and saying there never was any Christmas times at their home, because their father spent his money for whiskey. And their poor little feet were bare and cold.

Willie. And she took us right into a shop and bought us these shoes and stockings. Ain't they beauties? (Displays them.)

Cora. Indeed they are. And I love her like everything. (Nestles close to May, laying her head against her arm.)

M. If you won't object to having them stay, I think they will be very good.

F. Why, May, they are not respectable. This party's select.

M. (earnestly). Now, Fred, that is very impolite and unkind. Don't you remember when we sung "Whosoever will" yesterday the superintendent said it meant everybody, rich and poor. And I think if we let Cora and Willie join us in our pleasure to-day they will come to our school and learn about Jesus, and then may be they will come to Him.

G. You are right, dear May. I am very glad you brought them; but my class shall decide whether they may stay and share their pleasure. Remember you have everything you want or need and they have scarcely anything. All who wish them to stay will say "aye" (Loud chorus of "ayes," Fred's voice conspicuous.) Now all who object say "no." (silence.) Then we invite our little friends to remain with us.

F. Where is Miss Gracie's present, May? Oh! I forgot again.

M. I did intend to buy you a beautiful pair of vases, Miss Gracie, but when I saw those little bare feet I felt so sorry I had to cry, and I spent all my money for the stockings and shoes. I thought if I brought two new

scholars to your class you would take them in place of my present.

G. Dear child, you could not have brought me a more acceptable present. (*Takes them by the hand.*) And I will treasure these little Christmas gifts for your sake as well as their own. Lay off your wraps, and we'll have a song before we take the things from the tree.

C. O Willie! I didn't know such things grew on pine-trees.

W. They're just tied on; I see some of the strings.

G. Form a ring round the tree, and we'll sing "Happy little children." You all know it but Cora and Willie, and they will soon learn. (*Forming round the tree, they sing the following or any appropriate song, with organ or piano accompaniment*):

AIR—*Happy water spirits we.*

Happy little children we,
With our hearts so pure and free,
Praising Jesus up above
For His goodness and His love.

Chorus—Merry little children we,
Gathering round the Christmas-tree!
Merry, happy children we,
Dancing round the Christmas-tree!

(*After circling round the tree, while the air is played on the instrument, they reverse, and this can be continued as long as desirable.*)

G. Now we will see what kind of fruit grows on this tree. (*Distributes gifts, beginning with Cora and Willie.*)

Minnie. Miss Grace, if you won't feel bad, and if you think Santa Claus won't care, I'd like to have back the present I gave you, and I'll give it to Willie and Cora.

I shall be glad to let them have it, and Santa Claus will be delighted. (*Takes down stocking and gives it to Minnie, who takes it by the toe and empties contents in the laps of the two new scholars. Apples, oranges, etc., roll all about: the children scamper around after them, laughing and talking merrily, and pile them up again in their laps. Then some pretty song or hymn is sung, and their wraps are donned. Grace bids them "good-by," and the scene ends.*)

KEEP SUNNY.

BY MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON.

THIS world, with all its beauty, its sunshine, and its showers,
Was made for highest duty, and not for idle hours.

Each leaflet has its mission, each blade of grass its place;

Each life, spite of position, bears fruitage for the race.

Only one spring is sent us to sow the golden grain;

Only one summer lent us to reap in joy or pain.

The autumn dawns not slowly; white hair too soon has come;

We lay us with the lowly, and all life's work is done.

What matter if life's measure be long or short on earth,

So we fulfil His pleasure, for which the soul had birth.

So we keep sunny ever, though clouds may dim our way,

Making the darkest weather a bright, perpetual day.

A smile has heaven within it, if hearts be warm and true,

A sweet voice is akin it, and both are but His due.

Who spoke us into being, blest immortality!

Where hoping turns to seeing, and faith to things that be.

No life but has its sorrow; tell it to God alone;

Looking for golden morrow, keep ever near the throne.

"MOURNFUL NUMBERS."

PROUD and happy the hen-mother,
From her nest of eggs eleven,
Marches with her brood of chickens,
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

Count not chickens, though, too fondly;
Time can play us many tricks;
And one little chicken dying,
Left one, two, three, four, five, six.

But while wicked cats are prowling
Never can poor chickens thrive;
Hungry pussy claims her portion,
Now count,—one, two, three, four, five.

Day by day they grew and flourished,
But alas! the cat once more
Pounced on an unwary straggler,
So we've but one, two, three, four.

Grief at losing his dear brother
(Other cause we could not see)
Killed another little chicken,
Leaving only one, two, three.

Then a heavy-footed rooster
(Stupid things he'll sometimes do!)
Stepped on one poor little fellow;
Sadly now we count one, two.

Hopes of eggs or stew or pasty
Fade more swiftly every day,
As our pretty little chickens
From the nest are snatched away.

Count no chickens till they're hatched
out;
Even then, if you are able,
Dream no dreams of feasts until you
See them smoking on the table.

—*Youth's Companion.*

HE KISSED HIS MOTHER.

SHE sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom-sweet,
Making me think of a garden
Where, in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong—
One of the hearts to lean on
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will—
A face with a promise in it,
That God grant the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing:
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother!"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving
hearts
Since time and earth began,
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man.

—*Youth's Companion.*

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THE FROZEN PUMP.

THE FROZEN PUMP.



MARY JONES went to the pump early one cold winter's morning to draw water, but, alas! the frost had been so keen during the night, that the handle of the pump was frozen quite fast, and the spout was completely blocked up by an icicle. And what was worse still, there was not a drop of water in the house, and the house was situate in a lonely part of the country far away from any other habitation. She stood contemplatively wondering what she must do, for her father would be wanting his breakfast, when she bethought her of the ice on the pond, which, could she but break through, and into small pieces, she might put into the kettle and thus procure what she needed. Away she went for the

hammer, with which she soon cracked and broke the ice, and thus got out of a dilemma.

A simple incident like the above shows us the great value of water. What a dilemma we should be in if only for a few days there was a scarcity! But it is so plentiful with us that we scarcely appreciate its worth. Nevertheless, as Band of Hope children, we love to sing the good old song—

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
And the same from day to day;
But if aught from the vat or the still you bring,
I will pour every drop away.

And not only do we value water because it "cooleth the brow and cooleth the brain, and maketh the faint one strong again," but because a free supply to our bodies outwardly gives health and glowing vigour. Let us not only sing its praises, but use it as one of the most precious gifts that a kind providence has bestowed.

THE LITTLE QUAKER SINNER.

A LITTLE Quaker maiden, with dimpled cheek and chin,
Before an ancient mirror stood, and viewed her form within.
She wore a gown of sober grey, a cape demure and prim,
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat, and trim.
Her bonnet, too, was grey and stiff; its only line of grace
Was in the lace, so soft and white, shirred round her rosy face.

Quoth she, "Oh, how I hate this hat! I hate this gown and cape!
I do wish all my clothes were not of such outlandish shape!

The children passing by to school have ribbons on their hair;
The little girl next door wears blue; oh, dear, if I could dare,
I know what I should like to do!"—(The words were whispered low,
Lest such tremendous heresy should reach her aunts below).
Calmly reading in the parlour sat her good aunts Faith and Peace,
Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.
All their prudent, humble teaching wilfully she cast aside,
And her mind now fully conquered by vanity and pride,
She, with trembling heart and fingers, on a hassock sat her down,
And this little Quaker sinner sewed a tuck into her gown!

"Little Patience, art thou ready? Fifth day-meeting time has come, Mercy Jones and Goodman Elder with his wife have left their home."
 'Twas Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty little maid—
 Gliding down the dark old stair-way—hoped their notice to evade,
 Keeping shyly in their shadow as they went out at the door,
 Ah, never little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore!

Dear Aunt Faith walked looking upward; all her thoughts were pure and holy;
 And Aunt Peace walked gazing downward, with a humble mind and lowly,
 But "tuck—tuck!" chirped the sparrows, at the little maiden's side;
 And in passing Farmer Watson's, where the barn door opened wide,
 Every sound that issued from it, every grunt and every cluck,
 Seemed to her affrighted fancy like "a tuck!"
 "a tuck!" "a tuck!"

In meeting Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity,
 While all the Friends seemed looking round that dreadful tuck to see.
 How it swelled in its proportions till it seemed to fill the air,
 And the heart of little Patience grew heavier with her care.
 Oh, the glad relief to her, when prayers and exhortations ended,
 Behind her two good aunties her homeward way she wended.

The pomps and vanities of life she'd seized with eager arms,
 And deeply she had tasted of the world's alluring charms—
 Yea, to the dregs had drained them, and only this to find;
 All was vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind.
 So, repentant, saddened, humbled, on her hassock she sat down,
 And this little Quaker sinner ripped the tuck out of her gown!

—St. Nicholas.

MOVE ON!

"**M**OVE on," said a policeman the other day to a group of idlers who were standing on the pavement; "move on and allow the people to pass." "Move on," said the master of a shop to one of his apprentices whom he had caught gazing into a window when he should have been going on an errand. "Now, move on. What do you think the world would come to if every one, like you, kept standing still and never moved forward?"

"Dear me!" said a schoolmaster to a pupil, "how could you be so stupid? Look here! you have got 5 from 9=3. When will you know better? For the last three months you have been trying to learn subtraction, and now do not know any more about it than when you first began. Instead of progressing you are at a standstill. Why don't you *move on*?"

"Look, Bill, look at Jim yonder! He must be getting on—new coat, new trousers. Why, I declare! a new suit altogether. Where can he get his money from? He has no more wages than we have, but he looks much more respectable. How is it? It puzzles me." "Why, just this, Dick: when we're spending our money at the Black Bear he is 'moving on.' His garden is full of fruit, ours are full of weeds; he is happy, we are miserable; and I, from this time, mean to try to 'move on.'"

"Move on," said a minister to his hearers—"move on, in religion, faith, and charity. 'Move on'; let it not be said that you are behindhand in religion; keep faithful to the end; and although ever moving, be ever firm, so that when you arrive at the appointed resting-place you will be ready to exchange mortality for immortality."



JOHNNY THE STOUT.

"**H**O! for a frolic,"
Said Johnny the stout;
"There's coasting and sledding—
I'm going out."

Scarcely had Johnny
Plunged in the snow,
When there came a complaint
Up from his toe.

"We're cold," said the toe,
"I and the rest;
There are ten of us freezing,
Standing abreast."

Then up spoke an ear:
"My, but it's labour—
Playing in winter. Eh!
Opposite neighbour?"

"Pooh!" said his nose,
Angry and red,
"Who wants to tingle?
Go home to bed!"

Eight little fingers,
Four to a thumb,
All cry together;
"Johnny, we're numb!"

But Johnny the stout
Wouldn't listen a minute;
Never a snow-bank
But Johnny was in it.

Tumbling and jumping,
Shouting with glee,
Wading the snow-drifts
Up to his knee.

Soon he forgot them—
Fingers and toes—
Never once thought of
The ear and the nose.

Ah! what a frolic;
All in a glow,
Johnny grew warmer
Out in the snow.

Often his breathing
Came with a joke:
"Blaze away, Johnny;
I'll do the smoke."

"And I'll do the fire,"
Said Johnny the bold.
"Fun is the fuel
For driving off cold."

HURRAH FOR PROHIBITION!

THE temperance folks are waking up
Through the entire nation
To put the liquor traffic-down;
And drive it from creation.
The stills and drinking dens are doomed
To lawful demolition,
For all good men are going in
For legal prohibition.

We've tried persuasion long enough;
No use to try it longer;
It will not stop the traffic, and
We must have something stronger.
The heartless men who make and sell
The beverage of perdition
Must have their "breathing-holes of hell"
Shut up by prohibition.

Too long King Alcohol has reigned,
All moral suasion scorning;
Too long his murderous savages
Have filled the land with mourning.
Drink-sellers care not for our prayers,
Our tears, our admonition;
But there's a power can make them quake—
'Tis legal prohibition.

Nor scoffs of foes, nor doubts of friends
Shall weaken our endeavour
To brand the traffic with disgrace
And wipe it out for ever!
Right on shall go the noble work,
Until its full completion;
We'll fight it out upon the line
Of TOTAL prohibition.

NOBILITY.

BY ALICE CARY.

TRUE worth is in *being*, not *seeming*;
 In doing each day that goes by
 Some little good—not in the dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by.
 For whatever men say in blindness,
 And spite of the fancies of youth,
 There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
 We cannot do wrong and feel right;
 Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
 For justice avenges each slight.
 The air for the wing of the sparrow,
 The bush for the robin and wren,
 But always the path that is narrow
 And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
 And sometimes the things our life misses
 Help more than the things which it gets.
 For good lieth not in pursuing
 Nor gaining of great nor of small;
 But just in the doing, and doing
 As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through
 hating,
 Against the world, early and late,
 No jot of our courage abating—
 Our part is to work and to wait.
 And slight is the sting of his trouble
 Whose winnings are less than his worth:
 For he who is honest is noble,
 Whatever his fortunes or birth.

KING ALCOHOL.

KING ALCOHOL has many forms
 By which he catches men;
 He, is a beast of many horns,
 And ever thus has been.

For there's rum and gin and beer and
 wine,
 And brandy of logwood hue,
 And hock and port and flip combined,
 To make a man look blue.
 He says, "Be merry, for here's good
 sherry,
 And Tom and Jerry, champagne and
 perry,
 And spirits of every hue."
 Oh! are not these a fiendish crew
 As ever a mortal knew?
 King Alcohol is very sly,
 A liar from the first;
 He'll make you drink because you're dry,
 Then drink because you thirst.

King Alcohol has had his day,
 His kingdom's crumbling fast;
 His votaries are heard to say,
 "Our crumbling days are past."
 For there's no rum no gin nor beer nor
 wine,
 Nor brandy of any hue,
 Nor hock nor port nor flip combined,
 To make a man look blue.
 And now they're merry without their
 sherry,
 Or Tom and Jerry, champagne and perry,
 Or spirits of every hue;
 And now they are a temperance crew
 As ever a mortal knew.

WORDS.

A LITTLE said, and truly said,
 Can deeper joys impart
 Than hosts of words which reach the head,
 But never touch the heart.
 The voice that wins its sunny way,
 A lonely home to cheer,
 Hath oft the fewest words to say,
 But oh! those few how dear!



NOBILITY

BY ALICE EARL

"HURRAH FOR THE PUMP."

WORDS BY MR. JOSEPH COOPER.

Allegro.

MUSIC BY MISS R. A. PARSONS.

I'm a Ju - ven - ile Temp - lar; Fa - ther and Mo - ther Be - long to the Lodge "Work and

KEY E.

s .s	d' : d' .d' t : t .t	l : l .l	s : m	f : f .f	s : f .s
m .m	s : s .s s : s .s	f : f .f	m : d	r : r .r	m : r .d
s .s	d' : d' .d' s : s .s	f : f .f	s : s	s : s .s	s : s .s
d .d	d : d .d d : d .d	d : d .d	d : d	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁

Pray"; Strong Drink gave me thumps, But drink from the pumps Makes mesing like a lay-rock each

d : - - : s	d' : d' .d' t : t .t	l : l .l	s : m	f : f .f	s : f .s
m : - - : s	s : s .s s : s .s	f : f .f	m : d	r : r .r	m : r .d
s : - - : s	d' : d' .d' s : s .s	f : f .s	s : s	s : s .s	s : s .s
s ₁ : - - : d	d : d .d d : d .d	d : d .d	d : d	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁

day. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah for the pump, and the
for the pump, for the pump,

{	d' : - - : s	d' : - - : s	r' : - - : s	s : s . s s : s . m
	m : - - : m	m : - - : m	s : - - : m	m : m . m m : r . d
	s : - - :	: s s . s :	: s s . s :	s : s . s s : l . s
	d : - - :	: d d . d :	: s s . s :	d : d . d d : d . d

Ju - ve - nile Band, Hur - rah! for the Tem - plars, Hur - rah!

{	s : s . s s : - . m , f	s : fe . s l : t	d' : d' - :
	m : m . m m : - . d , r	m : r . m f : f	m : m - :
	d' : d' . d' d' : - . s , l	d' : d' . d' d' : s	d' : d' - :
	d : d . d d : - . d , d	d : d . d d : s ,	d : d - :

2 When dad fed old Boniface,
Who swallowed my shoes,
Barefooted I shouted "fuzees,"
Afraid to go home,
Whole nights I did roam,
Till my toes and blue nose seemed to freeze.

Chorus.

3 Mother crept through the window,
I under the stairs,
And the cat ran up chimney through fright:
Home was a sad hole
When king Alcohol
Robbed father of his reason each night.

Cho.

4 Dad put on the Blue Ribbon,
And Mam rosy smiles,
And tabby the cat sleeps at home;

Copyright.

I've all I desire,
Food, clothes, and hot fire;
In our homestead God's kingdom hath come.

Chorus.

5 Thank God, I'm as happy
As happy can be,
I'm as rich as a lordling or king;
Though a little one,
I'll do all I can,
I will work, I will pray, I will sing.

Chorus.

6 Our home is a little heaven,
Now dad's signed the pledge,
He reads the old Bible each night:
When I've said my prayer,
I'm taken up stairs,
Where in dreamland I sing with delight.

JOSEPH COOPER.

IN A RAG-SHOP.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR LARGE BOYS.

(Piles of old rags should be scattered around.)

Mr. A.

GOOD-MORNING, Mr. B! How do you find trade now? You look prosperous and flourishing.

Mr. B. Do I? Well, so far as money is concerned, I have nothing much to grumble at.

Mr. C. And that, I should think, was the main object of your business existence.

Mr. B. There you are wrong. You see, I'm a philosopher as well as a rag-dealer; and my philosophy usually trenches so much upon my purse that I question, after all, whether my profits are very great.

Mr. D. I can't exactly see what you mean, B.

Mr. B. I dare say not; a good many people besides yourself say the same thing; my wife, for example, says I'm quite unfit for business.

Mr. A. But you bear a very different reputation, Mr. B.

Mr. B. Yes, that's true enough. Now, just look round you, gentlemen: there's a heap of coloured rags, a heap of seconds, and another of white linen rags; that's all you see in them, I suppose?

Mr. C. Why, that's all there is to see.

Mr. B. An error, if you'll pardon my saying so. Beyond those heaps of rags I can see the cause which has brought them here.

Mr. D. Cause? Oh! wear and tear, and the relentless hand of old Father Time, of course.

Mr. B. Ay! and another hand: that of misfortune, whose grip is that of a vice; of sin, whose hold of humanity is terribly tight; of intemperance, that curse which has made more rags than all the wear and tear caused by honest hard work!

Mr. C. Oh! I see; you analyze the rags and the vendors.

Mr. B. You would, too, young man, if you had seen all I have seen, and learnt all I have learnt.

Mr. A. Perhaps you will kindly impart to us a little of your information; it may benefit us materially.

Mr. B. It ought to. You observe this row of pegs here? Well, the garment hanging on each is a sermon in itself, and I'll condense each narrative as much as possible.

Mr. D. Thank you; we shall all feel obliged, I am sure.

Mr. B. This is a common print dress, you observe. That was brought me by a girl of eighteen; it had been refused at the pawn-brokers, and my price for it was fourpence. This amount the girl eagerly clutched in her hands, and, making her way out of my shop, she instantly entered the dram-shop just opposite! That girl was the daughter of a clergyman. She had given way to drinking, and gradually sank down to the very lowest depths of infamy and crime, disowned by her relatives, shunned by her friends. I gave that girl another start in life, but all to no purpose; where she is now, God only knows; possibly in a drunkard's grave, dishonoured and disgraced!

Mr. C. One begins to see now what you meant by the sermons.

Mr. D. And that coat—what lesson does it teach us?

Mr. B. Observe it is, or rather was, made of the very finest broadcloth. It was lined with silk, and faced with moiré-antique. The man who brought it went away in his shirt-sleeves! With all his degradation, he was too proud to take assistance, and haughtily took the shilling I gave him as an equivalent for his ragged coat. Does not such an incident preach a sermon, my young friends?

Mr. A. Yes, Mr. B. One can imagine the man to have once been in a prosperous condition, and now reduced to the very dregs of poverty, yet retaining all his old pride.

Mr. B. And can you not guess anything further? That man was once the pastor of T— church, in a town not a hundred miles from M—; he was suspended for drinking, and one Sunday evening he was found by the sexton drunk and incapable, with the sacrament wine consumed to the very last drop.

Mr. D. You horrify us, Mr. B. ! I see now why you are a philosopher, and I admire you for it.

Mr. B. I am a philosopher, sir, because I am a man, and have a fellow-feeling for my weak and fallen brothers. This dress was brought me by a mother of six children, and I gave her—but no matter—her husband would not support her ; he was an inveterate drinker.

Mr. C. It is almost beyond belief that any human being could be so dissolute and so heartless.

Mr. B. Nevertheless, it is so. Here, again, you have bundle after bundle, all telling their own separate tale. But one thing I notice : the deserving poor who bring rags always have clothes on worth something, and take their money as I should take mine for two or three tons of rags.

Mr. D. But, of course, you have plenty of rags unconnected with drink and its doings ?

Mr. B. Plenty ! But Alcohol has made more rags, and kept them longer in use, than any other cause. I often wonder when society will banish the curse, and open its eyes to the fact that drink is its most inveterate enemy—the enemy of progress, of success, of everything pure, holy, and good.

Mr. A. I have long been of your opinion, Mr. B.

Mr. D. So have I : I'm a teetotaler of many years' standing.

Mr. C. And I will sign against strong-drink to-night !

Mr. B. Then you may be very certain that you will never furnish material for a sermon in a rag-shop !

WHAT SHALL I DO ?

BY F. E. H.

YOU see I have a host of friends ;
So cultured are they, too !
And each his money freely spends,
And so what shall I do ?

The fashion is some wine or beer,
With these, a jolly crew ;
And I don't want to be called queer,
So I ask, what shall I do ?

On H Street the polite Miss Gay
Entertains the "select but few,"
When *cordials* appear on glittering tray ;
Pray say what shall I do ?

Take nothing in thy hand, my friend,
Which shall defile thy soul ;
Do nothing which you *must defend*,
Nor *try* to bleach a *spotted roll*.

MY VOICE IS STILL FOR WAR.

A PARODY.

MY voice is still for war ;
My countrymen, can ye long de-
bate
Which of the two to choose, liberty or
death ?
No, let us rise at once, gird on our pledge,
And at the head of gathering temperance
troops
Attack the foe, break through the thick
array.
Of grogshop drinks, and scatter far and
wide
The routed troops of hellish Alcohol.
Rise, brethren, rise ! your country calls
for help,
And poor humanity, by drunkenness
Enslaved, and tortured, slain, doth loudly
plead :
Rise and avenge yourslaughtered brethren,
Or share their fate ! The blood of thou-
sands snatched
And vilely kidnapped from our midst, and
slain
By ruthless Rum and Rum's chief officers,
Recruiting Satan's ranks with liquid death,
Calls to us from the ground, and shall we
sit
In cold debate and hear them cry in vain ?
Rouse up, for shame ! our brethren lately
drunk,
But sober now, point to their recent wounds
And cry aloud to battle.

"LITTLE MAY'S TEAR."

ANNIE ELLIOT PASCOE.

"DON'T go in there, dear Father,
 May does 'nt like *that* place,"
 Was lisped from the baby-lips,
 With a sweet childish grace.
 And the little arms hugged closer,
 The neck of Father dear,
 As her fair cheek his bronzed one
 Pressed with a love sincere.

She was his only darling,
 Motherless little May,
 Who had oft stayed his footsteps
 From going far astray.
 He loved her, ah! he loved her,
 With passion strong, intense;
 His thoughts were won to Heaven
 By her sweet innocence.

And now, could he refuse her?
 'Twas only a childish whim;
 The tavern lights were pleasing,
 And she was safe with him.
 So heeding not the pleading,
 He entering, asked for beer,
 When something fell upon him,
 'Twas but a little tear.

But it roused his Father-love,
 Claspng her still more tight,
 Leaving the beer and tavern,
 He rushed into the night.
 He clasped her close, and whispered,
 "You're my good angel, dear;
 Never again, *God helping*,
 Shall fall for me the tear."

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

I'VE travelled up and down the world,
 In sunny lands and cold:
 I've been a wanderer since a child,
 And now am growing old;

Yet never have I seen a place,
 Where'er I chanced to rove,
 With more of heaven and less of earth
 Than down at Ocean Grove.

No oath is heard, no drunkard seen,
 No billiard-room or bar;
 No breathing poison-tainted air
 From meerschaum or cigar;
 If Satan ever enters there,
 (What place is Satan-proof?)
 He has to sneak in on the sly
 And never shows a hoof.

The very children seem to breathe
 The spirit of the place.
 I never heard a quarrel there,
 Nor saw an angry face;
 Yet happier, brighter little ones
 I never yet have seen,
 Than shovelled sand along the beach
 Or frolicked on the green.

Some people think religion makes
 Folks sad, morose, and blue;
 A week at Ocean Grove will prove
 The opposite is true.
 For even to enjoy the world
 We must be pure within,
 For no real happiness
 Is ever mixed with sin.
 And so I pray that Ocean Grove
 May prosper and increase,
 For "all her ways are pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace."

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The following (referring to one of the pieces in Reciter) is from Mr. WM. BIRCH's sermon, "Choosing for Eternity," preached at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, January 4th, 1855:—

"The other evening I heard a recitation in which several of our orphan children took part. They had a "wishing cap" which each in turn placed on her head, and then expressed her chief desire. One wished that she were crowned with wealth, that she might have carriages and horses, fine dresses and jewelry, and so on. Another wished she could have a million pounds, in order that the opportunity might be given her of blessing the poor, comforting the sick, clothing the naked, sending the gospel to the heathen, feeding little hungry children, and otherwise doing good. Another, when she put on the cap, wished that she were Queen, with power to do exactly as she liked, so that with one stroke of her pen, she might close up all the public houses in the country, and bring peace, and bread, and clothes to every poor man's house."

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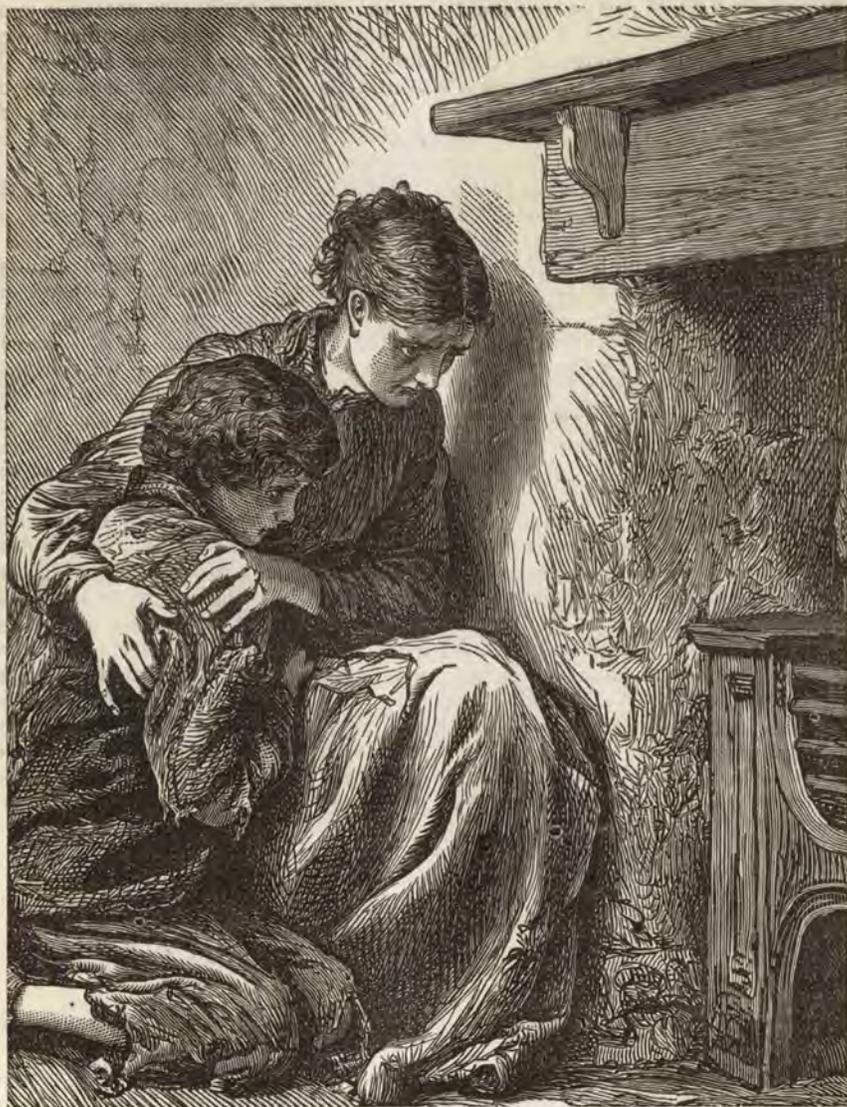
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No. 183.—March, 1885.]

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THE BLIGHTED HOME.

THE BLIGHTED HOME.



MUCH has been said and written about the effects of strong drink on the individual who becomes its slave. It is indeed, in the most awful sense of the word, a destroyer, for it destroys body and mind, and all the better feelings of the heart. Yet, alas, it is not the drinker who alone suffers. Were this so, his condition would arouse the thoughtful and humane to come to the rescue, and be a sufficient plea for the extermination of the drink traffic. It is quite bad enough to know that so many of our fellows are drawn into the vortex and destroyed. But there is another sad side to the question. The innocent have to suffer with the guilty. The wives and children of drunkards have to share the awful consequences. It is impossible to realize the anguish endured by thousands of drunkards' wives. Think of it a moment! Think of the condition of her whose life is blighted by the conduct of the man into whose care she has given herself!—all the bright dreams of her girl-hood and early wife-hood crushed out by the conduct of him in whom her most

joyous hopes have been centred! Instead of the loving word and cheering smile come the filthy curse and the sullen frown; instead of the fond caress there is the brutal blow. All her yearnings after the noble and pure are trampled under the heel of her unfeeling jailor! And her children?—God help them!

