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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

1886.



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THE
BAND OF HOPE
TREASURY.

1886.

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NEW SERIES.

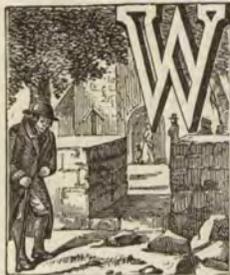
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A BRAVE KNIGHT.

43/8

A BRAVE KNIGHT.



W E have for illustration this month a knight in armour, going forth on his noble steed to do battle for the right. There is a thoughtful sadness in his face, for he has just parted from his gentle wife and young children, and he may never more set eyes upon them in this world. In the strife of battle he may be slain. No wonder he is pensive; though brave in war, he has a tender heart. Indeed, it is this tenderness which impels him to go forth to the struggle. His very knighthood demands that he shall raise his sword against

oppression and wrong—that he shall be found on the side of the weak and the oppressed, against the oppressor.

The days of armed knights have passed away, but the noble spirit which prompted their self-sacrifice still lives. The oppressor of men and women and little children is not yet slain; but the army of brave knights—the Temperance army—is pressing on in mortal combat with the foe, and there are signs that Strong Drink is tottering to his fall. With the New Year let new vigour move us in the fight; by voice and pen and example and song let us press on. The victory may not be tomorrow or next day; but victory is certain, and when it comes we shall rejoice together as those having fought a good warfare. We wish all our friends a joyous, a happy, and a prosperous New Year!

WHERE IS YOUR BOY TO-NIGHT?

BY L. HARTSOUGH.

S OMEBODY'S boy is fast going astray;
Somehow alone he is left to the street,
Where reckless and vile ones entice him
away, [plete.

And soon will be turned off a ruin com-
Somebody sins—and who ever can tell

The wrong that is done to humanity's
right? [well.

Somebody, sure, might have hindered it
O father! say, where is thy boy, now,
to-night?

Somebody's boy feels the dungeon's sure
grip;

Yesterday only he graced the right way.
A future of promise he sure has let slip,
And reckons in sadness his sorrows to-
day.

So manly and noble, what triumphs were
his

When, facing the wrong, had he come
to the right!

Ah! sure there were hearts might have kept
him from this.

Say, father, oh! where is thy boy
then, to-night?

Somebody's boy is now nearing the pit;
She is now leading whose ways are so
dark.

But some one may reach him and rescue
him yet.

Oh! why has she chosen so shining a
mark?

That brow has oft known a fond mother's
sweet kiss;

Fair sisters ne'er dream of the sorrowing
blight.

Oh! who will return him to purity's bliss?
 Say, father, say, where is thy boy, now,
 to-night?

Somebody's boy, though once fondly caressed,

Hopelessly reeling, is lost in his shame;
 A first glass has done its sad work, is confessed,

And ruined for ever a promising name.
 His form, once so manly, is cruelly bent;
 His presence, so noble, shrinks now from
 the light;

His hopes, once so golden, for ever are spent.

O father! say, where is thy boy, now,
 to-night?

Pathways of vice are well beaten and worn;
 Thousands have traversed them—wonderous the throng;

Other thousands are pressing on, ne'er to return—

Oh! cannot these flood-gates be closed
 to the wrong?

What bitter, dread sorrow sin gives to her slaves!

What woe and what wretchedness lie in
 her might!

What crushing of hopes and what filling
 of graves!

Say, father, oh! where is thy boy, then,
 to-night?

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

THE old hath left us, and the new is here,

O faithful friends!

The golden promise of a fresh, bright year
 Shines out upon our first glad words of cheer,

And kindly sends

The strong wings of a joy in all things new
 To bear us boldly on our purpose true.

The old hath left us and the new is here,
 O faithful friends!

Be this the burden of our New Year's song,
 In faith and prayer:

That we may glide our happy cause along
 With hearts of pure intent, and hands
 proved strong

To do and dare;

That in our words and ways the good may shine,

A mirror burnished with a bright design;
 May we reflect the right and shun the wrong.

Be this the burden of our New Year's song,
 In faith and prayer.

THE PASSING YEARS.

BY E. C. A. ALLEN.



DIRGE for the dead Old Year!

Many a blessing he brought us,

Many a lesson he taught us;

Many a hope he quenched,

Many a heart-link wrenched;

But his days, or dark or bright,

Were numbered and closed last night.

Farewell, Old Year!

Fleet hast thou sped, Old Year!

A song for the young New Year!

Many a peal is ringing,

Many a hope is springing;

Many a heart is light,

Many a vision bright

Paints the days the New Year brings.

But he, too, on tireless wings

Shall fly, nor tarry here;

Fleet shalt thou speed, New Year!

And so, year after year,

Many a life-plan scheming,

Many a life-scene dreaming;

Many a cherished hope,

Many a thought lights up;

But our short life flies away,

And the visions may not stay.

Fly on, swift year,

Thou shalt only bring Heaven more
 near!

WHAT'S IT GOOD FOR?

BY JESSIE MCGREGOR.

WHAT'S it good for—beer or whiskey?

“Good to make a fellow frisky,
Good for burns and chills and wheezes,
Good, they say, for all diseases—
Rather funny, if it's true!”

Alcohol's a base deceiver;
It will “cool” you in a fever,
Warm you when you're blue and chilly—
Ever hear of thing so silly?

Why, it's nonsense through and through.

What's it good for? If a blessing,
What it does will need no guessing.

Old Aunt Chloe at her baking
Says, her yellow turban shaking,
“Good for misery, I'm *shore*.”

Yes, it's very good to make it;
It will fill you (if you take it)
Full of poverty and sorrow,
Leave you far worse off to-morrow
Than you ever were before.

It has draped the world with curses
Worse than rags and empty purses;
Given thirst, but not for learning;
Kindled everlasting burning—

“Good for misery,” we own.

But there's one thing more it's good for,
Though to many it has stood for
Pills and pottage: you will find it,
Spite of “prejudice” behind it,
Very good to let alone.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

THE old year is gone, we now have the new;

To one we bid welcome, the other adieu.
If this one's no worse than the last, we'll not fear.

We wish you, dear friends, all a “Happy New Year.”

“BABY JOY.”

BY EMILY ALICE MAUDE.

DO you wish to hear my story,
Why I signed and took the blue?
Listen, mates, and I will tell you,
And I hope you'll do so too.

Two years since and I was lying
Tossing on a bed of pain,
And I thought that may be never
I should rise and walk again.

I'd a little lad and lassie,
And a baby three weeks old;
“Baby Joy” his mother called him—
He was worth his weight in gold.

Once the children watched him sleeping
In his cradle snug and warm,
Whilst outside the wind was blowing,
And there was a dreadful storm.

“Meg,” said Charlie, speaking softly—
For the children thought I slept—
“All last night, while we were playing,
Mother sat at home and wept.

“And when I came in I saw the
Tears that fell on ‘Baby Joy,’
While she kissed him very often,
And she said, ‘My precious boy,

“Dearer far to me than rubies,
Yet, my darling, I would rather
God should take you now to heaven,
Than let you grow up like Father.’”

“And I came away on tiptoe,
Mother never saw me there;
But whatever should we do, Meg,
If God answered mother's prayer?”

“I don't know,” said Meg, half-sobbing,
“‘Baby Joy's’ so very dear;
Let us pray that God may alter
Father, and I think He'll hear.”

So they knelt and prayed together
Such a simple little prayer,
That the Lord would alter father—
Mates, 'twas more than I could bear.

I set to and prayed in earnest
That the Lord would alter me,
And I vowed if I got better,
That a different man I'd be.

God was gracious, I got better,
Then I signed and took the blue;
So my children's prayer was answered,
And I started life anew.

"Baby Joy's" grown such a beauty,
Now his mother's prayer is this—
That he may grow up like father,
And his life may be like his.

Now, my mates, you know my story,
Why I signed and took the blue;
It was just the making of me;
And I hope you'll do so too.

OH! IF I WERE A BOY LIKE YOU

BY DAVID LAWTON.

OH! if I were a boy like you,
I'll tell you what I now would do:
I'd throw that pipe away,
And take our pledge against the drink
Which brings men down to ruin's brink
By hundreds every day.

You think it manly, perhaps, to swear,
To laugh and jest at holy care
For God and truth and right.
But such a man I would not be;
From these things noble manhood's free,
Good is its chief delight.

It makes my heart within me sad
To see a stubborn, wilful lad
Break loose from all control;
Becloud the morning of his day,
And throw his precious time away,
And stain with sin his soul.

I wonder what his end will be,
And wish that he himself could see,
That, ere it was too late,

He might return to wisdom's path,
Escape from God's eternal wrath,
Be truly good and great.

Oh! if I were a boy like you,
I'll tell you what I now would do:
I'd give to God my heart,
That He might consecrate its fire,
And make me earnestly aspire
To play a worthy part.

I'd join the Band of Hope, and do
My best to make it prosper, too,
And learn the drink to hate;
Be all a son, a brother should,
Live for and love whate'er is good,
The Saviour imitate.

—*Temperance Banner.*

KEEP TRYING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

IF boys should get discouraged
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy became a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins the battle
Because, through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered:
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
At last you will prevail.
Be stubborn against failure,
Try! Try! and try again.
The boys who've kept on trying
Have made the world's best men.

THE NEW YEAR.



Mrs. K. R. BURR.

M. J. MUNGER.

'Midst the - si-lence of the peace - ful night, The hap - py New Year comes ;

KEY E.	{	s .,l	s : m	<u>d . r : m . f</u>	s : s	s : m	<u>r . m : f . s</u>	l : s	s : -	m
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And we hail with sing - ing and de - light Its ad - vent to our homes.

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CHORUS.

Hap-py New Year, hap-py New Year, May thine hours a bles-sed re-cord
Happy New Year, happy New Year, May thine

{	s .s	t : -	l : s .s	d' : -	s : s .s	l : s	m .s : f .m
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keep, Bright with deeds of love and cheer-ful faith, With ear-nest praise and prayer!

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Tho' we cherish still the mem'ries sweet,
Of years for ever flown,
With devout thanksgivings will we greet
The new and opening one.
Happy New Year, &c.

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.

THE PLOUGHBOY'S DEFENCE.

CHARACTERS: Charlie, a Plough-boy, just coming home from work, meets Bill, a Cowman. By P. C.

BILL.

HULLO! chappy, bin' to plough to-day?!

CHARLIE. Aye, Bill, and I am feelin' a little bit unsattled.

B. Thought so. Hes old Brisk bin' over the gears, or hes the ploughman bin' blowin' on yer up, 'cause the tits didn't go right?

C. No, Bill. The 'osses are as good as any fer miles round, either for drawin' a rig, or finishing a furrer.

B. Well, old man, what is the matter? hes the cold and rain perched on yer stomach? It's bin' a reg'lar cold, rainy day.

C. Tell you what, Bill! I wish more folks hed a heart as full o' kindness as beats under yer coat; your nat'ral kind o' sympathy is as cheerin' as a bit o' sunshine on a cold winter's day.

B. He is a crab who can't feel fer another; but let's have that little tale o' your'n out; I can see sunnat's up.

C. All right, Bill, I will; tho' "firstly," as the parson says, Yer knows I'm a 'toat, bin' on that line four years. Well, my mates are allus at me; tried no end o' games and dodges to make me break the pledge.

B. 'Zackly so, boy. I can understand that; but go on.

C. Well, we was gettin' our luncheon this mornin', and they all pitched on to me like a pack o' dogs on to a hare,—'bout twelve on 'em altogether, men and boys.

B. I've bin' in that street myself. How did you get on?

C. Why, the second waggoner, Harry Stumps, says, "Look 'ere, youngster; don't think we're goin' to put up with your nonsense any longer; beer does anybody good, and yer will hev' to drink some."

B. Did he say, Feyther and Grandfeyther drenk a sup and it did 'em good, and what's good fer 'em is good fer us?

C. Just what he did say; and then Tom Whipcord said, "We ploughin' men carn't do wi' out a drop to warm us, and more'n that we couldn't line a rig out if we didn't tak' a drop to make us see straight."

B. I guess they see too straight when they are nearly tipsy; 'cause if they hev' to walk a mile, I'll bet they'll roll over five to get it in to their full satisfaction.

C. We'll agree on that point, Bill; but as I was sayin', after that, the head waggoner, who hed called me a walkin' watter bucket, and a weaklegged teetotaler, and a lot of names equally

as silly, then collared me, throwed me down on the wet ground, and tried to pour some beer down my throat.

B. (*indignantly*) You don't mean to say as them chaps, wet calls themselves men, did such a dirty trick?

C. They did, Bill; two on 'em held my legs, one my head, and two my hands, whilst th' ow'dest o'th lot was a wrenchin' at my teeth to make me open my mouth.

B. That bangs all! I never did think the lab'ers on our farm was so mean and cruel as to treat a little chap like you in that ruffianly way.

C. They did 'owever, and knocked me about a goodish bit, but it warn't no go, Bill. I've nailed my colours to the mast, as Nelson said, and I should want killin' afore I'd give in.

B. (*warmly*). Charlie, you're a brick! Your Band of Hope ought to strike a medal off, and give it to you. Them persecutors o' you'r'n would feel 'ighly ashamed o' their conduct when they saw your courage!

C. They did, and 'specially when I warmed up and said, "Look 'ere, mates, Teetotalism will stand shou'der to shou'der with drinking, ah! and moderate drinking, too, any day. There's you, Jim Jackson, head waggoner you calls yourself, and reckons yourself very wise an' all. Now, I knows for a fact that you emptied two barrels o' beer, one eighteen gallon, 'tother nine gallon, last harvest, besides odd pints you bought at public-'ouses. You've just turned 38, weigh twelve stones an' a half, and yer just in your prime o' life. I've only turned my fourteenth year, and weigh only about seven stones. All the harvest I did without beer; worked nearly as long as you every day, and in proportion did quite as much labour as you, with not half the age, not half the strength, and with only about half the weight on my side as yer hed on yourn. Reckoning up your drink bill, with oddments, it comes to 30/-. Now, with land at 15/- the acre, you in about eight weeks guzzled down your throat the rent o' two acres o' land to make yer get thro' your work, whilst I, a mere boy, hev' done my work, and saved sufficient drink money to occupy one acre o' land to-morrow if it was offered to me.

B. (*loudly*) Hurrah, Charlie! You 'it 'im 'ard, an' with a lot o' logic as well. A ounce o' facts is worth a ton o' theory. You might a told 'im that besides hurtin' his heart, muscles, and 'edd with th' drink, he was buyin' a worthless article.

C. After the 'ustlin' I got, my me'mry war'nt

quite as clear as usual, so I couldn't say what I might hev' said; but 'ow do you mean, Bill?

B. Why, just this! A thirty-six gallon cask o' ale weighs three hundred and sixty pounds. Of this three hundred and twenty pounds is water, which our 'old pump would put out wi' a bit o' elbow labour in about ten minutes, at a cost o' nothin'. Mark it, Charlie, three hundred an' twenty pounds water, then twenty pounds is alcohol, and the other twenty pounds is a dirty sediment, which would do well to paint a pig's nose.

C. Wish I'd thought on it, Bill; I see what yer means. Thirty-six gallons o' ale at a shillin' a gallon, means thirty-six shillings (£1 16s. 0d.). Three hundred and twenty pounds of water costs nothin'; the sediment itself they wouldn't touch, and the alcohol is what one poet calls th' "Devil in solution," 'cause it maks men beat their wives, starve the childrin, an' often do murder.

B. You've got it as pat as plaster, Charlie! But look 'ere, a gallon o' ale contains less nourishment than a penny loaf. Doctors and chemists hev' proved it so. Well, now, let's rate it at a penny a gallon: how much does the drinker get fer his money?

C. Thirty-six pennies is three shillings.

B. Stop! That looks like a mistake.

C. No, it's square. You say a penny loaf holds more real food than a gallon o' beer.

B. Quite right, Charlie.

C. Well, a loaf for each o' the thirty-six gallons makes thirty-six loaves; at a penny apiece they comes to 3/-.

B. Aye! and that is really more'n man gets back, after spendin' £1 16s. 0d. on two eighteen gallon barrels o' ale.

C. Bill!

B. What, Charlie?

C. It makes me think o' Christmas-time.

B. (*laughing*) Well, what about Christmas?

C. Yer knows 'ow a lot o' dead geese gets plucked at that time!

B. In course I does.

C. Well, this drink question makes me fancy there is a lot o' live geese gettin' plucked not only at Christmas-time, but all the year round into th' bargain!

B. Pity the *live* geese can't see it, Charlie; but I must be off to my cows.

C. I must get 'ome; mother'll wonder where I am; besides, we like a cup o' good tea, and a bit o' nice crisp toast, and I know tea's ready. Good-bye, old man.

SINGS. We'll never be drunkards; oh, never! oh, no! Exit, cracking his whip, and whistling "Home, sweet home!"

STRONG DRINK.

A DIALOGUE FOR SIX BOYS.

BY REV. T. RYDER.

Characters—Charles, Arthur, Edwin, George, John, Henry.

HENRY. (*addressing the audience*).

X ADIES and gentlemen, I think it will interest you to hear what we have to say respecting *Strong Drink*, and why we have resolved to have nothing to do with it. We shall speak of it as though it were a person. Now listen. (*Turning to Charles*;) Charles, do you know why they call him strong?

CHARLES. One reason why he is called *strong* is that he will throw any man down that likes to try him. I have known him destroy the strongest bodily frame.