Look at the picture presented to us this month. It is no mere artist's dream, the outcome of his fancy. Would that it were! A room stripped bare to satisfy the unholy appetite of the husband and father; a fireless grate and an empty cupboard; a mother gazing with sorrowful eyes and in utter despair at the cold bars, her arms clasped around her darling child, whose thoughtful sad face and ragged clothes add to the pitiableness of the scene.

Children, I want you to look at this picture—look at it till its terrible reality makes an impression on your heart and brain which will never be erased. And, remember, there are thousands of blighted homes like this—blighted by strong drink, that foe to all that is joyous and pure and good. And I want you to remember, too, that it lies in your power, to a very large extent, to make the future of our social life much better than it is at present. Keep true to your pledge, and do all you can to get others to join your ranks, then a brighter day is in store for our country.

A NOVEL VALENTINE.

BY ANNIE ELLIOTT PASCOE.

TWAS on the eve of that fair day,
Loved by youth and maiden,
In which St. Valentine comes in
With love missives laden;

I had prepared three splendid jokes
To send to certain friends,
When all at once another thought
Into my brain descends.

Yes! 'twould be fine, for well 'twas known
Poor Jenny loved her glass,
And 'twas a pity; but for that
She was a comely lass.

Perhaps my lesson would do good,
 At any rate the joke
 Determined was I now to try,
 It could no ill provoke.

So now a pledge card I obtained,
 And on the plain side drew
 A witching maiden, none could wish
 For face more good and true.
 Beside her then I sketched again
 The visage of a dame,
 Who long had carried as her own
 The drunkard's dreadful name.

Then 'neath them both in feigned hand
 I wrote, "Oh, Jenny dear,
 Now may you choose your valentine
 From those that I've drawn here.
 Sign on the other side the pledge
 Which comes to you to-day,
 And you will as this witching maid
 Be lovely as the May.

But sign it not, I sadly fear,
 The other one will be
 The likeness folks, in you some day,
 The counterpart will see."
 I sent it, and a secret now,
 I, "friend," to you will tell;
 She signed the valentine that day,
 And kept the vow as well.

Now Jenny is my chosen bride,
 There's not another girl
 Of all the maidens in the town
 Of whom she's not the pearl.
 She does not know who sent that pledge;
 Perhaps I'll tell some day;
 I wonder what my wife then
 To her poor Will will say?

THE CAUSE OF OUR SUCCESS.

BY GEORGE BARRY.

WHO knows the reason why the cause
 Of temperance is progressing?
 Why daily multiply the men
 Our principles professing?

Few are the years ago, we know,
 When abstinence was slighted,
 When few the hands that joined to save
 The homes strong drink had blighted.

But now by tens of thousands is
 Sobriety commended;
 By thousands more of our dear youth
 Her gatherings are attended.
 Pray what has caused this vast success
 Beheld throughout the nation?
 The workers once so few, but now
 In every rank and station!

Is it the fruit of orat'ry,
 The toil of Christian pastors,
 Of statesmen, of philosophers
 Discerning drink's disasters?
 Did men of science lend their light,
 The evil all revealing?
 Were poets heard throughout the land
 In song to men appealing?

Ah! no, the men of thought and power,
 But little care bestowing,
 Did scarce with little finger help
 The monster's overthrowing.
 The cause of this conviction wide
 More solemn is, more sadd'ning;
 Were eloquence alone its source,
 The prospect then were gladd'ning.

But this it is: the spirit foul
 Himself has broke among us;
 His shade has fallen across our homes
 And hearts; his fang has stung us.
 His hideous form upon our eyes,
 How could we be unheeding?
 How, with indifference, see loved ones
 Beneath his weapon bleeding?

If we should need a warning voice
 To tell us of the danger,
 When in our midst—so close ourselves—
 What folly could be stranger?
 And where's the man in all the land
 Who knows it has not found him?
 Who says it ne'er has smitten one
 To whom affection bound him?

Alas! we one and all must own
 'Tis ever coming nearer;
 Some it has slain whom we esteemed,
 Yes, some that e'en were dearer.
 We've watched the fading of the hopes
 That all their prospects lighted,
 The beauteous lives by drink were quenched,
 And all those hopes were blighted.

And how the earnest question comes,
 Who next is marked for falling?
 What brother's or what sister's shame
 Will come, our hearts appalling?
 When 'twas the stranger, poor, despised,
 Alone who was the weeper,
 Ourselves we did persuade that we
 Were not our brother's keeper.

But now the cry among our own
 Is causing our awaking;
 By thousands to the conflict we
 At last our way are taking.
 If loved ones round our hearth must from
 The evil be defended,
 'Tis ours to oppose with might the foe
 That myriads has offended.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

BY WILL CARLETON.

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make
 'em good and stout;
 For things at home are crossways, and Betsey
 and I are out.
 We, who have worked together, so long as
 man and wife,
 Must pull in single harness for the rest of our
 natral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan it's
 hard to tell!
 Most of the years behind us we've passed by
 very well;
 I have no other woman, she has no other
 man—
 Only we've lived together as long as we ever
 can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has
 talked with me,
 And so we've agreed together that we can't
 never agree;
 Not that we've catched each other in any
 terrible crime;
 We've been a-gathering this for years, a little
 at a time.

There was a stock of temper, we both had for
 a start,
 Although we never suspected 'twould take us
 two apart;
 I had my various failings, bred in the flesh
 and bone;
 And Betsey, like all good women, had a tem-
 per of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we dis-
 agreed
 Was something concerning heaven—a differ-
 ence in our creed;
 We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed
 the thing at tea,
 And the more we arg'ed the question the more
 we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we
 lost a cow;
 She had kicked the bucket for certain, the
 question was only—How?
 I held my own opinion, and Betsey another
 had;
 And when we were done a-talkin', we both of
 us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a
 joke;
 But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us
 spoke.
 And the next was when I scolded because she
 broke a bowl;
 And she said I was mean and stingy, and
 hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in
 our cup;
 And so that blamed cow-critter was always
 a-comin' up;
 And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us
 got,
 But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand
 times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the
selfsame way;

Always somethin' to arg'e and somethin' sharp
to say;

And down on us came the neighbours, a
couple dozen strong,

And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the
thing along.

And there has been days together—and many
a weary week—

We was both of us cross and spunky, and both
too proud to speak;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin' the
whole of the winter and fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, why,
then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey
has talked with me,

And we have agreed together that we can't
never agree;

And what is hers shall be hers, and what is
mine shall be mine;

And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it
to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first
paragraph—

Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall
have her half;

For she has helped to earn it, through many a
weary day,

And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey
has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man
can thrive and roam;

But women are skeery critters, unless they
have a home;

And I have always determined, and never
failed to say,

That Betsey should never want a home if I
was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin'
to'rabable pay:

A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy
day;

Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to
get at;

Put in another clause there, and give her half
of that.

Yes, I see you smile, Sir, at my givin' her so
much; [in such;

Yes, divorce is cheap, Sir, but I take no stock
True and fair; I married her, when she was

blithe and young;

And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin'
with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so
smart, perhaps,

For me she mitteden a lawyer, and several
other chaps; [down,

And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken
And I for a time was counted the luckiest

man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it
soon— [loot;

I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a
Never an hour went by me when she was out

of sight—

She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to
me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a
kitchen clean, [seen;

Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her

acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarrelled, and told
each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home
to-night,

And read the agreement to her, and see if it's
all right; [man I know,

And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin'
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out
in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to
me didn't occur:

That when I am dead at last she'll bring me
back to her; [ago,

And lay me under the maples I planted years
When she and I was happy before we quar-

relled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be
laid by me, [agree;

And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't

think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we
quarrelled here.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

DUET.

GEO. F. ROOT.

We are sail-ing o'er an o - cean, To a far and foreign shore; And the waves are dashing

KEY E.	}	s, .s, d :-s, :d .r m :d :m .f s :-l :s .f s :-:d .d d' :-t :d' .l
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		d :d :d d :m :s d :s :s d :s :s f :d' :d'
		d, :d, :d, d, :d :d d, :d :d d, :d :d f, :f :f

round us, And we hear the breakers roar; But we look a - bove the bil - lows, In the dark - ness of the

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CHORUS.

night, And we see the steady gleaming Of our changeless beacon light. Oh, the light is flashing

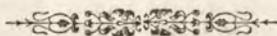
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brightly From a calm & stormless shore Where we hope to cast our anchor When our voyaging is o'er.

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2 Tho' the skies are dark above us,
 And the waves are dashing high,
 Let us look toward the beacon,
 We shall reach it by-and bye:
 'Tis the light of God's great mercy,
 And He holds it up in view,
 As a guide-star to His children,
 As a help to me and you.
 Oh, the light, &c.

3 He will keep it ever burning
 From the lighthouse of His love:
 And it always shines the brightest
 When the skies are dark above:
 If we keep our eyes upon it,
 And we steer our course aright,
 We shall reach the harbour safely
 By the blessed beacon light.
 Oh, the light, &c.



TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE YOUTHS, BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

Tom (who is standing).

TELL you plainly, boys, this question must be settled at once.

Dick. Oh! give us a rest, Tom; *do* give us a rest.

Harry. Think of studying to be a preacher, don't you, Tom? Rev. Thomas Perkins, D.D., LL.D., P.Q.X.Y.Z.

(Laughs heartily, joined by Dick.)

T. Now, boys, I *won't* give you a rest, and I *can't* be laughed down. You've got to come right to the point. If we study our lessons together this winter the tobacco must go. If not, I will go.

D. Tom Perkins, I call that downright mean selfishness. You need not smoke or chew if you don't want to, but it won't hurt you if we do.

T. But it *will* hurt me. I mean to breathe the purest air I can get at all times, and to sit in a room every evening where you fellows are poisoning the air with cigar-smoke and filthy tobacco-juice—why, the very thought disturbs my dinner. Besides, I'd be ashamed to go home and walk into the parlour with my sisters with my hair and clothes smelling like an old bar-room loafer. No—sir—ree!

H. Dear me! Tom. That's severe on us—awfully so.

D. If you would only learn to smoke you would talk differently, old fellow. There's solid comfort in a good cigar. Just try this one; it's too mild to make a baby sick.

(Approaches Tom with cigar and match.)

H. *(rises with bag of tobacco in his hand.)* No, Tom, try a little of this "fine cut." It's delicious.

T. *(moving off with intense disgust.)* Indeed, I won't touch the vile stuff in any shape, unless it be to pitch it out of the window.

D. *(crossly.)* You're just like the dog in the manger, Tom Perkins, that wouldn't eat the hay himself nor let the horse eat it.

T. I'd rather eat hay than tobacco, any day. And it is a well-known fact that none but human creatures and filthy goats ever use tobacco. But I'm wasting time here, so I'll go. *(Takes up his books.)*

H. You're taking advantage of us, Tom; you know we depend on you to explain things in our lessons that we can't puzzle out ourselves.

D. Do you mean that we shall swear off for good and all?

T. That's the idea exactly.

H. You're too hard on us, but I suppose we'll have to submit. Let us off ten minutes, and then we shall be ready for business.

(They go out, Dick taking his bag, Harry his cigars.)

T. *(solus.)* I know now why they never have a quarter to buy a ticket for lectures or concerts; they spend all their pocket-money for tobacco. *(Arranges his books and sits down.)*

(Enter Dick and Harry, one bringing pitcher, the other glasses, which they place on the table.)

H. We gave our tobacco to two boot-blacks, and got something from next door which we can all enjoy—prime cider.

T. *(surprised.)* Are you boys cider-drinkers?

H. We drink it whenever we can get it. Apple-juice is wholesome. Fill up the glasses, Dick.

T. *Very* wholesome, when it makes a man steal his child's clothes and pawn them for a jug of this same apple-juice.* You know old Stokes, he's the man.

H. The mean old rascal! I never knew before there was any "alcohol" in cider.

D. Harry, I believe it, and that's just what makes us act so silly after two or three glasses.

T. There may not be as much alcohol in a glass of cider as in a glass of whiskey, but it is of the same kind.

H. Well, I don't want any alcohol, more or little. But it is a pity to waste this cider. Let's give it to the pie-man.

T. Indeed, you shall not make that old man drunk. It was mean enough to give tobacco to those boys. I'll show you what to do with it. *(Takes pitcher and goes out.)*

D. *(looking from door or window.)* Come quick, Harry, and see it running down the gutter. *(Harry looks.)*

* A fact.

T (*entering with empty pitcher*). Yes, the cider's in the gutter instead of the old pie-man.

H. It's too late to put our minds on study now, so let's have a nice little game and then go.

T. I'll agree this time; but books to-morrow night.

(*All draw up chairs, and Harry produces pack of cards and begins to shuffle them.*)

T (*springing up*). So your nice little game is cards, is it? I beg to be excused.

H. Why, Tom, I hope you don't think we'd gamble?

D. No, indeed; we wouldn't do it. We've played to see who should treat to oysters and cigars; that's all.

T. I won't handle cards, or have anything to do with them.

H (*throwing down cards angrily*). What will suit you, Tom Perkins? You won't touch tobacco, nor taste cider, nor handle cards, nor do anything to pass the time.

T. There are too many good, pleasant ways of passing time without indulging in evil habits that lead to wicked, sinful things. Come, now, promise to burn the cards and let us shake hands and be friends. (*Holds a hand to each.*)

D. No, I won't; I'm mad.

H. I won't either. (*After a pause*) Yes, I will. (*Grasps Tom's hand.*) Give in, Dick. You know Tom's right.

D. Well, I think he's too awful strict in his notions, but if you can stand it I can. (*Takes Tom's other hand.*)

T. Bravo! chums. We, the firm of Tom, Dick, and Harry, pledge ourselves that tobacco, drink, and cards we will—

All. Touch not! Taste not! Handle not!

(*Shake hands all round and go out.*)

THE TRAGEDY AT SLOAN'S.

• BY MAX ADELER.

CHARACTERS—Magistrate, sitting at table; Mrs. Sloan standing at one side, Mr. Sloan at the other.

The Magistrate.

NO I understand, Mrs. Sloan, that you make a charge of attempted infanticide against your husband?

Mrs. Sloan. Well, not exactly that. You see, I—

Mr. Sloan. One minute—permit me to explain. Your honour, the situation is this. We have one baby, a year and a half old, and then we have twins just two months old. Little cherubs both of them. Their mother's turn-up nose, perhaps, but my eyes and my amiable expression.

Mrs. S. His hair, too, your honour,—his hair—red.

Mr. S. Before we were married, may it please the court, she was fond of alluding to it as auburn. But no matter. She went yesterday to a Woman Suffrage Convention. I stayed at home with the children—three of them, your honour. I have only two arms. When two of the little folks cried I would set down a silent one, and carried those that screamed. Then the one I put down would begin, and I'd have to pick him up and lay down another, and then it would scream. I tried to carry the odd one pick-a-back, but it was no use—he would slip down and bump his nose on the floor. Imagine the situation. It was hard. I was nearly wild—only two nursing bottles, too, and the third baby yelling like a Crow Indian while the twins were feeding.

M. Couldn't he suck his thumb?

Mr. S. Mrs. Sloan won't let him. She closed the gate of joy, so to speak, against her own offspring! absolutely prohibiting the child from sucking its own thumb! Nero, in his worst days, never went that far, I imagine.

M. The historian forgot to mention it if he did.

Mr. S. Precisely. Well, I got on as well as I could, when in comes a boy with a note from Mrs. Sloan saying that Mrs. Gibbs, the Vice-President of the Convention, wanted her baby out of the way while she was conferring with the Select Committee on ways and means, so in came the Sergeant-at-Arms with Mrs. Gibbs' baby for me to take care of. That made four. Your honour, if Mrs. Gibbs' baby grows up and becomes a missionary, he can preach to the heathens in Africa without leaving home. He has a voice like a fog-horn. So he turned in and cried, and the other babies cried for sympathy.

M. It was hard.

Mr. S. Hard! well, I'm an accommodating man, so I put one twin in one cradle and

rocked it with my right foot, and I put the other in another cradle and rocked it with my left foot; then I set Gibbs' baby on the one knee and Johnny on the other, and by a peculiar action of my legs kept all four in motion at once. You understand? Well, sir, just as calmness began to prevail, in comes the Sergeant-at-Arms again with the Secretary's baby. Said Mrs. Sloan had sent it while the Secretary wrote up her minutes, and wouldn't I look after it for a while?

M. Was it asleep?

Mr. S. Well, no. Now, I don't want to exaggerate, your honour. I am under oath, and I shall try to state the facts mildly. But I am sadly mistaken if you couldn't blow a church organ with the Secretary's baby's left lung! It whooped and hallooed in such a manner as to alarm me. Then Gibbs' baby joined in, and they gave a duet. Pretty soon our three turned up for a chorus—and—well, suppose a whole orphan asylum should suddenly have a spasm of stomach-ache, and you can form an idea of the racket.

M. Couldn't you quiet them by singing to them?

Mr. S. No, sir; you couldn't have heard a bass drum in that room.

M. What did you do?

Mr. S. I gave Buchan's Domestic Medicine to one twin, and put "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary" on the lap of the other, merely to play with. I thought I'd go downstairs and get some milk for the whole crowd. I did. When I came up, as I had only two nursing bottles, I emptied a bottle of hair renovator which Mrs. Sloan uses ———.

Mrs. S. I don't.

Mr. S. And a castor oil bottle. I put the milk in those and in an old paregoric bottle, pinched holes through the corks, and handed them round. When I came to the twins they had the Domestic Medicine and Dictionary lying right on their bosoms, and they were blue in the face; too heavy, your honour! So I had to pick them up and souse them a couple of times in the bath-tub to bring them to, and when I got back into the room with them I found Gibbs' baby in spasms from the taste of the hair-restorer, and the Secretary's baby had swallowed the cork, and the other child looked as if the castor oil bottle had not

agreed with it. A minute later in came Mrs. Sloan and Mrs. Gibbs, and they hustled me out. I don't know what happened after that, but I believe it was old Gibbs put Mrs. Sloan up to charging me with murder.

M. The case is dismissed. And I would give a word of advice to you, Mrs. Sloan, never mind the Women's Suffrage Convention in future; mind your house and your children.

Mrs. S. Your honour's words shall be remembered.

Mr. S. There's no objection to her going to the meeting provided she takes the family.

M. Well, well; settle that yourselves, Mr. Sloan; if she took your babies with her, perhaps Mrs. Gibbs, or the Secretary, or all the members of the committee would send their's for you to nurse.

Mr. S. (*laughing*) No fear of that, sir, I'd have the door locked. Good morning, your honour; I thank you for dismissing the case; it shows you can understand a little joke! Ah! ah! Come along, Mrs. Sloan.

Mrs. S. All right, man. I'll serve ye out for the future, for I'll be after getting a nurse—do ye hear? (*She follows Sloan gesticulating.*)

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Dare to spurn the wrong,
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You will grow more strong;
Heed not sin's alluring,
Though with smiles it woo,
Keep your faces upward,
Virtue's path pursue.
Many are the dangers
That your steps beset;
And to yield to littles
Greater sins beget;
Once the wrong is taken
Whither may it lead?
Tiny seeds, unhindered,
Soon grow rank indeed.
Aim at all that's noble,
All that's pure and good;
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Not with vicious food;
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For Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Weakness in Knees, Ankles, &c. Afford uniform support without the trouble of lacing.



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For a STOCKING, circumference at C, D, E, F, and G. Length from C to F	4s. 0d.
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KAY BROTHERS,
OPERATIVE CHEMISTS, STOCKPORT.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 184.—April, 1885.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



IN THE WOODS.

IN THE WOODS.



AGAIN the trees are everywhere putting on their dress of green foliage, the flowers are springing up in rich profusion, and all nature rejoices, because the icy breath of Winter has departed, and the gentle winds and soft showers of Spring have returned. Children in the country once more penetrate the woods and dells to gather the delicate rose-tinted anemone, the sweet yellow primrose, and the purple hyacinth; while the children in towns are delighted by the large basketfuls offered for sale in the principal thoroughfares, to purchase a few bunches of which they will often deny themselves many another little luxury.

We are glad to notice the growing love for flowers among the city boys and girls, as well as the up-grown men and women; the more this taste for the sweet, the pure, the beautiful is cultivated the less likelihood is there of that which is gross and debasing finding a lodgment in the heart. And we would, in all possible ways, encourage this love of flowers among the members of our Bands of Hope. On meeting nights vases of flowers should adorn the tables on the platform, and occasionally a Band of Hope Flower Festival might be held. Many an interesting and instructive lesson may be given on flowers, and many an apt analogy drawn. Whenever practical, Band of

Hope children should have a trip into the country once, twice, or even thrice during the Summer months, so that they may revel in the glorious delights a bounteous heavenly Father has provided. We have known more than one instance where up-grown people, not teetotalers, have joined such trips, and have been so touched by the kindness of the officials, the happiness of the children, and the Temperance melodies sung on the journey to and fro, that they have given up their drinking habits, and thus taken the first step to better ways.

Let us not only warn children from the intoxicating drink and the places where it is sold—that we *shall* do—but also encourage in them a love of the beautiful, by surrounding them with things that *are* beautiful, and thus educate the eye and elevate the taste. Cleanliness, neatness in dress, order, refinement in speech, gentleness in manner, these are all important factors in building up the characters of young people, the practice of which will prove strong bulwarks in the hour of temptation.

We hope that our Band of Hope children, like the boy and girl in our Illustration, will have many a ramble in the woods during the Summer months, and that the forms and tints of flowers, the curious and wonderful variety of leaves, the songs of the birds, the babbling of the clear brooks, and the rustling of the trees, with the thousand other wonderful things in nature, may all be sources of real pleasure and lasting benefit to each one of them.



HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

GIVE us your hand, Mr. Lawyer : how do you do to-day ?

You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay.

Don't cut down your figures ; make it an X or a V ;

For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue, Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do ;

And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,

They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was labourin' under a heavy load ; No—for I was travellin' an entirely different road ;

For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,

When I ought to 've held my temper ; and driven straight ahead ;

And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,

And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,

Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind ;

And these things flashed all through me, as you know things sometimes will

When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,

And when I put my hand to the plough I do not oft turn back ;

And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two ;"

And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I came in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,

And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light ;

Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,

But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—

As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see ;

And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I could,

And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey, she pretended to look about the house,

But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse ;

And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,

And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drewed the agreement out,

And give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about ;

And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note

Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantle-shelf,

And read the article over quite softly to herself ;

Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,

And lawyer's writing ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she gave my arm a touch,

And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much ;

But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,

And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years.

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't
come to inquire—

But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it
in the fire ;

And I told her we'd bury the hatchet along-
side of the cow ;

And we struck an agreement never to have
another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak
cross or rash

If half the crockery in the house was broken
all to smash ;

And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try
and learn its worth

By startin' a branch establishment and runnin'
it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the
night,

And opened our hearts to each other until
they both grew light ;

And the days when I was winnin' her away
from so many men

Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over
again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to
call on us,

Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle
another fuss ;

But when she went to pryin' and openin' of
old sores,

My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out-
of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a
word or two ;

But we've got our eyes wide open, and know
just what to do ;

When one speaks cross the other just meets it
with a laugh,

And the first one's ready to give up consider-
able more than half.

Maybe you think me soft, Sir, a-talkin' in
this style,

But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it
once in a while ;

And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you
can see

That that there written agreement of yours
was the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer : don't
stop short of an X ;

Make it more if you want to, for I have got
the cheques.

I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its
treasures told,

For I've got a wife at home now that's worth
her weight in gold.

“ THE TWINS.”

IN beauty they together grew,
Their parents' light and joy ;

But it would puzzle you to know
One from the other boy.

Like two twin stars, with love they shone

Upon the fair home sky,
And wheresoe'er we saw the one,

The other sure was nigh.

Each carried roses sweet and fair,

Both eyes of sunny hue ;

Each forehead many signs did bear
Of talents not a few.

Both manly boys, who loved their play,

Were upright, good, and kind,

Growing in wisdom day by day,

And treasures of the mind.

Together they from boyhood grew,

And entered manhood's strife,

And chose from all the girls they knew

A good and noble wife.

Both Jack and John had been well-
trained

To shun the drunkard's foe,

And taught that water, fresh and pure,

Would make them manly grow.

Jack, as a man, his boyhood's vow

Inviolat has kept,

And never through her husband's sin

His loving wife has wept.

Off on a temperance platform he
Is hailed by high and low,
As urging them to sign the pledge,
And don the badge of blue.

Such now is Jack,—does brother John
Possess the same fair fame?
Alike as boys, are they as men
Called by like honoured name?
Alas! in features, form of life,
The twins are sadly changed:
Poor John within a madhouse cell,
His intellect deranged,

Is paying now the penalty
Of tamp'ring with the drink;
He stood too near the slip'ry edge:
O'er stepped the fatal brink.
And thus the twins, so like at first,
The twin-stars of the home,
Are parted,—o'er the one, strong drink
Has spread his fearful gloom.

No longer shines he clear and bright
Beside his brother twin,
Who, through integrity and truth,
High honours swift did win.
Poor John stands as a beacon dread,
Of warning to each one:
The fearful foe which caused his fall
Let all the children shun.

ANNIE ELLIOTT PASCOE.

BEAUTIFUL ANECDOTE OF A GREAT MAN.

UPON KEEPING ONE'S WORD.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl about five years old sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she

had taken her father's dinner, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face and said: "But ye can mend it, can't ye?" My father explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour the next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her meanwhile tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening to meet with some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and of still being in time for the dinner-party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to us: "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."—*Bruce's Life of General Sir William Napier.*

THE TWO BEST FRIENDS.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THIS willing Hand! 'tis cheerful Heart!
The two best friends I know;
Around the hearth come joy and mirth
Where'er their faces glow.

Who falls may stand, if good right Hand
Is first, not second best;
Who weeps may sing if kindly Heart
Has lodging in his breast.

ON TO VICTORY.



REV. S. W. SPENCER.

D. B. TOWNER.

Lift high the Temp'rance ban - ner, Sound loud the trum-pet call; Let free-men rouse to

KEY B.

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ac - tion, Put trai-tors to the wall. From ev - ry rank and sta - tion, From county, town, and

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CHORUS.

state, Come, ga - ther for the con - test, Oh, do not long - er wait. Then for the Christ who

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leads us, And for hu - man - i - ty; We'll car - ry this blest stan - dard Right on to vic - to - ry.

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Millions of blood-stained money
Are pledged against this cause,
And men are leagued with Satan,
To break our holy laws.
From many tear-bathed altars
The cry ascends each hour,
Send help, O loving Father,
Save from the tyrant's power.

Then rally, Christian patriots,
Go forth and meet the foe;
Be valiant in the conflict,
Blot out our nation's woe;

Nor cease the righteous struggle,
Till from the curse we're free;
In the name of God, Jehovah,
Proclaim our liberty.

Brave men and noble women,
God calls you to be true;
Now is your hour of triumph,
If you will dare, and do.
Then, as you hope for heaven
And immortality,
Gird on the Spirit's armour,
And on to victory.

TWO SIDES—"WHICH ARE YOU ON?"

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS. Characters: TOM AND FRED.

Tom.

TELL you what it is, Fred, I am getting tired of the one-sided way in which you are always talking about a glass of ale and wine. One would think, to hear you, that there was nothing but wretchedness to be found in it.

Fred. One-sided, indeed! And pray, can you tell me why I shouldn't be found on one side or the other?

T. It's all rubbish, I tell you, drawing such hard-and-fast lines; it won't stand the test of common sense, I tell you.

F. You mean your notions won't stand such a test. Come, now, I'll save you a deal of trouble, and evidently a lot of annoyance, if you'll answer me a question or two.

T. Well, what are they? Something very clever, no doubt, according to your way of thinking.

F. Clever or not, the first question I will ask you is a very simple one.

T. No doubt simple enough, for it's only simpletons that belong to you teetotalers.

F. Not quite so fast, my friend, or perhaps you will find that you have put the boot on the wrong foot this time.

T. And that's why you feel it pinch you, I suppose?

F. Pinch me? Not it, indeed. If I never have the headache till teetotalism pinches me I shall be perfectly satisfied. Can you say that if you drink?

T. Of course I can. Who ever heard of a glass of ale or wine giving a man a headache?

F. I've often heard drinkers say of a morning that their heads were ready to split.

T. But that was when they had been taking a glass too much over-night.

F. Perhaps you will explain to me what you mean by a glass too much.

T. There you are again, drawing your fine lines. Everybody knows that a glass too much is a glass too much.

F. And if everybody knows it, how is it that everybody don't avoid taking a glass too much, as you call it?

T. Because they haven't resolution enough to stop when they have had enough.

F. And why don't they stop? Surely they are not such simpletons as to take anything when they don't want it.

T. There you are again, drawing the line, as if any man in his senses couldn't tell when he wants it and when he doesn't.

F. But how is it they don't? I can tell when I want bread, meat, potatoes, pudding, and all kinds of good food.

T. How?

F. Easy enough. When I have had what I want there comes over me a feeling of satisfaction, and I say without any difficulty, "No more, thank you."

T. And so ought the man who drinks ale and wine.

F. Ought! And why don't he?

T. Because he don't.

F. And why don't he? That's what I want to know.

T. And that's what I want to know, too. For the life of me I can't see why men should go on drinking and drinking until they make beasts of themselves.

F. If you can't see the reason why, you must admit the fact that they do.

T. Admit the fact? Why, no one tries to deny it that I am aware of. It's because of this, that you teetotalers have the chance of making such statements as you do.

F. And what statements do you object to?

T. Why, that it is the drinking that leads to all the drunkenness.

F. Well, if it doesn't, what does?

T. Taking too much, I tell you. I'm sick of repeating it. Can't you see that there is all the difference between taking enough to do you good, and making a fool of one's self, as the fellows do of whom you have been speaking?

F. I'm sorry you are getting sick, for I thought you claimed to be made so healthy through your glass of ale and wine. You must be rather weak, I fear, after all.

T. There you go again, drawing your false

line, between sick and well, sober and drunk, safe and unsafe.

F. And why shouldn't I? For it is evident that the line must exist somewhere. There can only be two sides—the right and wrong, the safe and the unsafe—and I believe the side, even for a simpleton, is to be on the *safe* side.

T. There you go again, as if all the safety was only on your side.

F. That's true, say what you may to the contrary. Did you ever know any one getting drunk by never drinking intoxicating drinks?

T. Of course not; the idea of asking such a foolish question! You must think I'm a simpleton.

F. Then how is it they do get drunk?

T. By taking too much wine or beer, I tell you again.

F. And where does drunkenness begin? It must begin somewhere. When do they cross the line—I mean from perfect sobriety?

T. Cross the line—what line?

F. Why, the line which separates safe from unsafe, soberness from drunkenness, right from wrong.

T. I've told you already—when they take too much.

F. Too much! Will you be good enough to answer me this? Suppose ten pints of ale would make a man drunk, when does he begin to get drunk, with the last glass or the first; in other words, when does he cease to be sober?

T. When he's had too much.

F. Come, come, when does he cease to be sober?

T. I see it's no use trying to talk to you; you won't see that it's when he's had too much.

F. But you won't say what "too much" means. I have an answer for you, if you want it.

T. And what is it?

F. Why, too much is taking any at all. If a man never drinks he can't get drunk; the moment he begins to drink he ceases to be quite sober. He who drinks ever so little of intoxicating liquors passes over by that act from the right to the wrong road.

T. There you are again, drawing the line—*one-sided*.

F. Well, it is either right or wrong, the

safe side or unsafe side. All the drunkenness in the world comes from drinking.

T. There you are again. I'm much obliged to you for the compliment.

F. What compliment?

T. The compliment of putting me among the drunkards.

F. I didn't put you among the drunkards.

T. Didn't you say that all the drunkenness comes from drinking?

F. Yes, that's as clear as noontide. Don't you see?

T. No, nor any one else with their eyes open.

F. Then let me show you.

T. You'll be clever if you can.

F. I'll soon do it. Now look here. Suppose on one side of this line, of this room, though you so much object to it—that is, my side—are all the Bands of Hope, Temperance Societies, Blue Ribbon Armies, there's sure to be all the sobriety of the world; on the other side—that's your side—there shall be all the drinkers, tipplers, drunkards, and drunkenness of the world. Now, which side are you on?

T. Evidently, if you draw the line like that, if I only drink a glass of wine or ale in a twelvemonth you put me clearly among the drunkards.

F. Excuse me, you make a mistake. I don't put you among the drunkards.

T. Then where do you put me? That's what I should like to know.

F. I don't put you anywhere. I only find you there. I hope you like your company.

T. Like my company, indeed! You've put me among a nice lot.

F. Wrong again. I don't put you there; you put yourself there. It's your own act and deed, as the lawyers would say; and if you don't like your company, remove at once on to our side—leave off drinking. Come at once.

T. But I tell you I only take a drink occasionally—not enough to hurt me. I want to be free to take a drink whenever I please.

F. Then you choose to stay on the side that is arrayed against us?

T. No; I don't like the company of the toppers.

F. But you can't be on both sides. You are either with us or against us.

T. I see that is so. I don't like the company of the toppers well enough to stay

there and be classed among them, so I'll have to go over on your side.

F. That is where you will prove yourself sensible. You'll like us well enough to stay, I think.

GOD'S BEVERAGE.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

DOWN in the beautiful valley,
The vale that we cherish so well,
Where the red-deer playfully wanders
With its mate in the shadowy dell;
'Way down in the rock-bound ravine,
Where pebbles are carelessly strewed,
Where fountains are all the day singing,
Is heaven's best beverage brewed.

High up on the crest of the mountains,
Where granite rocks glisten like gold,
Where the storm-clouds gather relentless,
And the crash of the thunder is told;
And out on the turbulent waters,
Where the hurricane howls o'er the sea,
Is brewed there the best of all beverages—
The best for you, friends, and for me.

'Tis brewed in the cataract sporting,
As it leaps from its perilous height;
'Tis seen in the gauze around Luna,
As she lights up the heavens at night;
'Tis seen in the glittering ice-gem,
When its brilliancy like jewels doth seem,
And, too, in the hail-shower dancing,
Cloud-hid from the morning sun's beam.

'Tis seen in the rain-drops descending,
As they weave the bright bow in the air,
Whose woof is the sunbeams of heaven,
Each painting their bright colours there.
It dances along 'neath the curtains
All dark in the silence of night,
And kisses the vines of the bowers,
As a blessed life-water of light.

On its brink are no poisonous bubbles,
Its foam brings no murder or madness,
No blood stains its crystallized glasses,
No heart bends before it in sadness;

No widows and orphans are weeping
With tears of dark misery's gall; [i
Pray tell me, dear friends, then why change
For the *Demon's Drink*—*King Alcohol*?

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

Imitated from the German.

GH, I have a husband as good as can be;
No woman could wish for a better than he!
Sometimes, indeed, he may chance to be wrong,
But his love for me is uncommonly strong.

He has one little fault that makes me fret,
He has always less money, by far, than debt;
Moreover, he thrashes me, now and then,—
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

I own he is dreadfully given to drink;
And besides he is rather too fond, I think,
Of playing at cards and dice; but then,
Excepting that, he's the best of men!

He loves to chat with the girls, I know
('Tis the way with the men,—they're always so),—
But what care I for his flirting, when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

I can't but say I think he is rash
To pawn my pewter, and spend the cash.
But how can I scold my darling, when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

When soaked with tipples, he's hardly polite,
But knocks the crockery left and right,
And pulls my hair, and growls again;
But, excepting that, he's the best of men;

Yes, such is the loyalty I have shown;
But I have a spouse who is all my own;
As good, indeed as a man can be,
And who could ask for a better than he?

INSTANT RELIEF AND RAPID CURE OF

Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and all Disorders of the Breath, Throat, & Lungs, are insured by



Which Taste Pleasantly.

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The following (referring to one of the pieces in Reciter) is from Mr. WM. BIRCH'S sermon, "Choosing for Eternity," preached at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, January 4th, 1885:—

"The other evening I heard a recitation in which several of our orphan children took part. They had a "wishing cap" which each in turn placed on her head, and then expressed her chief desire. One wished that she were crowned with wealth, that she might have carriages and horses, fine dresses and jewelry, and so on. Another wished she could have a million pounds, in order that the opportunity might be given her of blessing the poor, comforting the sick, clothing the naked, sending the gospel to the heathen, feeding little hungry children, and otherwise doing good. Another, when she put on the cap, wished that she were Queen, with power to do exactly as she liked, so that with one stroke of her pen, she might close up all the public houses in the country, and bring peace, and bread, and clothes to every poor man's house."

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A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.



OFTEN when the subtle reason, the eloquent oration, the powerful declamation, and the touching and tender appeal have all failed to reach the heart of the drunkard, the simple words

of the artless child have gone, like a well-directed arrow, to his very inner nature, and awakened emotions and touched chords which have long been buried and silent even to himself. Those who are called upon to listen to the experiences of men who were once the slaves to drink, but are now delivered from its galling bondage, cannot but be struck by the frequent testimony borne to the influence which children have had in their reformation. "It was our little Mary's words that first fetched the tears to my eyes;" or, "My youngest child's innocent prattle made me feel like a guilty wretch;" or, "Thank God for a child's winsome, beguiling ways!" Exclamations such as these are often heard from our Temperance platforms, and they show how powerful a child's words may often prove when every other good influence has failed.

John Railton had long been a confirmed tippler. He was a clever workman, and when not under the influence of drink was quiet and inoffensive. He possessed what he termed "an independent spirit," that is, "he would not be dictated to; if he wanted a glass of beer, or even a quart, no one should deprive him of it. He would please himself, and be guided by his own judgment as to what he should eat and what he should drink." He had nothing

to say against teetotalers; "they pleased themselves, and he should do the same." But John's "independent spirit" ere long became the slave of the "drink-spirit." He neglected his work for a week together, drinking in the public-house from morn till night, returning home in a beastly condition to his distressed and sorrowing wife and children. This had gone on for years, and John's master, who had borne with him, and talked to him, and threatened him, and at last was wearied of his conduct, had dismissed him as incurable. Bad as matters were before, they became worse when John had no work to go to in his sober hours. One article after another was sold from their little stock of furniture to procure food and for rent, until the cottage was quite bare; their clothes also were wearing out, and the future was dark indeed. John still drank as often as he could get the drink, but his credit and cash were at length gone. One afternoon he was sitting on an old chair, brooding over his wretched condition, thoughts of suicide possessing his mind, when his youngest child, a boy of three, came and climbed on his knee, and looking up into his face and putting two little hands on his breast, with a smile said, "Little Frank loves Dada!" John sat for a moment or two with his hands hanging down by his side, then with a sudden burst of emotion he clasped his darling boy to his breast, and let the hot scorching tears flow, while it seemed to him new life and hope and resolve took possession of him. Next day he went to his old master, and asked him to give him one more trial. This the master readily granted when he learned that his best workman had resolved on living a new life. John worked hard, forsook the drink, and soon regained his

old position in the works; happiness reigned once more at home; and this was the outcome of a few words spoken by a little child of three years old. How true the words of Holy Writ—"A little child shall lead them"!

FALLEN!

BY IDALINE.

"I have seen a minister at whose feet I have sat in bygone days, dragged down by strong drink, till with a blackened face he has stood up in the drink-shop and there muttered out his sermons amidst the laughter and mockery of those by whom he was surrounded."—REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

HE stood and proclaimed to the people
 God's wonderful love to man;
 He spoke of His goodness, His mercy,
 And the great redemptive plan.
 He sought to win souls for the Master,
 Counting all else but loss:
 So he told them the old, old story,
 The story of the cross.

If aught will bring men to the Saviour,
 'Tis this tale of His wondrous love;
 To know that for them He has suffered
 Will often the coldest move.
 The servant spoke for the Master,
 And many sat at his feet,
 Drinking in joy and gladness
 From the message holy and sweet.

But he took of the wine that mocketh,
 He took of the drink that betrays,
 And his voice no longer sounded
 The gladsome notes of praise.
 But instead he was in the drink-shop,
 Standing up with a blackened face,
 And muttering out his sermons,
 A shame and a sore disgrace.

The thoughtless gathered around him,
 Close to his side did they creep,
 With laughter and scorn and mocking;
 'Twas a scene to make angels weep.

Ah! who can tell of his struggles
 As he strove himself to free
 From the toils of the deadly serpent,
 Wound round him thus terribly?

Who can tell of his earnest efforts,
 Of the tears of remorse he shed
 Ere he yielded himself to its power
 And bowed low his honoured head?
 O Christians! what are you doing
 In regard to this evil great?
 Can you stand unmoved by the dangers
 That e'en on Christ's followers wait?

We pray you be silent no longer:
 Arise in your strength and might,
 And do the work that's before you,
 Battling for God and the right.
 The tide of evil is surging
 Around us on every side;
 'Tis sweeping away our children,
 'Tis extending far and wide.

O Christians! arouse you, arouse you
 From the sleep which has lasted too long!
 For the sake of your church, of your country,
 Stand up and oppose the great wrong.
 For the sake of the Saviour who loves them,
 Oh! list to the heart-rending cry
 Of the thousands ensnared in its meshes
 And decree that the traffic shall die.

A PLEA FOR THE "LITTLE ONES."

EACH acorn hath its tiny cup,
 And every bird its nest,
 Or some secluded little spot,
 Called home, in which to rest;

And violets sweet, their mossy bed,
 Where, at the dawn of day,
 The kindly sun doth penetrate
 To kiss the dew away.

But human hearts, immortal souls,
Enshrined in God-like forms,
Oft sigh for bread and pine for love
Amid life's cruel storms.

A mighty troop of weary hearts,
A sad and joyless throng,
Day after day life's thorny way
Go traversing along.

The cruel wrongs "strong drink" hath
wrought,
The crime, disease, and woe;
The hearts and homes made desolate,
What human mind can know?

Oh! count them by the drops of rain
That down from heaven pour,
Or by each tiny silv'ry grain
Of sand upon the shore.

Count them up by the myriad leaves
That wave 'twixt earth and sky,
Including all the flowerets sweet
Each summer bloom and die;

Or by the feathered host that fills
The earth with songs of mirth:
Or count them by each blade of grass
That beautifies the earth.

Then take the ocean out in drops,
And count each one a tear;
Make every puff of wind that blows
A human sigh appear.

And then add up thy fearful list,
Nor look aghast, nor shrink!
'Tis but a shadow of the truth
Concerning cruel DRINK!

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

I'M a proken-hearted Deutscher,
Vot's villed mit crief und shame.
I dells you vot der drouple ish:
I doosn't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh?
Ven you der schtory hear,
You vill not vonder den so mooch,
It vas so schtrange und queer.

Mine moder had dwo leedle twins;
Dey vas me und mine broder:
Ve lookt so fery mooch alike,
No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von off der poys vas "Yawcob,"
Und "Hans" der oder's name:
But den it made no tifferent,
Ve both got called der same.

Vell; von off us got tead—
Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so!
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
Mine moder she don'd know.

Und so I am in drouples:
I gan't kit droo mine hed,
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing,
Or Yawcob vot is tead!

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

ANNIE ELLIOTT PASCOE.

(The following lines were suggested by an incident which occurred some time ago in London. A young man on the very brink of ruin through vice and intemperance, was leaning over the bridge, from which he meditated taking a leap into the dark waters flowing below; when a gentle hand was laid on his shoulder, whilst a lady's voice said in tones of tenderness the words found at the beginning of this poem. The kind tones reminded him of his mother's voice, long since silent, and were effectual in bringing back the wanderer to a better life.)

"**Y**OU are in trouble; can I aid?"
The words were soft and low,
And the kind face bending o'er him,
With sympathy did glow.
Those gentle tones thrilled all his soul,
With feelings strange and new,
They startled him, it seemed a voice
That ah! so well he knew.

"His mother's voice"; the profligate
(Brought low by vice, and drink,
Who e'en that moment thinking was
Of stepping o'er the brink,

And ending thus a life of shame,
Trembled, it could not be,
But that voice! none since had spoken
So tenderly as she.

One of God's human angels sent
To him, ere 'twas too late,
And he had sealed for ever
The drunkard's dreadful fate.
Those tones aroused the nobler man,
And urged to better choice;
He says an angel saved him,
Who had "his mother's voice."

Ah! many by a gentle word,
In tones of kindness said,
Might help to save the drunkard still
From foes so fierce and dread.
Not scorning, but "with mother's
voice";
Awake the thoughts of youth,
Those memories may win him back
To paths of right, and truth.

KATY'S THANKSGIVING.

WITHIN a low and cheerless room,
Her face pressed close against the
pane,
Peered little Katy through the gloom
That gathered with the falling rain;

While hurrying through the dismal street,
The weary world, from toil released,
Was bearing home, with eager feet,
Provision for the morrow's feast.

Her sweet voice had a plaintive touch
Of sadness as she thoughtful grew;
"O dear Mamma! I wish so much
That we might have Thanksgiving too."

Her mother's eyes with tears were wet;
She gently stroked the golden head.
"My darling, God does not forget
His needy little ones," she said.

"Perhaps a blessing is in store"—
She paused, bewildered and surprised,
Then sprang to welcome at the door
A dear form, quickly recognized.

Soon gathered fondly to his breast
Was little Katy, awed to see
This stranger, bronzed and roughly
dressed—
Her long-lost father could he be?

A tale of wreck and sad delay,
Mingled with tears and grateful prayers;
Then with rejoicing closed the day,
And glad Thanksgiving will be theirs.

MY LITTLE MAN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I KNOW a little hero, whose face is
brown with tan,
But through it shines the spirit that makes
the boy a man;
A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win
its way,
It does me good to look at him and watch
him day by day.

He tells me that his mother is poor and
sews for bread.
"She's such a dear, good mother!" the
little fellow said;
And then his eyes shone brighter—God
bless my little man!—
And he added: "'Cause I love her, I help
her all I can."

Ah! that's the thing to do, boys, to prove
the love you bear
To the mother who has kept you in long
and loving care.
Make all her burdens lighter; help every
way you can
To pay the debt you owe her, as does my
little man.

If Only I Have Thee.

J. R. MURRAY.

If on - ly I have Thee, If on - ly mine Thou art, And to the grave Thy

KEY G.

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pow'r to save Up - holds my faith-ful heart, Nought can then my soul an-joy, Lost in

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Slow.

wor-ship, love, and joy, If on - ly I have Thee, If on - ly I have Thee.

Slow.

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2 If only I have Thee,
I gladly all forsake
To follow on,
Where Thou hast gone,
My pilgrim way I take,
Leaving other men to stray
In the bright, broad, crowded way.

3 If only I have Thee,
Then all the world is mine,
Like those who gaze
Upon the rays
That from the glory shine,
Rapt in holy thought of Thee,
Earth can have no gloom for me.

Pray, Hope, Wait.

P. B. BLISS.

O. W. YOUNG.

Sometimes our 'work' seems wast-ed, Our la-bour all in vain, The fields to which we

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hast-ed Yield not the gol-den grain. Then pray, pray, pray, Pray on so ear-nest.

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ly, To pray, pray, pray, Our on-ly 'work' may be.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : - : -d \quad m : \quad s : \quad f : - : -r \quad d : t \quad m : -r \quad d : - : - \\ s, : - : -m, \quad s, : \quad ta, \quad l, : - : -l, \quad s, : s, \quad s, : -f, \quad m, : - : - \\ d : - : -d \quad d : \quad d : \quad d : - : -f \quad m : r \quad d : -t, \quad d : - : - \\ d : - : -d \quad d : \quad m, : \quad f, : - : -f, \quad s, : s, \quad s, : -s, \quad d, : - : - \end{array} \right. \parallel$

2 Sometimes the head grows weary,
The hands and feet would rest;
The night seems, oh, so dreary,
Our life work poor at best;
Then hope, hope, hope,
Hope on so cheerfully:
To hope, hope, hope,
Our only "work" may be.

3 Sometimes our way grows narrow,
And help seems all withdrawn,
Our eyes seem dim with sorrow
And watching for the dawn;
Then wait, wait, wait,
Wait on so patiently:
To wait, wait, wait,
Our only "work" may be.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

A DIALOGUE FOR SEVEN YOUTHS. BY NATHAN HALLIDAY.

Chairman.

GENTLEMEN, soldiers! I have thought it proper to call a council of war, to confer with you on our present position and to decide upon our future course of action. As the Wise Man said, "In a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." So I thought it right, as we are all the servants of one Master, that, instead of taking upon myself the responsibility of deciding what course to pursue in the present emergency, I would call you together, that we may calmly and deliberately discuss the matter.

All. Hear! hear!

C. As the commanders of our noble army, I ask your individual opinions upon our position in the field, and the next best steps to be taken in attacking the enemy.

General Easy. Well, really, Mr. Chairman, I do not see that there need be any haste. I am sure we are doing very well; and so long as we can hold our present ground, I see no reason for taking any further steps against the enemy.

General Furious. What! are we to remain on the defensive? Never! We are in the field against one of the greatest tyrants that ever trod the earth; and we are asked merely to defend ourselves! I say, let us go to work in earnest; let our cannons roar and our bayonets glitter, and let us show King Alcohol that we are not to be trifled with!

General Meek. No! no!

G. F. I say, Yes! yes! Let us blow up their entrenchments with cannon-balls, sack their palaces, put them all in chains, and hang their king as a traitor and as a curse to humanity!

G. M. Generals, do let us use a little moderation! I have no objection to extreme measures as a last resort, but I do protest against them until we have tried what we can do by treaty.

General Crafty. Mr. Chairman, I dissent, *in toto*, from what the previous speakers have proposed. The case is urgent, and some plan of immediate action must be decided upon; but I believe the end can be accomplished

without either a battle or a treaty. If you will only leave the matter with me, I will engage to deliver the enemy into your hands without a shot being fired!

All. How, how?

G. C. I will go in disguise into their ranks, bribe their officers, learn all their schemes and plans, and betray them into your hands within a week!

M. and E. That's the plan!

The others. No! no!

General Plausible. Soldiers, let us not quarrel among ourselves. I believe we have all the same object in view, and that we are all wishful to accomplish that object as early as possible. Why, then, out of the various schemes that may be proposed, we ought surely to be able to form some plan of action that will be agreeable to us all. We are all servants, as well as generals, in our common cause, and for what we do we are responsible to our government and country. For this reason let us not be over-hasty; but, at the same time, our peril is imminent and our country in danger, and unless we strike some decisive blow we shall certainly be overthrown!

(*A trumpet sounds without. Enter a messenger with a despatch to General Sensible.*)

C. (*after reading the paper*). Generals, this despatch states that the enemy is on the move! King Alcohol is both strong and bold, his officers are daring and fearless, his soldiers are reckless of all consequences. They have had a council of war at the Hole-in-the-Wall, and have decided to erect more batteries and apply for more licenses. They have determined to assume the offensive, and therefore we must prepare to take the field at once! I would suggest that we sound to arms without delay, make an onslaught on their camps, compel them to deliver up their victims, and make the king and all his minions prisoners for life!

G. E. We are engaged in a just and righteous cause; we are supported by a wealthy government and a sensible people; and surely our cause must be triumphant in the end, without all this scrimmage and confusion!

G. M. Certainly, we shall be victorious in the end; and let us gain that victory with as little damage to the enemy as possible.

G. F. Gentlemen, excuse the expression, but I must say that you speak like a couple of fools! (*Cries of "Order! order!"*)

C. General Furious, I trust you will have the good sense to refrain from the use of such expressions.

All. Hear! hear!

G. F. At your request, sir, I bow to the council and withdraw the expression. But when I see King Alcohol and all his servants making such havoc on this fair land, burning up our crops, taking prisoners our blooming youths, destroying our old men, blasting the reputation of our fair women, starving our children, and filling our workhouses, prisons, and asylums with what were once the glory and pride of our nation—I say, when I see all this, which is only a trifle of what he is doing, my blood boils, and I say, Down with the monster! rout him, slay him, and send him back to that hell from whence he sprang!

(*Loud cheers, amid which General Crafty rises, but cannot be heard for a short time.*)

G. C. I submit, Mr. Chairman, that this unseemly disorder is not in character with the gravity of this occasion, nor with the subject of our deliberation. I am inclined to think that we shall come to no decision if this be allowed to continue. The object for which we have taken up arms must be accomplished either by hook or by crook; but I am opposed to indiscriminate slaughter, because I believe our object can be accomplished without. What we want is to destroy the king, disable his officers, and set his slaves at liberty. But, I say, let us do it by stratagem, and not expose ourselves or our plans to the enemy.

G. P. Certainly, what you propose, General Crafty, is very plausible so far as it goes; but it would occupy some long time in carrying it out, whereas the enemy is busy and is bent on mischief, his victims every year being upwards of fifty thousand!

G. F. Hear! hear!

G. P. We must not remain idle. Recruits are flocking in to swell our ranks; fair ladies are buckling on their armour to the fight; and a spirit of enthusiastic valour pervades the Temperance army. It would be folly on our

part to keep back our earnest followers from immediate action. Let us up, then, and storm their citadel with shot and shell! The God of battles is on our side; and Right shall triumph over Might, truth over falsehood, reason over passion, justice over oppression, liberty over slavery; the temperance flag shall wave in triumph over all the ports of drunkenness and folly; God shall triumph over Satan, and the former things shall pass away, and all things become new! (*Cheers.*)

(*Re-enter Messenger with a despatch. The Trumpet is sounded.*)

C. (*reading*). "The enemy is mustering his drunken ranks, and means to attack us during the darkness of night." We have no alternative now but to go to action at once. Generals Furious and Plausible, you must lead on the front ranks. General Crafty, you must send out your scouts, and gather all information of the enemy's movements. Generals Meek and Easy, you must bring up the rear. And all of you, like true men, as you are, must fight like patriots for your country and your people; and may God defend and prosper the right! Generals, are these orders in accordance with your wishes?

G. F. I am delighted! Every day my energies shall be engaged, and I will use all efforts in my power to bring this monster to the dust!

G. P. I will also do my utmost, shunning no danger, fearless of all that the enemy can do; and my arm shall never rest till the victory is accomplished!

G. C. My weather-eye shall be upon the enemy! I will find out all his plans, expose his folly and darkness, drag him from his darkness to the light of day, and hold him up to the gaze of the world as a monster and a fiend!

G. M. As we are to fight, I shall certainly do my duty as a soldier and an officer; and, though I do not attack in front, nor strike the heavy blows that some of you may do, yet I shall strike home, and strike effectually when I do lift my sword!

G. E. I am sorry we are going to have all this trouble and anxiety—(*laughter*)—but, as a servant of my country and an officer in the Temperance army, I will lead on the *Cold Stream* Guards to battle and to victory!

C. Well said, generals! We must now to work; and when we meet again I trust it will be, not as a Council of War, but as a Council of Peace, with old King Alcohol completely defeated and destroyed. To action, then! and let no time be wasted. Strike the blow, and the victory is ours! (*To the Messenger.*) Trumpeter! give the call to arms, and let our brave soldiers form and advance.

Our cause is just, it must succeed;
King Alcohol shall fall and bleed;
His death shall ring from shore to shore,
And drunkards shall be slaves no more!

(*The council is dissolved; and to the sound of the trumpet they all march out.*)

A TALE OF A NOSE.

TWAS a hard case, that which happened in Lynn.

Haven't heard of it, eh? Well then, to begin,

There's a Jew down there whom they call "Old Mose,"

Who travels about, and buys old clothes.

Now Mose—which the same is short for Moses—

Had one of the biggest kind of noses:

It had a sort of an instep in it,

And he fed it with snuff about once a minute.

One day he got in a bit of a row

With a German chap who'd insulted his *frau*,

And, trying to punch him *à la* Mace,

Had his nose cut off close up to his face.

He picked it up from off the ground,

And quickly back in its place 'twas bound,

Keeping the bandage upon his face

Until it had fairly healed in place.

Alas for Mose! 'Twas a sad mistake

Which he in his haste that day did make;

For, to add still more to his bitter cup,

He found he had placed it *wrong side up*.

"There's no great loss without some gain;"
And Moses says, in a jocular vein,
He arranged it so for taking snuff,
As he never before could get enough.

One thing, by the way, he forgets to add,
Which makes the arrangement rather bad;
Although he can take his snuff with ease,
He has to stand on his head to sneeze!

BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT.

BE sure you're right, then go ahead!"
That's what a brave man wisely said;
And every man in wisdom's light
Can surely tell the wrong from right,
So that, the evil knowing, he
May work for good and victory.

There may be some who'll gibe and sneer
At honest effort, but it's clear
That he who dares to do the right
Shall some day conquer in the fight,
If, heeding not the scoffer's cry,
He march right on e'er faithfully.

The grandest victories ever won
Are blessings sent for good deeds done;
And richer far than crowns of gold,
Or gems of fabulous wealth untold,
Is that bright crown of gratitude
The world gives to its brave and good.

O toiler standing at the plough!
O workman with the sweating brow!
Yours is the mission to fulfil,
The carrying out of Heaven's will;
And yours the triumph of success
If bravely on you ever press.

Take courage, then, and do your best;
There'll come a day of rest,
When sweetest flowers shall strew your way
And chill December turn to May.
March with a hero's firmest tread—
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"

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The following (referring to one of the pieces in Reciter) is from Mr. WM. BIRCH's sermon, "Choosing for Eternity," preached at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, January 4th, 1885:—

"The other evening I heard a recitation in which several of our orphan children took part. They had a 'wishing cap' which each in turn placed on her head, and then expressed her chief desire. One wished that she were crowned with wealth, that she might have carriages and horses, fine dresses and jewelry, and so on. Another wished she could have a million pounds, in order that the opportunity might be given her of blessing the poor, comforting the sick, clothing the naked, sending the gospel to the heathen, feeding little hungry children, and otherwise doing good. Another, when she put on the cap, wished that she were Queen, with power to do exactly as she liked, so that with one stroke of her pen, she might close up all the public houses in the country, and bring peace, and bread, and clothes to every poor man's house."

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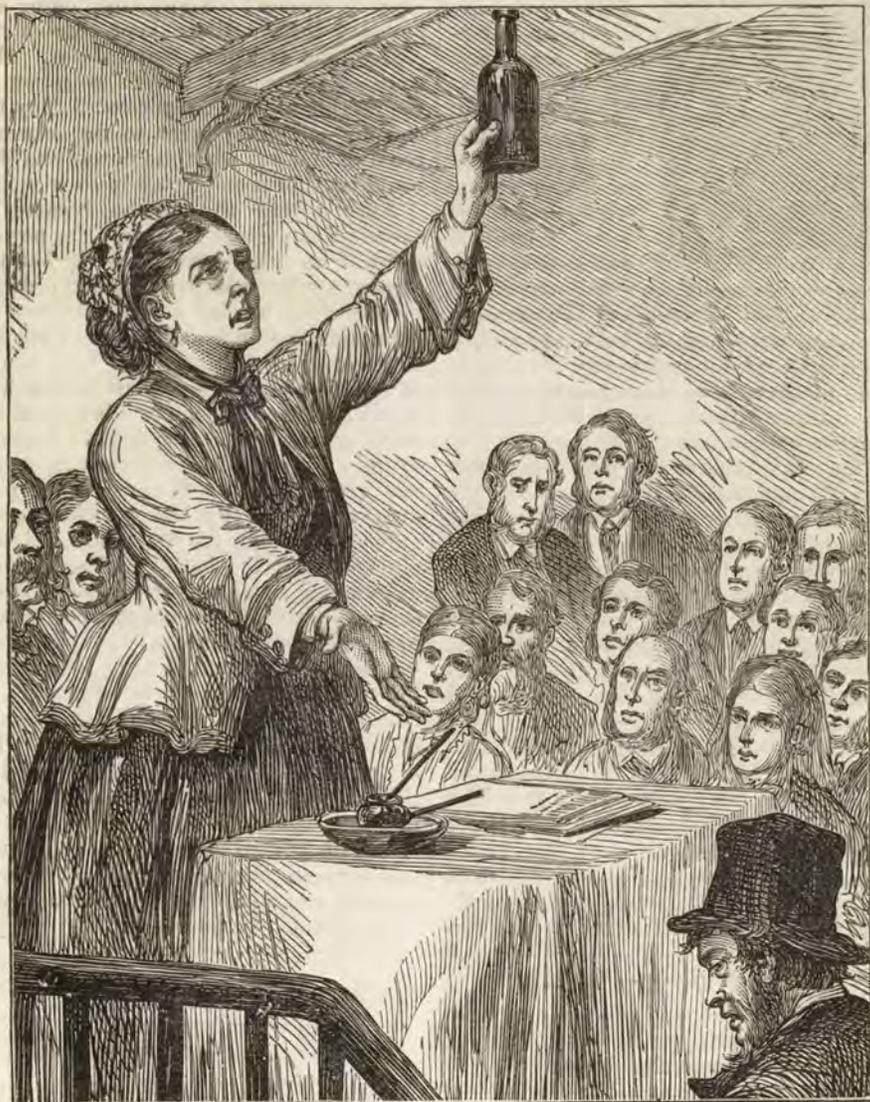
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A REMARKABLE CHANGE.