ARTHUR. But how is it with the mind? Can he overcome that?

EDWIN. Oh! yes; Strong Drink can overcome the strongest minds. I have read of many a genius who has fallen before him.

GEORGE. It is quite true. Although the mind has many strong gates and pillars, called feeling and principles, Strong Drink can carry away these gates and pull down these pillars as easily as Samson carried off the gates of Gaza, or pulled down the pillars of the house of Dagon.

JOHN. One of the strongest of those feelings is love; but Strong Drink can destroy even that. He has even made fathers curse their own children and husbands kill their wives.

H. And Strong Drink takes away all sense of shame, so that men are content to be degraded below the level of the beasts.

C. Fear, too, is another faculty of the mind which this demon, Strong Drink, destroys. Neither prison, nor the lash, nor the gallows is a terror to those who follow him; in fact, they neither fear God nor man.

A. Can you tell me anything about his personal appearance? They say that he changes his dress very often. Is that true?

E. Yes, he is sometimes dressed in white; then they call him *Whiskey*.

G. And sometimes he is brown; then he is called *Ale*.

J. Sometimes he is almost black, and then they call him *Porter*.

H. Sometimes he is red like blood; then he is called *Wine*.

C. Some people who are afraid of him in one dress are quite bold with him in another; which is very foolish, for his disposition is the same at all times.

A. Among fashionable people he dresses in a genteel red, and writes, "Wine" on his card; but his favourite dress in other circles is a dull water-colour, or changing drab.

E. If ever you see one in red, calling himself *Negus* or *Port*; or in brown, calling himself *Dublin Stout* or *London Porter*; or in water-colour, calling himself *Hollands* or *Double Proof*, or any such name, be you sure, whatever may be said on his behalf, that you see that terrible villain, Strong Drink, and make the best of your way out of his reach.

G. Do any of you know where he lives?

J. Yes, I do. Like Diogenes of old, he is fond of taking up his abode inside of beer barrels and casks.

H. And I have seen him in bottles, decanters, tumblers, and pewter pots.

C. He finds a lodging very often in cupboards and presses, and he is sure to be found in the public-house.

A. He likes to visit people's houses at Christmas, New Year times, and birthdays; but he don't come to our house, for we show him no hospitality.

E. There was a birthday party in our street the other day, and I know he was at *that*; and they tell me that a hundred chances to one but you find him at a wedding breakfast.

G. As to fairs and races, he has never yet missed one of them.

J. But it's my opinion his favourite place is down people's throats—though I've heard some say that he runs at once to people's heads.

H. Do any of you know what he can do?

C. Why, he can kindle a fire in the stomach and drop poison in the veins.

A. Yes, and sometimes the fire is hot enough to set the blood a-boiling and the tongue a-stammering.

E. I've heard that he's an artist. Is that true?

G. Yes; he paints noses red, and dots them with pimples.

J. He also makes handsome people slouch, and strong people shake; heads to ache, and limbs to move zigzag.

H. Besides all that, he's a great thief. He steals away the brains, and robs men of their money.

C. Yes, and he multiplies widows and orphans, he fills jails and hospitals, and he draws many away from the house of God and Sunday-school.

A. He has sent tens of thousands into banishment, to prison, and to the gallows, and drives at least sixty thousand every year to untimely graves; most of whom he cheats of their souls.

E. What, then, is best to do with this dangerous foe, Strong Drink?

G. Avoid him altogether.

J. Keep out of his reach.

H. Keep from where he is.

C. In one word, have nothing at all to do with him. (*Applause from the other five.*)

NEVER BEGIN.

XN going down-hill, on a slippery track,
The going is easy, the task getting back.
But you'll not have a tumble, a slip, nor a stop,
Nor toil from below, if you stay at the top.

So from drinking, and swearing, and every sin
You are safe and secure if you never begin.
Then never begin, never begin;
You can't be a drunkard unless you begin.

So in mounting a ladder, or scaling a wall,
You may climb to the top or be bruised by a fall;
My philosophy's this, and I think it is sound:
If not needed above, to remain on the ground.

Some boast they can stand on the cataract's brink—
Some do it, but some topple over and sink;
Then I think, to be safe, the most sensible plan
Is to keep from the brink just as far as you can.

In a journey you may have to make a descent;
By climbing, a danger to others prevent;
You may rescue the child from the rock's giddy shelf,
But never save sinners by sinning yourself.

THE NEW YEAR.

IT'S coming, boys,
It's almost here:
It's coming, girls,

The grand new year!
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
A year for striving
And hearty thriving—
A bright new year.
Oh! hold it dear,
For God, who sendeth,
He only lendeth.

Two Gold Medals International Health Exhibition, 1884.



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THE EMPTY CRADLE.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

BY S. KNOWLES.

EMPTY is the cradle,
 For the babe is dead;
 And the mother, weeping,
 Sits with drooping head.
 Sad she feels and cheerless—
 "Why did baby go?
 When I loved so fondly,
 Why this cruel blow?"
 "Can God be so tender
 Thus to tear apart?"
 And a fierce rebellion
 Surges in her heart.
 Then her husband whispers—
 "God is ever good!
 Would we call back Willie,
 Even if we could?"
 "Safe is he and happy—
 With the Lord shut in;
 Would we have him suffer?
 Would we have him sin?"

"Think of all the sorrow
 Mankind has to bear!
 Of the way so thorny,
 Of the weight of care!
 "Ah! a loving Father
 Knows the way that's best,
 So He took our Willie,
 To His gentle breast.
 "Sweeter is our cottage
 For his transient stay;
 Nearer too is heaven
 Now he's gone away!
 "Dry your tears, dear wife,
 Willie is not dead,
 But has left the cradle
 For a softer bed!"
 Calmly rose that mother,
 Comforted and blest,
 Thankful that her darling
 Ever was at rest!

DRUNKARDS NOT ALL BRUTES.

I SAID when I began, that I was a trophy of this movement: and therefore the principal part of my work has been (not ignoring other parts,) in behalf of those who have suffered as I have suffered. You know there is a great deal said about the reckless victims of this foe being "brutes." No, they are not brutes. I have laboured for about eighteen years among them and I never have found a brute. I have had men swear at me: I have had a man dance around me as if possessed of a devil, and spit his foam in my face; but he is not a brute.

I think it is Charles Dickens, who says: "Away up a great many pair of stairs, in

a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, on which is written 'woman.'" And so in the vile outcast, away up a great many pair of stairs, in a remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, on which is written "man." Here is our business, to find that door. It may take time; but begin and knock. Don't get tired; but remember God's long suffering for us and keep knocking a long time if need be. Don't get weary if there is no answer; remember Him whose locks were wet with dew.

Knock on—just try it—you try it; and just so sure as you do, just so sure, by-and-by, will the quivering lip and starting tear tell, you have knocked at the heart of a

man, and not of a brute. It is because these poor wretches *are* men, and not brutes that we have hopes of them. They said "he is a brute—let him alone." I took him home with me and kept the "brute" fourteen days and nights, through his delirium; and he nearly frightened Mary out of her wits, once chasing her about the house with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his.

He said to me, "You wouldn't think I had a wife and child?" "Well, I shouldn't." "I have, and—God bless her little heart—my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever stepped," said the "brute." I asked, "Where do they live?" "They live two miles away from here." "When did you see them last?" "About two years ago." Then he told me his story. I said, "You must go back to your home again."

"I mustn't go back—I won't—my wife is better without me than with me! I will not go back any more; I have knocked her, and kicked her, and abused her; do you suppose I will go back again?" I went to the house with him; I knocked at the door and his wife opened it. "Is this Mrs. Richardson?" "Yes, sir." "Well, that is Mr. Richardson. And Mr. Richardson, that is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house." They went in. The wife sat on one side of the room and the "brute" on the other. I waited to see who would speak first; and it was the woman. But before she spoke she fidgeted a good deal.

She pulled her apron till she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it down again. Then she folded it up closely, and jerked it out through her fingers an inch at a time, and then she spread it all down again; and then she looked all about the room and said, "Well, William?" And the "brute" said, "Well, Mary?" He

had a large handkerchief round his neck, and she said, "You had better take the handkerchief off, William; you'll need it when you go out." He began to fumble about it.

The knot was large enough; he could have untied it if he liked; but he said, "Will you untie it, Mary?" and she worked away at it; but *her* fingers were clumsy, and she couldn't get it off; their eyes met, and the love-light was not all quenched; she opened her arms gently and he fell into them. If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her breast, and the child looking in wonder first at one and then the other, you would have said, "It is not a brute; it is a man, with a great, big, warm heart in his breast."

John B. Gough.

THE TWO NEIGHBOURS.

"**H**OW are you, neighbour Jones, to-day?"

Pray take a glass this morning;
I often see you pass this way,
All wind and weather scorning.
Excuse me if you think me bold,
But really 'tis so very cold;
A glass or two I'm sure to-day
Would help you on."

"I'm very well, good neighbour Brown,
I thank you very kindly;
I often come this way to town,
But never travel blindly.
The course which other people take
My rule of life shall never make,
Unless by reason it is shown
To be the best."

"I argue none, friend Jones; in fine,
I take earth's fruits in season.
I hail a glass of beer or wine,
To drink, of course, in reason."

What doctors highly recommend,
 What poets praise and peers defend,
 Is right, say I, though some combine
 To put it down."

"Stay, neighbour Brown. I've precious
 health

Which I must wisely treasure;
 A little store of hard-earned wealth
 Which landlords ne'er shall treasure.
 With thankful heart earth's fruits I take,
 But poisonous drink which brewers make
 Shall never lead me down by stealth
 To ruin's brink."

"I own, friend Jones, that dire excess
 Leads many to perdition,
 And I would gladly yield my glass
 If I could help your mission."
 "Right welcome to our faithful band;
 Who nobly fights for fatherland,
 Within his soul shall dwell the bliss
 Of holy deeds."

FARMER JOHN'S CONCLUSION.

BY LIZZIE T. LARKIN.

WILL I sell you my apples for cider?
 No, neighbour, that's what I can't
 do.

You've heard that my mill had stopped
 running?

Well, some one has told you quite true.

I've shut down for aye on the business;
 No matter what others may say,
 I'll have nothing more to do with it,
 So we can't strike a bargain to-day.

What is to become of my apples?
 I'd rather they'd every one rot
 Than to grind any more into cider
 To help make my neighbour a sot.

Don't you see, if I sell to another
 My apples to go to his mill,
 I am helping along this vile business,
 I'm helping to make drunkards still?

No, neighbour, my eyes have been opened;
 No more cider-making for me,
 Not if this old purse goes quite empty
 And apples all rot on the tree.

I can't see so much of a difference
 'Twixt grinding my apples myself
 And turning them o'er to my neighbour
 To gain just a little more pelf.

Either way, they'll be made into cider
 To lead our young people astray;
 So I've made up my mind that my apples
 Will go in some different way.

THE SWEET TOOTH.

BY HELEN E. BROWN.

I KNEW a young lad, and he had a
 sweet tooth—

A very sweet tooth indeed;
 Cake, candy, and sugar, to tell you the
 truth,

Disappeared with remarkable speed.

His mother was troubled, the cook she did
 scold,

But that didn't do any good;
 The craving for sweets made the little
 chap bold,

And have them he certainly would.

His father bought sugar no longer in lumps.

"If it's fine, he can't eat it," he said.
 But this didn't cast the boy into the dumps,
 For he took it by spoonfuls instead.

The candies were locked in a drawer, and
 the jam

And cake in the cupboard bestowed;
 So these were secure, for the boy had the
 name

To be honest and truthful and good.

The worst of him was that he couldn't
 resist

This craving for sweets—or did not,
 "What harm's in it? Why, they will
 never be missed.

Why mustn't I eat them?" he thought.

But his mother was wiser than he, and she
knew

That appetite left uncontrolled
In his earlier years, as older he grew,
Would clench with a terrible hold;

That the boy who could not leave sugar
alone,

For the reason "it tasted so good,"
When grown to a man would find himself
prone

To excesses in drink and in food.

Just because he enjoyed the sweet, pleas-
ant taste,

Not stopping to think of the end;
And that to intemperance sure and with
haste

All such unchecked appetites tend.

So the good parents aimed, with teaching
and prayer,

To bind him with wholesome restraint;
And now, though the sweet tooth doubt-
less is there,

They haven't a cause for complaint.

A youth he has grown, strong, manly, and
pure,

Fast proving that he will find,
Who governs his appetite, easy and sure
The task to govern his mind.

THE DYING BOY.

BY ELIZA VAUGHAN, F.S.SC.

CLOSE the shutters, mother, please, I
feel that I could sleep

Were the room a little darkened—mother,
do not weep; [my pillow raise,

Draw the curtains close around me, and
So that I may hear the angels chanting
songs of praise: [so near me now!—

For they're floating near me, mother—oh!

And they're gently wiping, mother, cold
damps from my brow. [aching head,

I can feel their tender pressure on my
I can hear their wings, too, mother, flut-

tring o'er my bed.

I can see a bright light glowing, oh! so
far away;

Mother, kneel beside me now, for I should
like to pray;

Now the light is shining full on hallowed
ground beneath;

Mother, it is sweet to die, if this indeed be
death!

I shall not be with you, mother, in a few
short hours;

I am going to yon garden, filled with
Heaven's flow'rs:

See their petals, how they open to the
shining light!

See, the flow'rs assume the forms of
wingéd seraphs bright!

And the light is coming nearer, nearer,
and more near;

It will guide me to the flowers and the
garden, mother dear;

It will point the way to heaven—it will
bear me, too,

Safe across *Death's River*, where the angels
garlands strew.

They are coming for me, oh! I do not fear
to die,

On your bosom, mother, let me breathe
my parting sigh:

Angels call me! I am ready! mother, dear!
good night!

I am going! I am going! with the saints
of light!

TEMPERANCE BITS.

THE question why printers do not succeed as
well as brewers is thus answered: Because
printers work for the head, and brewers for
the stomachs; and where twenty men have
stomachs only one has brains.

A MAN, in praising ale, said that it was an
excellent drink, though, if taken in great
quantities, it made persons fat. "I have seen
it make you lean," said an acquaintance.

RED used on a railroad signifies danger, and
means "stop!" So it does on a man's nose.

HAVE YOU COUNTED THE COST, MY BOY?



MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.
Moderato.

J. M. STILLMAN, Mus. Doc.

There's an am - ber hue in the spark'ling draught, And it brings to the eyes the light;

KEY A flat.

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

And your hearts beat high when the bowl is quaffed; Do you think of its cost to - night?

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

CHORUS.

It will cost you wealth, It will cost you health, It will rob you of peace and joy;

}	r ,m	f : f	f : m ,r	m : s	s : m ,m	f : r ,r	m : l,	s : -	-
	s ₁ ,s ₁	t ₁ : t ₁	r : d ,t ₁	d : d	d : d ,d	r : t ₁ ,t ₁	d : t ₁	d : -	t ₁
	t ₁ ,d	r : s	s : s ,s	s : m	m : s ,s	s : s ,s	s : f	m : -	r
	s ₁ ,s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ ,s ₁	d : d	d : d ,d	s ₁ : s ₁ ,s ₁	d : l,	s ₁ : -	-

Will you drink, will you drink at so great a price? Will you drink, will you drink, my boy?

}	: s ,f	m : f ,m	r : m ,r	d : l,	f : f ,f	m : d ,d	r : -t ₁	d : -	
	: t ₁ ,t ₁	d : r ,d	t ₁ : d ,t ₁	l ₁ : l ₁	l ₁ : l ₁ ,l ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ ,s ₁	t ₁ : -s ₁	s ₁ : -	
	: s ,s	s : s ,s	s : s ,f	m : d	d : d ,d	d : m ,m	f : -r	m : -	
	: s ₁ ,s ₁	d : t ₁ ,d	s ₁ : s ₁ ,s ₁	l ₁ : l ₁	f ₁ : f ₁ ,f ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ ,s ₁	s ₁ : -s ₁	d ₁ : -	

Not the silver coin, but the wasted years,
 With their promise so true and bright;
 And the cup is bought with a mother's tears,
 Will you drink, will you drink to-night?
 It will cost you, &c.

It bears on its foam the wreck of your home,
 Of your life with its honour lost;
 'Tis filled with remorse for the days to come,
 Can you drink at so great a cost?
 It will cost you, &c.

BAD LUCK TO THE WHISKEY!

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS.

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

JANE.

GOOD evening, Bridget.

BRIDGET. Same to you, honey. Sure you're looking very well, an' I'm glad to see it.

J. Oh, I'm well, thank you. I can eat, and drink, and sleep, and work, and I scarcely ever feel tired.

B. That's a great mercy, honey; may ye iver be the same. When ye gits as owd as me, happen ye'll not be quite so frisky. Ye see I'm getting to an owd woman, and I allus feel tired, an' if it wasn't for a taste o' whiskey now and agin, I'm sartin shure I should go spark out.

J. What! do you drink whiskey? I did not know you were addicted to that foolish and hurtful habit. Why, Bridget, you do astonish me completely. No wonder you feel so weak; the wonder is you are not dead before now.

B. Why, honey, what if I do take a drop o' whiskey now and thin? That cannot weaken me; on the contrary, it makes me strong and puts me into good spirits. Don't tell me a drop o' whiskey isn't good.

J. But I *do* tell you it isn't good, Bridget. It is taking the whiskey that is killing you; every drop you take is helping you to the grave.