A REMARKABLE CHANGE.



doing its demoralizing work among the people. Here Gospel and Temperance Meetings were nightly held, and many poor drunkards induced to sign the pledge; some of them gave their hearts to God and became missionaries to their former drunken companions.

One remarkable case of reformation was that of a middle-aged woman. Before the Mission commenced she was one of the most drunken characters in the district—a terror even to her dram-drinking friends. Reckless, vicious and quarrelsome, she had often been in the police cell, and was well known to the magistrate. But one night this woman entered the Mission-room, and the singing, the prayers, and the short earnest addresses found a way to her heart—that heart which was thought by many to be too hard to receive good impressions; the poor woman was melted to tears, and at the close came to the front and signed the pledge.

Some who saw her leaving the room smiled incredulously, thinking it all a joke. But this was not so; the woman was ter-

ribly in earnest. Night after night she attended the meetings, kept true to her pledge, and at length found Jesus. Her changed life caused quite a sensation in the neighbourhood. None could deny the change, and many went to the mission-room to find out what the power was that could transform one formerly so wicked.

After a time the woman became an earnest Temperance speaker. Her powers were of no mean order; having felt the serpent's sting herself, she could describe to others its terrible effects. It was an animating and touching sight to see her addressing a meeting—her face almost painful in its earnestness while she held up the bottle and denounced it in burning, scathing language, beseeching her audience to shun every kind of intoxicating drink, and give themselves to God. Many poor drunkards were by her earnest appeals induced to sign the pledge. A brand plucked from the burning, she became a light and a guide to others; nor did she cease to labour till death opened the way to her Master's kingdom.

Such a remarkable instance is encouraging to those engaged in the work of rescuing the perishing from the low depths of vice to which so many are sunk. The divine injunction is: "Sow thy seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou canst not tell which shall prosper, this or that." Earnest, self-denying labour is sure to have its reward; and no reward can be greater than to see drunkards made sober and godly.

THE TREE AND ITS FRUITS.

FRUITS of gin, and wine, and whiskey
Show themselves by day;
And at night in wretched hovels
Slowly crawl away.

In the jail and in the gutter,
Ragged and unclean;
Drunken, helpless, and degraded,
Fruits of rum are seen.

In the fearful lack of business,
 In the dearth of trade,
 We but see the desolation
 Licensed rum has made.
 When the tree itself is evil,
 How can it but bear
 Fruits which lead from sin and ruin
 Down into despair?

WANTED VOLUNTEERS.

BY F. Q. COWLEY.

TO the standard of the Queen,
 The call is heard to-day:
 "Volunteer your service, men—
 Come, be your country's stay!
 Lend your aid; your courage lend;
 Now rally to the cause
 Bequeathed to you to keep, extend,
 Our just and righteous laws."
 Many to the call respond,
 Forth from their homes they go;
 They rally to the trumpet's sound
 That calls to meet the foe.
 To home and friends they bid farewell,
 Our shores they leave behind;
 To face the foe, meet death as well,
 They go with cheerful mind.

Our country honours and applauds
 Such noble, gallant deeds,
 And pours on him its rich rewards
 Who for his country bleeds;
 Since all such actions tend to swell
 The nation's pride and fame,
 And make all people love to own
 Our country's lofty name.

But there's a nobler banner still
 Floats o'er the world to-day,
 Than e'er the Union Jack can boast:
 The flag of Calvary;
 Christ, its Captain, leads the way,
 And calls for volunteers;
 To boys and girls he now doth say,
 "Come, 'spite your tender years."

With sin there is a fight to wage;
 There's work for all to do;
 There are conflicts to encounter
 With many a subtle foe;
 Then rally to the call to-day,
 As Christ hath need of you;
 And in the thickest of the fray,
 Your duty nobly do.

Be soldiers of the glorious Cross,
 Tread where your fathers trod;
 Ne'er mind the pain or count the loss,
 But put your trust in God.
 He'll surely help in time of need,
 Give strength and peace and joy;
 Crown your brave life with victory—
 Rest give without alloy.

March forward then to fight and win,
 Led by your Heavenly King!
 When strife is o'er, the battle won,
 Heaven's lofty dome will ring!
 Then hail the faithful and the true,
 In life's fierce storm and strife;
 Your Captain soon will say, "Well done,
 Enjoy eternal life."

THE SOULS OF THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

WHO bids for the little children,
 Body, and soul, and brain?
 Who bids for the little children,
 Young and without a stain?
 Will no one bid," said England,
 "For their souls so pure and white?
 And fit for all good and evil,
 The world on their page may write?"
 "We bid," said Pest and Famine—
 "We bid for life and limb;
 Fever and pain and squalour
 Their bright young eyes shall dim.
 When the children grow too many
 We'll nurse them as our own,
 And hide them in secret places,
 Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling—
 "I bid for them one and all!
 I'll teach them a thousand lessons,
 To lie, to skulk, to crawl!
 They shall sleep in my hair like maggots,
 They shall rot in the fair sunshine,
 And if they serve my purpose
 I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
 Said Crime, with a wolfish grin,
 "For I love to lead the children
 Through the pleasant paths of sin.
 They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
 They shall plague the broad highway,
 Till they grow too old for pity,
 And ripe for the law to slay."

"Prison, and hulk, and gallows
 Are many in the land;
 'Twere folly not to use them,
 So proudly as they stand,
 Give me the little children;
 I'll take them as they're born,
 And feed their evil passions
 With misery and scorn."

"Give me the little children,
 Ye rich, ye good, ye wise,
 And let the busy world spin round
 While ye shut your idle eyes;
 And your judges shall have work,
 And your lawyers wag the tongue,
 And the jailers and policemen
 Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh! shame," said true Religion,
 "Oh! shame that this should be!
 I'll take the little children—
 Oh! give them ALL to me!
 I'll raise them up in kindness
 From the mire in which they've trod;
 I'll teach them words of blessing,
 And lead them up to God."

PAPA'S FOOTSTEPS.

BY GEO. S. HURD.

"FOLLOWING papa's footsteps,"
 Are you, little one?
 Then God grant his footsteps
 Error's path may shun.

"Following papa's footsteps?"
 I doubt not you will.
 Where those steps may lead you
 Cause the heart to thrill.

"Following papa's footsteps!"
 Father, stop and think!
 Will those footsteps linger
 Short of ruin's brink?

"Following papa's footsteps."
 Aye, for weal or woe.
 Darling little fellow—
 And you love him so!

Parents, will your footsteps
 In that path have trod,
 Which will lead the little ones
 Up and on to God?

DRINK, LORD BRAMWELL, AND THE LIQUOR LEAGUE.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes the following verses
 "From a Well-known Hand":—

SOME one has asked, "Is life worth
 living?"
 Now, what is the answer we ought to be
 giving?
 Bramwell has hit on the answer, I think—
 It's only worth living with plenty of Drink!
 Drink! Drink! Plenty of Drink!
 From a life without liquor the boldest
 would shrink.

Only think of those fellows who set themselves up,
 To rob a poor man of his bowl and his cup!
 The heart of our Bramwell is ready to burst
 When he thinks of those wicked ignorers of thirst!
 Drink is good for the body and good for the soul,
 And the centre of pleasure is found in the bowl.
 'Tis the keynote of joy, and the balm of fatigue!
 That's the creed of the "Liquor and Liberty League."
 Drink! Drink! Excellent Drink!
 Its virtue and glory what sophist can blink?

But Bramwell declares—his acuteness is such—
 That drink will do harm if you swallow too much;
 But, throughout all the world, it's the very best stuff
 If you only can manage to take just enough.
 Drink! Drink! Dangerous Drink!
 Three inches too far, and you're certain to sink!

But, "No matter," says Bramwell, "who sink and who swim,
 This attack upon Drink's a ridiculous whim."
 Through drink let their thousands and thousands be killed,
 Through drink let our gaols and asylums be filled;
 Through drinking let widows and orphans be made;
 A fig for all that, if it's good for "the Trade."
 No law against drink in this land shall there be—
 Old England—the home of the Drunk and the Free!
 Let crazy Mahommed his edicts announce,

And dare "the good creature of God" to denounce;
 It may do very well for Arabia's mad sons,
 But we "Liquor and Lucre men" stick to our guns.
 When there's drink to be drunk, and there's cash to be made,
 Lords Bramwell and Wemyss will stick firm to "the Trade;"
 And the Trade is alone worth regard, is it not,
 Though the rest of the nation should all "go to pot?"
 Drink! Drink! Omnipotent Drink!
 Before it both people and peers ever shrink!

Oh! hey for a land in some far-distant sphere!
 Without any Law—with unlimited Beer.
 No closing of "publics" and beershops on Sunday—
 No simpletons shutting at twelve on a Monday—
 No ruffian police for repelling disorder;
 But freedom untrammelled throughout its wide border.
 In an ocean of Liquor an island of Rest,
 With no Law and no King—except Bramwell the blest—
 Their friend and philosopher, guide and preceptor,
 Enthroned on a barrel—a corkscrew his sceptre!
 Oh! to that happy land when our Bramwell is crowned
 Will the "Liquor and Lucre" men gather around;
 Where, without any Law, but much Liquor, they'll find
 That the happier Eden's returned to mankind!

Cannes, April 10.

M.P.

COME, DRINK AT THE FOUNTAIN.

JOHN P. ELLIS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

The wa-ter nymph com-eth a - gain, And riv - ers and wood-lands sing, For the

KEY G.

d	m	:-r	d	t	:-d	r	d	:-	:-	:-	d	d	:-t	:-l	d	:-	l	s	:-	:-	:-	s	s	
s	:-s	:-s	s	s	:-s	:-s	s	s	:-	:-	:-	s	l	:-s	:-f	l	:-	f	m	:-	:-	:-	m	m
m	s	:-f	m	r	:-m	f	m	:-	:-	:-	d	d	:-d	:-d	d	:-	d	d	:-	:-	:-	d	d	
d	d	:-d	d	s	:-s	:-s	s	d	:-	:-	:-	m	f	:-f	:-f	f	:-	f	d	:-	:-	:-	d	d

nee - tar now flow - ing to men, Comes down from a moun - tain spring; And

s	:-l	:-t	r	:-m	f	m	:-	:-	:-	m	r	:-d	:-t	d	:-	l	s	:-	:-	:-	r		
s	:-s	:-s	s	t	:-d	r	d	:-	:-	:-	d	t	:-l	:-s	l	:-	fe	s	:-	:-	:-	s	
t	:-d	r	s	:-s	s	s	:-	:-	:-	s	s	:-r	:-r	r	:-	d	t	:-	:-	:-	t		
s	:-s	:-s	s	s	:-s	:-s	s	d	:-	:-	:-	d	r	:-r	:-r	r	:-	r	s	:-	:-	:-	s

na-iads that rev-el in spray, And streamlets that sport un - seen, And

r	:-t	:-s	r	:-t	:-s	m	:-	:-	:-	m	m	:-d	:-l	r	:-	d	t	:-	:-	:-	s
s	:-s	:-s	s	:-s	:-s	s	:-	:-	:-	s	l	:-l	:-l	fe	:-	l	s	:-	:-	:-	s
t	:-r	:-t	t	:-r	:-t	d	:-	:-	:-	d	d	:-m	:-d	r	:-	r	r	:-	:-	:-	t
s	:-s	:-s	s	:-s	:-s	d	:-	:-	:-	d	l	:-l	:-l	r	:-	r	s	:-	:-	:-	f

CHORUS.

blend in the light to convey The chal-ice of Na-ture's queen. Then come to the

d :-t: d r :-d: r m :-: f :-: f m :-: r: d r :-: t: d :-: s :-: d :-: d: d
 s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ t₁ :-: l₁: t₁ d :-: d: d :-: t: d s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ :-: s₁ :-: s₁: s₁: s₁
 d :-: f: m s :-: s: s s :-: l: l s :-: f: m f :-: r: m :-: m :-: m: m: m
 m₁ :-: r: d₁ s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ d :-: f: f s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ d :-: d: d: d

fount-ain, men, Nor wo-men, nor chil-dren, shrink; For the wa-ters to-day are

m :-: m r :-: f :-: t :-: t: t, r :-: f m :-: m: m s :-: s: s m :-: d
 d :-: d t :-: r :-: s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ t₁ :-: r d :-: d: d d :-: d: d s₁ :-: s₁:
 s :-: s s :-: s: s r :-: r: r s :-: s s :-: s: s m :-: m: m d :-: d
 d :-: d s :-: s: s s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ d :-: d: d d :-: d: d d :-: m:

gush-ing and say: "Come, drink at the fount-ain, drink; Come, drink, at the fount-ain, drink."

l₁ :-: d: f l₁ :-: l₁ s :-: f: m f :-: r m :-: l: s :-: f: m f :-: r d :-: d:
 f₁ :-: l₁: l₁ d :-: d d :-: t: d s₁ :-: t₁ d :-: d: d d :-: t: d s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ :-: s₁:
 d :-: f: f f :-: f m :-: r: d r :-: s s :-: f: m: r: d r :-: f m :-: d:
 f₁ :-: f₁: f₁ f₁ :-: f₁ s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ d :-: f₁: s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ s₁ :-: s₁: s₁ d₁ :-: d:

2 No poison embitters the cup,
 No serpent is lurking there;
 And the thirsty may cheerfully sup,
 For joy is the drinker's share;
 Like pilgrims who seek for a home,
 Unshaded and never sad,
 The faint without money may come,
 And drink till their hearts are glad.

3 The crystals that sparkle and shower,
 Are cool as Bethesda's flow;
 And the angels come down every hour,
 To comfort the lives below;
 No warning foreshadows despair,
 No handwriting's on the wall;
 But heaven suffuses the air,
 With blessings that drop for all.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS CLASS; OR, WORDS AND MEANINGS.

A DIALOGUE FOR SEVEN. BY A. W. O.

The SCHOOLMASTER sits in the midst of a class of boys, and the boys give their answers in rotation.

Schoolmaster.

NOW, then, my boys, for our lesson in words and meanings. People say I have an original way of conducting my class; but I care nothing for the originality so long as I am instructive. I combine words, meanings, and morality together; we don't take the dictionary meaning only, but the general significance of the word. And now, after this short prelude, Thomas, what's the meaning of "drink?"

Thomas. Drink signifies a liquid satisfaction for the palate.

S. Very good! But it signifies something more.

T. It means liquor that produces great harm, such as gin, whiskey, mountain dew, wines, Old Tom, beer, and such-like stuff, which inebriate the mind, drown the senses, and steep in oblivion the vital spark of reason with which God has given us pre-eminence over the brute beasts.

S. Very well, Thomas; but it would be as well if the word had no meaning save as relates to pure drinks which satisfy the body but do not corrupt the mind. Now, Henry, what is the exact meaning of the word "selfishness?"

Henry. Selfishness means forgetting that there are any wants in the world save your own, or any feelings, any happiness, or any aspirations save those which concern your own immediate interests.

S. Right! Now, give us a practical illustration.

H. The drunkard is an intensely selfish man; he gratifies his own wretched desire for alcohol at the expense of the comfort and happiness of his wife, his family, or his friend. His selfishness is of a very foolish kind; for, while he makes his own friends miserable, he does himself a great injury.

S. Well, well, Henry, I see you do not mean to shame your teetotal education. Now, George, what is the meaning of "poverty?"

George. A scarecrow for misers, the reward

of the idle, the drunkard's lot, and the dread of every honest and industrious man! Poverty, in fact, means having little of this world's goods to comfort yourself with.

S. A "consummation" to be by no means "devoutly wished!" You think poverty is the drunkard's lot, then?

G. It must be sooner or later. He takes the means to the end, and must accept the penalty of his misdeeds when the time arrives.

S. Philosophically said, George. And can you inform me what "crime" means, Albert?

Albert. I think I can, sir. Crime means any procedure which violates the laws of God or of man.

S. Can you illustrate your meaning, please?

A. The drunkard commits a crime when he neglects the interests of those who are committed to his care merely to gratify his drunken appetite. The consequences of this neglect are appalling; for of crime, which is the offspring of breaking the laws of the land, three-fourths can be quite distinctly traced to intoxicating liquors.

S. Very good! Now, Alfred, what is "honour?"

Alfred. Honour is a something for rogues to swear by; otherwise it means that sense of integrity and uprightness which makes a man keep all the laws of morality. An illustration of honour may be given by showing what is *not* honour. A man who will spend all his earnings in the tap-room on himself and his companions whilst his home and its inmates lack the necessaries of life knows little of honour or of morality.

S. So I should think; and I would have such men enclosed in four bare walls and fed upon bread and water until they recovered their senses. Well, Samuel, what's the meaning of "bad times?"

Samuel. Bad times means a scarcity of work or of custom, and, as a consequence, scarcity of money, and absence of profits to make up an income. But the term is often misapplied, and used where there is really no occasion for it.

S. Give us a case in point, my boy.

Samuel. I have heard men say, "Ah! what bad times these are," when they were draining the beer-glass. In such cases the "bad" is in the glass or in the man, and not in the "times," which are often blamed when least in fault. "Bad times" are the scape-goats for idle, dissolute, and careless men.

S. A capital definition, Samuel! Well, now, Thomas, I return to you once more. Can you tell me the meaning of "rainy day?"

T. A rainy day means one of atmospheric moisture, but, taken figuratively, means an unprosperous day, and one which we should provide against by economy, thrift, and industry. The man least likely to be ready for a rainy day is he who spends without thought of the future, and heeding only the present. Hence the rainy days of a drunkard are likely to be very showery indeed, and he will find a difficulty in taking shelter when they *do* arrive. He has not an umbrella in the savings'-bank nor a teetotal overcoat. Hence the rain of *his* rainy days will be merciless and pitiless.

S. Capital, Thomas! You understand your subject, I perceive. And what does the word "landlord" mean, George, my boy?

G. It means the owner or letter of property; but otherwise the dispenser of liquors at an inn is also dignified by the same title. A landlord in this case means the man who himself rises, while he ruins others; who, like the Sphinx of old, grows out of the smoke of ruined healths and pockets. Not that I would blame the landlord himself, but the soul-destroying stuff that he vends.

S. Right, George! Now, Henry, let us change the topic. Can you tell me what teetotalism means?

H. Very well, sir, and from practical experience. Teetotalism is sobriety; otherwise, a determination never to touch intoxicating liquors. I recommend it especially to those who find an occasional unsteadiness in their feet and obscurity in their brains; also to those young men who think it genteel to take a glass, and will by and by find out what that sort of "gentility" means. I also recommend it to those who find their means limited at home. If Johnny wants a new hat, or Susan a new bonnet, teetotalism will in all probability

buy it easily. It's a family medicine, too, and ought to be kept in every house.

S. True. And if any person here does not know what it is let him come forward and sign the pledge. But by the way, Albert, what's the meaning of "pledge?"

A. A pledge is a guarantee. The pledge, as we understand it, against drink of all sorts that may be intoxicating means the safeguard of the sober man, the friend of the frugal wife, the certificate of resolution, the receipt signed in payment of years of evil, of intemperance, and the talisman to the word of temptation!

S. Your definitions are good, Albert. And can you, Alfred, inform us of the meaning of the term "Band of Hope?"

Alfred. Easily, sir; since I am myself a member of ours. Bands of Hope mean—mean—mean—why, Bands of Hope mean—of course, you know they mean, why, of course, they mean "Bands of Hope!"

S. So we suppose. But that's only telling us that it means what it means. Try again.

Alfred. Why, the term means a number of children whom we hope to rescue from the chance of becoming drunkards by teaching them the principles of sobriety whilst they are young. Bands of Hope may form the basis of our country's future greatness; since, if we sober the generations as they spring up, surely the seeds sown by the way-side will some of them spring up and yield good fruit.

S. Come, that's better! Finally, Samuel, can you define me the word "religion?"

Samuel. I think so. Religion is a theory which has for its end the saving of men's souls, the supporting them in the hour of trial and of need, and the rewarding of God's disciples with the rich harvest of eternity and heaven. All moral schemes are comparatively useless without it; and that which He does not smile upon will come to nothing. Hence, what we have been talking about—namely, teetotalism—must go hand-in-hand with religion; God's strong right arm to the rescue first, and man's stern resolves next!

S. You are perfectly correct, Samuel. Now, can you each conclude with an impromptu on the particular words we have named?

THOMAS.

"Drink" is the fiend that can rob you of health,
Can steal all your pleasures, and cheat you of
It makes all the "rainy days" many, you'll
find,
So for drink and potations I am not inclined.

HENRY.

The drunkard in "Selfishness" beats the whole globe!
He wraps himself up in his own ragged robe.
The "teetotaler" should be a man of more mind—
More affable, liberal, true, and more kind.

GEORGE.

Poverty is not a sin, as we know,
Except when you see drunken sots in full
blow;
And who's to blame but the "rumseller" for
He's the principal cause of this exquisite bliss!

ALBERT.

What's "crime?" Why, the law when it's broken, of course;
Or moral laws broken. Few things can be
The "pledge" against this you can take, my good friend,
And to every good movement your influence lend.

ALFRED.

"Honour's" a bright and an untarnished shield,
Which to evil and sinfulness never will yield;
And as for our vigorous young "Bands of Hope,"
With temptations to come we trust we will

SAMUEL.

"Bad times," so folks grumble, are always about;
But a teetotal man puts them all to the rout;
But whatever you have, of "religion" be heedful,
And never neglect the "one thing that is

SCHOOLMASTER.

That was very well said, and you do me some credit.
I mean what I say; when I've said it, I've said it!

HELPING ALONG.

THE world is so sad and so dreary,
That if a man is to get through
He need have the courage of Nelson,
And plenty of Job's patience, too!
But he who is kind to another,
And cheerfully helps him along,
We claim as a man and a brother;
So here's to his health in a song!

As clouds that in sunshine are opened
Are gilded by light passing through,
So men who are gen'rous and kindly
Are blessed by the good that they do.
There's nothing like helping another
For getting one's own self along.
Who does so is truly a brother;
So here's to his health in a song!

The world is as cheerless as winter
To him who is cold in the heart,
But he who is warm in his nature
Bids winter for ever depart.
The path that he treads seems to blossom,
And beauties around him to throng.
We hail such a man as a brother;
So here's to his health in a song!

There's something in other men's sorrows
That strengthens the man that is true—
They soften at first, and then prompt him
The manliest actions to do.
There's no lack of sorrow and trouble
Our poor fellow-creatures among,
But God makes His blessings all double
For those who help others along!

A GOOSE WITHOUT FEATHERS.

A goose that sees another goose drink
will do the same, though he is not thirsty.
The custom of drinking for company,
when drinking is dispensable and prejudicial,
seems to be a case of the same kind,
and to put a man, feathers only excepted,
upon a footing with a goose.
—Bishop Horne.

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"The other evening I heard a recitation in which several of our orphan children took part. They had a 'wishing cap' which each in turn placed on her head, and then expressed her chief desire. One wished that she were crowned with wealth, that she might have carriages and horses, fine dresses and jewelry, and so on. Another wished she could have a million pounds, in order that the opportunity might be given her of blessing the poor, comforting the sick, clothing the naked, sending the gospel to the heathen, feeding little hungry children, and otherwise doing good. Another, when she put on the cap, wished that she were Queen, with power to do exactly as she liked, so that with one stroke of her pen, she might close up all the public houses in the country, and bring peace, and bread, and clothes to every poor man's house."

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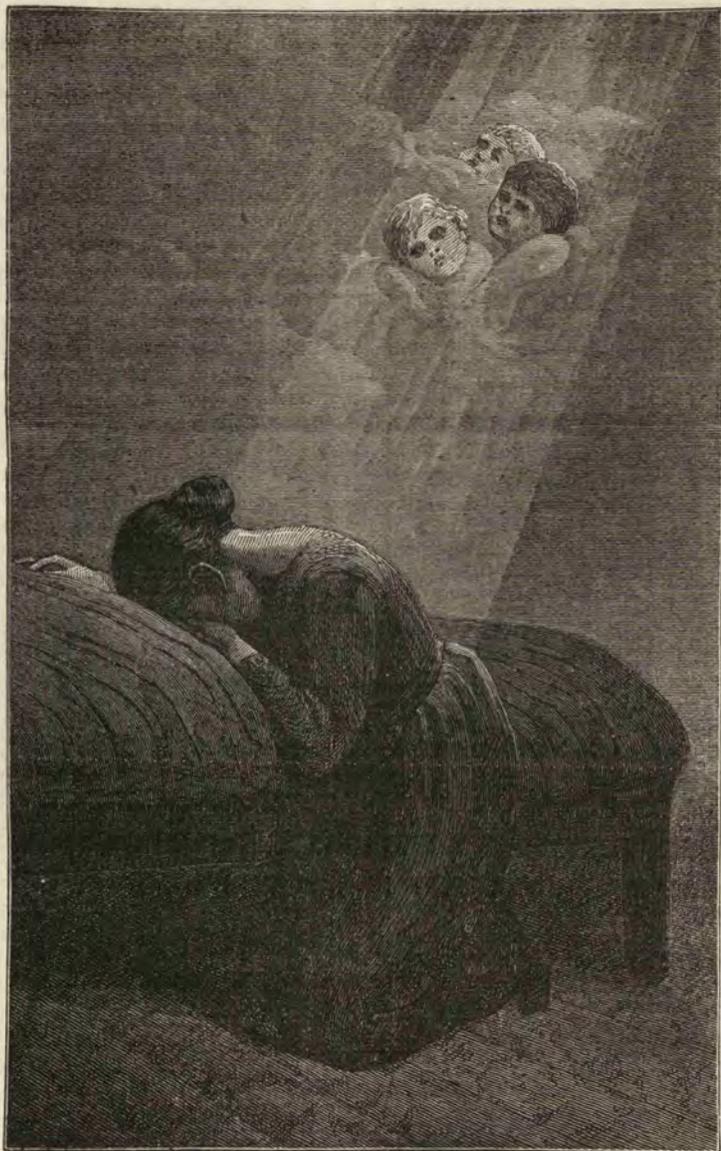
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A DRUNKEN FATHER.



OUR artist has this month depicted a painful scene, one of many which might be drawn from the history of May Benson, the daughter of a man who once held a high position in the commercial world, and who, for many years,

was looked up to as a pattern for emulation by young men aiming at prominence and distinction.

In addition to his business, John Benson took an active part in matters of local and national interest, and was in the front rank as a social reformer. There was one failing, however, in his otherwise noble character, a failing which, in course of time, proved disastrous both to his business career and his social position—he was not a teetotaler. It does not always follow that because a man takes wine, or other intoxicating drinks, he will be ruined; but in the case of John Benson it was so; and the frequent downfall of men, in all ranks and conditions, through tampering with this dangerous foe, makes it a matter of serious importance that strong drinks should be discarded altogether.

John Benson's downfall was not sudden; for years he was moderate over his wine; but gradually, and at first almost imperceptibly, he indulged himself, until, when any extra strain of business came upon him, or he felt in any degree oppressed, he flew to the bottle for stimulant to fortify himself for his duties. His loving wife noticed with alarm the change which had come over her husband, and with tears begged him to check the growing

appetite. He tried to calm her anxiety by saying there was little danger of a man in his position going beyond the bounds of respectability and discretion; she need have no fear on his account; he had himself well in hand.

But as time went on he had to confess even to himself that stimulants had gained the ascendancy over him, and that he had no moral power to resist when appetite demanded. His business, which required a clear head and a steady nerve to its success, began to suffer. He made some foolish speculations and lost heavily. This caused him to drink more deeply. A whisper went abroad in the commercial world that he was unsafe, and that he was almost always under the influence of wine. His credit suffered; men looked upon him with suspicion; until at length the business which had been built up by earnest, steady work, and was highly profitable, became a wreck, and John Benson was a ruined man.

The road to destruction, when once entered, is steep and slippery. John Benson found it so. His wife, broken-hearted, was soon laid beneath the sod. His only child, May, clung to him in his downfall—clung to him in his poverty—in his drunkenness. She took a small cottage, gave lessons in music, painted flowers and landscapes and sold them to a local picture dealer, who was glad to buy; for she painted exquisitely, and her pictures found a ready sale. But oh, it was a weary life; almost all she earned was demanded by her father for drink. She pleaded with him, she wept over him, she prayed for him; but all in vain. He was not unkind to her; tears would run down his cheeks as he heard her gentle pleading words; but he would say, "I can't help it, May;

I must have drink! Forgive me, child!
It won't be long!"

It was after one of these painful scenes, when her father had gone out, that, almost broken-hearted, she ran to her humble bed-room, and falling on her knees, with her face pressed on the pillow, she sobbed out her griefs to God, and in this way gained strength and courage to bear the burden laid upon her.

John Benson died from the effects of strong-drink. He was buried in the same grave as his wife. The only mourner was his daughter, whose devotion was so beautiful that angels must have looked upon her with admiration. But the strain on her nervous system had been too great. In six months after her father's death she was carried to the grave; and thus, through the father's weakness in yielding to strong drink, not only did he himself perish, but his innocent wife and daughter were brought to an untimely end. "Look thou not upon the wine.....at the last it biteth like a serpent; and stingeth like an adder."

A CASKET OF JEWELS.

ELIZA VAUGHAN, F.S.Sc.

I HAVE a little casket
All set with precious stones;
And oft I praise its beauty
In low, but earnest tones.
For 'tis of priceless value,
'Tis gold, with silver lined—
But oh! I would not sell it
For all the wealth of Ind.
Let's take a peep inside it,
And see what it contains;
Oh! treasures bright and glist'ning,
And carved, and massive chains.
See, here at top's a bracelet,
All covered o'er with dust;

And on it gems of "Turquoise"
Do spell the sweet word "Trust!"
Next comes a cross "Enamelled,"
Which "Faith" doth represent;
Of future life the emblem,
Sure "Faith" for blessings sent.
Then here's a little "Timepiece,"
Which ticking seems to say,
"My name is Patience—Patience!"
All through the livelong day.
Oh! ring, all set with brilliants,
What is thy name? "In sooth,
But 'diamonds' they call me,
My other name is 'Truth!'"
Sweet little gem, what art thou
That thus my earrings dress?
"I am that 'Pearl' so priceless,
The 'Pearl of Gentleness!'"
Oh! here I have a necklet
With clasp of deepest green;
It is the trusty "Em'rald,"
With "Friendship" ever seen.
Within this little locket,
There is a jewel fine;
The "Amethyst" "Forbearance,"
All brightly here doth shine.
And in this golden cirlet,
Which yet may deck my head;
The "Ruby" called "Forgiveness,"
Doth light and lustre shed.
Come hither, gentle "Sapphire,"
You must not dwell alone;
You have a name still sweeter
Than that you call your own.
For "Sympathy" comes with you,
Soon as it sorrow hears;
Go "Sympathy," bright jewel,
And soothe the mourner's tears.
I have a brooch, with "Garnets"
All brightly studded o'er;
But "Charity" I call them,
And freely give my store.

So I can, like a Princess,
 With gems my brow bedeck;
 Wear "Truth" upon my finger,
 And "Friendship" on my neck;
 From which doth hang a pendant
 Will teach me to "Forbear";
 And I, a bracelet ever,
 Called "Trust in Heaven" wear.
 And "Gentleness" compels me
 For ever, far and near,
 To listen to its promptings—
 It hangs upon my ear.
 And I can, like a Duchess,
 Boast too a coronet:
 Whose motto is "Forgiveness,"
 Wait, I can also yet
 Display upon my bosom,
 Fair "Sympathy's" sweet crest;
 Where ever for a symbol,
 Kind "Charity" doth rest.
 And though within my pocket,
 No cash be ever there,
 'Tis well supplied with "Patience,"
 Which lightens many a care.
 Still, one more precious treasure
 Of hoarded wealth, is mine;
 'Tis "Faith"—while that is near me,
 Have I not "grace divine?"
 What wonder then my casket
 Of gems I dearly prize—
 What wonder—since its value
 A monarch's crown outvies!

A LITTLE SLAVE.

ANNIE ELLIOTT PASCOE.

IT is not "My dear little bright eyes!"
 Of a slave 'neath the burning sun,
 Toiling by African fountains
 From dawn till the day is done.
 Nor yet of the little captive
 In Syria long ago,
 But a sadder tale is "my darling,"
 The one I will tell to you.

You have heard of the *Strong Drink* Giant;
 Of men and women—his slaves;
 Of chains, with which he doth bind them,
 Till buried in drunkards' graves.
 But perhaps you have thought that never
 A child is beneath his rule,
 That all little lads and lassies,
 Are safe from his chains at school.
 But 'tis true that this dreadful fiend
 Is reaching the children too,
 Binding them fast with his chains of sin,
 E'er e'en to manhood they grow.
 One poor little slave, of twelve years old,
 Has long in his kingdom been,
 And too often before our law courts
 For drunkenness is seen.

Her eyes are not bright like yours, "dearie,"
 She cares not for school or play,
 But wanders, a childish sinner,
 Disgracing our streets to-day;
 She was born in this happy England,
 Where the book of God is read;
 But now has the *drink* around her,
 Its baneful influence shed.

She is only one amongst many;
 You, "darling," can not understand,
 The full extent of the misery
Strong Drink has brought to our land.
 We must pray to the loving Saviour,
 To pity this poor child-slave,
 For we know that His power only,
 From the bonds of sin can save.

THE PRICE OF DRINK.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

FIVE cents a glass!" Does any one
 think
 That is really the price of a drink?
 "Five cents a glass," I hear you say;
 "Why, that isn't very much to pay."
 Ah! no, indeed; 'tis a very small sum
 You are passing over 'twixt finger and
 thumb;
 And if that were all you gave away
 It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide
 Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
 And lies, a grovelling heap of clay,
 Not far removed from the beast to-day.
 The price of a drink! Let that one tell
 Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
 And feels within him the fires of hell.
 Honour and virtue, love and truth,
 All the glory and pride of youth,
 Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
 High endeavour and noble aim—
 These are the treasures thrown away
 As the price of a drink from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed
 As over the bar the young man quaffed
 The beaded liquor! For the demon knew
 The terrible work that drink would do;
 And before the morning the victim lay
 With his life-blood ebbing swiftly away.
 And that was the price he paid, alas!
 For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to know
 What some are willing to pay for it, go
 Through that wretched tenement over
 there,
 Where foul disease like a vampire crawls,
 With outstretched wings, o'er the mouldy
 walls.
 There poverty dwells with her hungry
 brood,
 Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food;
 There shame in a corner crouches low;
 There violence deals its cruel blow;
 And innocent ones are thus accursed,
 To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh! if that were
 all
 The sacrifice would indeed be small.
 But the money's worth is the least amount
 We pay; and whoever will keep account
 Will learn the terrible waste and blight
 That follows this terrible appetite.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one
 think
 That this is really the price of a drink?

UNCLE BEN.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

UNCLE BEN was a sturdy smith,
 And you his hammer's ring might hear
 Across the fields and down the lane,
 When Uncle Ben was not in beer—

Or, rather, beer was out of him;
 For oh! he dearly loved his glass,
 And when at night he left the forge
 The "Golden Fleece" he could not pass.

And there he often spent in drink
 His hard-won wages for the day;
 A foolish thing, indeed, it was
 To throw his earnings thus away.

A jovial soul was Uncle Ben,
 And very fond of songs and jokes;
 His mirth it was that made him such
 A favourite with the drinking folks.

And he would sit and laugh and sing
 His well-known song, "I love to roam,"
 And drink until he scarcely could
 Be got to rise and stagger home.

One night he drank so deep and long
 That when he rose and tried to go,
 Though on an old familiar road,
 Which way to turn he did not know.

And so he rambled here and there
 Until he reached the river's brink,
 When down he fell close by the stream,
 And in the mud began to sink.

The morning dawned; a neighbour came
 And found him there quite stiff and cold;
 Another victim slain by drink!
 And now my little story's told.

Dear boys, from this a warning take,
 And be abstainers true, and then
 You may be sure you will escape
 The dreadful fate of Uncle Ben.

—*The Youths' Temperance Banner.*

14.—Some are Walking in the Shadow.

ALICE GREY.

Some are walk-ing in the sha-dow, Some are walk-ing in the light; Some have

KEY C.	{	: d . r m :- m : f . s l : s : l . m f :- f : s . r m :- : d . r
		: d . d d :- d : r . m f : m : de . de r :- r : t, . t, d :- : d . d
		: m . f s :- d' : d' . d' d' : d' : m . l l :- l : s . s s :- : m . f
		: d . d d :- d : d . d d : d : l, l, r :- r : s, . s, d :- : d . d

eyes all dimm'd with weep-ing, Oth-er eyes with smiles are bright; Some are

{	m :- m : f . s l : s : s . d' t :- s : l . fe s :- : s . s
	d :- d : r . m f : m : m . m r :- r : r . r r :- : s . s
	s :- d' : d' . d' d' : d' : d' . s s :- t : d' . l t :- : s . s
	d :- d : d . d d : d : d . d r :- r : r . r s :- : s . s

walk-ing on the moun-tain, Some are walk-ing in the vale; Some are

{	t :- t : l . s s : d' : m . m m :- m : l . l se :- : se . se
	f :- f : f . f m : m : d . r d :- d : d . r m :- : m . m
	r' :- r' : t . t d' : s : s . se l :- l : l . l t :- : t . r'
	s :- s : s . s d : d : d . t, l, :- l, : f . f m :- : m . m

ra - di - ant and hap - py, Some have fa - ces wan and pale.

{	l :-d' : t . l	s : m : l . l	s :-s : r' .,t	d' : -
	m :-l : s . f	m : d : d . f	m :-m : f .,f	m : -
	d' :-d' : d' . d'	d' : s : d' . d'	d' :-d' : t .,r'	d' : -
	l :-l : f . f	d : d : f . f	s :-s : s .,s	d : -

CHORUS.

Thus we tra - vel on life's path-way, T'ill we reach our home a - bove, There for -

{	:d' .d' d' :-d' : t . l	s : m : d' . d'	d' :-d' : l . r'	r' :-m' .,r'
	:m .m l :-l : s . f	m : d : m . m	m :-m : fe . fe	f :-s .,f
	:d' .d' d' :-d' : d' . d'	d' : s : s . s	l :-l : l . l	t :-t .,t
	:d .d f :-f : f . f	d : d : d . d	l :-l : r . r	s :-s .,s

ev - er past all sha - dow, We shall dwell in light and love.

{	d' :-d' : t . l	s : m : l . l	s :-s : r' .,t	d' : -
	m :-m : s . f	m : d : d . f	m :-m : f .,f	m : -
	d' :-d' : d' . d'	d' : s : d' . d'	d' :-d' : t .,r'	d' : -
	d :-d : f . f	d : d : f . f	s :-s : s .,s	d : -

Some are bearing heavy crosses,
 Some are wearing wreaths of flowers;
 Some to whom the years pass quickly,
 Some who count the weary hours.
 Some have hearts all gay and gladsome,
 Some have hearts o'er run with care,
 Some are singing songs of gladness,
 Some are seeking help in prayer.

THE BIBLE A TEETOTAL BOOK.

A dialogue between two boys, NED and TOM. One of the boys must have a Bible to refer to.

BY H. A. G., O.

Ned.

WELL, Tom, I've been wanting to see you; no doubt [about You have heard how the people are talking This teetotal lecture which took place last night?

Tom. I was there, and the lecture gave me much delight!

N. Nay, stop just a moment! Against what was said

A many objections have come in my head; And now that I've got you here safe, I intend To see if your principles you can defend. In the first place, the lecturer said if we'd look In the Bible we'd find it a teetotal book; [up, That it calls wine a mocker and bids us give To handle, touch, taste not, the inebriate's cup. And yet I a great many verses can bring To prove that it calls wine a very good thing— A blessing, heaven sent, grief and care to allay; Not the world's greatest curse, as your temperance folks say.

T. You first must remember this fact, friend of mine:

The Bible speaks plainly of two kinds of wine. One of them is that which "fermented" we call, Containing a poison known as "alcohol." The next, the pure juice of the grape, we each should

Be fully aware, is both cheering and good. Now, this fact is clear—to deny it is vain: From one kind of wine we are called to abstain. It can't be the good wine; so come now, my lad, If it isn't the good wine it must be the bad, That has mocked men all over the world, every age in;

The drink of the drunkard, strong drink, which is raging!

Of which we are told, Ned, in this blessed book,

To shun as a tempter, and not on it look!

N. Good wine came to gladden men's hearts, I have read:

How can it do that, if, as you have just said, It is unfermented? This fact is plain, very: It cannot make men either cheerful or merry!

The qualities, then, are not found in the cup Which exhilarates and enlivens men up.

T. You mistake the meaning of "cheerful," I see;

It does not mean noisy and loud revelry! This text, which I've just found, my answer much aids:

"Corn shall make men cheerful, and new wine the maids."

And I'll give up it all, as a hope quite forlorn, If wine cannot make men as cheerful as corn!

N. Well, our Saviour turned water to wine; and I think

He'd not have done so if 'twas wrong wine to drink.

T. Most decidedly not! But first you must wait

Till you've proved it was wine that would intoxicate.

Christ blamed men for being in folly so sunk; Would He then make them wine that would make them be drunk?

And the guests at the feast, who "well-drunk" each had,

Could fully discriminate good wine from bad. Now, had it been fermented wine, it is plain

That long before then 'twould have muddled each brain,

And made it a hard thing for them, in that plight, [right!

To tell good from bad, or a wrong thing from

N. Well, St. Paul told Timothy that he should take

Some wine for his often infirmities' sake.

T. A fact, plainly speaking (or else I'm no thinker),

That Timothy had been a cold-water drinker! And if he, when ill, took some, that is no

reason [season. Why we should be taking it each time and

N. Our Saviour, when at His last supper, the cup

Took, blessed, and gave His disciples to sup.

T. That fact will not alter the case in the least—

It was then the time of the Passover feast,
 When all things fermented were strictly
 forbidden,
 And each house well searched, lest any lay
 hidden ;
 Which found, was destroyed with an unspar-
 ing hand, [mand.
 And none left remaining, by God's own com-
 Would Christ, then, His Father's command
 disobey ?
 They who charge him with that cannot mean
 what they say !

N. If wine's a good creature of God, we
 should use it ;

It would be both sinful and wrong to refuse it !

T. If wine's a good creature of God, FIRE
 is too,

And does not half the harm that wine does do ;
 Yet, if put in your hand, it will burn you ere
 long !

Folks would call you a fool, and *they'd not be*
far wrong ! [stand

And who but a fool, Ned, do you think would
 And hold "that good creature of God" in his
 hand ?

Alcohol's a "good creature of God," and 'tis
 plain

He made it a place, but 'twas not a man's brain !

N. Well, Tom, all my arguments you've
 done away,

And I must say at least I've no more to say !

T. Yes, Ned, say you'll join in our absti-
 nence band, land.

And help us to drive the vile drink from our

N. That I will, Tom, at once. I'm con-
 vinced you are right.

Let's fetch a pledge now ; I'll sign it to-night !

A BRAVE BOY.

A DIALOGUE FOR A MAN AND BOY.

Charles.

WELL, father, tell us all about the journey
 you have made ;

How all the folks received you, and how you
 found the trade ?

And tell us what befell you ? For at once I
 will allow

Your incidents of travel I've a great desire to
 know.

Father. Why, nothing worth the noting,
 Charles ; and yet I must confess
 There's just one little incident, you'll call it
 wickedness ! [excuse ;

I cannot well defend myself, nor find a just
 Yet, as it was, I had not wherewithal to pick
 and choose.

C. Why, father dear, what is it, pray ?
 Of all the worldly throng

I'm sure that my papa would never do a thing
 that's wrong.

F. Well, listen, then your verdict give.
 One hot, bright summer's day

I'd trudged for twenty good long miles—it
 was a weary way !

With thirst my burning lips were parched ;
 no water met my gaze,

No rivulet nor brooklet pure. Down shone
 the sun's hot rays !

I thought that I must die with thirst, when I
 espied an inn :

To enter there and quench my thirst I thought
 was no great sin.

I called the landlord. "Sir," said I, "I'm
 nearly dead with thirst !"

Says he, "I'll bring you beer enough ; I want
 the money first."

"I'm what they call Teetotal, friend !" He
 gave an ugly leer,

And said, "Then why do white-faced folks
 like you to drink come here ?"

"Give me a glass of water or of milk," I then
 replied.

He answered, "We have cider, beer, and
 nothing else beside."

"I'll pay what you demand, if you supply my
 want !"

Says he, "An answer's here at once ; I won't,
 because I can't.

Try cider ; it will cheer you up and brace
 your failing strength."

He tempted me : could I resist ? I yielded,
 too, at length.

He brought the liquid, and I quaffed its con-
 tents : it was life ;

And yet, when I had broke my pledge, I
 thought of son and wife.

C. O father ! I'm so sorry, for I'd rather,
 far away,

That my trouble, save this one, had come on
 us to-day.

Since I first signed the pledge, papa—you
know the reason why—
Sooner than break it, why, I'd lay me down
and die!

How far were you from water? Was no
friendly river near,
Which, yielding up its water bright, might
satisfy and cheer?

F. The nearest, Charles, was James's River,
some twelve miles beyond;
Nearer than that there was no trace of river,
brook, nor pond.

C. I know you'll sign again, papa; but
still I would not break
My solemn and pledged promise, were my
own dear life at stake.

Salvation but twelve miles away! Then
would I break? No, never!

I'd rather walk the long twelve miles which
led to James's River!

N.B.—This dialogue is founded on fact.

THE DAISY'S LESSON.

F. Q. COWLEY.

WHEN passing by the river's side,
Where lovely glen did beauty hide,
I saw a daisy bright and gay
In beauty pass its time away;
Far from the bustle and the throng,
Basking so sweetly in the sun.

Nigh buried in its grassy bed,
You had to stoop to see its head;
But though so small, it seemed to sing,
"Though such a small and tiny thing,
Yet I my mission do fulfil
By showing forth my Maker's skill.

"Unheeded and alone I be,
Yet He who made me, cares for me;
He clothed my petals, made my dress,
And with His sun doth me caress;
For me He cares, why should I pine,
Since all I need from Him are mine?"

Oh pretty daisy, would that we
Might learn the lessons taught by thee;
Then life would be a song of praise,

And gladness sweeten all our days;
Oh, happy thought! oh, height of bliss!
To trust our Father's care like this!

He to us thought and being gives,
For by Him every creature lives;
We from Him all our joy derive;
By Him our hope is kept alive;
Where'er we are, whate'er we do,
God's guardian care we still may view.

Dependent for each need and care,
God for us daily doth prepare;
Bestows the blessings we require—
Food, raiment, air, and light and fire;
Health, vigour, friends, and pleasant home,
Yea, all we have from God doth come.

Then let us all, with mind and heart,
Our lives to God yield every part;
And, like the daisy, trust His care,
Whose bounteous grace flows everywhere;
Though called to work of lowliest kind,
May God in us true sweetness find.

So shall we prove, though sin retard,
That virtue is her own reward;
That in our duty's pathway lies
The safest passport to the skies;
Firm trust in God, firm faith, firm love,
Then everlasting joys above!

BE FIRM.

BY W. A. EATON.

WHEN you make a promise
Keep it like a rock;
Never swerve from duty;
Let the cowards mock.
When you answer, "No!" be strong,
Truth will drive away the wrong.

Those who first despised you
By and by will praise
When they find you honest
In your words and ways.
Though your path be often crossed,
Keep your word at any cost.

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"The other evening I heard a recitation in which several of our orphan children took part. They had a "wishing cap" which each in turn placed on her head, and then expressed her chief desire. One wished that she were crowned with wealth, that she might have carriages and horses, fine dresses and jewelry, and so on. Another wished she could have a million pounds, in order that the opportunity might be given her of blessing the poor, comforting the sick, clothing the naked, sending the gospel to the heathen, feeding little hungry children, and otherwise doing good. Another, when she put on the cap, wished that she were Queen, with power to do exactly as she liked, so that with one stroke of her pen, she might close up all the public houses in the country, and bring peace, and bread, and clothes to every poor man's house."

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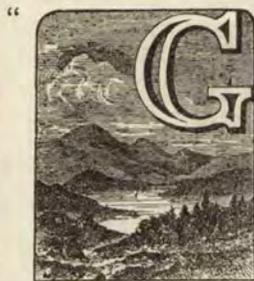
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"GOOD MORNING!"



"GOOD morning!" It is little Roger Graham calling from the nursery window. His cheery greeting is to the trees and flowers in the garden; to the merry birds hopping and flying and chirping on the branches and among the leaves; to the smiling sunshine; and to the breeze that fans his chubby cheeks with its flower-scented breath. Roger is a pleasant little fellow; his home is a happy one; and all his surroundings

are of the brightest and best. We hope as he grows older he will retain that innocency so charming in childhood, and will never mar his features or dull his bright eyes by indulgence in sinful pleasures. We see so many moral wrecks, even among those who have had the advantages of education, social position, and religious training. As our experience widens we feel how strong is the necessity for vigorous aggressive measures against those who lay snares for the destruction of the simple and unsophisticated. Our children are in danger, and it behoves us to be in earnest for their preservation and safety.

NOW THEN, DON'T.

F. Q. COWLEY.

DON'T push another down, dear friends,
Because you wish to beat them;
You might as well sneak coolly round
Another way and cheat them;
You can't expect to sit at ease
And see a world adore you;
There's ups and downs to travel, friends,
And all the world's before you.
Don't tell a wilful falsehood, friends,
Because you've made a muddle;
It's only stirring up a stream
And making it a puddle;
If you have bought experience dear,
It may be worth the learning;
And you can start again, my friends,
And take a better turning.
Don't sneak behind a corner, friends,
To listen to your neighbour,
Or you may hear some bitter truth
To pay you for your labour;

Don't try to shirk your proper load,
And lay it on another;
It makes life's burden easier, friends,
If each but helps the other.

Don't let your tempers rise, my friends,
And loudly talk of fighting,
Since crooked passions need a deal
Of patient, earnest righting;
You'd better show your courage when
An honest act requires it,
And fight your fervent passions cool
When noble anger fires it.

Don't slight the aged looks, my friends,
That tell of time and sorrow;
Perhaps an angel's hand may soothe
That weary head to-morrow;
The sturdy strength is o'er that once
The weaker life defended;
And you'll be quite as feeble, friends,
When seventy years are ended.

Go nobly on life's way, dear friends,
 And strive to do your duty ;
 Life's rugged corners wisely turned
 Will add a charm to beauty ;
 Be gen'rous, honest, thoughtful, kind,
 Be true whate'er befalleth ;
 Be earnest in life's mission here,
 And ready when God calleth.

THE STREAMLET.

ANNIE ELLIOT PASCOE.

MERRILY children are skipping,
 Over the woodland steep,
 Revelling now in the sunshine,
 With happiness pure and deep.
 Sweet summer bringeth such pleasure,
 There are beauties on hill and vale,
 The little ones' happy faces,
 Tell us a gladdening tale.

But sometimes even the children
 Grow weary this summer-time,
 With the dear old sun's warm kisses,
 As they run and skip and climb.
 "So thirsty" says little Nellie ;
 And the others begin to long,
 That somewhere amid the stillness,
 They might hear the streamlet's song.

I know of a lovely brooklet
 Coming down from the mountain side,
 Through the ridges, o'er stones and
 mosses,
 It ever doth quickly glide.
 Says one, "Let us bathe our faces,
 And drink of its water clear ;
 'Tis the nicest drink I am certain,
 And I think I shall find it near."

Would the elders their children's lesson
 But learn in these summer hours,
 And instead of the drink that ruins,
 Seek God in His mountain bowers.
 They would find that instead of sadness,
 It bringeth beauty and health ;
 And hearts full of summer gladness,
 Partaking of Nature's wealth.

THE BRIGHT SMILE AT THE DOOR.

WHEN day has almost vanished,
 And brightly sets the sun ;
 When six o'clock is striking,
 And all the work is done,
 I fondly wander homeward,
 My bosom brimming o'er
 With joy when I discover
 The bright smile at the door.

At work what always cheers me,
 What makes my spirits light,
 When birds sing in the morning,
 When stars are out at night ?
 What gildeth all my visions
 And makes my soul explore
 Unnumbered happy valleys ?
 The bright smile at the door.

Oh ! where's the charm so certain
 To lead the wanderer home,
 To guide his erring footsteps
 Wherever he may roam ;
 That leads him ever homeward
 From every foreign shore ?
 A memory e'er alluring—
 The bright smile at the door.

A gay and loving welcome
 May cheer the poorest meal ;
 A little word of kindness
 The sting from grief may steal.
 And life to me is fairer
 And sweeter than before,
 Since I have learned to look for
 The bright smile at the door.

O wives ! where'er your dwelling,
 However poor it seem,
 You'll make of it a palace
 More fair than man can dream,
 If only you'll remember
 How much a man sets store
 By love's reward of labour—
 The bright smile at the door.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

(A WORD FOR THE LITTLE ONES.)

BY ELIZA VAUGHAN, F.S.S.C.

I WONDER if my readers have ever paused to consider how great the cares of childhood may be, to estimate them at their proper worth, or to devise some plan for their alleviation. It is too customary, I fear, to smile at infant tears, to dismiss an infant's tale of sorrow with a careless word, to deem its childish troubles but "trifles light as air," when the unchecked sob and falling tears are "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ," that little hearts may ache, and little minds be weary.

Parents and guardians—especially mothers—do not despise the cares of childhood; to do so were to add a sting to grief. Remember, a child is its own world, it knows nothing beyond the boundary of its own life; and sorrow is rendered doubly acute by falling on a mind as yet unformed, a heart that has not learned what the word "endurance" means, on a fledgeling who can have no notion that suffering is to form part of its experience of life. Do not, I say, pass over the sorrows of a child with an unfeeling smile; its cause for grief may appear trifling to you who have grown accustomed to the buffets of the world, but it may be a terrible blow to the heart of the little one.

Injustice is a thing that is felt very keenly in childhood, especially by such as have sensitive minds; indeed, at no other era does the weight of injustice oppress so heavily, for at no other era are the susceptibilities so delicate or so highly-wrought. As time passes, the individual grows, as it were, inured to oppression and to wrong—to the failure of hopes—and to affections despised. But in childhood the expectations should not be

crushed, the sincerity doubted, or impulses destroyed. At this period, when many of those who have the care of infancy would scarcely appear to consider justice a necessary principle in their management (vainly imagining the mind to be too weak, or too unformed to know anything about such quality) is the time when the sensibility most keenly feels injustice, and is most apt to magnify its consequences. The memory of youth, too, is most retentive, and early suffering will sometimes cast so dark a shadow as may never fade from the recollection. Guardians of infancy, see no act of yours chase the sunshine from a life; no thoughtlessness on your part, cause the clouds to gather round: for be assured, if the iron once enter a child's soul, it will leave a canker, the traces of which will poison its whole future life, and which no after-care can ever eradicate. It would be a terrible thing, when a child goes forth to struggle with the world—as, sooner or later, it inevitably must—it would be a terrible thing were it to have no sunny spot in childhood to look back upon. Do not you, then, destroy its memory by harsh or unsympathetic treatment—do not you help to sacrifice a promising young life, by causing it to feel the crushing bitterness of injustice.

Impressed by a sense of misfortune at its entrance into life, the imagination will be apt to dwell upon its wrongs, to the exclusion of its blessings, and will finally become so susceptible to the inroads of grief and disappointment, as to be in danger of yielding itself a prey to despondency.

Again; a sense of injustice operates differently on some natures. Indignation may be aroused, in which case resentment will be likely to follow grief; this passion becoming stamped upon the mind, will hold a dangerous influence over the future,

perhaps causing the sensibilities in time to become warped, the judgments to receive erroneous impressions, and the individual to propound false doctrines.

Thus, sometimes through unkindness, but far oftener through carelessness, on the part of parents and guardians, the voyage of life is commenced on a stormy sea, with quicksands to the right, breakers to the left, and dangerous rocks before it! Whose fault is it if the vessel be lost? Whose fault is it if the store be dashed on the rocks? Who had the guarding of a young life, and who destroyed its spirit? Who crushed its aspirations—then blamed it for they were crushed. Who shattered its early joys—then sought in vain to make them bloom once more?

THE LAW I'D MAKE.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO CHARACTERS.

BY L. T. LARKIN.

CHILD.

MAMMA, come see this funny sight;
A man that staggers to and fro.
How came he in such woful plight?
Tell me, mamma; I want to know.

The boys all follow him with stones,
And throw his old hat in the air.
Hark! Now he says; "I'll break your
bones";
And now, mamma, oh! hear him swear.

Now, see! he's fallen to the ground;
And oh! a stone has hurt him too.
See on his face that bleeding wound.
Oh! say, mamma, what can we do?

MOTHER.

It is indeed a woful case:
Yet all is very plain to me.
I see it in his bloated face,
The cause of all his misery.

He's poisoned, dear, with alcohol,
It's crazed his brain, and made him
weak.

So now he cannot walk at all,
And only vilest words can speak.

CHILD.

Where did he get the wretched stuff
That's hurt him so? dear mamma, say.
I think the one that gave it him
Should go to jail this very day.

MOTHER.

He's been to a saloon, no doubt,
To get his cider, ale, or gin;
And, now he's drunk, they've turned him
out.

Their've only decent folks within.

CHILD.

Well, when I grow to be a man
I'll make a law that those who sell
The poison stuff shall go to jail,
And those that make it, too, as well.

PROHIBITION.

BY JESSE CLEMENT.

WHAT will check domestic strife?
What will give new lease of life
To the pining drunkard's wife?

PROHIBITION.

What will lower the tide of sin?
What the ranks of idiots thin?
What the "good time" usher in?

PROHIBITION.

What will half the crimes abate
Which the world with misery freight?
What a million hearts elate?

PROHIBITION.

What will dry up all the wells,
Where the tide of poison swells?
What will empty prison-cells?

PROHIBITION.

What will fill the poor man's pocket?
What will thin the criminal docket?
Satan's kingdom, what will shock it?

PROHIBITION.

RECRUITING SONG.

SINGLE VOICE (BOY), OR SEMICHORUS.

Do you know an - y lit - tle bare-foot boy, In a gar - ret or a cel - lar,

KEY G.	}	.s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ .s ₁ , s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁ d .d : d .d, d r .r : r .r m .s : -
		.s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ .s ₁ , s ₁ : s ₁ .f ₁ m ₁ .m ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁ , s ₁ t ₁ .t ₁ : t ₁ .t ₁ d .m : -
		.s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ .f ₁ , f ₁ : m ₁ , r ₁ d ₁ .d ₁ : d ₁ .m ₁ , m ₁ s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ d .d : -

Who shi - vers with cold, and whose gar - ments old Will scarce - ly hold to - ge - ther?

}	.s ₁ s ₁ .s ₁ , s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁ , s ₁ d .d : d .d r .r : s .t ₁ r .d : -
	.s ₁ s ₁ .s ₁ , s ₁ : s ₁ .f ₁ , f ₁ m ₁ .m ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁ t ₁ .t ₁ : t ₁ .s ₁ f ₁ .m ₁ : -
	.s ₁ s ₁ .f ₁ , f ₁ : m ₁ , r ₁ , r ₁ d ₁ .d ₁ : d ₁ .m ₁ s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ d ₁ .d ₁ : -

CHORUS.

Go, bring him in, there is room to spare; Here are food, and shel-ter, and pi-ty,

CHORUS.

}	.s	l .l : s .s ,s	l .l : s .s ,s	f .m : r .d ,d	r .s [^] :-
	.m	f .f : m .m ,m	f .f : m .m ,m	f .m : r .d ,d	t ₁ .s ₁ :-
	.d	f ₁ ,s ₁ ,l ₁ ,t ₁ : d .d ,d	f ₁ ,s ₁ ,l ₁ ,t ₁ : d .d ,d	r .d : t ₁ ,l ₁ ,l ₁	s ₁ ,s ₁ :-

Repeat in full chorus.

And we'll not shut the door 'Gainst one of Christ's poor, Tho' you bring ev'-ry child in the ci-ty.