B. The whiskey killing me! Sure, you're mistaken, honey. It was the good doctor told me to take a drop now and agin, as he said it would cure the rheumatism. An' so, whin I feels the pain coming on, I jist gits a wee drop out o' the bottle. It's little else I take in the shape o' mate, for I've no appetite, honey, at all, at all.

J. No wonder you have no appetite. The doctor who ordered you to take whiskey was a very thoughtless man, and I cannot but think he acted very wickedly. Though the whiskey may seem to do your rheumatism good, by numbing the pain, it is useless to effect a cure, and worse than useless, for it is injuring your heart, and destroying your stomach, and polluting and poisoning your blood. If you persist in taking it, I would advise you to go to the undertaker and order him to get your coffin ready, for you won't be long before you need one.

B. (*holding up her hands in horror.*) Oh, sure, honey, I don't want to die jist yet! Bad luck to the doctor for telling me to take the drop o' whiskey, if what you say is true! Sure, what shall I do, for I've been almost living on it for the last twelve months?J. Dying on it, you mean. You are like another foolish creature who was buried last week. The doctor told *her* to take a little drop of gin now and then, for some trifling ailment she had, and the woman did as she was told. She was a clean, tidy, decent woman when she began to take the drop, as she called it; but every week the drop grew larger and larger, and her house and person became dirtier and dirtier, and at last she died. I heard her husband say half his wage was spent in buying the *drop* of gin, and his Sunday clothes, the children's clothes, and almost everything out of the house went in the same way. From a respectable woman she became a drunkard; a kind mother was turned into a brawling, ill-tempered slattern; a loving wife forgot her husband and neglected his comfort. And, Bridget, if you don't stop taking whiskey, *you* will go the same way. Sooner or later the whiskey will kill you!*(Enter Maude Standing.)*

MAUDE. What are you talking so loudly about, Jane? I heard your voice long before I came up with you.

J. This is our old servant, Maude. I met her just now, and I find she is in the habit of taking a "drop," as she calls it, of whiskey. The doctor some twelve months ago ordered her to take whiskey to ease her rheumatic pains, and she is in the habit of taking it when she feels the rheumatism troubling her. I have been telling her the whiskey will kill her, if she doesn't leave it off.

M. Yes; that it will, whether the rheumatism kills her or not. Have you succeeded in convincing her of the danger she is running?

J. I'm not sure about that. (*To Bridget.*) I fancy you have got to like a drop of whiskey, apart from your rheumatism, haven't you now, Bridget?

B. That's true, honey. You see I'm but a delicate crature, and a little whiskey seems to give me strength.

M. *Seems* to give you strength, but it really doesn't do it, Bridget. Every time you take whiskey you are really exhausting your strength. I am sorry to hear you say you have got to like the vile stuff. That is one of the worst features about it. It *gets hold* of people who take it. Unless you give it up at once, I fear you will become a drunkard.

B. God forbid it, Miss; I wouldn't like that, at all, at all.

M. Then you must stop taking it at once, or you will be lost.

B. Ah, sure, I wish the doctor hadn't told me to take the drop, I would have been better, no doubt.

M. Certainly you would have been better! Doctors are much to blame for ordering intoxicating drinks as medicine. You give it up, Bridget, and never touch it again as long as you live.

B. But what'll I do with the rheumatics?

J. If you had called and told us at home about your rheumatics, we would have given you better advice than that which the doctor gave you. Say you'll give up the whiskey, Bridget, and I'll warrant you shall have some medicine that will do your rheumatism good.

B. Ah, honey, you was always a good girl, and your father and mother was always good to me. I'll take the warning an' have no more whiskey, at all.

J. That's right. Now, have you time to step round with me home, and I'll see what we can do for you?

B. I'll come with pleasure, honey.

J. Will you come, Maude? Come along with us. Those at home will be glad to see you. I want you to help me to get Bridget to sign the pledge, for I rather feel afraid, unless she signs, she will not keep her promise. These spirits are terrible when once they get a hold of one.

M. Yes; I'll come with you. Bridget seems attached to you, and your influence over her will, I hope, be strong enough to keep her from the drink.

J. Come along then! Now, Bridget, we are ready! This way, please! (*Exit Jane and Maude.*)

B. I'll be after you, honey. Ah, heaven's blessing be upon you! Sure I'll not take any more whiskey, at all, at all. I don't want to die just yet; for what would become of the little Bridget, an' the little Mickey, and the big Barney, if I was to die? Bad luck to the whiskey, say I. (*Exit.*)

THE TEETOTALER'S REPLY.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO OLDER BOYS AND TWO OLDER GIRLS.

BY A. W. O.

[*Behind a little table, arranged as a counter, on which are several bottles, etc., stand Mr. and Mrs. Boniface.*]

MR. B.

MY dear, trade is not so brisk as I should like it to be. When the new iron-works open close by us we may hope to do a little better.

Mrs. B. Well, we can do with it, very well; but we've lost so many of our customers lately.

Mr. B. Ah! it's those confounded teetotal societies, with their watery notions—a parcel of pumps I call them! I wish I had the handling of them!

Mrs. B. Ah! they're a poor, white-faced, lanky lot! Now, a glass of beer—

Mr. B. Would put a colour into their faces! Look at our regular customer, old Swipes; his nose blooms like the "red, red nose," and it's a colour that'll stand, too. I like to see a jolly face!

Mrs. B. Ah! here comes Peter Plumb; I wonder if he means doing business with us again? He used to be a good customer! he's worth having, I'm sure.

(*Enter Peter Plumb.*)

Mr. B. Ah! Plumb (*puts out his hand*) delighted to see you in my shop again.

PETER. I cannot take *that* hand, Mr. Boniface. It has dealt out too much misery to my friends and my relations.

Mrs. B. Teetotalism again! O bother!

P. Ay, teetotalism again, madam. But there's no bother about it, not half so much as is caused by the cursed stuff you sell.

Mrs. B. Come, come, Peter, draw it mild; you can allow other people to have their opinions as well as you yours. Everybody isn't fond of cold water.

P. More's the pity; there would be fewer fools then! I saw a gentleman reeling away from here just now who struck his head against a lamp-post, and who, I am quite sure, would have fared better had he been only "fond of cold water."

Mrs. B. Why didn't the idiot stop here, then?

P. Probably because you had got all his money; and as public-house keepers generally only value a man by the depth of his pocket, I shouldn't wonder if you had previously shown him the door.

Mr. B. Come, stick to the truth, Mr. Plumb; a man don't care to be insulted in his own house.

P. *Your* house? Why, man, this is the house of the *public*—of every swill-tub who chooses to demand a pint of beer under your roof.

Mrs. B. Come, what are you driving at? I expect you came here for some purpose; what is it?

P. I came to see, madam, whether I could not persuade you to give up this wretched business—one which has wrought more misery in this world than any other cause.

Mr. B. Then you have come on a fool's errand and may as well save your breath, my friend.

P. It is hard that a trade which has demoralized so many of my fellow-beings should find so many advocates.

Mr. B. Well, I remember when you were not quite so philanthropic, Mr. Plumb; I can call to mind the time *when you had not a shirt to your back!*

P. Ah! *that was when I patronized you;* but since I have turned "water-pump," as you term it, I can boast a clean shirt *every day in the week!*

Mrs. B. Anybody may accumulate money who turns niggardly and won't treat himself to anything.

P. I treated myself and others so long, madam, that I *mal* treated my wife and family, and nearly ruined myself. But I am wiser now.

Mrs. B. I remember when your wife wore rags.

P. Yes, that was when I spent her money over your counter. Things have altered since I settled my last score with you.

(Enter Mrs. Plumb.)

Mrs. P. Come, Peter, what are you doing here?

P. Not at my old games, Sarah, don't you fear. I've seen through the tub. Where have you been?

Mrs. P. I've been buying two pairs of new blankets, shoes for Charley, a new bonnet for Maria, a rocking-horse for Joe, and a chess-board for you.

P. Bravo, old gal! Now *(to Mr. and Mrs. B.)* what do you think of us as we were and as we are? I used to sink all those numerous purchases in the pot; what a fool I was!

Mr. B. Do you think you're altered much?

P. Oh! you may sneer as hard as you please, but let them laugh most who win. Sarah, Mrs. Boniface says she remembers when you were in rags!

Mrs. P. I'm not in rags now, anyhow, and I'm happy to say that I do not wear my good clothes at the expense of other people's happiness.

P. Bravo again! But it's no use standing here; I can do no good by talking. However, whenever you want a clean shirt, Mr. Boniface, come to me; I've a regular drawer full.

Mrs. P. And if a velvet mantle, Paisley shawl, gold pin, or silk dress would be of any use to you, Mrs. Boniface, I can oblige you.

(Mr. and Mrs. P. make bows and exit.)

Mr. B. Confound their impudence! But it's just like those teetotalers; they always get proud. Let's shut up for to-day, my dear!

Mrs. B. Come along then, for I declare my nerves are quiet unstrung. The impudence of some people is really awful!

A BRIGHT little girl, upon being asked what sort of a spirit that of the Pharisee was, replied: "It was doing a good thing, and then feeling big over it."

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 white-
ness 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 chidings, 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 to 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!

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was one day dining with a party of friends, when one of them offered Mr. Lincoln some wine, and rather rudely tried to force it upon him. Mr. Lincoln bravely replied: "I have lived fifty years without the use of intoxicating liquors, and I do not think it worth while to change my habits now."

Two Gold Medals International Health Exhibition, 1884.



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THE SHRIMP-GIRL.

THE SHRIMP-GIRL.



MORE than a hundred years have passed since the gifted Hogarth painted the "Shrimp-girl," of which our Illustration this month is a copy. There is a "life-likeness" about the figure which stamps it as the work of a master-hand. Though "only a shrimp-girl," the eyes, the mouth, the whole face is expressive and beautiful, and indicative of strength of mind and force of character. We do not often see "shrimp-girls" of this stamp in our day, though we have occasionally come across them at sea-side resorts and in some of the smaller towns. "Selling shrimps" must at all times be a precarious way of gaining a livelihood, and no doubt the poor creatures often have to keep a cheery voice and a smiling face when the heart is sad and the life sorrowful. It is no easy task, we are sure, in all

sorts of weather, for poor hawkers to dispose of their wares, and we always make it a duty never to speak harshly or unkindly to such. If we do not wish to purchase what they have to sell, we can at least be courteous to them. We remember some time ago, being in company with a wealthy Lancashire manufacturer and merchant at a railway station, waiting for the train to take us to his house in the country, when a poor little fellow accosted the gentleman with, "Paper, sir?" The gentleman had bought the evening paper and therefore did not require another, but he did not give the boy a curt or snappish "No!" as we have often heard persons do, but a gracious "Thank you, little man, I have bought one already." We were much impressed with the incident at the time, and have often thought over it since; and we would have our readers to cultivate the gracious manner and the kindly spirit, not only to each other, but to all with whom they may come in contact. Kind words cost nothing, though in bestowing them they bless both giver and receiver.

AROUSE FROM THY SLUMBER.

BY ELIZA VAUGHAN, F.S.S.C., M.L.L.S.

AROUSE from thy slumber!—Be up
and be doing,
For while thou art idle some mischief is
brewing;
Awake to the future—thy fate now be
daring, [caring
For while thou dost yield there is nobody
How sorrow may crush thee,
How grief may destroy:
Then rouse thee, and labour,
Let toil be thy joy.

Arouse from thy slumber!—Be up, and
face boldly [so coldly;
The world, which doth view thy exertions
And work with a will at whate'er be thy
mission, [competition.
For none should despair in life's grand
Oh! never be sleeping—
Oh! never despair—
Oh! never be dreaming
Whatever thy care!

Arouse from thy slumber!—Be up, and
be hewing [are strewing;
The obstacles down, which thy pathway

Make one in the race where for fame each
is striving,
Nor slacken thy speed till at honour ar-
riving.

Dame Fortune's steep ladder
Determine to mount,
And drink inspiration
From Fame's crystal fount.

Arouse from thy slumber!—Be up, and
be waking,
And stifle thy sighs, though thy heart may
be breaking;

Awake, while the first beams of morning
are peeping,

Don't let the foe say that he crushed thee
while sleeping.

Call in resolution,
'Twill lend thee its aid.
Who'er may oppose thee,
Be never afraid.

Arouse from thy slumber!—Be up, and
be working,

Though thousands oppress thee—don't
duty be shirking;

Face danger—'tis not after all so affright-
ing—

Just prove to the world that in earnest
thou'rt fighting

For life and for honour,
Nor fighting in vain;
Return to the contest
Again and again.

Arouse from thy slumber betimes in the
morning;

Oh! soon shall the sun o'er thy pathway
be dawning,

Oh! soon through the clouds shall the
silver be glowing,

Oh! soon shall the harvest thou long hast
been sowing

Reward thy endeavours
A thousand times o'er;
As ripened and golden,
'Tis ready for store.

AN APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

—o—

YOU talk of Allsop's Pale Ale, and
filthy, muddy London Porter—look
at this “bright, beautiful, health-inspiring,
heart-gladdening, heaven-gifted, earth-
blessing, flower-loving water!” How
sweetly it sings in the stilly night—how
nimble it basks in the sun's flash!—at its
touch the veins of nature throb and the
flowers burst into bloom. When the night
of death is gathering round the invalid,
then, O, how sweet a drop of water to cool
the parched tongue! A thousand blessings
on pure cold water; it chimes its melody
in glinting streams and hangs its diamond
drops upon the tender blade; it clings to
the branches of trees in frost-work of
delicate beauty, and rolls as free and pure
by the poor man's cot as by the gorgeous
palaces of kings! Its beauty is seen in the
murmuring fountain whose song angels
might love to hear, in the thunder-music
of the storm and in the splendour of tre-
mendous cataracts. It smiles after the
storm has passed away, and hangs in glit-
tering coronets around the rose! It hides
in mossy beds, reminding us of infancy
with its guileless sleep; “it kisses the
pure cheek of the water-lily,” and lingers
sweetly upon the graves of those we
love. There is no ruin in its song; it
causes no bleeding bosoms and inconsol-
able tears. Then let us pledge ourselves
that we will each make one link in that
golden chain of unity and love, which, by
and by shall bind the hearts of all mankind
together, and every want-wasted form
that we save from pollution, every tempted
soul that we save from dishonour, will set
one gem in that immortal chaplet which
angels shall wreath to crown our deeds of
mercy.

George H. Pearce.

THEY WON'T CARRY ME.

BY JENNY L. ENO.

TO his tumble-down house in Hard-
scrabble Lane

Jack Morgan came stumbling home
through the rain;

His clothes hung in tatters, on his head
was—his hair;

His shoes were old boots once thrown by
as past wear.

He routed his wife, as, crouched on her
knees,

She fanned the dull embers with still dul-
ler breeze,

While thoughts of past happiness crowded
her mind,

When plenty was round them, and Jack
was so kind.

“Get up, wife,” he cried. “Quick! fas-
ten the door; [more.

The temperance people are moving once
They may ‘carry the town,’ but one thing
you’ll see:

Though they *carry the nation*, they won’t
carry me.”

Then, doors barricaded and windows
nailed down,

He tumbled to bed defying the town;

What harm could the innocent drunkard
betide

In his home with the temperance people
outside?

But as day on the hills is beginning to
break

He finds he has made a most stupid mis-
take;

No stronger teetotalers dwell in the land
Than they who surround him on every
hand.

One look through his home compels him
to think

Of comfort destroyed by the demon of
drink;

The children crowd round him with
pledge and with pen,
And ask for his name there again and
again.

And when little Katie climbed up on his
knee

With her pretty new paper for father to see,
And asked for his name close up at the
top;

For she knew if she had it their troubles
would stop.

He cried, “Tis too much. What a fool I
have been

To fasten my enemies not out, but in!

A man couldn’t stand you though firm as
a wall; [all.

Hand over your pledges and I’ll sign them

“The temperance people I’ve fought with
my might,

Yet knew all the time that their way was
but right,

Fling the windows wide open, pull the
door-fastenings down,

For they have carried me, if they haven’t
the town.”

HURRAH FOR WATER.

BY CORNEY SIMMONDS.

HURRAH! hurrah! for the rippling
rill; [fill]

No drink but its waters our goblets shall
For the songster that flings

The bright dew from his wings

As he rises on high, and so gleefully sings,
Drinks naught but the pure, sparkling

water.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the fountain bright
That flashes with rich and pearly light!

We hail it with joy,

For we know no alloy,

No poisonous drug our health to destroy

Lurks hid in the pure, sparkling water.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the merry cascade
That sings as it springs to the thirsty glade.

How the sunbeams play
O'er its foaming way,
While the echoing woodlands seem to say
There is naught like the sparkling water!

Hurrah! hurrah! for water we sing
As it dips o'er the rock or wells from the
spring;
We drink without fear
Of its current so clear,
For we know there is naught that can
blight or sear
In the heaven-sent boon, blessed water!

Hurrah! hurrah! come, let's fill up the
glass,
As a symbol of friendship, in mirth let it
pass;
No discord or pain
Is mixed with the strain,
As we thank the good Giver again and
again
For the bounteous gift of pure water.

“NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING.”

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

[A daily paper relates the following sad incident: “In a tenement house a policeman found a man and his wife both on the floor helplessly drunk and six ragged children scattered about the room. The oldest child was twelve years of age, and the youngest was clasped in its father's arms, and seemed to be dying; but the father was too drunk to be aware of its condition. The policeman called in one of the neighbours to look after the family while he went to the police-station. Upon his return he found the eldest boy walking about the room with the baby in his arms. He said it was asleep, but the policeman found upon taking it up that it was dead.