}	.s ₁ ,s ₁	d .d ,r : m .d	r ,r .m : f [^] .f ,f	m .m .m : f .r ,r	r .d :—
	.s ₁ ,s ₁	s ₁ ,s ₁ ,t ₁ : d .d	l ₁ ,l ₁ ,s ₁ : l ₁ ,l ₁ ,l ₁	s ₁ ,s ₁ ,s ₁ : s ₁ ,f ₁ ,f ₁	f ₁ ,m ₁ :—
	.s ₁ ,s ₁	m ₁ ,m ₁ ,s ₁ : d .d	f ₁ ,f ₁ .m ₁ : r ₁ ,f ₁ ,f ₁	s ₁ ,s ₁ ,s ₁ : s ₁ ,s ₁ ,s ₁	s ₁ .d ₁ :—

GIRL.

Do you know any little tired girl,
Whose feet with cold are aching;
Whose shrinking form braves the winter's storm;
The alms of the richer taking?

Go, bring her in, &c.

Can you think of a comrade who often goes
To play in the fields on Sunday,
And who's late at school, and who breaks the rule
Of his teacher dear on Monday?

Go, bring him in, &c.

Go! gather them in from the lodging house,
And the merchant's stately palace;
From the world's dark strife, and the darken'd life
Let them drink from the golden chalice.

Go, bring them in, &c.

TEACHER.

'Tis the Master's work! there are none so low,
But His loving hand may reach them,
There are none so sunken in want and woe,
But we'll joy to help and teach them.

Go, bring them in, &c.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE?

Characters represented.—MR. FAIRPLAY, Chairman; TOM FLEECHEM, a would-be liquor-seller; SAM SPIRRITT, a toper, with a well-seasoned nose; NED SPOUTER, a tap-room oracle; REV. MR. MILDRULE; JOB HOLDFAST, a reformed drunkard; JOHN HOPEFUL, a member of the Band of Hope.

SCENE.—A public meeting in the town-hall, Temperanceville. The speakers to be on the platform; other parts to be taken by boys amongst the audience.

Chairman.

MELLOW-TOWNSMEN and tax-payers of the ancient town of Temperanceville, I have called this meeting in accordance with the provisions of the Local Option Bill, in order that you, as voters of this township, may decide by public vote whether any houses shall be licensed in this model town for the sale of intoxicating drinks. I am not here as a partisan to either side of the question, although I have my own opinions on the matter; but I stand before you as the representative of the law, to see fair play for all sides, and to see that the question is properly decided by the votes of the people. I may inform you that it will require a majority of two-thirds to decide the question in the negative; and I hope that a fair and temperate hearing will be given to all the speakers who may address you. I will now call upon any gentleman who has a proposition to bring before the meeting.

Audience. Hear, hear, and cheers!

Sam Spirritt. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I feel proud on this occasion to see such a respectable assembly of my fellow-countrymen; and I feel assured that the proposition I have to bring before you will meet with your approbation and warm support. Since I pitched my tent amongst you, about twelve months ago, I have noticed your intelligence and good behaviour; and I feel proud to call you fellow-countrymen and fellow-citizens. But at the same time, gentlemen, I think there are a few things in which your good old town is deficient; and first of all I would mention your want of public accommodation. You have none of those noble institutions reared by benevolent individuals for the accommodation of the public. Gentlemen, I mean licensed houses, where you can be supplied with those necessities which every man requires in the shape of beer, wine, and spirits. Now, in my travels through the country—

A Voice. Where did you pick up that nose? *Spirritt* (feeling at his nose). Gentlemen, we are all subject to bodily infirmities, and I am no exception to the rule. (*Laughter.*) But, as I was about to observe, gentlemen, in my travels through this free and enlightened country I have noticed that many towns are in advance of yours in this respect; and, for my part, I have been very much inconvenienced since I came to reside amongst you in having to deprive myself of those necessities to which I had hitherto been accustomed.

A Voice. It'll do your nose good! (*Laughter.*)

Spirritt. Well, gentlemen, not to weary you with a long speech, I will draw to a close. I have very great pleasure in proposing that my esteemed friend, Mr. Fleecem, be allowed to open a licensed house in Matthew Street.

Voices. No, no, no!

Chair. Does any gentleman second that proposition?

Ned Spouter. Mr. Chairman, I have the greatest pleasure in seconding the proposition of my respected friend, Mr. Spirritt. After the clear and intelligent manner in which he has brought this resolution before the meeting, I feel sure that it will be unanimously supported. We are, both of us, comparative strangers amongst you; and our wish is to introduce to you some of the benefits of civilization and freedom. You often boast that this is "the land of the free"; but I am sorry to find that you have been slaves too long, and have been tyrannized over, and deprived of your liberties by a few snivelling teetotalers. (*Cries of "Shame," and "Turn him out."*) Mr. Chairman, I appeal to you to secure me a fair hearing. I acknowledge no man's right to lord it over me! My motto is liberty; and as long as I have a voice I shall raise it in favour of every man enjoying that liberty which is his right as a citizen. What right has any man to prevent me from enjoying my mug of beer? And what right has any set of men to palm their teetotal notions

on a respectable community like this? Fellow-countrymen, let us strike one blow for freedom by passing the resolution which is now before the meeting.

Voices. No, no!

Spouter. You can make a great noise, considering that you live on cold water, but I cannot say much for your good behaviour. There is nothing like good beer for making men civil and agreeable with one another; and if you allow my respected friend to open the house he wishes to you will soon see an alteration in your town, both in the manners of the people and in the prosperity of its trade.

Voices. Yes, yes, we shall! (*and ironical cheers and laughter.*)

Chair. Does any other gentleman wish to speak on this motion?

Fleecem (rising amongst the audience). Mr. Chearman, can I be allowed to say a few words?

Chair. Yes, you shall be heard if you will come on the platform.

Fleecem (on the platform). Mr. Chearman and fellow-townsmen, although unaccustomed to public speaking, I should like to say a few words on this here motion. Me an' my feythurs hev lived in this here taan for monny generations; an' hevving made a bit o' brass, I sud like to invest for t' benefit o' my fellow-townsmen. I'm a streight-forrad chap, I is, which ye all knaw; an' if ye'll allow me to open this haase, I promise ye I'll du summat to benefit ye all. I sal keep t' best beer an' sperrits ov all soarts; nice rooms for ye to sit in comfortable; good stabling for horses, an' ivvery other convenience. I'll oppen a concert-room, wher ye can hev yer music ivvery neet i' t' week; an' I'll sell ye t' best tea at hauf-a-craan a pund. Mind ye there's no gammon abaat me, an' I'll du ivverything for ye 'at can be done for love or money.

A Voice. Gammon!

Fleecem. There's no gammon about me, I can assuer ye; an' if ye'll only try me I'll shaw ye what I can du.

A Voice. Sit down, Fleecem; you'll not fleece us!

Chair. You have now heard the three gentlemen fairly on behalf of this motion; and if any gentleman has an amendment to

move I hope he will come forward and let us hear both sides of the question.

Rev. Mr. Mildrule. Mr. Chairman, considering the position I occupy in this parish, I could not consistently sit still and allow this resolution to pass without entering my protest against it. We have lived together in peace and harmony in this town for many years, and we have realized the benefit of our freedom from drunkenness and its attendant evils; but now we have got some disturbing spirits in our midst, and we shall have to be on our guard, or the enemy will steal a march upon us. As a Christian man and a Christian minister I lift up my voice against the introduction of the demon of intemperance, and I pray you all to support the amendment I am about to move. (*Loud cheers.*) As your pastor, I have set you the example of sobriety and industry; and I know very well that my anxieties will be increased a hundredfold if you permit any licensed houses to be opened amongst you; therefore, I beg to move that the application be not allowed; and I hope that as one man you will vote for that amendment. If you allow that degrading traffic to be carried on in this model town, you will soon see a change for the worse; and, as the government has put the power in your hands to allow or to refuse it, I trust you will use that prerogative as Christians and as fellow-citizens of our ancient and honourable town. (*Loud and continued cheering.*)

Job Holdfast. Mr. Chairman and fellow-townsmen, I rise to support the amendment which has been moved so ably by our worthy and respected friend. The march of intellect is truly advancing when the government has placed this trust in our hands. Let us, then, as patriots use it to our own advantage. As you are aware, I have experienced something of the curse of drink. Born among you, and reared in your midst, I was a youth of good promise, till in an evil day, I left your good town of Temperanceville and took up my abode in another town, where sign-boards are hung up in every street and where saloons flourish. I need not tell you that I fell a victim to the accursed traffic, and lost my reputation, my money, and my self-respect. To the utmost of my power I shall oppose the introduction of those dens of iniquity into this

moral and peaceful town; and I warn you that, if the enemy once plants his foot on the streets of this fair locality, we shall be doomed to behold poverty and wretchedness where there is now plenty and contentment. I came back to my native town to rid myself of intemperate habits, and you all know that I have succeeded. I have tried both sides of this question, and I give you my candid opinion that we are well off now; but once let those sign-boards swing in our streets, and those bars, tap-rooms, and concert-halls resound with drunken revelry, and then this good old town will be doomed, and soon the hand-writing will appear on the wall: "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting!" In conclusion, I appeal to you all, as you love your families, your friends, your native town—nay, as you love your own souls—vote against the license to sell intoxicating drinks. (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*)

John Hopeful. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, on behalf of the members of the Band of Hope, I ask to be heard on this important question.

Ned Spouter. I beg to protest against that. This young man and his companions are not voters, and I object to be dictated to by a drum-and-life band.

Chair. According to our law, gentlemen, only voters can vote on this occasion, although I see no objection to the boy being heard, and I therefore put it to the meeting whether he shall be heard or not. Those who are in favour of hearing the young gentleman will show the same by holding up their hands. (*All hands are held up, except the trio in favour of the license.*) Those who think the contrary will show the same by holding up their hands. (*Fleecem, Spirritt, and Spouter hold up their hands amidst loud laughter and cheers.*) I shall therefore call upon the young man to address you.

John Hopeful. Mr. Chairman, I hope no one will think it presumptuous in my thus coming forward to address this large and intelligent assembly. The only excuse I can offer is my anxiety for the welfare of my native town. But I have not come here to speak on my own behalf merely, but I represent several hundreds of the rising generation in this town, who will one day be its chief citizens and voters; and they claim to be

heard on a question of such vast importance as the one before the meeting.

A Voice. Well done, John, lad!

Hopeful. When you recollect how many thousands of the fair and promising youth of this country have been wrecked and ruined, body and soul, by the demon of intoxication; when you think of the agony of loving fathers and the sorrows of heart-broken mothers at the ruin of their offspring; when you ponder on the havoc and destruction produced throughout this fair land by the drinking traffic—when you think of these things, can you, in the sight of God, give your vote in favour of the establishment of a devil's workshop where paupers, criminals, and lunatics are manufactured?

Voices. No, no, no!

Hopeful. Here is this little model town in which we live; it is a mere dot on the surface of the country; but little as it is, it is a gem of the purest metal, and it is a bright example to all around. We need no prisons, no poor-houses, no pawn-shops, no asylums, no policemen, and, consequently, your taxes are very small. But once allow those dens of wickedness to find a lodgment here, and then farewell to the sweetness of harmony and contentment! Homes will be made desolate, children will appear in rags, starvation will be the lot of many; but the landlords will thrive, their coffers will fill to overflowing, and their children will go forth decked in finery. Look on *this* picture, and on *that*, and then say with Hamlet, "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" The question you have to decide is one which concerns both you and future generations, and on your decision hangs the weal or woe of thousands.

Chair. You have now heard both sides of the question, and I call upon you to give your votes by a show of hands. I shall, in the usual way, put the amendment first. You who are *against* this license being granted, please to hold up your hands. (*All hands are held up.*) I need not put the contrary. Those who are *in favour* of the license being granted, please to show it in the same way. (*No hands are held up.*) I now declare the amendment to be carried unanimously. I bid you all a very good-evening. (*Loud cheers.*)

—*The Youth's Temperance Banner.*

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The following (referring to one of the pieces in Reciter) is from Mr. WM. BIRCH'S sermon, "Choosing for Eternity," preached at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, January 4th, 1885:—

"The other evening I heard a recitation in which several of our orphan children took part. They had a 'wishing cap' which each in turn placed on her head, and then expressed her chief desire. One wished that she were crowned with wealth, that she might have carriages and horses, fine dresses and jewelry, and so on. Another wished she could have a million pounds, in order that the opportunity might be given her of blessing the poor, comforting the sick, clothing the naked, sending the gospel to the heathen, feeding little hungry children, and otherwise doing good. Another, when she put on the cap, wished that she were Queen, with power to do exactly as she liked, so that with one stroke of her pen, she might close up all the public houses in the country, and bring peace, and bread, and clothes to every poor man's house."

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SERVING THE YOUNGER.



NOTHING is more pleasing in a home than the love and thoughtfulness manifested by one child towards another. It is literally true, in many households, that "the elder serves the

younger," and this not in a spirit of forced obedience, but of real affection. The "baby" always commands attention; his wants are always supplied first in order. Even the "next older" takes a special delight in looking after "baby's" comfort, and sheltering him with his wings of protection. It is rare indeed we see selfishness, even in its milder forms, manifested here; if such a spirit chance to show itself there is raised a chorus of voices from the other children against it. All unite in paying homage to the youngest. And this is as it should be. Weakness

ought always to command protection from those who are stronger. It is one of the finest traits of our character to be gentle and thoughtful and loving to the weak, whether that weakness be in the child or in the aged. Let us always remember this.

We must not forget, too, that we exercise great influence over our younger brothers and sisters. We may set them an example of good which they will follow and be blessed, or we may set them an example of evil to their injury. If we show a spirit of obedience to our parents and regard their words, our younger brothers and sisters will probably do the same. If we shun evil companions and evil ways, and take pleasure in what is ennobling, they will probably do the same. They will copy our very speech and imitate our acts. Let us be careful of our conduct, so that through life we may secure the love and respect of those younger than ourselves who are members of the same household.

PLUCK THE WEEDS AWAY.

BY ELIZA VAUGHAN, F.S.S.C.

GO, search the garden of your heart,
 And tend with gentle care
 Each plant, each tiny op'ning flow'r,
 That blossoms sweetly there:
 Be sure you cultivate it well,
 Its products bright and gay,
 But most of all do not forget
 To "Pluck the Weeds away!"
 Does "Envy" in your garden dwell,
 Remove the noxious weed;
 And in its place proceed to sow
 At once "Contentment's" seed.

'Twill quickly grow—its gentle bloom
 Will shed a soothing ray,
 If from around it care you take
 To "Pluck the Weeds away."

"Resentment" too, will sometimes spring,
 And strange it seems to me,
 How quickly tiny weed will grow
 To large, envenomed tree.
 Then do not let such passion live
 One little, fleeting day;
 But from the garden of your heart,
 Just "Pluck the Weed away!"

Search well amidst your fern-fronds, so
 No brakes may there exist;

Does "Anger" ask a place—do not
 Unto its promptings list. [and lead
 'Twould choke your flowers—your ferns—
 To enmity and fray;
 As "Anger" bursts from out the mould,
 Quick, "Pluck the Weed away!"

Beware the deadly growth of "Hate,"
 'Twill blast the sweetest flow'r,
 And leave it wounded, crushed and torn,
 In one short, fleeting hour.
 For thorns beneath its leaves of green,
 In treach'rous ambush lie;
 Ere yet it hath the power to wound,
 Oh! "Let the base Weed die!"

A plant called "Animosity"
 Doth poisoned berries yield;
 Oh! from the odour of its breath
 Your little garden shield.
 And in its place sow "Friendship's" root,
 Which soon, in colours gay,
 Will blossom—if with care you have
 First "Plucked the Weed away."

Should dark "Revenge" its presence shew
 Amidst your blossoms rare;
 Go, nip it while 'tis in the bud,
 And plant with tender care—
 The gentle flower, "Forgiveness" called,
 And bid it ever stay
 Upon the spot from which you have
 Just "Plucked the Weed away."

And all around your garden cast
 A watchful, steady eye,
 For other plants of deadly growth
 May yet be lurking nigh.
 There is a little weed called "Spite,"
 Which kills in one short day, [reach—
 Each flow'r its venom'd tongue may
 Oh! "Pluck that Weed away!"

Should in your garden lurk "Despair,"
 First tread it under foot,
 And then, by cultivating "Hope,"
 Destroy both germ and root.

For nourished well, and fostered too,
 With love and care—for aye [bright,
 Hope blossoms;—rich, and rare, and
 While "Weeds are Plucked away."

"THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD."

BY FRANK FEARNELEY.

DID you ever hear the grand old tale
 Rome's ancient poets sang,
 As from the Forum's crowded steps
 Their clarion voices rang—
 How that her gallant warriors three,
 Led by Horatius bold,
 Had kept the bridge o'er Tiber's stream
 In the brave days of old;

And how, as fast their foes came on,
 Undauntedly they stood,
 Till round about their feet the pass
 Became one stream of blood;
 Till, wild-amazed, the wavering foe
 Stood trembling to behold
 How grandly fought the heroes three
 In the brave days of old?

Though hundreds gathered round the
 walls,
 Yet fearless stood the three;
 When called at last, e'en then the brave
 Horatius would not flee,
 But stood, alone, with dauntless mien—
 'Tis thus the story's told—
 Till Rome was saved and victory gained,
 In the brave days of old.

Well earned the laurel-leaves they placed
 Around his noble brow;
 Well earned the glorious name he won
 That poets sing e'en now;
 Oh! 'twas a noble heart that beat
 Beneath that armour's fold,
 That barred the way to Roman gates
 In the brave days of old.

And have such souls no being now?
 Are such men passed away?
 Is there no brave Horatius here
 To battle thus to-day?

But shall the drink its leprous arms
 Around our walls unfold?
 Oh! for such hearts as held the pass
 In the brave days of old.

AUTUMN'S LESSON.

J. Q. COWLEY.

ONCE again the season's here,
 Grandest season of the year—
 Season in which all around
 Yields the fatness of the ground:—
 Fruit and grain, so freely given
 Unto all—a boon from heaven.

Man and beast receive a share
 Of the blessings everywhere;
 God a table rich hath spread,
 That His creatures may be fed;
 Large His gift—enough for each;
 What a lesson this doth teach!

God for man and beast doth care,
 And for each doth food prepare,
 Scatt'ring o'er the genial soil
 Blessings in return for toil;
 Thus a rich and bounteous store
 Keeps gaunt famine from the door.

Of the seasons, as they flow,
 None has such a genial glow
 As calm Autumn, when around,
 Smiling fruits, full-ripe, abound,
 While the reaper blithely sings
 And his sickle deftly swings.

As old Sol his beams doth shed
 O'er the orchards gold and red,
 Rosy maidens, full of glee,
 Pluck the fruit from bending tree;
 And strong youths, the livelong day,
 Store the precious fruit away.

Thus, with barn and storehouse filled,
 We have God's own word fulfilled;
 And such bounty calls for praise,—
 Grateful service all our days;
 Birds and beasts their tribute bring,
 And o'er these man rules a king.

If the meaner show their love
 For the Father's care above—
 If the bird trills forth a song
 As the seasons glide along,
 O let us our hearts upraise,
 In a hymn of grateful praise!

THE GLASS AND THE BOTTLE.

BY ALICE P. BAKER.

ON a high corner-shelf,
 Up out of the way,
 A glass and a bottle
 Were standing one day.

The bottle was black,
 With a cork fitting tight;
 The glass was transparent,
 And shone clear and bright.

Said the bottle, "Friend Glass,
 Too plainly you show
 Your thoughts and your actions
 To all who would know.

"I show not in word,
 In thought, or in deed
 The secrets which others
 Endeavour to read."

"Ah! Friend Bottle," the glass
 Did sadly reply,
 "If only you showed them
 As plainly as I!

"Behind what you boast
 Lies many a sin;
 What they see not without
 They taste from within.

"I am never ashamed
 For others to know
 What gladly I hold,
 And joyfully show.

"Cold water to all
 I give with delight;
 For the honest ne'er wish
 To hide what is right."

The bottle in listening
 So angry it grew
 That over the shelf
 It foamed and it flew,
 While the glass stood unharmed.
 Oh! for ever and aye
 May rum be destroyed
 And cold water stay.

AWAY WITH IT!

BY E. C. S. ALLEN.

AWAY with the tempting wine! I love
 not its ruby flash.
 Ye call it a drink divine, I call it pernicious
 trash;
 Ye tell how its power can give rich
 thoughts to the glowing brain,
 I think of the slaves that live bound fast
 by the drunkard's chain;
 Ye tell of the mirth and joy with the
 flowing goblet passed,
 I think how it can destroy, and ruin and
 blight at last.
 Then away with the sparkling glow of the
 red, red ruby wine!
 It hath brought to thousands woe; it shall
 never touch lips of mine!

Away with your ale and beer, e'en though
 at home 'tis made!
 Ye tell me how it can cheer, I see how it
 can degrade;
 Ye tell me that ale is good, that it makes
 men brave and strong,
 I know it can fire the blood and steep in
 sin the tongue:
 Ye call it the poor man's friend, I call it
 the poor man's curse,
 Leaving him in the end with an empty
 home and purse.
 It hath lured men 'neath its sway and
 sunk them below the beast;
 Away with the glass—away! I will neither
 touch nor taste!

Away with the tempting glass, with the
 brandy, rum, and gin!
 They never my lips shall pass, lest they
 bring there death and sin.
 Ye tell me of added life, and of force, and
 of strength they give,
 I can tell you of scenes of strife, dread
 blows poor wives receive.
 Ye tell me that only they who drink are
 manly and brave;
 Ah! but I know to-day of many a drink-
 bound slave.
 I have seen the noble sink to depths of
 infamy.
 Away with the tempting drink! It hath
 no charms for me!

Away from my loathing sight with the
 glass of slavery!
 Fill, fill it with water bright! That, that
 is the drink for me!
 Flowers drink it and grow in beauty;
 beasts drink it and grow in strength;
 I will drink it, and do my duty, and grow
 to be wise at length.
 God gives it us free as the sun; man pol-
 lutes it to make foul drink;
 But the drunkard's glass I'll shun, lest I
 to ruin sink.
 Then tempt me never again! Drink's
 slave I will never be!
 Away with the fetter and chain! God
 made me to be free!

ONE OF THE GREAT PERILS.

WE all know that drink is one of the great
 perils besetting the young life of to-day, and
 surely in teaching our scholars to abstain from
 alcoholic liquors, and thus to avoid what can
 never be to them of any real service, but what
 may become a source of weakness and ruin,
 we are teaching what is thoroughly in harmony
 with the spirit and practice of Christianity,
 and therefore what may legitimately come
 within the province of the Sunday-school.

TEMPERANCE CHORAL SONG.

ALFRED SARGANT.

(From the Youths' Temperance Banner.)

W. H. JUDE.

For the hon-our of our dear coun-try, Fight the Drink; For the sake of lit-tle

KEY E.

{	m	.,m	m:m,m	m.:m.	m:-r.:	:	:	r,m	d:-.	m,m	m.:m.	m.:m.
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	s	.,s	s:s.,s	s.:s.	l:-l.:	:	:	r,m	d:-.	s.,s	s.:s.	s.:se.
	d	.,d	d:d.,r	m.:d.	f:-f.:	:	:	r,m	d:-.	d.,t,	d.r	m.:d.

chil-dren, Fight the drink; For the vic-tims we can save,..... From the

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	l	:-l.:	:	:	r,m	d:-.	d.,r	m.:m.	m.:d'	d':t.l	t:m,m
	f	:-f.:	:	:	r,m	d:-.	d.,r	m.:m.	m.:m.	m:-	-:m,m

drun-kard's ear-ly grave,..... Let us with the strong and brave,..... Fight the Drink, Fight the Drink, Fight the

{	m	:m	m:d'	d':t.l	t:t.,t	d':-d'	t:m	l:-se:se:se	l:l.,t,	d:r.,re	
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	m	:m	m:l	l:se.fe	s:t.t	l:-,l	t:t	l:-t:t.t	l:l.,t	d:l.,l	
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ff CHORUS.

Drink. For the hon-our of our dear coun - try, For the sake of lit - tle chil - dren, For the

{	<u>m</u> : <u>f</u> — m ., f s : s ., s s : d' <u>d' : t. l</u> <u>s. r</u> : m, f s : s s : d' <u>d' : t. l</u> s : s ., f
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vic-tims we can save From the drun-kard's sear-ly grave, Fight the Drink, Fight the Drink.

{	<u>m</u> ., r : m ., f s : s ., se l ., l : t ., t d : r' ., r' <u>m</u> : <u>d</u> r' : —, d' d' : — —
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	d ., t, : d ., r m : t ., t l ., l : se, se l : l ., l s : — s, : —, d d : — —

- 2 For the cause of holy freedom,
Fight the Drink ;
For the tyranny of fashion,
Fight the Drink ;
For the sorrow and the wrong,
For the weak against the strong,
For his sake who hears our song,
Fight the Drink, Fight the Drink, Fight the Drink.
- 3 For the homes where sin is raging,
Fight the Drink ;
For the wives whose hearts are beating,
Fight the Drink ;
For the love of God and right,
Let us go forth in His might,
We shall win if we unite,
Fight the Drink, Fight the Drink, Fight the Drink.

DOES ALCOHOL KEEP OUT THE COLD?

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO GIRLS.

Lizzie.

GOOD-MORNING, Mary; how did you enjoy the Band of Hope meeting last night?

Mary. I liked it very much, but I did not quite understand all that the speaker said. Why, you know people always take a drop of something to keep out the cold, and yet he said that alcohol does not warm you at all.

L. I do not think he said that it does not warm you at all, but that, though it makes you feel warm and comfortable for a little while, it soon leaves you colder than before.

M. But, Lizzie, don't you remember that dreadfully cold, frosty weather last Christmas, when my father had to take a long journey by night, and he told us he could not have kept up at all if it had not been that he had a bottle of brandy and water with him, and took a little drop now and then? He said it made him feel nice and warm, and helped him to go to sleep. As it was he caught a bad cold, and got dreadful chilblains; but if it had not been for the brandy I don't know but what he might have been almost frozen to death.

L. Well, Mary, but I can tell you of a case on the other side of the question; did you hear the interesting lecture last week at our chapel about the Arctic Expedition?

M. No, I didn't; I couldn't spare the money. I should think the poor men who went into those cold places all among the icebergs must have wanted a drop of brandy. I'm sure they couldn't do without something there, whatever people may do in this country.

L. Well, do you know, the gentleman who gave the lecture told us that it was quite the other way. They certainly carried brandy and whiskey, and such things, on board the ship, and had a little for dinner when they were staying indoors—I mean in the ship, you know—but when they were travelling in sledges, and had to be out-doors all day and all night for several days together, they found it was really unsafe to drink anything of the kind.

M. But what do you mean by its being unsafe to take it?

L. Why, they found, after having tried it, that if a man took spirits he really felt the cold much more and was not able to work so hard as if he took a little food or tea and no spirits.

M. That is very surprising; but, of course, those men were teetotalers, and they would be sure to say their way was the best.

L. Ah! but they were not teetotalers—at least only a few of them were; and they did not at all like going without spirits, and so the captain used to give them a teaspoonful all round the last thing at night, because he thought that when they were warmly wrapped up and under the shelter of a tent it would not do so much harm.

M. Poor men! they must have suffered very much in such a miserable country, when they had to be so very particular. I think I heard once about a dreadful disease called scurvy that people get when they go into those cold countries; I should think at any rate they would need to take brandy to cure that.

L. They did suffer very much, and nearly all the men were very ill with scurvy, and one or two died. I believe that, among the few men who came home without being ill at all, there were three teetotalers who never touched a drop of strong drink the whole time they were there.

M. Well, Lizzie, this is most extraordinary, and quite different to what people have always thought.

L. Yes, it is not at all easy to persuade people that anything they like is bad for them.

M. Still, though of course I must believe what you say about people bearing cold better without spirits, I don't quite understand how it is that, if alcohol makes you warmer for a little while, it should as you say make you colder afterwards.

L. It is not very easy to explain exactly how it is done. You know, I dare say, that, after you have been running very fast, you can feel your heart beating very fast and you feel very hot; but you also feel very tired after it, and if you run so fast as to be very tired you feel cold as well.

M. Oh! yes, I quite understand that; I have often felt so.

L. Well, in the same way beer or spirits make the heart beat quickly, more quickly than it ought for a time, and that makes the blood run faster, and so you feel warm. But, of course, if the heart is made to work so fast for a little while it soon gets tired, and then works more slowly than usual, the blood runs more slowly, and so you feel cold.

M. I think I see what you mean.

L. It is just like whipping a horse; that makes him go faster, you know, for a while, but, of course, it does not give him strength; and he could not go on long if you only whipped him and gave him no food.

M. Well, good-bye, Lizzie; I shall be sure to come to the next meeting, so as to hear some more about it, and I shall try and get my brother to come with me.

JOHN'S FOE.

A Dialogue for three Characters—JOHN and TOM, and Tom's wife, JANE.

BY E. C. A. ALLEN.

Tom.

"WELL met, old friend! I'm downright glad
Once more to see your face.
'Tis years since last we met, my lad;
Time hurries on apace.
Come, sit you down and take a glass
To warm old friendship up;
We've rare good ale i' th' house—Jane, lass,
Make haste and bring a sup."

[Jane goes out and brings in pitcher and glasses.]

John.

"No, thank you, Tom; I'll have no ale;
The temperance pledge I've signed."

Tom.

"Well, I declare! That is a tale—
A queer one, to my mind.
At any rate sit down, friend John,
And let's talk matters o'er;
How have you managed to get on
Since we'd a chat before?"

John.

"Why, Tom, I've been in several towns;
'Twould take me long to tell
Of all my various ups and downs,
But I've done middling well.
I've laid a bit of money by,
And built a nice snug cot—
I'd like you some fine day to try
To come and see our spot.

"Of all my griefs I'll tell the worst:
We had at home, you know,
What we took for a friend at first,
That proved a downright foe.
For a long time we kept him on,
Thinking his ways would mend,
Till nearly all I had was gone
Through this deceitful friend.

"From our fireside he stole the light,
And from our home the joy;
My wife shrank trembling from my sight,
And so did my poor boy.
For in my heart he sowed the seeds
Of passions wild and dread,
From which sprang rank and poisonous
weeds
Of evils thickly spread.

"He stole my earnings from my hand—
Forced me to let them drop.
At no black mischief would he stand:
He lost me many a shop.
He stole our furniture away,
Till nearly all was gone;
And then he pilfered day by day
The clothes that we had on.

"And then he bared of food our shelf
Till hunger pinched us sore,
And seized the money for himself
That should have bought us more.
He dealt me many a cruel blow;
He injured my poor brain;
And yet I loved him, you must know,
And let him still remain!"

Tom.

"Why, hang it, John! I rather doubt
Whether you're all there, quite;
I'd soon have turned the fellow out,
And driven him from my sight."

John.

Ah! Tom, that was against my will.
I loved him so, I say;
 I wanted him to go, and still
 I wanted him to stay.

“At last I mastered energy
 To drive him from the door;
 A dreadful struggle 'twas for me
 To cherish him no more!
 When he was gone I soon got round;
 I loved my wife and boy;
 Within our home we quickly found
 Peace, plenty, comfort, joy.

“We soon got furniture brand-new,
 Provisions, and good clothes,
 And now I'm pretty well to do
 As far as money goes.
 But since I've come within your door
 I've seen this cruel foe—
 The very one that years before
 Worked me such bitter woe.”

Tom.

“You've seen him, John? Pray tell me
 where—
 We'll drum him out o' th' town!”

John.

“Stop! sit you down, Tom; he is here;
 This ale your wife set down!
 'Tis Alcohol, this deadly foe
 That nearly ruined me;
 If *you* would banish him, I know
 That you would safer be.

“The money that in drink you spend,
 If saved, I dare engage
 To say, would prove a welcome friend
 In sickness or old age.”

Tom.

“I'll tell you what, John, you're quite
 right;
 This drinking I'll give o'er!
 I'll banish your old foe to-night;
 He'll rob *my* house no more!”

WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S
 DANGER.

WRITE it on the liquor-store,
 Write it on the prison-door,
 Write it on the gin-shop fine,
 Write, ay write this truthful line;
 “Where there's drink there's danger.”
 Write it on the workhouse-gate,
 Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
 Write it in the copy-book,
 That the young may at it look:
 “Where there's drink there's danger.”
 Write it on the churchyard mound,
 Where the drink-slain dead are found;
 Write it on the gallows high,
 Write it for all passers-by:
 “Where there's drink there's danger.”
 Write it underneath your feet,
 Up and down the busy street;
 Write it for the great and small,
 In the mansion, cot, and hall:
 “Where there's drink there's danger.”
 Write it on your ships which sail,
 Borne along by steam and gale;
 Write it in large letters—plain,
 O'er our land and past the main:
 “Where there's drink there's danger.”
 Write it in the Christian's home;
 Sixty thousand drunkards roam,
 Year by year, from God and right,
 Proving with resistless might,
 “Where there's drink there's danger.”
 Write it in the nation's laws,
 Tramping out the license cause;
 Write it on each ballot, white;
 Politicians, read it right:
 “Where there's drink there's danger.”

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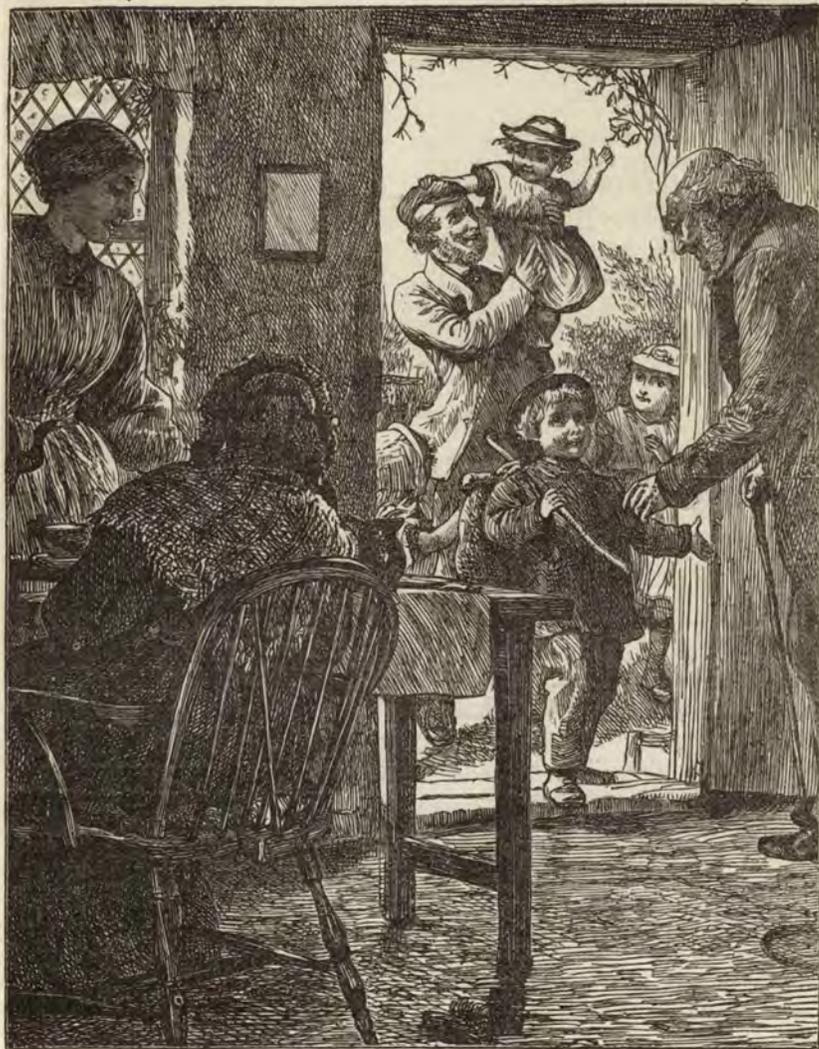
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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 190.—October, 1885.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



AN EVENING WELCOME.

AN EVENING WELCOME.

BY S. KNOWLES.

WHEN work of day is ended,
And sets the glorious sun,
To meet the loving father
The children gaily run.

Though tired with heavy labour,
He smiles with joyous pride,
As high upon his shoulder,
Wee Benny takes a ride.

While rosy, sturdy Martin
His father's bass does seize,
And trudges on before them,
With Bessie and Louise.

And as they near the cottage
The door is opened wide,
And grandpa is seen standing
To welcome them inside.

The cloth is spread, and grandma
Sits ready for her tea,
While mother stands and watches
Her children's happy glee.

Oh, what a blessed household
Around that table meet!
For love and temp'rance blending
Make joy and peace complete.

CURIOUS CURES.

BY E. W. COWLEY.

MANY there are when cold is appear-
ing, [queer,
Making them fancy they ought to feel
Lay themselves up as though death they
were fearing,

Staving it off with a glass of warm beer.

Others again at the first fit of sneezing,
Filling their ears full of burning shallot,
Sit by the fire, declare they are freezing,
Rapt in the virtues of brandy made hot.

Then there are those who of loftier notions
Stay in their beds or on sofas recline,
Think for a cold there are many worse
potions

Thansipping in "Negus," the stuff called
"Port wine."

And there are yet others who branded as
brothers, [old,
Scorning such follies as fashions grow
For a cold have a cure more certain and
sure [cold.

In a tumbler of water as pure as 'tis

BEGINNING OF EVIL.

IT was such a *little thing*—
One slight twist of crimson string ;
But 'twas stealing all the same !
And the child that took it knew
That she told what was not true
Just to screen herself from blame ;

First a theft and then a lie—
Both recorded up on high.

It was but a *little sip*,
Just a taste upon the lip ;
But it left a longing there.

Then the measure larger grew,
And the habit strengthened too,
Till it would no curbing bear.
So the demon *Drink* decoys ;
Soul and body both destroys.

It was but one *little word*,
Softly spoken, scarcely heard,
Uttered by a single breath ;

But it dared to take in vain
God's most high and holy name,
So provoking wrath and death.
Soon the lips once fresh and fair,
Opened but to curse and swear.

It was but one *little* blow,
 Passion's sudden overflow,
 Scarcely heeded in its fall;
 But, once loosed, the fiery soul
 Would no longer brook control;
 Laws it spurned, defied them all;
 Till the hands love clasped in vain
 Wore the murderer's crimson stain.

Ah! it is the foxes small
 Slyly climbing o'er the wall
 That destroy the tender vines;
 And it is the spark of fire,
 Brightening, growing, curling higher,
 That across the forest shines.
 Just so, step by step, does sin,
 If unchecked, a triumph win.

NUTTING SONG.

WHO has no sunshine in his heart
 May call the autumn sober,
 But boys with pulses leaping wild
 Should love the brown October.
 Along the glade and on the hill
 The ruddy oaks are glowing,
 And merry winds are out by night
 Through all the forests blowing.

The yellow moon is clear and bright,
 The silent upland lighting,
 The meadow grass is crisp and white,
 The frosts are keen and biting;
 A shining moon, a frosty sky,
 A gusty morn to follow,
 To drive the withered leaves about
 And heap them in the hollow.

Hurrah! the nuts are dropping ripe
 In all the forest bowers;
 We climb as high as squirrels go,
 We'll shake them down in showers.
 When heads are gray and eyes are dim
 We'll call the autumn sober;
 But now with life in every limb,
 We love the brown October.

"ONLY PLAYING."

A LITTLE old woman before me
 Went slowly down the street,
 Walking as if a-weary
 Were her feeble, tottering feet.

From under her old poke bonnet
 I caught a gleam of snow,
 And her waving cap-string floated
 Like a pennon to and fro.

In the folds of her rusty mantle
 Sudden her footsteps caught,
 And I sprang to keep her from falling
 With a touch as quick as thought—

When under the old poke bonnet
 I saw a winsome face
 Framed with the flaxen ringlets
 Of my wee daughter Grace.

Mantle and cap together
 Dropped off at my very feet,
 And there stood the little fairy,
 Beautiful, blushing, sweet!

Will it be like this, I wonder,
 When at last we come to stand
 On the golden, ringing pavement,
 Of the blessed heavenly land?

Losing the rusty garments
 We wore in the years of time,
 Will our better selves spring backward,
 Serene, in a youth sublime?

Instead of the shape that hid us,
 And made us old and gray,
 Shall we get our child-hearts back again,
 With a brightness that shall stay?

I thought—but my little daughter
 Slipped her dimpled hand in mine;
 "I was only playing," she whispered,
 "That I was ninety and nine."

OUR WATCHWORDS.

ANNIE ELLIOT PASCOE.

"**E**VER FAITHFUL"; hear it ringing
 Sweetest chord in all our singing.
 Bands of Hope the strain prolong,
 Strain which makes the weakest strong.
 Faithful to our mother's teaching,
 After her example reaching;
 Faithful to the pledge we've given,
 In the sight of God in Heaven.

"*Work Together*" help each other,
 Brother joining hands with brother.
 Small beginning! mighty ending,
 When the *many* help are lending.
Total Abstinence is growing,
 Youthful arms her craft are rowing,
 All together not a craven,
 Soon we'll make the happy haven.

"*All for Jesus*," ever reaching
 Forward to that watchword's teaching;
 We will work as Christ our Saviour,
 In our thoughts, and whole behaviour
 Be like Him; all self forgetting,
 Good example ever setting.
 Grant us thy help, Lord, from above,
 That we may keep this word we love.

OCTOBER.

THE summer grains were harvested;
 The stubble-fields lay dry
 Where June winds rolled, in light and
 shade,

The pale-green waves of rye;
 But still on gentle hill-slopes,
 In valleys fringed with wood,
 Ungathered, bleaching in the sun,
 The heavy corn-crop stood.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain,
 Through husks that dry and sere,
 Unfolded from their ripened charge,
 Shone out the yellow ear;

Beneath, the turnip lay concealed
 In many a verdant fold,
 And glistened in the slanting light
 The pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters;
 And many a creaking wain
 Bore slowly to the long barn-floor
 Its load of husks and grain;
 Till, bright and red as when he rose,
 The sun sank down at last,
 And like a merry guest's farewell
 The day in brightness passed.

LIFE'S WORK.

BY A. CARSWELL.

AND dost thou think, my boy, thou
 hast no work?

And sighest thou to think of many years
 That must elapse before thou goest forth
 To fight for good, in spite of scoffs and
 sneers?

Oh! banish all such thoughts, nor let them
 stay

To influence thy young life, to sap thy
 zeal;

For thou hast work to do that needs thy
 strength,

That needs thy years to perfectly reveal.

It is for thee in these thy youthful days
 To husband and develop all thy powers;
 To make thyself a worthy soldier, bold
 To battle for the right when danger
 lowers.

And oh! to live uprightly thy young days,
 To be a beacon-light in this dark world,
 That needs thy light, thy help through all
 thy life,

That looks to see thy colours fair un-
 furled.

'Tis thine to do thy duty faithfully,
 To ponder well thy way; and far abroad
 Thy influence will pass, and thou wilt help
 Thy fellow-men and glorify thy God.

THE SONG OF A DRINK.

A. PARODY.

BY S. J. B.

WITH fingers trembling and weak,
With face bloated and marred by
sin,

A man stood taking his whiskey at
The bar of a public inn.

Drink! drink! drink!

Until the soul is filled with strife,
And never a thought of the anguish
brought

The heart of his loving wife.

With features weary and worn,
With want and watching and care,

A woman sat in her ruined home,
And waited his coming there.

Wait! wait! wait!

With the brain too benumbed to think,
And still with a voice so broken and sad
She sang the "Song of the Drink."

Drink! drink! drink!

Till the purse is drained of gold,
And drink! drink! drink!

Till the heart is hard and cold.

'Tis oh! to be a slave

To the terrible curse of rum,
And never think of a soul to save,
Or hope for rest to come.

Drink! drink! drink!

Till the brain begins to swim,
And drink! drink! drink!

Till the eyes are bloodshot and dim.

Gin and whiskey and rum,

Rum and whiskey and gin,

Till over the bottle he falls asleep,
Bound by an awful sin.

Drink! drink! drink!

Oh! thirst that never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags.

A shattered form, a ruined mind,
A wife heart-broken, sad;
With nothing to cheer in her prospects
here,
No hope to make life glad.

O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!

It is not money alone you take,
But human creatures' lives.

Stop! stop! stop!

Stop a moment and think
Of the terrible fate of those who kill
The body and soul with drink.

But why should I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?

You hardly fear his terrible shape,
He seems so like your own,

Because of the death you deal,
A little gold to reap.

O God! that gold should be so dear,
Immortal souls so cheap.

With features weary and worn,
With want and watching and pain,

A woman sat in her ruined home

And sang this sorrowful strain:

"Drink! drink! drink!

'Tis the curse of the world, I think."
And still with a voice so trembling and low,
Oh! that all would heed the tale of woe,
She sang this "Song of the Drink."

THE LAWYER AND THE QUAKER.

A LAWYER once asked a Quaker if
he could tell the difference between
"also" and "likewise." "Oh! yes,"
said the Quaker. "Erskine is a great
lawyer. His talents are admitted by al-
most every one. You are a lawyer also,
but not likewise."

WE'RE GOING TO HANG KING ALCOHOL.



HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

We're going to hang the ty - rant Be - tween the earth and sky, The gib - bet we are

KEY C.

{	s	d' .,d':l	.d'	s	.m :-s	l	.,l :t .t	d'	:-s	d' .,d':l	.d'
	m	m .,m:f	.f	m	.d :-m	f	.,f :f .f	m	:-m	m .,m:f	.f
	s	s .,s :d'	.l	d'	.s :-d'	d'	.,d':s .s	s	:-s	s .,s :d'	.l
	d	d .,d :d	.d	d	.d :-d	f	.,f :r .s	d	:-d	d .,d :d	.d

rear - ing Is ma - ny cu - bits high. A band of Christian work - ers To - geth - er firm - ly

{	s	.m :-s	fe .d' :t .l	s	:-s	t	.,t :l .t	d'	.s :-s	d' .,d':t .d'
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	d'	.s :-d'	l .l :s .d'	t	:-t	r'	.,r':r' .s'	s	.d' :-d'	d' .,d':s .s
	d	.d :-d	r .r :r .r	s ₁	:-s	s	.,s :s ₁ .s ₁	d	.d :-d	m .,m :r .d

CHORUS.

stand, Re-solved to kill the mon-ster That long has cursed our land. Oh, Al-co-hol must

{	r' : -s	m' ,r' : d' .t	t l : -l	s ,s : t .t	d' :-	s	d' ,d' : l .d'
	s : -s	s ,m : m .s	f .f : -f	m ,m : r .f	m :-	m	m ,m : f .f
	t : -t	d' ,t : d' .s	l .d' : -d'	d' ,d' : s .s	s :-	s	s ,s : d' .l
	s : -s	d ,r : m .m	f .f : -f	s ,s : s ,s	d :-	d	d ,d : d .d

die, sir, He is a cru-el king, Up-on the temp'rance gibbet The wretch must surely swing.

{	s .m :-s	d' ,d' : t .d'	r' :-	s	m' ,r' : d' .t	t l : -l	s ,s : t .t	d' :-
	m .d :-m	s ,s : f .m	s :-	s	s ,f : m .s	f .f :-f	m ,m : r .f	m :-
	d' .s :-d'	d' ,d' : s .s	t :-	t	d' ,t : d' .s	l .d' :-d'	d' ,d' : s .s	s :-
	d .d :-d	m ,m : r .d	s :-	s	m ,r : m .m	f .f :-f	s ,s : s ,s	d :-

He is a foe relentless,
 Whose breath for ever blights,
 He fills our land with paupers,
 He robs us of our rights.
 He builds the victims dwellings
 Upon the treacherous sand,
 And we are bound to hang him,
 This monster of our land.
 Oh, Alcohol, &c.

He helps to fill our prisons,
 He robs us of our gold.
 He steals our household treasures,
 The dearest in our fold.

He ages prematurely
 The boys on every hand,
 So we must kill the monster
 That long has cursed our land.
 Oh, Alcohol, &c.

Work on, dear Christian brethren,
 God speed you, one and all,
 Until as high as Haman,
 We hang King Alcohol.
 And then we all will gather,
 A happy, sober band,
 Rejoicing that we laboured
 To save our own dear land.
 Oh, Alcohol, &c.

BILL BARREL'S LICENSE.

A DIALOGUE FOR EIGHT. BY T. A. MINGARD.

Characters represented—The Mayor; Mr. Black, Mr. White, Mr. Brown, Magistrates; Mr. Quill, clerk; Bill Barrel, tavern-keeper; Mrs. Grey, a widow; Tommy Jones, a small boy, and several others who take no active part, but merely make the audience.

(SCENE: *A Court of License. Council seated at table. Mayor in the centre. Clerk at one end with writing materials. Bill Barrel, Widow Grey, and Tommy Jones seated among the audience. Audience representing the taxpayers.*)

Mayor (rising).

GENTLEMEN of the council and taxpayers: This meeting has been called to take into consideration the question of issuing licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors. We have to decide whether any, and, if any, how many, licenses shall be granted for the coming year. I will not detain you with any remarks at present, but immediately proceed to the business before us. Therefore, any person desiring a license will please make application.

Barrel (stepping up from among the audience). Your worship and gentlemen: As usual, I want to get a ticket-of-leave to sell drinks for another year. You all knows me. My name is Bill Barrel, and I keeps the little tavern down there by the mill. I carries on my business in a honest and respectable style. I pays my way, treats my friends well, and my liquor is known for many a mile round to be the tiptop stuff of its sort. But I an't very good at speechifying, and can't say much for myself, so I brought this 'ere bit of paper (*producing paper*)—a partition, I think, they calls it. I got old Brokendown, the lawyer, to put it together, and it's signed by some of the leading folks of the place. There's Mr. Killall, the doctor, he put his name to it; and there's Deacon Double, and Holdem, the jailer, and Jim Dolittle, and Sam Rowdy, and a lot more of them, and they all says as how I'm the right man in the right business and ought to get my license. So I hopes you'll be favourable to your humble servaut, and give me leave to sell first-class drinks to your honour and friends for another year.

M. Will you please read the petition, Mr. Barrel?

B. Well, I an't had a very powerful education, your honour, and can't read much, except it's print, and that has to be pretty big. So perhaps you won't mind getting our clerk, Mr. Quill, to do the job. (*Hands petition to Mayor.*)

M. (*passing petition to Quill*). Will you please read the petition, Mr. Quill?

Quill. (*reads*). "To the Council of Drowsyville assembled: We, the undersigned, beg to state that we consider Mr. William Barrel a fit and proper person to hold a license for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this place, and desire to recommend that his application for the same be granted." (*Lays the petition on table before Mayor.*)

M. You have heard the application of Mr. Barrel for a license, and the petition supporting it. I would now be glad to hear some expression of opinion on the subject either from my fellow-magistrates or from the taxpayers present.

Black. By your permission, sir, I would like to ask one or two questions of the applicant. (*To Barrel:*) Mr. Barrel, your business, I believe, is the sale of whiskey and similar stuff?

B. Yes, sir; and first-class stuff it is, too. Perhaps you've tried it, sir?

Black. No, Mr. Barrel, neither do I wish to do; but that is not the point just now. What I want to ask you is this: are you under the impression that the business you carry on is a useful and necessary one?

B. Useful and necessary? Why, bless you, sir, everybody wants what I sell, so it must be useful and necessary.

Black. True, your customers may want what you sell, but do you seriously think, Mr. Barrel, that they are better or happier for having it?

B. Oh! that's it, is it? Better or happier? Why, if you just call down some Saturday night and see the fun as goes on there, you'll say as how my customers is the happiest lot of fellows you ever set eyes on.

Black. But I was down by the place one Saturday night; a very cold and wet one it was, too. And as I passed the house I saw Toby Tipple come staggering out of the door. And as he came off the step he stumbled and

fell into the mud outside. And if some of us had not picked him up and taken him home he might have lain there till now, for he was as helpless as a baby. Now, you will hardly say that he was in a very happy condition, Mr. Barrel?

B. Oh! that was all right, sir. Toby is a little near-sighted, and got a little too lively, and so he couldn't see his way out.

Black. But when the folks asked him next day the cause of his cut face and black eyes he said the whiskey did it.

B. Oh! no, sir; quite a mistake, sir. It couldn't have been the whiskey; must have been the excitement, sir.

Black. Excitement, was it, Mr. Barrel? Well, I see that it is useless to detain you with any more questions. You may resume your seat. (*Barrel returns to seat.*)

M. Is there any other person desirous of expressing an opinion?

Widow G. (*rising from among the audience.*) May I beg the privilege of a few words?

M. Certainly, ma'am. The taxpayers of both sexes have a voice in this matter. Will you please step this way? (*Widow G. steps up to platform.*)

W. G. Mr. Mayor and friends: I know it is unusual for a female to take part in such a meeting as this. But the importance of the subject before us is the excuse I offer for my apparent boldness. That man (*pointing to Barrel*) is applying for a license; I am here to oppose that application. You will understand why when I have told you my story. I will not detain you long. Some of you will recollect us coming to Drowsyville, my husband, son, daughter, and self, a happy, loving family, full of bright hopes for the future. We settled on the little farm by the mill. Things prospered with us, and we were looking forward with confidence, when a shadow fell across the sunshine of our lives. That man (*pointing to Barrel*) came to the village, applied for a liquor license, and you, gentlemen, granted it. My husband was a sober man, but the temptation was near, and in his weaker moments he failed to resist it. I well remember the first time he came home under the influence of liquor. He staggered as he entered the door, and would have fallen if I had not gone to his help. He told me with tears in his eyes that it was the first

time and would be the last. And I hoped for the best. But alas! the habit grew upon him, and I saw with a heart full of sorrow that it was binding him as with fetters of iron. Everything was changed. The farm was neglected, debts incurred, and creditors were pressing. But worse was yet to come. One dark November night my husband was on his way home. As he passed the mill he mistook the road and stepped into the stream. In the morning his body was found cold and stiff (*draws handkerchief from pocket and applies to eyes*) and brought home, and I was a widow. An inquest was held. The verdict was "Accidental death." But I knew better, gentlemen. I knew that my husband had been to the tavern by the mill and drunk of the fiery liquor until he was not fit to venture out into the dark night alone. No, sir, it was not "accidental death." He was murdered, cruelly murdered, by the drink that man (*pointing to Barrel*) sold to him. As I stood beside his grave, a broken-hearted widow, I registered a solemn vow that, God helping me, I would use all my power to oppose the vile traffic that robbed me of so much. Therefore, gentlemen, I am here to-day to beseech you to grant no licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors. You have it in your power to remove this temptation out of the way. Use that power and a widow's thanks shall be yours. (*Retires to seat.*)

M. Your case is indeed a sad one, and I am sure you have the most heartfelt sympathy of the meeting. (*To the meeting:*) If any other person desires to say a word or two the meeting is open.

Tommy J. (*rising from among the audience.*) Please, sir, may I speak?

M. You, my boy? Have you anything to say?

T. Yes, please, sir, if you will hear me.

M. (*to council:*) Shall we hear the lad, gentlemen?

All. Yes.

M. Step up this way, my boy. (*Tommy steps up to platform.*) What is your name?

T. Tommy Jones, your honour.

M. And what brings you here this morning, Tommy?

T. Why, sir, Johnny Hawkins told me that Mr. Barrel was coming up here to-day to

ask you for leave to sell whiskey. And please, sir, I don't want him or anybody else to sell whiskey.

M. Why, my boy?

T. Well, you know, sir, when my father goes to the saloon and drinks whiskey he comes home so bad, sir, he an't likes my father a bit. He makes such a noise, sir, and is so cross, and he an't satisfied with anything. And when he drinks whiskey, sir, we don't get so much to eat, and Billy and Sally can't go out because their boots are so old and mother can't get any money to buy new ones. May I tell you some more, sir?

M. Yes, Tommy, go on.

T. Well, sir, father came home the other night, and I knew he had been to Mr. Barrel's, because he had to hold on to the chairs when he came in. Mother asked him for some money to buy us something to eat. But he swore at her, sir, and then he hit her in the face, and she fell down on the floor with little baby-sister in her arms, and she lay there crying such a long time, sir. And when she got up I saw her face was all cut and bleeding. And though I'm only a little boy, sir, I know it was the whiskey that did it all, because father was always kind and good to us till he began to go to Mr. Barrel's. So please, sir, don't let Mr. Barrel or anybody else sell whiskey any more. And I will be so glad, sir, and mother and Polly and Sally and Billy will be so glad too. *(Returns to seat.)*

M. You have heard what has been said on both sides of this question. For myself, I must confess I have been very much impressed by what has passed this evening, and feel inclined to look at the subject in a very serious light. But the time is passing on, and the council must now proceed to decide for or against the issuing of licenses. I will therefore thank one of the members to make a formal motion.

White. (rising). Mr. Mayor and gentlemen: After what we have heard to-day, I feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to move the following: "That this council declines to issue any licenses for the ensuing year."

Brown. (rising). I rise with much pleasure to second that.

B. *(coming forward).* Look here, gents, I an't going to stand this sort of thing. I gets

my living by selling whiskey, and I an't going to have my business shut up by the whining tales of a parcel of snivelling women and boys. *(Cries of "shame.")* Yes, I know it's a shame, gents, to go speaking agin a honest man and a honest trade in this mean sort of way. But some of you gents gets a drink now and then down at my place, and I know you'll stand by me, and not be taken in by all this long-faced speechifying.

M. Mr. Barrel, I cannot allow such remarks to be addressed to us.

B. But I an't going to be put down, sir. This is a free country, and I'm going to have my say out.

M. If you address another remark to the council, sir, I shall immediately order you into custody.

B. *(reluctantly retires to seat muttering:)* Parcel of old women!

M. As there is no amendment, it is now my duty to put this motion to the vote of the council. It is moved by Mr. White, and seconded by Mr. Brown, "that this council declines to issue any licenses for the ensuing year." All in favour will please signify the same in the usual manner. *(All vote for motion.)* On the contrary. *(No vote.)* Then I have to announce that, in accordance with the unanimous decision of the council, all licenses are refused. I am very much obliged, gentlemen, for the careful attention you have given to this subject, and must say I heartily concur in the decision arrived at. And I hope that before long the verdict of every city, town, and village in this land will be "no license." The meeting is dissolved.

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THE FOLLY OF BEING VAIN.

THE FOLLY OF BEING VAIN.



THERE is nothing more foolish or more unprofitable than vanity, whether found in young or old; and generally it is an indication of a feeble mind. If we are handsome or clever, there is no need whatever to be vain; the world will appreciate our good qualities without our parading them; and the world is not slow to detect our failings, and to laugh over them, too. A pretty face and graceful figure are attractive; but if these are the only recommendations, we soon weary of them. Better a plain face, and eyes that sparkle with intelligence, a mouth which smiles in goodness, and lips from whence flow common-sense and wisdom, than any number of merely pretty looks. Beauty is transient, but goodness and common-sense are valuable and enduring.

And as to being vain of our dress—like the gaudy peacock—that is more silly still. We should always aim to dress neatly, be clean, and, with a well-stored mind and goodness of heart, we cannot fail to be respected and loved.

There is something pitiable in the girl in our illustration this month. Her vanity is so overweening that she has crept away from her companions, in order to take a peep at her face and her person reflected in the clear woodland pond! Poor child; vanity is weak food for the mind to grow upon, and a frail rudder to guide our barque over the sea of life. We hope our Band of Hope girls and boys will be wiser than spend the precious moments in contemplating their own persons and feeding their own vanity. There is work to be done; there are battles against ignorance, superstition, and sin to be fought; and we look to them to prepare to take our places when we have fallen from the ranks. A full mind and a loving heart leave no room for vanity.

LITTLE PAT AND THE MINISTER.

HE stands at the door of the church, peeping in;

No troublesome beadle is near him.

The preacher is talking of sinners and sin,

And little Pat trembles to hear him—

A poor little fellow alone and forlorn,

Who never knew parent or duty;

His head is uncovered, his jacket is torn,

And hunger has withered his beauty.

The white-haired gentleman shut in the box

Seems growing more angry each minute;

He doubles his fist, and the cushion he knocks;

As if anxious to know what is in it.