“‘Ta'nt dead,’ said the boy. ‘I know it's 'sleep, 'cause I sung it to sleep.’

“When the lad discovered that the child was really dead, he sat down in one corner and wept. The father and mother recovered slowly from their stupor, and seemed unaffected when told that their child was dead.

“The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was notified to care for the other children, who were half-starved. The father and mother have for a long time been addicted to drink.”]

YOU are right, my noble, thoughtful lad,
The babe is sleeping!
Upon the Saviour's loving breast
From pain and ill it takes its rest
While you are weeping!

Oh! mourn not that the babe is gone
To joys eternal;
That never more upon its ears
Shall discord smite the while it hears
Music supernal.

Rather rejoice that he is safe—
Your baby brother;
Safe from the hunger and the cold,
The little lamb that had no fold,
No loving mother.

You sang its last sweet lullaby
When it was dying—
Just as the angels took it up
And filled with joy its tiny cup,
Straight heavenward flying.

Send you a prayer up after him
For grace immortal,
That you, when life is o'er, may meet
This little angel, fair and sweet,
Beyond heaven's portal.

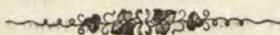
And pray, too, O my stricken lad!
For thy poor mother,
Thy fallen father, and thy kin,
That they at last may “enter in”
With baby brother.

TWO MEN IN ONE.

CANON FARRAR tells of a woman in London who said she had *two husbands* in one man. One of them was a kind, honest, and respectable person, whom she loved, and that was her husband when sober; the other was a brutal fellow who was constantly ill-treating and abusing her, and that was her husband when he was drunk.

The Lord Provost of Glasgow said that he often asked women who were brought before him, “What kind of a husband have you?” and the usual answer was: “When sober he is the best husband in Glasgow, but when drunk he is waur (worse) than a beast.”

THERE'S A CURSE IN THE LAND.



Words and Music by the Rev. C. H. MEAD.

Slow.

KEY A \flat 1, 1 | 1, : 1, ., t, | d : 1, | d : r | m : - m | d : 1, . d | t, :- t, |

There's a curse in the land! and men go down To ru - in, des - pair, and

1, 1 : - | - : s, | d, d, - : - , d | d : s, s, | . s, : r | m : - m | d : 1, . d | t, :- t, | 1, : - ||

shame; Death gathers them in with a ruth - less hand, And leaves but a tarnished name.

CHORUS. *With vigour.*

Oh, men be men! be firm! be true! While wives and mothers pray; God

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

nerve your arm, to dare and do, And Right shall win the day.

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

There's a curse in the land! the young, the fair

Go out from the fireside light;
Go out in the path of deepest gloom,
That leads to an endless night.
Oh! men be men, &c.

There's a curse in the land! a withering curse

That causes the tears to flow;
Drink withers the heart and blasts the home,
And fills up the cup of woe.
Oh! men be men, &c.

There's a curse in the land! O shame on the State

That takes its share of the price;
Oh! shame on the land that licenses wrong,
And barter virtue for vice!
Oh! men be men, &c.

There's a curse in the land! but its doom is sealed,

The end of the curse is at hand;
Grand women and men are rising for God,
For Home and for native Land.
Oh! men be men, &c.

LAWYER CHARJUM & HIS CLIENTS; OR, ALL THROUGH DRINK.

A DIALOGUE FOR SIX. BY F. T. HEPWORTH.

CHARACTERS—Mr. J. Charjum, an Attorney; Tom, Mr. C.'s Office Boy; Edward Slider and Charles Actwell, Applicants for situation; William Weedall, Farmer; Mr. Cottonwarp, A Mill-Owner.

SCENE—Mr. Charjum's Office. Enter Tom.

TOM.

X SUPPOSE 'boss will be here directly; I must X gets his things out. (*Gets papers, inkstand, bell, etc., out of desk and lays them, with newspaper, on Mr. C.'s Table.*)

(*Mr. C. enters, pulls off hat and coat, and sits down.*)

MR. C. You had better go for the letters, Tom.

T. Yes, sir. (*Exit Tom.*)

MR. C. (*takes up newspaper*). What's the news to-day, I wonder? Let me see (*reads*):

"FRUITS OF THE DRINK-TRAFFIC."

"Fatal Stabbing Affray through Drink."

"Suicide of a Liquor-Seller."

"Drunk Again: An Old Offender in Court."

"A Drunken Car-Driver Heavily Fined."

"Dreadful Collision at Sea; Many Lives Lost."

"Wife Murder, and Attempted Suicide."

Dear me! dear me! The same old tale of poverty, misery, and crime. This deadly tree of Alcohol goes on producing its poisonous fruit all the year round. Well may the judges say that three-fourths of all the crime, pauperism, and insanity in the country are caused by drink. Were it not for this monstrous thing there would be fewer prisons, workhouses, and asylums; ay, and fewer doctors, fewer undertakers, and fewer lawyers, too. For my own part I would gladly give up that part of my practice which flows from drinking habits to see the cursed tree overthrown. In my opinion the axe of Total Abstinence is the only one which will touch its root, and there are far too few wielding it; more's the pity. (*Turns paper over and reads*):

"ADVERTISEMENTS."

That reminds me—my advertisement ought to be in the paper this morning. Ha! here it is:

"WANTED, in a Lawyer's Office, a Young Man as Clerk. Good salary to a competent person. References required. Apply personally to Mr. J. CHARJUM, 25, Consultation Row."

That's all right. I find it very awkward being without a clerk. I don't think I was ever so surprised as I was last Monday when I read "Raid on a Gambling House," and found among the names of those arrested that of Richard Glossover. I had always found him such a clever and obliging clerk; although I must confess, when a young man slips out regularly about 11 a.m. "on the sly," it is somewhat suspicious. Poor fellow, I'm very sorry, after all. I think I've made up my

mind to one thing, however, and that is, never to employ a person who is accustomed to take intoxicants.

[*Enter Tom with letters.*]

MR. C. You've been a very long time, Tom. You should be quick back now that I am without a clerk. What kept you so long?

T. I'm very sorry, sir, but I stopped to watch two drunken men fighting, and one got knocked down and his head hit the curbstone, and they've taken him to the hospital.

MR. C. Dear me! dear me! more fruits of the traffic. Well, just take these writs and serve them (*handing papers to him*). There's Thomas Swallowall, Tight Lane; and Robert Swindells, Paynaught Square. You know where they are?

T. Yes, sir; very well.

MR. C. Be as quick back as you can.

[*Exit Tom.*]

MR. C. (*opens letters and reads*):

"GAPIN' VULTURE," FOLLY LANE, April 1st.

"SUR: Knowin' as your a Loyer I rites to ask you wether I can make a man pay a ale score as he owes me for drink which he 'as had, as I hasn't been in the bisness long I want too no cant I make him pay wich he ses he won't.

TORNY FATPAUNCH, Landlord."

Oh! indeed, Mr. Fatpaunch, that's it, is it? I should think you haven't been in the business long, or you'd have found out that you can't recover money owing for ale scores. Why, what's to prevent you chalking up three or even six times as much as a man has had, when he can't reckon for himself? (*Takes up another letter.*) Why, this is from Squire Richland.

"SIR: The squire wishes you to come up to the Hall as soon as you can. He is very ill and is going to make his will, and, I expect, disinherit that reprobate son of his, who is wasting his time and money at the Continental gaming-tables. The poor old gentleman is very much troubled about him, although he pretends not to be.

Yours truly,

ANTHONY CARETAKER, Steward."

"J. CHARJUM, Esq."

Drink again! High and low, rich and poor alike, are sufferers and victims. (*A knock at the door.*) This way, please.

[*Enter Edward Slider.*]

SLIDER. Mr. Charjum?

Mr. C. That's my name.

S. I believe you have advertised for a clerk?

Mr. C. Yes, I have; and I suppose you have called in answer to that advertisement?

S. Yes, sir. I have been in a similar place before; with Messrs. Graball and Keepit.

Mr. C. Oh! indeed. Have you brought any references with you?

S. Yes, sir; here they are (*handing them to Mr. C.*)

Mr. C. (*looking at papers.*) Yes, very good; you seem to have an excellent character for efficiency in your work. But how is it that it is dated last year but one? Have you been anywhere else since?

S. (*confusedly.*) No, sir; yes, sir, I mean; it must be a mistake, sir, in the date, I think. (*Bends over papers to look at them.*)

Mr. C. (*sharply.*) Excuse me, sir, but your breath is offensive. You have been drinking rum!

S. Why, yes, sir. I just had a little at the corner, just to steady my nerves a bit, sir; that's all, sir.

Mr. C. Oh! indeed; steady your nerves, eh? What is a young man like you doing with shaky nerves? You won't do for me, sir; won't do for me (*handing papers back*) unless you give up the disgraceful habit into which it seems plain to me you have fallen. Are you prepared to do this?

S. What! turn teetotaler? Become a water-bibber, a milk-faced noodle? No, sir; neither for you, nor your fine situation and good salary.

Mr. C. Please yourself; but I am determined to have none of your purple-nosed, blear-eyed, shaky-fingered gentry in my office. You may go, sir!

S. Oh! I am going. (*Exit.*)

Mr. C. When I see a man like that I think of Shakspeare's words: "Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." I often wonder whether the people who drink to excess have any brains. But I am forgetting, I was as foolish myself until good James Pleadwell pleaded hard with me to give up my glass or two of wine. How thankful I am that I did so, I cannot tell.

[*Enter Tom.*]

T. I have served the writs, sir. A gentleman wants to see you.

Mr. C. Show him in.

[*Exit Tom. Enter Farmer Weedall.*]

WEEDALL. Mornin', Mester Bluebag, mornin'.

Mr. C. Good-morning, sir; what do you want?

W. Why, sur, as I wur i' teawn I thowt as I'd see yo' abeawt a matter as took place yesterday. Yo' see, my name's Weedall, William Weedall, an'

I live at Grazemadder, next farm to George Grubbin's, an' his man Joe Lumphead is no' as sober a fello' as he might be.

Mr. C. Dear me! dear me! drink again.

W. Ay. Yo' see, it wur this way. Lumpy Joe went out with the horse an' cart in th' mornin' to go to Bustleton, an' when he comed whoam at neet he'd a heavier cargo than he cud weel manage.

Mr. C. Do you mean a heavy cart-load?

W. Nowt o'th soart. I meean as he wur top-heavy wi' a brick in his hat. Well, as I wur telling yo' he wur coomin' deawn the broo cloose to eawr gate, an' he started a whippin' an' sheautin' an' pooin' at th' horse, an' off it set full bang, an' run th' cart shaft against my mare as it wur coomin' eaut o'th' gate, and killed it o'th' spot.

Mr. C. I suppose, then, you want to bring an action for damages against Mr. Grubbin?

W. I want nowt o'th' soart; only I want the money to buy a new mare wi', and I want thee to get it as soon as tha can.

Mr. C. Very well; we will take the necessary proceedings to obtain the money.

W. Thank yo', sur; I'll see yo' reet, if yo' will. Yo' shall have yo'r fee, never fear! Good-mornin'.

T. A letter for you, sir.

Mr. C. (*takes letter and reads*):

"MR. CHARJUM—SIR: I am sorry to say that in consequence of several unfortunate contracts which I have made lately, and the general bad trade, I shall be compelled to leave the 'Oaklands,' and shall feel obliged if you will give instructions for the furniture to be sold by auction forthwith.

I am, yours, etc., JAMES CONVIVIAL."

(*Soliloquizing while writing*): Oh! indeed, "unfortunate contracts," "bad trade," eh? It sounds very plausible, Mr. Convivial, but I happened to hear of a deal of wine-drinking and card-playing being carried on at your house, and your business won't stand that, I know.

[*Mr. C. rings bell. Tom enters.*]

Mr. C. (*handing him letter*) Take this at once.

T. Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

Mr. C. (*sol.*) I suppose in a few days the public will be informed that Mr. Nokemdown has been honoured with instructions to sell by auction the valuable household furniture and effects, etc., etc. The public, however, won't know the reason of it as I do.

[*Enter Mr. Cottonwarp with head bound up, arm in sling, and limping.*]

Mr. Cottonwarp. My name is Cottonwarp. I've called to ask your professional advice, sir. (Oh! my head!) Just look at me and tell me what you think of—

Mr. C. (*interrupting*). Sir, you have made a great mistake. I am not a doctor, but a member of the legal profession.

Mr. Cotton. Stop a bit, Mr. Charjum. I didn't say I wanted a doctor. (Oh! this pain.) I've had one now for the last six weeks, and I can hardly stir without pain yet.

Mr. C. Well, sir, will you be good enough to state your case?

Mr. Cotton. I will, as well as I can. It is about six weeks since, as I was saying, I was coming home from a friend's house, where I had spent a very pleasant evening. (Oh! my side.) I was on my way home, Mr. Charjum, and somehow I got off the road a bit, and all of a sudden down I went into a hole. When I came round after being stunned, I called out to some one I heard passing, and I was rescued and carried home.

Mr. C. I fail to see what all this has to do with me.

Mr. Cotton. Well, sir, it means this: that I fell down old Ashlar's stone-quarry through its not being properly protected, sir, (O dear!) and I want some compensation for my broken ribs, sprained ankle, and fractured skull; that's all.

Mr. C. Oh! now I see. How far is this quarry from the roadway?

Mr. Cotton. About twenty or thirty yards.

Mr. C. Is there no railing or fence?

Mr. Cotton. Well, there is a fence, but it is broken down in some places.

Mr. C. It is strange. You say you had been to a friend's house; would you mind telling me his name?

Mr. Cotton. Mr. Convivial, the builder.

Mr. C. Ha! I thought as much. Excuse me, sir, but were you perfectly sober at the time?

Mr. Cotton. What a question! Well, to tell the truth, I'd had a glass or two of wines and spirits during the evening; but I maintain that that quarry wasn't properly protected.

Mr. C. Now, sir, listen. It is my belief that you were intoxicated, or you would not have missed the road; and that instead of suing Mr. Ashlar you ought to bring an action against your "friend," Mr. Convivial; and I positively decline to undertake a case which would only cover me with ridicule and you with shame.

Mr. Cotton. Well, if that isn't straight and candid I don't know what is! I suppose you charge high for all that good advice?

Mr. C. I require nothing for giving you my honest opinion, sir, and hope you may be wise enough to profit by it.

Mr. Cotton. Well, you're a fine lawyer, indeed. You'd better turn parson, I think, or else change

your name, Charjum, for the two things don't agree. (*Going.*) Bye, bye, Charjum, I suppose it is no use asking you to come and have a glass of port? (*Exit.*)

Mr. C. I protest I was never so insulted in all my life; but it is no use taking any notice of him, for I don't think he's sober now.

[*Enter Charles Actwell.*]

Charles A. Good-morning, sir. Are you Mr. Charjum?

Mr. C. Yes, sir.

C. A. I have called in answer to your advertisement in to-day's paper.

Mr. C. Oh! indeed. Have you been employed in this way before?

C. A. Yes, sir. I was with Mr. Oldbrief, but, as you well know, he died lately, and his son is giving up the business.

Mr. C. Have you any references?

C. A. You can have my character, sir, by applying to Mr. Oldbrief, Jr.

Mr. C. Yes, certainly. There is one other question I will ask, and that is, do you drink intoxicants?

C. A. No, sir. I am a total abstainer, and, indeed, secretary of the United Effort Temperance Society.

Mr. C. I am very pleased to hear it. I suppose your funds are not overwhelming?

C. A. No, sir. The Society could be much more useful if it had more money.

Mr. C. No doubt. Well, you may consider yourself engaged, and can endorse and put away these papers when you return from lunch. (*Puts on hat and coat.*) I am going out now to Squire Richland's, and if you will see me to-morrow morning I will arrange to give your Society an annual subscription, and if I can help you in any other way I shall be glad to do so.

C. A. Thank you, sir, very much. If every gentleman would act in a similar manner, we should be better able to grapple with the curse of our land, strong drink.

[*Exit Mr. C., followed by C. A.*]

NOTICE.

—o—

No. 28 of EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER is now ready, and contains a capital Humorous, Pathetic, and Domestic Dialogue, "*Peter Squill's Downfall*," for eight persons, and a beautiful character-piece for Queen and twelve girls, entitled "*The Flower-Queen's Court*," which is sure to be popular wherever presented.

Two Gold Medals International Health Exhibition, 1884.



WASHING (at Home).—Letter from a purchaser of the 'Vowel' A 1 Machine—

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FRITZ AND HIS CANARY.



HAT a comical-looking figure we have this month for our illustration. To an English youth, the dress of the young German must seem altogether strange, if not ludicrous.

From his cap down to his knee-breeches and buckled shoes there is a quaintness which brings a smile to our face, and we wonder whether the artist has not just a little over-drawn his subject. And then the face! Well, it is simply a study. The elevated eyebrows, the puckered mouth, the protruding chin, all giving an idea of, shall we say, concentrated inten-

sity! He is teaching the canary to whistle a tune, and with such a devoted teacher the canary will soon be able to delight the kind-hearted Fritz with some rich music from its little throat.