He scolds at the people who sit in the pews;

Pat takes them for kings and princesses,
(With his little bare feet, he delights in
their shoes; [dresses.]

In his rags, he feels proud of their

The parson exhorts them to think of their need;

To turn from the world's dissipation;

The naked to clothe and the hungry to feed.

Pat listens with strong approbation !
And when the old clergyman walks down
the aisle.

Pat runs up to meet him right gladly.
"Shure, give me my dinner," says he,
with a smile,

"And a jacket—I want them quite
badly!"

The kings and princesses indignantly stare;
The beadle gets word of the danger,
And, shaking his silver-tipped stick in the
air,

Looks knives at the poor little stranger.
But Pat's not afraid; he is sparkling with
joy,

And cries—who so willing to cry it?—
"You'll give me my dinner; I'm such a
poor boy.

You said so; now don't you deny it!"

The pompous old beadle may grumble and
glare,

And growl about robbers and arson,
But the boy who has faith in the sermon
stands there

And smiles at the white-haired parson.
The kings and princesses may wonder and
frown,

And whisper he wants better teaching;
But the white-haired parson looks tenderly
down

On the boy who has faith in his preach-
ing.

He takes him away without question or
blame,

As eager as Patsy to press on,
For he thinks a good dinner (and Pat
thinks the same)

Is the moral that lies in the lesson.
And after long years, when Pat, handsomely
dressed—

A smart footman—is asked to determine
Of all earthly things what's the thing he
likes best,

He says, "Och! shure, the master's ould
sermin!"

TWO BOYS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

TWO boys came into the world one
day;

And each gave joy to a mother's heart.
The one was sad, and the other gay,
And both were fitted to play their part.
One was sober, quiet, and sad;
But quick and bright was the other lad.

One went out with his flag unfurled
To meet the breeze, and was swiftly
borne
To the Friendly Isles, and there gaily
whirled

Over the breakers from night till morn;
Young, and careless, and full of joy,
All hearts made room for the lovely boy.

His handsome face and his merry glance,
His ready wit, and good-natured wiles,
Made even the distant ones advance
To bask in the light of his sunny smiles.
Ah! he was flattered and much caressed,
And many a glass to his lips was pressed.

Many a glass of a poisoned sweet,
Fearing naught, did he drain, in truth,
That in slippery places drew the feet
Of the friendly and unsuspecting youth:
And down and down he began to go,
Caught in the treacherous undertow.

The other boy, of a quiet turn,
Of awkward manners and solemn looks
And surly speech, cared little to learn
The lessons of life not found in books;
Cross, ill-natured, severe, and grim,
Little joy could be had with him.

His friends were few, but 'twas all the
same;

What did he care for a smile or a frown?
He'd his way to make—a decided aim;
And no one living could put him down;
Lord of himself, stubborn and proud,
He kept his place 'mid the jostling crowd.

No heed to those who would lead astray,
 No heed to the siren spell he gave;
 But went right on in an earnest way
 'Till he rode at ease on the topmast
 wave;
 And those who thought him a churl began
 To respect and honour the self-made man.

'Tis thus that the children play their part;
 And the boys we love for their liveliness,
 Who hold our hearts from the very start,
 Seldom, if ever, attain success.
 Easily tempted they are, and so
 Caught in life's treacherous undertow.

—*The Independent.*

NOBODY'S CHILD.

BY PHILA H. CASE.

A LONE in the dreary, pitiless street,
 With my torn old dress and bare,
 cold feet,
 All day I've been wandering to and fro,
 Hungry and shivering, with nowhere to go,
 The night's coming on in darkness and
 dread,
 And the chill sleet beating down on my
 head.
 Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so
 wild?
 Is it because I'm nobody's child?
 Just over the way there's a flood of light,
 And warmth and beauty, and all things
 bright;
 Beautiful children in robes so fair
 Are carolling songs in rapture there.
 I wonder if they in their blissful glee
 Would pity a poor little beggar like me
 Wandering alone in the merciless street,
 Naked and shivering, with nothing to eat.
 Oh! what shall I do when the night comes
 down
 In its terrible blackness all over the town?
 Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky
 On the cold, hard pavement alone to die?

When the beautiful children their prayers
 have said,
 And mammas have tucked them up snugly
 in bed.
 No dear mother ever upon me smiled—
 Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's
 child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
 In all the world loves me! e'en the little
 dogs run
 When I wander too near them; 'tis
 wondrous to see
 How everything shrinks from a beggar like
 me!
 Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes, when
 I lie
 Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
 Watching for hours some large, bright
 star,
 I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless things
 Come fluttering o'er me on golden
 wings;
 A hand that is strangely soft and fair
 Caresses gently my tangled hair,
 And a voice like the carol of some wild
 bird—
 The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
 Calls me many a dear pet name,
 Till my heart and spirits are all aflame;

And tells me of such unbounded love,
 And bids me come up to their home
 above;
 And then, with such pitiful, sad sur-
 prise,
 They look at me with their sweet blue
 eyes,
 And it seems to me out of the dreary
 night
 I am going up to the world of light,
 And away from the hunger and storms so
 wild—
 I am sure I shall then be somebody's
 child.

WINTER WORK.

ANNIE ELLIOT PASCOE.

CLD Winter is coming with work for all,
 And the frost-king soon, with his trumpet call,
 Will summon the workers from far and wide,
 From each country scene and the ocean's side.
 The evenings are long and the work is great,
 We must gather all, nor in toil abate,
 Till drink with his train of evil flees,
 And is sunk for e'er in the Temperance seas.

His power is greater 'mid frosty air,
 As he calls his victims the warmth to share

In those luring palaces all around,
 Where his tempting poisons all are found.
 So "boys and maidens," we too must make

Our cause attractive, for Jesus' sake;
 Merry and glad must the meetings be,
 Which are held to set the drunkard free.

To the work then in earnest, every one,
 Nor shrink from toil till the work is done;
 Rememb'ring ever, the cause we love
 Has the smile of Jesus our Lord above.
 Put on the armour He gives to all,
 Nor fear because we are weak and small;
 We may not be on the winning side,
 And conquer the one, who has right defied.

A LESSON OF FAITH.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

WE get lessons of faith where we hardly expect it. Two boys were in a hospital together—one of them with both legs broken, and the other a waif picked up in the public streets. They lay side by side with each other, and one

crept up towards the other as the sun was going down and said: 'Bob, Bob, did you never hear of Jesus?' 'No, I never heard of Him.' 'Why, Bob, I went to the mission-school, and they told me that Jesus would take one to heaven when he died, where there would never be hunger any more, if one would ax Him.' 'I could not ax such a great big gentleman as He to do anything for me. He would not speak to a poor boy like me.' 'Bob, don't you want your legs to stop aching? Don't you want to be hungry no more?' 'Don't I!' 'Ax Him.' 'How can I ax Him, when I don't know where He is? And, if I did know where He was, I could not go; my legs are broke.' 'Bob, they told me in the mission-school that Jesus passes by. That means, you know, He comes round. How do you know but that He will be coming around this 'ere hospital? You keep your eyes open. You would know Him if you seed Him, and you could ax Him.' 'I could not keep my eyes open. My legs ache awfully, and the doctor says I will die.' 'Bob, you can hold out your hand, and if He should come around He would see it.' The hand was raised twice and dropped. The third time the little fellow got it up, and as it dropped he burst out crying in his weakness. 'Bob, you just let me prop your elbow up with my pillow.' And he took his own pillow and propped up the child's hand. In the morning the boy lay dead, with his little hand rigid, stiff, and cold, held up for Jesus. That is faith; that is trust; that is absolute confidence. That is just what we want in this movement. Let us never mind results, but have faith in our principles, faith in each other, and faith in God, with the motto 'Excelsior,' and the hope that there is a better day coming by and by, and the prayer always offered in humble, reverent faith, 'God speed the right.'"

YIELD NOT TO THE TEMPTER.



A. W. FRENCH.

J. H. TENNEY.

Yield not to the temp-ter; Pass by, and be free; For yield-ing is ru-in

KEY A.

{	m :-: - r : d : l s _i :-: - d :-: - r :-: - r : d : r m :-: - - - m :-: - f : m : r m :-: - d :-: -
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And sor-row for thee; Why should you now bar-ter The jew-el of youth,

{	t _i :-: - d : t _i : l s _i :-: - - - m :-: - r : l : t _i s _i :-: - d :-: - d :-: - d : t _i : d r :-: - - -
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CHORUS.

With shame for your hon - our, And wrong for the truth? Yield not to the temp - ter,

{	m :-: m : f : s	f :-: l :-: s :-: t :-: d : r	d :-: m :-: m : f : m	r :-: s :-:
	s :-: s : l : t	l :-: f :-: m :-: r : m : f	m :-: s :-: s : l : s	s :-: s :-:
	d :-: d : d : d	d :-: d :-: d :-: s : s : s	s :-: d :-: d : d : d	t :-: t :-:
	d :-: d : d : d	f :-: f :-: s :-: s : s : s	d :-: d :-: d : d : d	s :-: s :-:

Pass by, and be free; For yield-ing is ru - in And sor-row for thee.

{	d :-: f : s : m	r :-: d :-: t : t : t	l :-: r :-: d :-: t : l : t	d :-:
	m :-: s : s : s	s :-: m :-: l : se : se : se	l :-: l :-: s :-: f : f : f	m :-:
	d :-: r : r : d	t :-: d :-: m : m : r	d :-: f :-: m :-: r : d : r	d :-:
	l :-: t : t : d	s :-: l :-: m : m : m	f :-: f :-: s :-: s : s : s	d :-:

Yield not to the tempter ;
 Turn quickly away ;
 Go, mingle with honour
 In life's busy fray ;
 Fall not from your station,
 Whatever it be ;
 Keep clear from the danger
 That beckons to thee.

Yield not to the tempter ;
 Be firm and be true ;
 And God, in your weakness,
 Your strength shall renew ;
 To Him your petition
 Send upward again,
 That you may be ever
 A man among men.

WHAT WE DID FOR TEMPERANCE.

A DIALOGUE FOR SIX GIRLS AND ONE BOY. BY H. A. G.

Alice.

AT our Band of Hope meeting our president said
That the good cause of temperance would go
more ahead
If we Band of Hope children would but help
it on.

Hettie.

I heard him say that, and determined, for one,
I would do what I could to spread teetotal
light,
That soon from our country the dark, dreary
night
Of intemperance may be banished far from
our sight!
Our cause is dear both to the good and the
true!

Alice.

Then pray tell us, Hettie dear, what did
you do
To shorten the tyrant King Alcohol's reign—
To wipe from our country this blot and this
stain?

Hettie.

I pondered the words I had listened to o'er,
And thought of my father till I reached our
door,
(For my father is one of the many we hear
Who talk against drinking and yet drink
their beer).
When I went in I found he was waiting for
me;
To get him his supper I set to with glee!
And a capital supper I very soon made;
And when on the table it nicely was laid,
And his slippers and arm-chair both ready
were set,
He looked quite delighted, and called me his
pet!
Then coaxingly round him my arms I did
twine,
And said, "Dear papa, your pet wants you to
sign!"
(I know he would rather I'd given him a
blow;
For he knew when I asked him he couldn't
say "No!")

He frowned and said, "Hettie, the truth to
confess,
I'd rather by half you'd asked for a new
dress!"
"But, pa," I said, "dressing fine isn't my
aim;
I don't want a dress, but I do want your
name!"
So I talked, talked, and talked for a long time,
and then
He said he'd sign; so I reached pledge, ink,
and pen!
He was signing for twelve months—I guided
his hand;
And the words, "for twelve years," on the
pledge-card now stand!
Now, that's just one instance of what I have
done!

Florence.

And a capital victory, I'm sure, you have won;
For moderate drinkers are often the worst
To convince that intemperance by them is
nursed!
For my part, last night on an errand I went,
And I witnessed a sight which my aching
heart rent:
By the door of an ale-house a poor woman
stood;
Her face was all battered and covered with
blood.
The landlord had kicked her, the bystanders
said,
And she fell, and the rough curbstone cut her
forehead.
Her poor, swollen face, she could scarce
upward raise;
She'd been fetching her son, who'd been drink-
ing for days
At the inn. Oh! her sobs, how they made my
heart ache.
I determined at once that her part I would
take.
All burly and bloated the landlord stood there,
With his fat arms akimbo; but I didn't care
How he frowned. With a brave heart I soon
let him see
That looks black as thunder would not frighten
me!

I marched past him thinking, "Who cares
what he thinks?" [minx!]

He shouted out, "Stop, there, you impudent
But I didn't stop; into the bar I straight went,
And found there her son, who'd his cash
nearly spent. [Brown;

I said to him: "I'm come here for you, Tom
Your kind friend the landlord, your mother's
knocked down!

The coward he is thus a woman to serve!

If he'd knocked you down, you'd have got
what you deserve!

But come with me now, sir!" When I bade
him he rose.

In such an authoritative tone, I suppose,
I'd spoke to him that of me he was afraid;

But certain it was no resistance he made.

Oh! didn't I talk to him then? On my word,
I don't think he'll soon forget what he then
heard! [sighs;

He seemed quite affected, to judge from his
And I'm sure, when I looked, I saw tears in
his eyes! [will;

And I got him to sign the pledge with a good-
And I know that he's kept it, and that's better
still!

I've finished, I think, now the tale I'd to tell.

Annie.

I'm sure we're all glad that you managed so
well!

You all know at one of our meetings one night
Some folks signed the pledge. 'Mongst the
rest was Tom White,

Who formerly led such a wild, drunken life—
A terror and plague to his children and wife!
All were glad when he signed; but last week
some one said

He had broken again. Oh! my heart felt
like lead

When I heard that bad news; and I thought,
if I could,

I would use every effort to do him some good.
So I got a nice pledge, and I waited one night
When he came from his work; and when he
came in sight

I stood near his house, 'neath the shade of a
hedge,

And said, "Mr. White, you have broken the
pledge,

They say. I'm so sorry you haven't done
right.

If you please, will you sign it again, Mr.
White?"

I stood in his way, so that he couldn't pass;
And he laughed and said, "Come, then, I will,
my fine lass!"

So we went in the house, and he got pen and ink,
And signed it at once, for he said he knew drink
Was the far greatest curse that he ever had seen
Or felt in his life, wheresoever he'd been.

I hope he will keep it—he said he would too;
And I mean, for my part, to still keep him in
view,

To visit him often, and take him good tracts.

Amelia.

And we'll find his children some clothes for
their backs;

Bare-footed and barehead I oft see them go
Up the street in the frost and the wet and the
snow!

Poor things! I do pity them. Girls, do not you?

[*All together.*]

Oh! yes, dear Amelia, I'm sure we all do.

Amelia.

They are to be pitied, and so are all those
On whose luckless heads there fall drink-
caused woes!

Last night on an errand I went to the house
Of our squire. In the hall I stood still as a
mouse

Awaiting an answer; the squire's lady came
And spoke to me kindly, and asked me my
name.

She told me to sit down, a little rest take,
And she told them to bring me some wine and
some cake!

"I'm a teetotal girl, thank you, ma'am," I
replied.

"This is teetotal wine, then," she smiling,
replied.

"Not proper teetotal," said I, "ma'am, I know;
It makes people drunk, for I've seen it do so!"
Then she laughed till she shook all her hair
out of curl,

And said, "Well, I'm sure you're a brave
little girl!"

She gave me a shilling; I'll give it with joy
To buy a new cap for Tom White's little boy!
Though folks may laugh at us, their laughs we
can stand.

Mary.

Yes; our cause is the one which will bless
this our land,
They know. Though their scoffs we have oft
to endure,

They respect us right down in their hearts,
I am sure!

For my part, I've been for some days stitching
backs

Upon several hundreds of new temperance tracts
For the Loan Tract Society, which in this town
We fully intend shall pull drunkenness down!
My fingers they ache, but my heart does rejoice,
And I stitch, stitch, and sing with a loud,
merry voice!

My mother said yesterday she felt inclined
To think temperance would send me quite out
of my mind!

But I know that she only said that in her fun.

[*Enter Albert.*]

I wonder, young ladies, if you've nearly done;
I've listened outside for an hour or more,
And I really thought that your tongues ne'er
would give o'er;

An hour's long to wait when you've nothing
to do.

Alice.

I find it so, Albert, when waiting for you!

Albert.

I tell you what, girls, she has no need to shame,
Though modesty makes her her due praise
declaim

For her share in this work; it is through her
I can

To-night proudly say I'm an abstinence man;
She bothered and plagues—the mischievous
tease!

So I signed it at last, just to give me some ease,
But I'm glad that I signed it; to you girls
I'll say,

You'll do well your lovers to serve the same
way

When time to each of you that article brings!

[*All except Alice.*]

Oh! we're rather too young yet to think of
such things!

Albert.

A lady's word we daren't refuse to receive
As truth; but I've hard work your words to
believe!

But now, by the bye, I have just come to see
If you'll go to the temperance lecture with me;
They want some good singers—you all sing,
I know.

All.

Oh! yes, Albert, we shall be quite pleased
to go.

Albert.

Make haste, then, get ready, for it begins soon;
Though let's try our voices if they are in tune.

All sing.

Good-night to you all, and sweet be your
sleep;

May angels around you their vigils keep;
Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-
night!

FOR WHAT DO WE LIVE?

BY ANNA ERVIN.

WHAT do we live for? Is it to be
The sport of earthly power;
To launch our bark on fortune's sea,
And float, perhaps, an hour;
To waste our time in idle dreams
Of what may be to-morrow;
To glean with care from present scenes
The source of future sorrow?
Nay, we were formed to search for truth
Through paths made plain by reason;
To hail the light in earliest youth
Which shines in every season;
Yea, we were made to win below
The boon hereafter given,
To calmly smile at earthly woe
And find our home in heaven.

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“ANY KNIVES TO GRIND.”

“ANY KNIVES TO GRIND.”



A STRANGE life must that of the itinerant knife-grinder be, trundling his wheel from town and from village to village in search of knives and scissors and razors which need furbishing up and re-sharpening. Did he possess the observant eye and the active mind, what wonderful stories he could tell of the scenes through which he has passed and the curious people whom he has met in his journeyings. We have often stood and watched him at work, and thought how interesting it might be to listen to the story of his wanderings, and to question him about his experiences. No doubt he, like ourselves, is sometimes dull and rusty, and needs a few sharp turns on the world's great wheel. For, after all, the world may be likened to a grindstone on which we are all placed. Our mental, moral, and

spiritual faculties all need brightening and sharpening; and if we will but let the grindings of experience—whether of joy or sorrow—have their due effect, we shall be all the better in the end. Some natures, like some kinds of steel, become hardened in the grinding process; but our daily experience ought to have the effect of making us more tender and loving, and lovable. As we grow older, and understand better the problems of human life; as we analyse our own nature and understand the workings of our own heart, we are filled with pity for those who fall into sin; for we know how prone we are to err, and how strong are the temptations that beset our path. Our aim should be to make it more and more difficult for men to sin, and more and more easy for them to practise virtue. One of the greatest and most seductive temptations to man is intoxicating drink. We must remove this temptation from his path; we must close the places where drink is sold; for until this is done, we shall move very slowly towards a better state of things.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

GH, for an hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy,
Than reign a grey-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age,
Away with learning's crown,
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame;

Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life, all love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
“If I but touch thy silvered head,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

“But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?”

Ah, truest, soul of woman-kind,
Without thee what were life?

One bliss I cannot leave behind,
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen,
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband, too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes—for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise.
I wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the grey-haired boys.

HARRY'S FIRST SPREE.

HE did not intend that it should end as it did; had no thought of anything beyond having a jolly evening with the boys; but it ended in a spree for all that, and in something worse the next morning.

How did it happen? He was invited to take a sleigh-ride with some young men who were visiting in the village. His folks did not altogether like them; Sister Minnie did not, and urged him to have as little to do with them as possible. She said she did not like their "fast city ways." But he told her she was a little goose, a little green about her ideas of life, and she must not think because his friends were so jolly and good-natured, so free, so off-handed in their manners, that they must necessarily be ungentlemanly and bad.

At any rate he intended to have one evening's fun with them, and off he went on the sleigh-ride. When they stopped to rest the horses they must needs have some refreshments. A supper was ordered, with plenty of wine. Harry was offered a glass, but refused, only to be laughed at by his "jolly" friends. They urged him to take some, calling him all sorts of names in derision—"milk-and-water baby," "a cowardly teetotaler"—till he in very truth became cowardly enough to yield, though he knew it was wrong, and took a glass of wine.

This was soon followed by another, to which they added a little brandy. Harry could not remember how he got home, but the next morning found him in bed with a "splitting headache," as he said, a parched, burning mouth, and feeling altogether just as mean and uncomfortable as a boy could. To the family's questions he was manly enough to confess all that had happened, and promised that such a thing should never happen again.

To make sure of this Minnie brought her pledge-book, and, when he felt better and able to sit up and write his name, put it before him. Harry looked up and said: "I thought I never would need this, Minnie; but I guess I will feel safer if I remember that my name is written down in black and white; so here goes. Chloe, you can be a witness to it.

Chloe, who happened to be in the room at the time, smiled and held the ink-stand while he wrote in large letters, *Harry Morton*.
J. W.

A QUESTION.

What good can it do
To smoke and to chew,
To swear and to drink,
And never to think
What the end will be?

HAPPY NEWS,

MRS. N. D. PLUME.

W. H. DOANE.

He has come, our Lord and Sa - viour, He has come the world to

KEY A 2.

{	s, :fe:s,	d :- m:-r :d:l,	s, :- d :-s, :fe:s,	r :- r :- r :d:r
	m, re:m,	f, :- d :- l, :- f,	m, :- m, :- m, re:m,	s, :- s, :- s, :- s,
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	d, :- d,	d, :- d, :- f, :- f,	d, :- d, :- d :- d	s, :- s, :- s, :- s

bless; Ev - ery knee shall bow be - fore Him, Eve - ry tongue His

{	m :- m :r :d	l, :- f :- l, :t, :d	s, :- m :- m :r :d	t, :- r :-
	s, :- s, :- s,	f, :- l, :- f, :s, :l,	m, :- s, :- s, :- s,	s, :- s, :-
	d :- d :t, :d	d :- d :- d :- d	d :- d :- d :f :m r :- t, :-	
	d, :- d, :- d, :r, :m,	f, :- f, :- f, :- f,	d :- d :- d, :- d,	r, :- r, :-

REFRAIN.

name con - fess. Hap - py news,..... O won - der - ful sto - ry,

Hap - py news, O won - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry,

{	r :d :l	s, :- :-		s, :t, :r	s, :- :- :- s f :m :r	d :- s, :-
	fe, :- fe,	s, :- :-		s, :t, :t,	t, :- :- :- t, t, :d :s,	s, :- m, :-
	t, :r :d	t, :- :-		t, :r :s	f, :- r t, :r :s s :s :f m :- d :-	
	r, :- :r,	s, :- :-		s, :- :s,	s, :- :s, s, :s, :s, s, :s, :s,	d, :- d, :-

Shout it forth to ev-ery clime; Hap-py news,..... O won-der-ful

O sweet,

}	d : r : m	f : - : m : - : l : - : r	r : - : - : - : s : - : f	m : - : - : - : m	m : r : d
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	m : f : s	l : - : s : - : f : - : l	s : - : - : - : r : - : r	d : - : d	d : - : d
	d : - : d	d : - : d : - : f : - : fe	s : - : - : - : s : - : t :	d : - : d	d : - : d

sto-ry, Shout it forth..... to ev-ery clime.

Shout it, shout it forth,

}	d : - : -	f : - : -	f : s : l	s : - : -	s : - : -	f : m : r	d : - : -	- : - : -
	l : - : -	l : - : -	d : - : a	d : - : -	d : - : -	s : - : s :	s : - : -	- : - : -
	f : - : -	d : - : -	f : m : f	m : - : m	m : - : m	r : d : f :	m : - : -	- : - : -
	f : - : -	f : - : -	l : s : f :	s : - : s :	s : - : s :	s : - : s :	d : - : -	- : - : -

Thro' the birth of Christ our Saviour,
 Love to every nation flows,
 While the desert wastes, rejoicing,
 Bloom and blossom like the rose.
 Happy news, &c.

Thro' the birth of Christ our Saviour,
 Comes the gentle light of peace ;
 Heavy souls, oppressed and troubled,
 In His mercy find release.
 Happy news, &c.

With the mighty angel chorus,
 Let our humbler songs unite,
 While we hail our great Redeemer,
 On this festive day so bright.
 Happy news, &c.

A CHRISTMAS RESPONSIVE SERVICE.

SINGING (8.7.)

MARK ! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahe rise.
Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them shouting hymns of joy :
"Glory in the highest, glory !
Glory be to God on high !"

Leader. Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

School. Saying, Where is He that is born King of the Jews ? for we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.

L. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

S. And lo ! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them ; and they were sore afraid.

L. And the angel said unto them, Fear not ; for I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

S. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

L. And this shall be a sign unto you : ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

S. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying :

L. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.

S. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another : Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

L. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger.

S. So when they had seen it they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning the Child.

SINGING (7's).

Hark ! the herald angels sing ;
"Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconciled."

Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies ;
With the angelic hosts proclaim
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Let us then with angels sing :
"Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconciled."

Leader. Give me some of the names of Jesus ?

Girls. HE WAS CALLED JESUS. The angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph in a dream, saying, "Mary shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call Him JESUS, for for He shall save His people from their sins."

Boys. HE WAS CALLED CHRIST. The angel said unto the shepherds, "Unto you is born a Saviour, which is CHRIST the Lord."

G. They shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

B. His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

G. The prophet Jeremiah called Him the BRANCH, saying, "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous BRANCH."

B. Isaiah said, "There shall come forth a ROD out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots."

G. Isaiah also called Him a ROOT : "In that day there shall be a ROOT of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people ; to it shall the Gentiles flock."

B. Solomon speaks of Him as the ROSE OF SHARON and the LILY OF THE VALLEY.

G. Jesus said, "I am the true Vine, and my Father is the Husbandman."

B. Jesus said, "I am the BREAD OF LIFE ; he that cometh unto me shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

G. Jesus said, "I am the DOOR : by me, if

any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."

B. Jesus said again, "I am the WAY, the TRUTH, and the LIFE: no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

G. John the Baptist, seeing Jesus, said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

All. The angels in heaven sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and glory, and blessing."

Leader. He is also called a ROCK. "Thou art my ROCK, and the God of my salvation."

SINGING (8.6.)

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

Leader. For what purpose came Christ into the world?

School. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

L. How can we best show our gratitude to God for His great gift?

S. By giving Him our hearts, and serving Him in our daily lives.

L. What example did Jesus set for us concerning our duty to our neighbours?

S. When He was on earth He went about doing good.

L. What spirit should prevail at this happy season of the year?

S. The spirit of love, joy, peace, contentment, and good-will to others.

L. What in a large measure prevents this feeling?

S. The evil of drunkenness.

L. In what way?

S. It causes poverty, sickness, and woe, making wretched many homes which otherwise might be glad.

L. What is our duty towards this evil?

S. We should abstain from all intoxicating liquors and induce others to do so also.

L. Glory to God in the highest!
S. On earth peace, good-will to men!
L. Let temperance fill the earth, and then
S. Peace and good-will can reign.

SINGING (8.6.)

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoner to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes long closed in night
To pour celestial day.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

RECITATION—Welcome! Merry Christmas.

(By a Girl or Boy.)

Welcome! merry Christmas,
Coming once a year,
Human hearts to gladden
With thy festive cheer.

Merrily the joy-bells
Usher in the morn,
For a Prince and Saviour
"Unto us is born."

Music, heaven-born music,
Heralded His birth,
When the white-robed angels
Sang of "Peace on earth."

"Glory in the highest!"
We like them would sing,
And our praises offer
To the new-born King.

Merry, merry Christmas!
Welcome once again,
Mirth and joy and gladness
Follow in thy train.

But strong drink is rampant
 In our midst to-day ;
 Saviour, drive the plague-spot
 From our land, we pray.

Haste the "good time coming,"
 When o'er land and sea
 From the cursed traffic
 We shall all be free.

When all round the world wide
 Joyful anthems ring,
 "Peace on earth" and "good-will,"
 Glory to our King.

BE BOLD.

THERE'S a word very short, but
 decided and plain,

And speaks to the purpose at once ;
 Not a child but its meaning can quickly
 explain,

Yet oft 'tis too hard to pronounce ;
 What a world of vexation and trouble and
 care,

What pleasure and peace 'twould bestow,
 If we turned when temptation would lure
 and ensnare,

And firmly repulsed it with "No."

When the idler would tempt us with trifles
 and play

To waste the bright moments so dear ;
 When the scoffer unholy our faith would
 gainsay,

And mock at the word we revere ;
 When deception and falsehood and guile
 would invite,

And fleeting enjoyments bestow,
 Never palter with truth for a transient
 delight,

But check the first impulse with "No!"

In the morning of life in maturity's day,
 Whatever the cares that engage,
 Be the precepts of virtue our guide and
 our stay,

Our solace from youth unto age.

Thus the heart shall ne'er waver, no mat-
 ter how tried,

But firmness and constancy show,
 And when passion or folly would draw us
 aside

We'd spurn every tempter with "No!"

THE CONTRAST.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

THE heart of a child is warm and deep ;
 When he leans on a mother's breast
 His little tones like a fountain leap,
 Clear, happy, and bright, and their whitemess
 keep,
 In a growing beauty, unrepressed.

He has griefs, but a mother soothes them all ;
 Tears tenderly wiped away ;
 And his ringing laugh is like the call
 Of a gurgling brook to its waterfall,
 That mocks the shout of its wilder play !

But homes by a drunken step defiled
 Have never that perfect gift.
 There is no childhood, though many a child ;
 But blows and hidings, and curses wild,
 And tears that burn, and a wasted thrift.

The little faces are old with care ;
 The little hands learn strife ;
 But not a clasp in a childlike prayer
 The invisible Hand that comes to hear
 The blessings of life from the Father of
 life.

A holy Man for the love of men
 The little children blest.
 Glad were the mothers of Israel then
 Who saw their babies, from hill and glen
 Far-brought, in those saving arms caressed.

A wicked man for his worldly gain
 Heaps curses on childhood's head ;
 He blurs the soul with a clinging stain,
 And withers young hearts, as a lava-rain
 Would wither a rose on its dewy bed !

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