We do not care to see a bird confined in a cage, though we believe there is less cruelty in keeping canaries than any other bird, as generations of captivity have fitted them for that life, and made them incapable of roughing the outer world. We hope any of our young readers who have a canary will never fail to let it have plenty of fresh food and pure water, plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and keep its cage always neat and clean. In this way the bird will be happy in its lot, and will give much pleasure by the sweet notes it will warble in return for kindness received.

THE JOLLY OLD TOPER.

A JOLLY old toper who could not forbear, [and strong beer,
Though his life was in danger, old port
Gave the doctors a hearing, but still
would drink on, [tun.
Till dropsy had swelled him as big as a
The more he took physic the worse still
he grew,
And tapping was now the last thing he
could do.
Affairs at this crisis, and doctors, come
down;
He began to consider, so sent for his son.
"Tom! see by what courses I've shortened
my life; [five,
I'm leaving the world e'er I'm forty and
More than probable 'tis that in twenty-
four hours [yours.
This manor, this house, and estate will be

My early excesses may teach you this
truth; [in one's youth."
That 'tis working for death to drink hard
Says Tom (who's a lad of a generous
spirit, [haste to inherit)
And not, like the young spendthrifts, in
"Sir, don't be disheartened; although it
be true [too,
Th' operation is painful, and hazardous
'Tis no more than what many a man has
gone through. [called young,
And then, as for years, you may yet be
Your life after this may be happy and
long." [reply,
"Don't flatter me, Tom," was the father's
With a jest in his mouth and a tear in
his eye; [know'st,
"Too well by experience my vessels, thou
No sooner are tapped but they give up
the ghost."

A LITTLE HERO.

BY RENE WESTON.

"WILLIE, come and talk with me;
I've got a pledge for you.
But if you sign your name to it
You must be firm and true.

"It is a promise that you make
Not to touch or taste
The drink that can intoxicate.
Now, do not be in haste.

"I want you to be very sure
You know what you're about;
For if your name is written here
It cannot be rubbed out.

"So it would be a dreadful thing
If you your promise broke.
You want to sign? Well, take the pen
And I will guide the stroke."

Willie was but five years old
When this pledge he took;
That he knew its meaning well
You could tell by his look.

And soon the trial came which showed
The spirit of the lad;
And, though it was a little thing,
It made my heart feel glad.

"Here is some cider," grandpa said;
"Boys, don't you want a drink?"
But Willie quickly answered "no!"
Ere he had time to think.

His brother drank, then felt ashamed,
And sneeringly he said:
"You're afraid to take a drop
Lest it goes to your head."

"I signed the pledge," brave Willie
said,
Trying hard not to cry.
"I dare not take the nasty stuff;
I am afraid to lie."

ONLY A WOMAN DRUNK.

A CROWD in the busy street,
A block in the bustling way;
A pause for the weary feet
That scarcely have time to stay.
"What is the matter? say!
Some one to earth has sunk;
Why do they stop the way?"
"It's only a woman drunk!"

Only a woman drunk!
Look at her as she lies,
With her face all mud and dirt,
And that wild leer in her eyes.
Hark to the grating voice
Shouting in drunken glee!
Would she could see with sober eyes
Her own deep misery.

A woman, did you say?
Woman was made to bless,
To while our cares away,
To comfort and caress.
Oh! who could love that face
Begrimed by dirt and drink?
Oh! who from that embrace
Would not in terror shrink?

Look at her foaming lips,
Hark to the muttered curse;
A drunkard is a fiend,
But a woman—oh! 'tis worse.
God save the maidens fair
Who gaze upon her now
From falling in the snare
Of the fiend who had laid her low.

Only a woman drunk!
Once on her mother's breast
That woman closed her baby eyes
And sank to peaceful rest;
And, when in maiden prime,
A bashful lover came
And whispered words of tenderness
Until her cheek grew aflame.

Only a woman drunk!

That woman was a wife,
And vowed to love and honour one,
And help him on through life.
And children round her knee
Once lisped their evening prayer;
O God! that ever she
Should lie and wallow there.

There on the pavement-stone,
Scoffed at by passers-by,
Singing in drunken tone,
With that wild leer in her eye.

Only a woman drunk!

Brother, go home and think;
Think of your mother, sister, wife,
And save them from the drink.

A TEMPERANCE CLOCK.

BY MRS. W. F. CRAFTS.

If you have a piano, strike the hours in chords each time before you repeat the lines.

1. **W**HAT says the clock, when it strikes one?
Abstain, says the clock; beware of rum?
2. What says the clock, when it strikes two?
Look not, look not, it says to you.
3. What says the clock, when it strikes three?
Who hath sorrow? it asks of thee.
4. What do you hear as it strikes four?
Wine is a mocker; avoid its door.
5. What says the clock with its fivefold ring?
Beware of alcohol's serpent sting.
6. What says the clock as it strikes six?
The mind of the drinker is in a sad fix.
7. As it strikes seven what does it say?
The poison of asps is found that way.
8. What says the clock as it strikes eight?
That hell will be the drunkard's fate.

9. What says the clock in striking nine?
That drinking will wealth undermine.
10. What does it say as we listen to ten?
That sorrow will make it bitter to men.
11. What do you hear at the stroke of eleven?
Look not on rum if you'd look on heaven.
12. Twelve, when twelve is tolled?
Sell not thy neighbour's soul for gold.

COMING OUT OF THE SPREE.

"**I**T was the morning of the 5th when he awoke, and quite early in the morning at that; for the inexperienced drunkard is a light sleeper. There was a confused expression on his mind, as if the broad daylight which struck his eyes had also suddenly pierced to his brain; but the awful fact that he was awake, and not dreaming, came upon him with terrific, flattening force. This was his own room. How came he here? He had no memory of reaching it himself. Was he brought here? Sickening thought! Who brought him? Who has seen him? Any of the neighbours? Any of his friends? What did he do? What awful silliness was he guilty of during that carousal? He would give the world to know every circumstance of his conduct during that fearful day, and yet recoils in horror from the thought. His head throbs, his flesh is feverish, his tongue swollen, and his joints ache. He tries his best to recall every detail of yesterday's debauch. If he can only remember every thing he has done, he is comparatively safe from the inuendoes of those who saw him, as he can prepare for every attack. But he can make no satisfactory survey of the performance. He remembers how he started off; but things grow more and more indistinct in consecutive occurrence; while here and there

flash out incidents which cause his heart to sink within him, and his face to burn with shame,—sentiments that he expressed, promises that he gave, invitations that he extended, exhibitions of himself made before sober people; while the darkness of his mind is peopled with a score of horrid absurdities whose nature he cannot fathom, but which he is confident some one saw and remembers. He tries to hope for the best, and is momentarily buoyed up, only to be cast down farther than before. Then he curses the drink with penitential earnestness, and solemnly swears he will never touch another drop. There is comfort in this resolution; but he no sooner grasps it than it is suddenly wrenched away from him in an overpowering flood of recollections of his folly. Again he becomes desperate, and determines to brave it out, and to show that the debauch is not a new thing to him by going on another in the same company. But remorse comes in, and kicks this prop from under him; and he rolls over, and groans in the agony of his despair. Why was he such an ass? Why was he such an idiot? Would that he had died before he saw the men whom yesterday he hugged, whom at no other time would he have noticed, and whom now he loathes with all the strength of his being! What a head, what a mouth, what a mind, that man carries with him all the day of the 5th of July! He shrinks from going out on the street; and yet he dare not stay in all day, lest those who were with him will think that he is completely floored. And so he goes out among his fellow-men, shrinking from their gaze, avoiding those places which he remembers visiting, and wondering with exquisite agony if those he passes were distinguished by his presence, and what phase of his awful idiocy he exhibited there. At every sound and voice he starts, expecting every moment to meet or be overtaken by some one who

witnessed his shame and is only too glad to recall the particulars to his attention. He is settled in no purpose but one; and that is, to shut square off on drinking. Never again will another drop of liquor pass his lips, never,—never again. And let no man pull down his vest.”—*Danbury Papers*.

COLD WATER FOR ME.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BAYLEY.

C STANDS for Champagne;
Such shams we do not want.

O stands for Old Bourbon;
He's old and grim and gaunt.

L stands for Lager;
None but loggerheads drink that.

D stands for Drunkards,
So cross and red and fat.

W stands for Whiskey;
We'll soon whisk him out of town.

A stands for Ale;
That's what ails some who are down.

T stands for Toddy;
He'll soon toddle overboard.

E stands for Eggnog;
We'll egg him till he's floored.

R stands for Rum;
He's made a rumpus great.

F stands for foaming glass;
You'll foam if you partake.

O stands for Old Sour Mash;
We'll mash his skillet in.

R stands for Rock and Rye;
We'll wry faces make at him.

M stands for Men,
For true men you shall see.

E stands for evermore;
May this our motto be.

—*Union Signal*.

8.—In the Better Land.

Slow.

W. A. OGDEN.

Hark! the cho-ral band, With its mu-sic float-ing ev-er O'er the bright and spark-ling

KEY D.

{	s	.,l	:s	.m	d	:m	.s	l	.,l	:l	.s	l	.d'	:d'	.l	s	.,s	:s	.s
	m	.,f	:m	.d	d	:d	.m	f	.,f	:f	.f	f	.l	:l	.f	m	.,m	:m	.m
	d'	.,d'	:d'	.s	m	:s	.d'	d'	.,d'	:d'	.d'	d'	.d'	:d'	.d'	d'	.,d'	:d'	.d'
	d	.,d	:d	.d	d	:d	.d	f	.,f	:f	.f	f	.f	:f	.f	d	.,d	:d	.d

riv-er, From the un - seen strand, Where the an-gels bright are wing-ing, And the

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

beau - ti - ful are sing-ing, While the gold-en harps are ring-ing In the bet - ter land.

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

CHORUS. (To be sung after the first and last verses only.)

In the bet-ter (bet-ter) land, In the bet-ter land, Where the gol- den harps are

{	s .l : s .m s : -	l .l : l : s	l .t : d' .l	s .s : s .s
	m .f : m .d m .m : m	f .f : f : f	f .s : l .f	m .m : m .m
	d' .d' : d' .s d' .d' : d	d' .d' : d' : d'	d' : d' .d'	d' .d' : d' .d'
	d .d : d .d d .d : d	f .f : f : f	f : f .f	d .d : d .d

ring-ing In the bet-ter land, While the an-gels bright are winging, And the beau-ti-ful are

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

sing-ing, While the gold-en harps are ring-ing n the bet-ter land.

{	s .m : f .s	l .l : l .s	l .t : d' .r'	d' : t	d' : -
	m .d : t .d	f .f : f .s	f .f : s .f	m : r	m : -
	d' .s : s .d'	d' .d' : d' .d'	d' .r' : d' .l	s : s	s : -
	d .d : r .m	f .f : f .m	f .r : m .f	s : s	d : -

2 Now my brow is fanned,
By the breezes from the mountains,
And I hear the rippling fountains
Of my native strand.
Well, I love thy rocks and towers,
Warbling birds and fragrant flowers,
Of my spirit's natal bowers,
In this lower land.

3 But I waiting stand,
And my eyes are ever turning,
And my heart is ever yearning,
For the golden strand.

Where, with heart to heart united,
We shall keep the vows here plighted,
And the wrongs of earth be righted,
In the better land.

In the better land,
In the better land,
And the wrongs of earth be righted
In the better land.

Where, with heart to heart united,
We shall keep the vows here plighted,
And the wrongs of earth be righted,
In the better land.

STREET CRIES.

FOR SEVERAL CHARACTERS. BY W. H. B.

[A boy should walk among the audience and shout the cry, whereupon a boy or girl should repeat the piece under that heading.]

Boy in audience: "Matches to sell! Matches to sell!"

Boy or girl on platform:

"Matches to sell!" I heard the cry:
"A box of matches! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"
"Don't mean to smoke, my boy," I said:
And then these thoughts ran through my head:

We want the lights to shine full well
Into those homes where drink doth dwell,
To see the misery lurking there—
Which misery wives and children share—

The woes too awful to be told;
The souls unto the tempter sold;
The bodies bound by drink's strong chain;
The characters and prospects slain.

When light these dwellings doth illumine,
And show the drunkard's fearful doom,
Our Christian friends will action take,
For they from slumbering will awake.

The temperance light we all should show,
And let it burn with brilliant glow,
That we the lost may seek to save,
And rescue some poor drunken slave.

Our light from view we should not hide,
But let it shine on every side,
That our example may be found
To spread our principles around.

While thus abroad we shed our light,
That it may guide some wanderer right,
O let us to our Father pray
That He may bless it day by day.

Boy in audience: "Oranges—fine, sweet oranges; very cheap!"

Boy or girl on platform: Who doesn't like oranges—fine, sweet oranges? How tempting they seem as they are laid out on the barrow or in the basket! How refreshing their juice when we are tired and thirsty!

Let me present you with a couple of Band of Hope oranges (fruits of total abstinence). If we are abstainers we are on the safe side, and while we remain so we can never be drunkards. This is not like a rotten orange, but is a firm, sound reason for not taking drink.

But perhaps some one may say, "I am not afraid of becoming a drunkard." Then let me show you a more tempting fruit. Would you be a means of blessing to others and know the joy that comes therefrom? Then throw in your lot with us, and seek to save the fallen and preserve the children from the danger of the drink. Then you shall taste the sweetness there is in blessing others, and shall have the Master's approval, who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." We can confidently recommend both of these oranges, but we certainly think you will find the latter one by far the sweetest. Taste and try! Taste and try!

Boy in audience: "Sweep, sweep, chimney-sweep!"

Boy or girl on platform:

Oh! who would be a chimney-sweep,
With face and hands so black?
And truly well he's earned his name—
The name of Sooty Jack.

But he's a very useful man;
Without him we can't do.
He clears the dirty corners out—
The corners of the flue.

Our Bands of Hope are like his brush;
They sweep the tempter out,
Who, through his poison, alcohol,
Would bring disgrace and—gout.

He's captured many a virtuous man,
And lovely woman too;
He binds their hearts and breaks their wills,
His bidding makes them do.

With pledge of temperance we will sweep
Him from his lofty throne;
We'll vanquish him; his slaves will then
His mighty power disown.

We'll sweep him so completely out,
Return he never will;
Oh! who will join our army great,
King Alcohol to kill?

Boy in audience: "Cheap vases and mantle ornaments!"

Boy or girl on platform: All the colours of the rainbow! Very pretty indeed! Pink and green, black and gold, green and white, shaded pink!

How many a home has not even comforts, to say nothing of ornaments, all through that enemy of our land—drink!

Some very useful ornaments are brought about by teetotalism. Step into that sober working-man's home—he is just coming back from work—mark his happy face; see his children bounding to meet him and receive his kiss; watch the loving greeting of his wife, and say are not these valuable ornaments to his home? Go to that poor drunkard's dwelling (home it cannot be called). No such ornaments do you see there. No happy look on his face, no kiss for his children, no peaceful smile from his wife. No! His own countenance is sullen, his children shrink from him, while his wife's face shows signs of anxious watching and dreary toil. Will you not help us to restore the ornaments to such homes as these, and to prevent them being stolen from others that now possess them?

Boy in audience: "Pots and kettles to mend! Knives and scissors to grind! Pots and kettles to mend!"

Boy or girl on platform:

"Your broken pots, and kettles too,
I'll mend in a short time for you."
So says the man; but things there are
Longer to mend will take by far.

Drink causes broken heads and hearts,
Bruises and pains, and tears and smarts;
It breaks off joys and hopes so dear,
And in their stead it places fear.

Many a good resolve it breaks,
And confidence in self it shakes:
And blighted characters will show
It deals out misery and woe.

All these things mending do require,
By mother, daughter, son, and sire—
Not work that will give way ere long,
But lasting, thorough, firm, and strong.

No half-and-half means will do here,
But, for the sake of friends so dear,
Oh! let us set to work aright,
And mend and mend with all our might.

'Tis good a broken head to bind,
To comfort broken hearts is kind;
But we have greater work to do—
To stop the source, and fountain too.

Drink is the evil we've to mend,
Then let us unto it attend,

And seek, while here below we stay,
To do our duty day by day.

And when our work on earth's complete
The rest hereafter will be sweet.
For in our Father's home in heaven
To us will endless joys be given.

Boy in audience: "Evening papers! Evening papers! Dreadful tragedy! Great railroad disaster!"

Boy or girl on platform: Dreadful tragedies are constantly occurring, and almost all prove to have had their origin in drink. The judges who try these cases again and again state their opinion that at least three out of every four brought before them on criminal charges would not have been there but for drink. We wish every success to those who are endeavouring to close the saloons, and would advise all present to sign the petition for that object.

THE DESERTED GRAVE.

BY ELIZA VAUGHAN, F.S.S.

 A LOWLY grave in a lone churchyard,
No stone to mark the spot;
No floral offering scattered there—
The occupant's forgot.

"Whom have they buried from all apart?"
"An unknown name, and a broken heart!"

A lowly mound in a corner, where
No other grave is near;
Where never mourner breathes regret,
Nor ever sheds a tear.

"Oh! Angel of Pity! Go, mourn thy part—
Go! weep o'er the grave of the broken
heart!"

Who knows—when the judgment day
shall dawn,
And the knell of doom shall toll;
Perhaps from out that corner lone,
The angels may claim a soul—
In Heaven to bear a glorious part,
Redeemed from sorrow—the *rescued heart!*

DOWN IN THE MIRE.

DOWN in the slush and mud of the street,
Kicked on one side by the passenger's feet,
Hat battered in, and eyes flashing fire,
Headlong the drunkard falls down in the mire.

Ladies shrink from him, and shudder with fear, [near.
Lest the poor drunkard should stagger too
Drawing up closer their silken attire,
Lest he should spatter their clothing with mire.

Foot-passenger, stop ere you pass on your way:
Don't tell me you're awfully busy to-day.
You have made a donation to build a church spire: [mire.
Here's a broken-down temple down in the

Ruddy-cheeked boy, on your way to the school, [by rule,
Cramming your head with hard science
Don't think that book-learning is all you require; [the mire.
Here's a lesson for you, my boy, down in

Don't open your blue eyes so wide on me now; [brow.
Don't curl up your lips and wrinkle your
He once was a school-boy with heart full of fire,
But now he lies helpless down in the mire.

Little girl, little girl singing blithely with glee,
Just stay for one moment, and listen to me;
When you bring papa's slippers to warm by the fire [the mire.
Think of somebody's father who's down in

Yes, somebody's father's down in the street,
Kicked on one side by the passengers' feet,
Hat battered in, and eyes flashing fire,
Yelling out curses while down in the mire.

Will nobody help him? Will nobody save
This poor stranded wreck on life's troubled wave? [higher,
Yes, yes! we will struggle to lift him up
Though we have to go down deep into the mire.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

BY R. CHANDLER.

I AM a very little boy,
Which you may plainly see,
And yet I'm old enough to know
Strong drink's not good for me.

I've seen poor drunkards in the street
Low in the gutter lie;
And at the Band of Hope I've heard
They once were young as I.

They gambolled once in happy homes,
But truly, every one,
From sipping at their parents' hands
Poor drunkards have become.

Then lest strong drink should me deceive,
And make me turn aside,
I have resolved to shun the foe
And join the safe, GOOD SIDE.

For while it's grand to rescue men,
Of this we are most sure—
Prevention, as all plainly see,
Is better far than cure.

God bless our leader, and each friend
Who lends a helping hand,
And may some hither come to-night
And join our sober band.

There's safety in the temperance boat,
Let truth and right prevail; [drink,
JUST SIGN THE PLEDGE, give up strong
And with us onward sail.

While in the happy Band of Hope,
Dear friends, 'twill give me joy
To know I've done a little good,
Though but a little boy.

Two Gold Medals International Health Exhibition, 1884.



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No. 197.—May, 1886.]

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THE MONTH OF MAY.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

BY S. KNOWLES:

A GAIN we hail the month of May,
When flowers are springing every-
where;

When song of birds, and insects' hum
Melodious fill the balmy air.

With wrapt delight the children greet
The month that heralds many a joy;
Where in the meadows they can play,
And pass the hours in sweet employ.

Up many a breezy hill they'll climb,
Wade many a pebbly, babbling brook;
They'll scamper o'er the daisied glade,
And rest in many a sylvan nook.

And rosy cheeks and beaming eyes,
With shout and laughter all will tell
The gladness in youthful hearts
Engendered by Dame Nature's spell.

And yet, alas, some children ne'er
Of such delightful sports partake;
The dusty street, the noisome court,
In their young hearts no joys awake!

No leafy woods nor purple hills,
No silvery streams e'er meet their gaze;
No song of birds nor scent of flowers
In them awake a song of praise.

So, while our feet bound o'er the sod,
Or wreaths of daisies we entwine,
Let's not forget the cheerless waifs,
Who in the murky city pine.

And, should we have the power to shed
A ray of sunshine on their way,
Withhold it not, and in our hearts
Will bloom a sweet perpetual May.

ODE, TO THE STARS.

BY ELIZA VAUGHAN. F.S.S.C.

GH! tell me, stars, what art thou
That thus from endless space—
Sheds o'er the earth at nightfall
Thy rays of tender grace?

Oh, stars! ye throw a mystic—
A strange—a holy spell

Around my troubled spirit,
What art thou, stars?—oh, tell—

Speak to my heart, sweet visions,
While on thee now I gaze;

Say, art thou Lamps of Heaven
Whose brightness ne'er decays—

Or art thou sacred regions
With palaces of bliss,

Whose glorious light descendeth
From thy world unto this—

Or art thou spangles decking
The mantle of the skies—

Or art thou but illusions,
Deceiving mortal eyes?

If so, deceive me ever,
'Tis sweet to be deceived:
Oh! Lamps of Love in Heaven,
I would not be bereaved

Of watch and ward so tender,
As that thou keep'st o'er me,
When life is hush'd in slumber,
And but the soul is free.

Say, art thou guardians, watching
Man's actions here below—
All good and ill recording
As time doth onward flow.

Or art thou?—for I often,
When gazing on the skies,
Think that thy sacred beams, are
Like unto Angel's eyes.

Then tell me, stars, oh! art thou
The loved ones gone before,
Thus lighting with a glory
Those left on earth's dull shore?

Ah, yes! I'll think thou'rt seraphs,
And I'll converse with thee;
I'll fancy thou'rt whisp'ring
In gentle tones to me.

Oh! other name for Angels,
Sweet stars of silent night;
I gaze on thee, and sorrow
Is banished from my sight:

I gaze on thee, and rapture
Doth glow within my breast;

I gaze on thee, and anguish
Gives place to joy and rest:

I gaze on thee, bright Angels,
Till earthly care seems o'er;

I gaze on thee, till Heaven
Seems op'ning wide its door—

Seems whisp'ring words of mercy,
And welcome unto me;

Then, Angel stars, shine ever,
Till I am one of thee!

GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND.

NOT many years since, a young married couple from the far, "fast-anchored isle," sought our shores with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realise more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when, in an evil hour, the husband was tempted "to look upon the wine when it was red," and to taste of it "when it gives its colour in the cup." The charmer fastened around his victim all the serpent spells of its sorcery, and he fell, and, at every step of his rapid degradation from the man to the brute, and, downward, a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion.

Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as the beasts of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through Bacchanalian

crowds who were revelling there in their own ruin. With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND!"

"There's your husband," said the man, as he pointed towards the prostrate wretch.

"*That my husband!* What have you done to him? *That my husband!* What have you done to that noble form that once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter! *That my husband!* With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? *That my husband!* What have you done to that once noble brow, which he wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? *That my husband!* What have you done to that eye, with which he was wont to 'look erect on heaven,' and see in his mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the ambling fountains of the heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me by the altar!"

The ears of the drink-seller, ever since the first demijohn of that burning liquor was opened upon our shores, have been saluted, at every stage of the traffic, with just such appeals as this. Such wives, such widows and mothers, such fatherless children, as never mourned in Israel at the massacre of Bethlehem, or at the burning of the Temple, have cried in his ears, morning, night, and evening, "*Give me back my husband! Give me back my boy! Give me back my brother!*"

But has the drink-seller been confounded or speechless at these appeals! No! not he. He could show his credentials at a

moment's notice, with proud defiance. He always carried in his pocket a written absolution for all he had done, and could do, in his work of destruction. *He had bought a letter of indulgence*, I mean a *licence!* a precious instrument, signed and sealed by an authority stronger and more respectable than the Pope's. *He* confounded! Why! the whole artillery of civil power was ready to open in his defence and support. Thus shielded by the *Ægis* of the law, he had nothing to fear from the enemies of his traffic. He had the image and superscription of *Cæsar* on his credentials, and unto *Cæsar* he appealed, and unto *Cæsar*, too, his victims appealed, and appealed in vain.—*Elihu Burritt.*

THE FLOWERS' LESSON.

F. Q. COWLEY.

THE spring time of another year
Has come again our hearts to cheer;
The snows are gone, the storms are fled,
The flowers are free from winter's tread;
Clothing the earth in bright array,
Teaching sweet lessons day by day.

Pretty flowers are upward looking,
Up to where the sun is shining;
Though often they are crushed to earth,
And their life seems near to death,
Yet when comes the shower of rain,
They soon revive and bloom again.

Oh! what a lesson they thus teach
To one and all within their reach;
To one and all they ever say,
"Never despair, never give way;
However hard life's battle be,
Since after fight comes victory."

Oh! dear children, journeying on
Through life, until your work is done,
If you do get your feelings crush'd,
As you pass through life's sin and strife:
Oh, may you ever like the flowers
Catch some cheering passing showers.

Oh! dear children, never weary,
If you find life's burden heavy,
Never give up beneath its load,
Never turn loiterers on the road;
Keep up your courage, never fear,
And soon the load will disappear.

Oh! dear children, like the flowers,
May you in youths' bright golden hours,
Bask in the sunlight of God's smile,
And ever strive to be His child;
Then will your life right happy be,
And blest with true prosperity.

Oh! dear children, may the flowers
Ever speak to your hearts in trying hours,
Bringing to mind a Father's love,
Who, though He lives in Heaven above,
Does not forget the children's cause,
Or let it ever suffer loss.

Oh! dear children, like the flowers
Praise the Lord for passing showers,
Of gracious influences given
To cheer you on your way to Heaven;
Doing so, you will through life's strife
Live on the sunny side of life.

HOW LITTLE BESSIE FELL ASLEEP.

(From the "Albion Temperance Reciter," published
by F. Warne and Co., London.)

HUG me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night!
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast;
Oh! I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day, while you were working,
As I lay upon the bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said;
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves His lambs to watch and keep,
And I wish He'd come and take me
In His arms that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted—
 Just before the children came—
 When the room was very quiet,
 I heard some one call my name;
 All at once the window open'd
 In a field were lambs and sheep;
 Some from out a brook were drinking,
 Some were lying fast asleep!

But I could not see the Saviour,
 Though I strained my eyes to see,
 And I wonder'd if He saw me,
 If He'd speak to such as me!
 On a sudden I was gazing
 On a world so bright and fair;
 It was full of happy children,
 And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, oh, so sweetly!—
 Sweeter songs I never heard.
 They were singing sweeter, mother,
 Than can sing our yellow bird.
 And while I my breath was holding,
 One so bright upon me smiled,
 And I knew it must be Jesus,
 When He said, "Come here, my child!

"Come up here, my little Bessie!
 Come up here, and live with Me,
 Where the children never suffer,
 But are happier than you see."
 Then I thought of all you told me—
 Of that bright and happy land:
 I was going when you called me—
 When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
 You had called me; I would go,
 Oh! to sleep, and never suffer.
 Mother, don't be crying so!
 Hug me closer, closer, mother!
 Put your arms around me tight;
 Oh, how much I love you, mother!
 But I feel so strange to-night!"

And the mother pressed her closer
 To her overburdened breast;
 On the heart so nigh to breaking,
 Lay the heart so near its rest.

In the solemn hour of midnight,
 In the stillness dark and deep,
 Lying on her mother's bosom
 Little Bessie fell asleep!

Anon.

WHAT TO DRINK.

THE lily drinks the sunlight,
 The primrose drinks the dew,
 The cowslip sips the running brook,
 The hyacinth, heaven's blue;
 The peaches quaff the dawn-light,
 The pears the autumn noon,
 The apple-blossoms drink the rain
 And the first warm air of June.

The wind-flower and the violet
 Draw in the April breeze,
 The sun and rain and hurricane
 Are the tipples of the trees;
 But not a bud or greenling,
 From the hyssop on the wall
 To the cedars of Mount Lebanon
 Are steeped in alcohol.

From all the earth's green basin,
 From the blue sky's sapphire bowl,
 No living thing of root or wing
 Partakes the deadly dole.
 I'll quaff the lily's nectar,
 I'll sip of the cowslip's cup,
 I'll drink the shower, the sun, the breeze,
 But *never* the poisoned drop.

New York Observer.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ROBIN AND BLUE-BIRD.

BY ELLA M. TRUESDELL.

ROBIN robin to blue-bird,
B While yellow-bird heard: [is stirred
 "'Tis rumoured in bird-land that the big earth
 By a war between wine and water ('tis true);
 The men who are not drunkards are very few."

Said blue-bird to robin,
 While yellow-bird heard:
 "I am glad that the big, big earth is stirred
 By a war between water and wine, because
 In the end we will have prohibition laws."

BE FIRM AND TRUE.



Music by G. E. C.

Be firm and bold, be strong and true, And dare to stand a - lone; De -

KEY D.

}	s	d' :-d'	t :-r'	d' : m	s :-s	l : t	d' : r'	d' :- t : s
	s	m :-m	f' :-m	m : d	m :-m	l : t	d' : l	m :- r : s
	s	s :-s	s :-s	d' : m	s :-s	l : t	d' : f	s :- - : s
	s	d; :-d	d :-d	m : d	s, :-s,	l, : t,	d : f,	s, :- - : s

ter - mine now the right to do, Though help - ers you have none.

}	d' :-d'	t :-r'	d' : m	s :-s	l : t	d' : r	d' :- t :
	m :-m	f' :-m	m : d	m :-m	l : t	d : l	m :- r :
	s :-s	s :-s	d' : m	s :-s	l : t	d' : f	s :- :
	d :-d	r :-r	m : d	s, :-s,	l, : t,	d : f,	s, :- :

CHORUS.

Stand for the right, stand for the true, Stand for the right, ^{for the}

}	t : t .,t t :	r' : r' .,r' r' :	m' : - - : m' .,m'
	f : f .,f f :	s : s .,s s :	s : s .,s s :
	r' : r' .,r' r' :	t : t .,t t :	d' : d'd' d' :
	s : s .,s s :	s : s .,s s :	d : d .,d d :

right,
stand for the right, Though help - ers you have none.

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

Stand for the right, though falsehood reign,

And proud lips coldly sneer ;

A poisoned arrow cannot wound

A conscience pure and clear.

Stand for the right, &c.

Stand for the right, proclaim it round,

Thou'lt find an answering tone ;

In honest hearts, and then no more

Be doomed to stand alone.

Stand for the right, &c.

MAY WE DRINK CIDER.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS. BY J. W. GOWERS.

Katie.

WELL, Mary, I am so glad to see you again. It does seem such a while since you were here.

Mary. It does seem a long time, but you know, Katie, I have been to Devonshire to see my aunt and cousins. We had such fine games in the orchards, climbing the apple trees, and having such fine swings on the branches; and when we were thirsty we had a beautiful drink called cider. They make such a quantity round where my aunt lives, and they call it real Devonshire Cider.

K. What was it like, Mary? You know we both belong to the Band of Hope, and should always be careful what we drink, for there are so many drinks made and sold, which we are told are harmless, but which do a great deal of harm.

M. Oh, I am sure there is no harm in cider, because it is made simply from apple juice; and aunt told me, that although I was one of the Peculiar People, I might drink cider without fear of doing wrong.

K. I don't know, but I think you ought not to have taken it; but here comes sister Nellie, she is much older and wiser than we are, so we will ask her.

Nellie. Well, girls, you seem to be having a serious talk upon a very important matter. May I ask you what it is?

K. Yes, Nellie; we are not certain about something, and want you to put us right.

N. I shall be very pleased to do so if I can. What is it?

K. Mary has been for a holiday in Devonshire, and has been drinking cider. Her aunt told her that she might drink it, although she belonged to a Band of Hope. I said I thought she ought not to have taken it. We want you to tell us whether she did right or wrong.

N. I am very glad that you spoke to me about this matter, for there are many Band of Hope boys and girls who do not know what to abstain from drinking. The juices of such fruits as the grape, apple, pear, and cherry are wholesome and refreshing when freshly obtained from the fruit, but if allowed to ferment, the sugar in the juice turns to alcohol and becomes intoxicating.

M. I am so sorry that I drank it. I did not know it was wrong, and especially when aunt Mary told me it was not intoxicating.

N. Ah, Mary, we all of us do many wrong things through ignorance, and I am not surprised

to hear that you have made a mistake. There are many who do the same. They do not know the nature of the substance and therefore do wrong ignorantly.

K. and M. Thank you, Nellie, for what you have now told us. We will try and profit by it, and not be led astray by being told by ignorant people that drinks are harmless, when they contain a deadly poison.

TWENTY APPEALS; OR REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SIGN THE PLEDGE.

BY A. W.

[*This dialogue should be recited by twenty-one members of a Temperance Society, who each recites his sentence, and then leaves the platform clear for a successor.*]

*First Speaker advances.**(This portion may be spoken by the Chairman.)*

LADIES and Gentlemen: Some of my colleagues wish us to make a strong appeal to all those who may be present this evening, and have not signed the pledge, to do so at once. We think it desirable for many reasons. We think all classes of society have an interest in forwarding the temperance movement. However, with your permission, my colleagues will each state their particular reasons, and will appeal to you with all the energy and argument at their command.

No. 1 advances.

We appeal to the **PHILANTHROPIST**—you who would see the human race better, noble, and more elevated intellectually. Drink degrades a man to the very lowest. Then, if you have your principles at heart, help on a movement which has the bettering of humanity for its object.

No. 2 advances.

We appeal to the **CHRISTIAN**. "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Then do you help us to make teetotalers as fast as possible; for whilst drink exists there must of necessity be drunkards, and these must always be excluded from the fold of Christ. Come *you* and sign the pledge, my friends!

No. 3 advances.

We appeal to the **FATHER**. He has sons who must stand or fall by their character for upright-

ness, integrity, and sobriety. Let him, then, surround them with the safeguard of our noble principles; and to do this, first set the example. Come you and sign the pledge!

No. 4 advances.

We appeal to **MOTHERS**. They have daughters, and drink has tempted thousands to their ruin, whilst it is drink alone which enables them to continue so wicked. Would you not rather mourn over the dead than the fallen? Come, then, sign the pledge, and set the example!

No. 5 advances.

We appeal to **YOUNG MEN**. Life is before you, full of temptations. You must keep yourself free from them if you would be successful. Shun as the pest that which can cause you to forget the true dignity of manhood. Come you quickly, and sign the pledge!

No. 6 advances.

We appeal to the **YOUNG WOMEN**. If you would be useful in your several spheres; if you would retain your power over men, your efficiency as daughters and as wives, your capacity to be ministering angels in this world of wickedness, come you, we pray, and sign the pledge!

No. 7 advances.

We appeal to the **DRUNKARD**. Gather up your resolution; think of the happy days when you were pure and spotless in God's sight; when you were a useful member of society; when your intellect was vigorous; when you were looked up to, and not looked down upon; when you were too independent to put up with a landlord's taunts or a wife's reproaches. There is time yet for you to mend. Come along, then; we will make you a wiser and a better man. Put your hand on your heart, and say, "Now for it! I'll be a man again!" Come you, our beloved brothers, and sign the pledge!

No. 8 advances.

We appeal to the **IRRESOLUTE**. If you waver, you may live to repent it to the last day of your life. Ours is the safest side; no reasonable being can deny it. Do not, then, trifle with your convictions. Throw your weight into the scale of the right, the noble, and the good. Come you, at once, without delay, and sign the pledge!

No. 9 advances.

We appeal to the **POLITICIAN**. He constantly spends his time legislating for the benefit of the nation. He would not have had to spend his time in enacting laws for the benefit of the liquor-seller,

nor the host of others for dealing with the consequences of his trade, had pledge-signing been universal! Come you, then, and sign the pledge!

No. 10 advances.

We appeal to our **LAW JUDGES**, who tell us that nine-tenths of our crime is the offspring of drink; that our jails are filled from the public house! When this is declared from the judicial bench, is it not time that, at any rate, our impartial gentlemen, should at once say, "We will not countenance this"?

No. 11 advances.

We appeal to the **TAX-PAYERS**. We all pay taxes, and the more public houses there are the greater the tax-rates. Do you want to reduce them? Do you wish to lessen the numbers of the destitute and the deserted? Come, then, lend your influence, and sign the pledge!

No. 12 advances.

We appeal to the **DOCTORS**. They know how drink kills, and they know very well it never cures! They know how much disease drink brings, and what a friend drink is to them, since it finds them patients and fills their pockets. But we appeal to them to do what is right, set their faces manfully against the custom, themselves signing the pledge, and putting their temperance into their practice.

No. 13 advances.

We appeal to the **PATRIOT**—he who loves his country, and would desire to see it elevated above other nations. Greatness is made up of aggregate wisdom. We are the equal of any other nation; nay, we will go ahead of other nations, if we will only keep away from drink.

No. 14 advances.

We appeal now to the **BAKER, GROCER, and BUTCHER**. You will all be benefited if we are teetotalers. Bread will then be cheaper, since grain will not be wasted, and we shall want more of the staff of life for our families; meat and provisions will be more in demand. Come, then, all of you, and sign the pledge!

No. 15 advances.

We appeal to the **BOOKSELLER**. Vigorous intellect requires vigorous food. Sober men want books and periodicals; but the drunkard and the drinker are seldom friends of yours. Do you, then, push the sale of temperance books. Above all, come yourself, and sign the pledge!

No. 16 advances.

We appeal to the managers of **WORKINGMEN'S**

INSTITUTES. You want our teetotalers; the drunkard never dreams of being a subscriber; his head is filled with beery ideas, and he has no room for you. Reform him, and he at once sees your value. You then ought to come and encourage him by at once signing the pledge!

No. 17 advances.

We appeal to the TAILOR. Under the sober régime rags must give place to good clothes; for soberness brings self-respect, and self-respect brings the tailor. But the drunkard does you no good; he carries about with him the suit you made for him ten years ago, and is not ashamed of it. Come you, then, and sign the pledge!

No. 18 advances.

We appeal to the UPHOLSTERER; for the sober man will also want you. His money goes for nice furniture, soft carpets, spring-beds, and mirrors to reflect his healthy face. He spends his money with you, but the poor drinker brings you his old, battered furniture and sells it to you for a mere song. You want money, not goods; therefore, do you set the example, and come and sign the pledge!

No. 19 advances.

We appeal to managers of INSURANCE COMPANIES. We ask them if they do not give additional advantages to teetotalers, because they have discovered by experience that these non-drinkers live longest on the average. Then, if they have made this discovery, surely they will not hesitate to come forward and sign the pledge.

No. 20 advances.

Last of all, but not least, we appeal to the MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL. His is a philanthropic calling of the very highest order. As he desires to save his fellow-man from the wrath to come, he must approve of every method which will conduce to that end, however humble. They, then, above all others, who are engaged in the best of good works, should lend their weighty influence to us, and show their belief in our principles by signing the pledge.

(The opening speaker advances again.)

You have heard what all my friends have to say; if the cap fits any one here I hope they will put it on; and we beg them to come forward and add their names to that of our present society. Come, then, we invite you affectionately to join us at once!

FACE THE STORM.

BY L. E.

THE squadron lay just over the bar,
And standing in to the shore—
Two mighty wings of battle-ships,
The flag-ship a little before.
And the admiral walked his quarter-deck,
With a careful, wary eye
Watching the black and sullen waves
And the wild and threatening sky.

Up with a roar the tempest came,
And the rain fell thick and fast;
Quick as thought the signal flew
On the top of the highest mast.
It bid them face the ocean storm,
(For the land was on their lee).
So they formed into line of battle,
And went boldly out to sea.

And every sailor in the fleet
Sprang with a cheer to his place;
It was a joy to fight the storm,
Meeting it face to face.
No fatal shallows, no hidden rocks,
No land on the perilous lee;
Their hearts rose boldly up to meet
The storm on the open sea.

O sailor on life's stormy main!
If thou hear the tempest roar,
Scan with a careful, wary eye
Both the ocean and the shore.
If thy harbour lay through doubtful ways,
With sin or shame on its lee,
Then turn and face the coming storm—
Put out to the open sea.

The shallows are full of sunken rocks;
There is shipwreck near the shore.
Oh! when the stormy winds do blow
And the sullen waters roar,
Set every help in battle line,
Take dauntlessly thy place;
Go meet the tempest in its home,
And vanquish it face to face.

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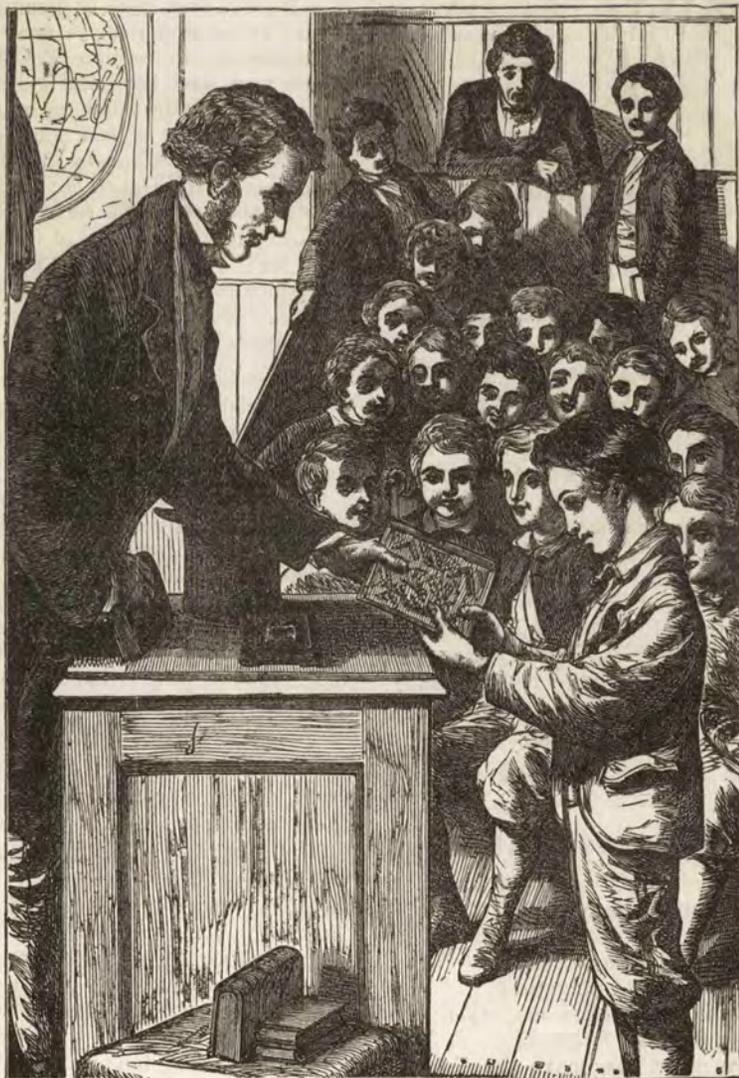
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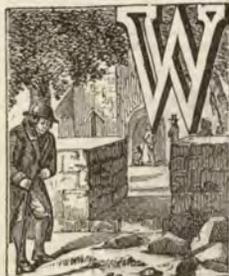
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THE FIRST PRIZE.

THE FIRST PRIZE.



WHAT a glad day is that for boys and girls when they receive their first prize! It may not be the best prize, or, indeed, of much intrinsic value, but for all that they feel a glow of satisfaction and pardonable pride that for something done they have received their reward. Not many nights ago, we saw a very little boy run into a house, his face all aglow and his eyes sparkling; he held in his hands a book, and, almost out of breath with hurry and excitement, he exclaimed, "Ma! I've got it! I've got it!" "Got what, my dear?" asked his mother. "Got the prize, ma! See, here it is!" How the mother clasped the little son in her arms and kissed him, and encouraged him to tell her all about the poem he had recited so well! She was just as proud as her son, and entered fully into his childish delight. Yes, there *is* pleasure in being rewarded, when we have honestly done our best, and know we really deserve the reward.

And, be assured, no reward, however valuable, will ever give us genuine satisfaction unless we ourselves are conscious of worthiness to receive it. We have known men, and boys and girls too for that matter, who by falseness or trickery, or duplicity, have gained some prize, or position, or money which by right belonged to another! With such an ill-got prize those obtaining it have secured only the blank. The consciousness of their wrongdoing takes away the delight and satisfaction which comes only to the honest and truthful. You know the lines written by Dr. Norman McLeod,—

"Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right!"

We hope our readers will cultivate that nobleness of spirit which scorns to do anything mean, or cowardly: which blushes to take undue advantage; which is ever ready to give ungrudging honour and praise when honour and praise are merited. A spirit such as this will always possess the best prize—that of a conscience void of offence, and will carry with it a joy which is only known to the truly good.

REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

WHEN you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare red feet;
Pass not by the child unheeding,
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown he'll not forget it,
For, remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents,
Do not in your anger speak;
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercies; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruit—
age,
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
 With his eyes aglow with joy,
 Bring to mind some act of kindness,
 Something said to him a boy?
 Or relate some slight or coldness,
 With a brow all clouded, when
 He said they were too thoughtless
 To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasures
 To the life of every boy,
 For each child needs tender interest
 In its sorrows and its joy;
 Call your boys home by your brightness,
 They'll avoid a gloomy den,
 And seek for comfort elsewhere—
 And remember, boys make men.
 —*Chicago Standard.*

AVARICE.

BY ELIZA VAUGHAN, F.S.SC., M.L.L.S.

A HAPPY blue-eyed youth
 I see before me now,
 He holds within his hand
 A golden coin, I vow.
 And oh! how the boy's eyes glisten with
 pride,
 As his first sweet store he proceeds to hide;
 And oh! how his young heart with joy
 doth bound, [sound.
 As he lists to the jingling coin's sweet
 Years pass away—the youth
 Has grown to man's estate;
 And now for golden bribe,
 He early toils, and late.
 For true to his first love he lingers still—
 'Tis the rattle of gold in the iron till,
 Where, true to the passion, its weighty
 chains
 O'er his childhood cast, he hoards his gains.
 Years pass—the blue-eyed boy
 Approaches middle-age;
 What good work hath he done?
 Let's scan the title-page.

He has toiled so hard for the love of gold
 That the man stands there prematurely old,
 Upon casket of wealth he has set his seal—
 But little has done for his neighbours' weal.

An old man kneels beside
 A box of hidden store;
 Oh! can that be the youth
 I knew in days of yore?
 One bony hand doth his treasure clasp—
 Another is laid on the casket's hasp—
 While he lisps to the music his gold doth
 make— [shake.
 As it drops from the fingers with palsy

The miser sits alone—
 No friend, no kin has he—
 He only has his gold,
 Which still he counts with glee.
 'Neath the hand of death as his eye-balls
 sink—

His ears are strained for the welcome chink
 Of his hard-earned gold, as he near it lies,
 So, grasping his treasure—*the miser dies!*

A JUST PARODY.

A Melborne paper gives the following sensible parody
 of Burns's song:—

A MAN'S a man," says Robert Burns,
 "For a' that and a' that."
 But though the song be clear and strong,
 It lacks a note for a' that.
 The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
 Yet claim his wage and a' that,
 Or beg when he can earn his bread,
 Is *not* a man for a' that.
 If all who dine on homely fare
 Were true and brave and a' that:
 And none whose garb is "hoddin grey,"
 Was fool and knave and a' that:
 The vice and crime that shame our time,
 Would fade and fall and a' that:
 And ploughmen be as good as kings,
 And churls as earls for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
 Who swaggers, swears, and a' that;
 And thinks, because his strong right arm
 Might fell an ox, and a' that,
 That he's as noble, man for man,
 As duke or lord and a' that,
 He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
 And *not* a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
 Have palace, park, and a' that;
 And not for birth, but honest worth,
 Be thrice a man for a' that;
 And Donald herding on the muir,
 Who beats his wife and a' that,
 Be nothing but a rascal boor,
 Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,
 The truth is old and a' that,
 "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that."
 And though you put the minted mark
 On copper, brass, and a' that,
 The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
 And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
 'Tis soul and heart, and a' that,
 That makes the king a gentleman,
 And not his crown and a' that.
 And man with man, if rich or poor,
 The best is he, for a' that,
 Who stands erect in self-respect,
 And acts the man for a' that.

THE BOY WITH A PENNY.

THERE were four of them; and they were coming down Elm Street. They ranged from four to six years of age. Three of them wore waists; and the fourth, a jacket. All wore knee-pants with dark-coloured stockings; and two of them had copper-toed shoes. They were holding hands, and moving along at a rapid but irregular pace. It was evident

that something of important interest was in prospect by the expectant eyes and flushed cheeks of the four. The calmest-looking boy had something in his mouth, which may have tended to distract his attention from the matter in hand. Whenever he was spoken to, which was about every thirty seconds, the line would halt, his right hand would be loosened, and he would straightway empty into it from his mouth a penny. While this was being done, the three other boys would gather in front of him, and look upon the operation with breathless interest. Having decided the point at issue, the coin would be restored with the same solemn ceremony, the line would re-form, and move forward at a lively pace, until another question obtruded itself for immediate consideration. The boy with the coin was the centre of all observation and consideration of the others. This was plain to be seen. And the number of tree-boxes and posts and people the line fetched up against, in the determined but hopeless effort of keeping one eye on him, and the other on the path ahead at the same time, would seem almost incredible. But what mattered it? It was better that they should run against everybody else than to lose sight of him a minute. Oh the tender solicitude of these hearts for him! To ignore all the wonderful sights of the busy street just for the sake of him! It was wonderful. When they came to an obstruction that could not be butted over, they give way promptly, that he might pass safely. All the dry walks were surrendered to him without equivocation; and as for the mud on the crosswalks, they ploughed through it with a heroism that was delightful, so that he might pass dry-shod. It is altogether likely they would have formed a bridge with their bodies over the most repulsive mud, had it been necessary to secure him a safe and pleasant transit,

which fortunately it was not. But to no object of interest which happened to catch their gaze did they fail to call his attention, and with an anxiety that must have been very comforting to him. His name was Jim. What their names were, there were no means of finding out, as they were not uttered. It would have sounded like sacrilege, without doubt, to have mentioned their titles in connection with his. What a happy group they were! How their little feet pattered, and their little legs swung along! How their faces glowed! How their eyes burned! They were new little boys to the street. Perhaps the majority of them had not more than once before seen those stores,—the bright stores with the heaps of treasure glittering through the glass. Perhaps never again would they four share this wonderful, all-consuming ecstasy together. Thank Heaven they enjoy it so hugely! Jim is down town to spend a penny, a whole penny all his own; and the senses of every one of his companions is ravished as if with the glories of paradise. How their memories are spurred up and refreshed as they gallop along! One little boy remembers that he always helped Jim with his lessons; another has got as clear and distinct a remembrance of the time, two months ago, when he gave Jim a piece of rubber to chew, as if the momentous event occurred only the day before; and the third has at his tongue's end a perfectly comprehensive account of an occasion when he let Jim look at a boat he was sailing in a tub, although the event took place in the far-distant summer. As for Jim himself, no king with a sceptre, or a god with lightnings in his grasp, for the matter of that, ever experienced such a weight of dignified and solemn grandeur. It seemed as if his very clothes were wrought with diamonds and gold, and as if his spine would never desert its perpendicular. Four little boys,

hand in hand, eager, expectant, hopeful, delirious, running at the top of their speed, and happier in the anticipation of the coming joy than if they were lovers grown, with a dollar jewelry-store on every corner.

LIFT UP THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

BY REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

LIFT up the temperance banner,
Let us unite in our song;
Onward we're marching in triumph,
Right is still stronger than wrong.
Soon will the conflict be ended,
Soon will the slaves be set free,
Soon will the nation be rescued,
Soon will the drink-demon flee.

Lift up the temperance banner,
Let us rejoice and be glad.

Long has the drink-curse been on us,
Long have the people been slain;
Long has our name been dishonoured,
Long have we struggled in vain.
God in His mercy has heard us,
He to our help has come down,
Opened a way of salvation,
Withered our foes with His frown.

Homes that were dark are now brightened,
Hearts that were breaking are glad;
Men from their sleep are awaking,
Soon no more shall we be sad!
Raise then in praises your voices,
Darkness is passing away;
Join us in joy and rejoicing,
Welcome the temperance day!

SAY "NO!"—When asked to drink, don't make excuses for not drinking; if you do, there is danger of your being persuaded to break your pledge. With firm decision answer "NO!" Arguments are of little use when the temptation is right in your path.

WE ARE COMING TO THE BATTLE.

*With animation.*

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

We are coming to the battle of the weak against the strong, We are coming to the conflict of the

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right against the wrong; We are coming to the rescue of our country and our home, We are

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CHORUS.

coming to the help and hope of years that are to come. Then raise the flag of free-dom high and

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

wave it as of yore; We are coming to the res-cue with a hun-dred thousand more; We are

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

come - - - ing, yes, we're com - - - ing, We are coming with a hundred thousand more.

coming, we are coming, yes, we're coming, yes, we're coming,

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

- 2 We are coming in our early days to aid the good and true,
 We are coming in our youthful strength with faith to dare and do;
 We are coming in our love for friends in country and in town,
 We are coming in the might of God to put the tyrant down. Then raise the flag, &c.

- 3 We are coming ere the tempter has had time to forge his chain
 To bind us fast, and make us slaves in evil's dark domain;
 We are coming with our little help to do what we can do,
 For others' good, for God's own cause, in all the wide world through. Then raise, &c.

THE FAIRY'S VISIT.

A DIALOGUE FOR FIVE. BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," ETC.

SCENE:—A cosy room. May Bertram sitting with open letters before her.

May.

WELL now, here's a fix. Kate Morris has asked me to her birthday party, which will be a jolly affair, I know; and cousin Alice has invited me to take part in some kind of entertainment she is organising at the school for the benefit of a poor widow who is laid up with rheumatism, and the birthday party and the entertainment are both to come off on one evening. I don't want to disappoint cousin Alice, for she says she is depending on me to sing several pieces. I like singing, and all my friends say I *can* sing—indeed that I have a beautiful voice. And on the other hand, I don't want to miss Kate's birthday party. She is a dear old school-mate of mine, and she is rich, and I know the party will be a really first rate affair. Oh, my, what shall I do—I mean which shall I decline? I wish some good wise Fairy would just come up from somewhere and tell me what to do, as I have read Fairies do come in some countries to people when they are in difficulties. Why, bless me, what is that? I do believe it is a Fairy, and that my wish is going to be gratified.

(Enter a young girl, as a Fairy.)

Isn't she a beautiful creature! I'm sure I don't know whether I ought to be frightened or not. Fairies don't harm people, at least all those I have read about have been of that kind. Are you a good Fairy?

Fairy. That all depends on what you understand by a good Fairy.

M. Well, I should call a good Fairy one who won't do you any harm, and who gives you good advice when you need it.

F. Then I am a good Fairy, for I won't harm you, and I am here to give you good advice. You are in a difficulty, I believe?

M. Yes; that's just it. Can you help me to get out of it?

F. Certainly, if you will let me. But first you must explain to me your difficulty.

M. Oh, I thought Fairies knew everything without being told!

P. Perhaps they do, and perhaps they don't; at any rate it will do you no harm to tell me what your difficulty is.

M. No, certainly not. Well, Fairy, I have two invitations on one night. One is to a birthday party, the other is to sing at an entertainment. Which would you accept?

F. That all depends!

M. How? I don't understand what you mean. I am at perfect liberty to accept or refuse either or both of them, don't you see? It is all a question for my own decision.

F. I don't think you have a free choice in the matter at all, young lady. But let us see. What do they generally do at birthday parties?

M. Were you never at one?

F. No; we don't have such parties in Fairyland. Tell me what people do at them.

M. Oh, they have tea, and then they dance, and sing, and play games, and romp, and eat cakes and sweets, and take a glass or two of wine, and—oh, lots of things besides. They are quite jolly you know.

F. Yes; I see. They enjoy themselves.

M. Just so, Fairy; that's what they *do* do.

F. And what do they do at the other place you are invited to—the entertainment, I think I heard you call it.

M. Oh, that is a different thing altogether. It is simply a sort of miscellaneous concert, where a number of people sing to please those who have paid to hear them. This one is to be given to raise money.

F. And what's the money for?

M. For a poor old widow who is sick.

F. And are you asked to sing?

M. Yes.

F. And do you get paid for singing?

M. Oh, no; certainly not. I give my services, along with the rest. What money is taken at the door, after paying for the hall and printing, will be given to the poor sick woman.

F. Ah, I see, I see. And yet you told me just now you had a right to choose which ever way you like!

M. Oh, certainly; don't you think so?

F. Certainly not. To be right, you can only choose one way.

M. How? What do you mean?

F. What I say. Now look here. The birthday party is a pleasure party, isn't it?

M. Certainly.

F. You would go simply to enjoy yourself—to eat, and drink, and play; that would be enjoying *self*.

M. But—

F. Stop, if you please; let me finish first. That would be giving pleasure to *yourself*—and some of it very questionable pleasure.

M. What do you mean, Fairy?

F. I mean this: you said just now there would be wine to drink, and that you would probably take a glass or two.

M. No harm in that, I hope!

F. Yes, there is. "Wine is a mocker," and it will mock you if you take it. I have seen people turned into demons through taking wine, and I have seen whole families ruined by it. I would not take wine, if I were you; nor would I go where it is to be found.

M. Oh, you are too particular, Fairy.

F. Can't be too particular, Miss, where such dangerous stuff is. Take my advice, and keep away from it. Now, it seems to me you ought to have no difficulty in deciding in favour of the entertainment. A poor aged widow is in need; you are asked to give your services to help to raise money to supply her need. In doing so, you are making a sacrifice. You are denying yourself for the sake of another. That is always safe—when your self-denial is for another's good. Don't you see it, Miss?

M. Well, yes; I think I do. But you don't want to debar me of all pleasure, do you?

F. Certainly not. That is a pleasure—one of the sweetest you can have. There is no harm in going to a birthday party, if your going did not stand in the way of something better. But your *duty* lies only in one way, and take my advice, always attend to duty before pleasure. And more, when you do take pleasure, mind there is no danger about it. I don't like that wine, I can tell you. I don't like any kind of intoxicating drinks. If you had seen what I have seen, and heard what I have heard, you wouldn't like them either. Be firm, Miss. Shun that which is unsafe, or has the elements of evil in it. But I must go; some one else is coming—beware! (*Exit.*)

M. Well, that is a dear, good Fairy. But what is this? Oh, what a horrid creature!

(*Enter a person with a mask on and dressed in a grotesque style.*)

Who are you, and what do you want?

Gnome. I'm come to give you advice.

M. But I don't want advice; I'm in no difficulty, so you may go away again.

G. But one of my friends said he heard you talking to yourself about some difficulty you were in, and I came off at once to help you out of it. I'm always ready to give help. Lots of people seek me when they are in trouble.

M. Well, I don't want your help; I don't like you. And besides, I have got advice from someone else.

G. Ah, I see, you have had that little snicket of a Fairy here. I thought I felt her brush past

me as I came in. I'll warrant she's been telling you some queer stuff, hasn't she?

M. She has been giving me some good counsel.

G. Ah, ah, telling you to deny yourself, I'll be bound. Oh, she's a little deceiver! She would take all the pleasure out of life, and make it a place of mourning. Don't you be deceived by her. You eat, and drink, and dance, and enjoy yourself. Has she been telling you not to touch drink? She always does that, the little snicket. What does she know about it? she doesn't know that wine makes the heart glad, and spirits loosen the tongue and make folks feel jolly. Ah, if I can only catch her at her game I'll screw her neck round! She would make a gloomy world, if she had her way!

M. Well, the sooner you go and the better, for I'm sure you are a bad spirit. Now, go away at once, or I'll scream, and then you'll get caught. Won't you go?

G. No; I won't.

M. Then I'll scream.

(*Screams. In rushes her sister Grace and brother Tom, and the Gnome goes out at opposite side.*)

Tom. What on earth did you scream like that for, May? Why, you startled me and Grace out of our senses almost. What is it?

M. Oh, Tom; I've had such queer visitors, and the last one—oh, he was some kind of a wicked spirit, and he made me scream, I was so frightened.

Grace. You have been asleep and dreaming, May.

M. No, I haven't. It's all been real. Why, I've been talking to a Fairy a long time, and then when she'd gone that horrid spirit came and I screamed.

T. A case for Doctor Bolus, Grace. The girl is surely getting nervous over something. Get her a glass of wine from the cupboard there.

M. No, you mustn't, Grace. I'm all right; and besides I wouldn't touch any more wine for the world. The Fairy told me it was dangerous stuff, and begged of me not to take any.

T. Ah, she was a Teetotal Fairy, was she? I've seen one or two wandering about, May. Not a bad kind of Fairy, I can tell you. I know one that is *very nice!*

M. Well, this one was a real beauty, Tom; and she talked so sensible, I hope she'll come again.

T. (*incredulously.*) Oh, of course! It's all right, little girl.

G. Well, May, you seem to speak all right, but your conduct is certainly very strange.

T. Got the blues, I think; bothering about that birthday party, eh, May?

M. I was thinking about it, certainly, but it's

all right now. I shall know how to act in the future, and while we are having our tea I will tell you all about my visitors.

G. Well, tea is ready, come along.

T. Yes; now for the wonderful Fairy story!

M. (*lingering behind*) They think I've been asleep and dreaming, but I know I haven't. What the little Fairy has told me is quite true, and I hope I shall never forget her words. "Always attend to duty before pleasure; don't have anything to do with wine or other intoxicating drinks" she said. Well, I never will. And I hope all the boys and girls and men and women who get to hear of my visit from the Fairy will take the advice too. As for the wicked spirit, he doesn't like people being good; he would rather they were bad and wicked and miserable. But I want to be good and happy, and therefore I will take the advice given to me by the good Fairy.

(*Exit with a bow.*)

LET THE CLOTH BE WHITE.

W. CARLETON.

GO set the table, Mary, an' let the cloth be white! [to-night;

The hungry city children are coming here
The children from the city, with features
pinched an' spare, [untainted air.

Are comin' here to get a breath of God's

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 mur-
dering all the light:

Set well the table, Mary dear, an' let the
cloth be white!

They ha' not seen the daises made for the
heart's behoof;

They never heard the raindrops upon a
cottage roof; [of breeze;

They do not know the kisses of zephyr an'
They never rambled wild an' free beneath
the forest trees.

The food that they ha' eaten was spoiled
by others' greeds,

The very air their lungs breathed was full
o' poison seeds;

The very air their souls breathed was full
o' wrong and 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 and blessed.

INFLUENCE.

WE live not to ourselves alone;
Each day the good or ill we do,
No matter where we may be thrown,
Will surely influence others too.

An evil deed, a thoughtless word,
Or e'en a look that seems unkind,
May like a sharp two-edged sword,
Pierce deep into some other mind.

For what we do we cannot hide;
The words we speak, the looks we look
Will in some other lives abide—
Some hearts will write it in their book.

Thus we to others every day
Unconsciously our influence give:
Then we should walk in wisdom's way,
Remembering we for others live.

Two Gold Medals International Health Exhibition, 1884.



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MY father fed the "Jug and Glass"
 For many long, dark years;
 Poor mother, then, alas! alas!
 Oft bathed our cheeks with tears.
 We children wept, craving for bread,
 That crammed the brewer's maw;
 And often wish'd that we were dead,
 When shivering on bare straw.

CHORUS.

Sir "Bung's" a fitting job, friends,
 His warehouse is a poke;
 My father banks his "fob" friend,
 His children Bands of Oak.
 They call us Bands of Oak, friends;
 Old England's Hearts of Oak;
 Let's fire away—work, watch, and pray,
 God bless the Bands of Oak!

The oak has been old England's shield
 For ages past and gone;
 Her foes have at its prowess reeled,
 The oak's the tree "A One."
 We've signed the pledge to rid the land
 Of the lost drunkard's yoke;
 No foe, we know, for long can stand
 Before our Bands of Oak.—*Cho.*

May all who join our oaken band
 Be loyal to their trust,
 And drive the drink-fiend from our land
 Into forgotten dust!
 With one accord, we pray the Lord,
 To add weight to our stroke;
 Let every one respond "Amen,"
 God bless the Bands of Oak!—*Cho.*
 —*Eaves Knowl, New Mills.*

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HE had the blamest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd a tore the entire insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

"When he first set down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin' and wish't he hadn't come. He tweedle-leedle'd a little on the trible, and twoodle-oodle'd some on the bass—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for being in his way. But presently his hands commenced chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a passil of rats scampering through a garret. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turning the wheel of a candy cage.

"I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and callin' sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and I see that Rubin was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I set down again. It was the peep of the day. The light came faint from the east, the breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, and some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day. The sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they'd split their little throats, all the leaves were movin' and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every

house in the land, and not a sick child nor woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

"Presently, the wind changed; it began to thicken up, and a kind of grey mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin, silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see music, specially when the bushes on the bank moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing was the little white angel boy; like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, and let it on, and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—I never was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyard where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lift-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but never could get a-nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable that I could a-cried, because I wanted to love somebody. Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a-got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blamed thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose well to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be agazin' at me a snivlin'; and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me as mad as Tucker. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his

tune. He ripped and he ra'd, he tipped and he ta'd, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afeared of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of bricks, he gave 'em no rest, day nor night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped onto my seat, and jest hollered—

"Go it, old Rube!"

"Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, 'Put him out! Put him out!'

"Put your great grandmother's grizzly grey greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. 'Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me.'

"With that several policemen ran up, and I had to simmer down. But I would 'a' fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

"He had changed his tune again. He hopt-light ladies, and tip-toed fine from eend to eend of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven were lit one by one; I saw the stars rise. The grand organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and the angels went to prayers.

. . . The music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweeten'd with white sugar, mixed with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin, he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrupt me.'

"He stopped a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He runs his fingers through his hair, he hoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat tails a leetle farther, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheek till she fairly

yelled. He knockt her down, and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he cross't over first gentleman, he cross't over first lady, he balanced two pards, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, double and twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-seven thousand double bow knots.

"Dear me! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by files, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-size guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortars, mines, and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb agoin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt—sweet potatoes, glory, Jerrossal'm, Tump Thompson in a tumbler cart, ruddle-oodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle—raddle-addle-addle-addle—riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—rectle-eetle-eetle-eetle—p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! per lang! per lang! p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! BANG!

"With that bang he lifted himself boldly into the 'ar, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key in that pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred

and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quavers, and I know'd no mo'.

—From *New York Music Trade Review*.

A REVERIE.

BY ELIZA VAUGHAN, F.S.SC., M.L.L.S.

WHERE are the friends in prosperity
claimed me?

Where are the hearts seemed to beat as
mine own?

Gone, soon as ever misfortune hath
mained me—

Vainly I seek them, for ever they've
flown!

Why have they left me in silence to lan-
guish?

'Tis because Fortune hath banished me
too:

Friends of the past care not now for my
anguish,

Seek they fresh faces, and friends that
are new.

Where have they gone whom I hoped
would have cherished,

Breathed consolation in sorrow's dark
hour?

Where have they gone whose affection hath
perished

'Neath dark adversity's pitiless show'r?

Where have they wandered, who vowed
that true-hearted

Near to my side they till death would
remain?

Where are they now?—oh! for ever de-
parted—

Gone are the faithless—destroyed friend-
ship's chain.

Why should the keen blast of poverty ever
Turn dearest friend into bitterest foe?

Why should the pangs of affliction aye
sever

Hearts once united with Love's soft'ning
glow?

Fain would my broken heart sympathy
borrow—

Fain rise again—alas! crushed is its
wing!

And I must mourn all alone my great sor-
row—

Bear, all alone, and uncared-for—its
sting.

No kindly word—tender action—to cheer
me—

All fly the friend who is “under a
cloud;”

None of my early companions come near
me—

Oh! my heart breaks—tho’ I weep not
aloud!

Hope is a thing of the past—it has van-
ished—

Vanished with friendship, and left me
alone :

Joy all has faded—and I—I am banished—

No one regards my heart’s desolate
moan!

DON'T GO IN.

BY MRS. KIDDER.

IT is lighted, we know, like a palace,
The fair gilded temple of sin;
It has signs on the walls. Let us read
them—

“The *Best* of Wine, Brandy, and Gin.”
(As if human stomachs could need them.)
My son, oh! my son, *Don't go in.*

Though it giveth its beautiful colour,
Though it gleams in the cup like a rose,
Though it seeks like a serpent to charm
you,

And glitters, and glimmers, and glows,
Like the bright wily serpent 'twill harm
you

And rob you of earthly repose.

It will tarnish your glorious manhood
And sow the vile seeds of disgrace,
Then, why deal with this terrible danger?
Why enter this crime-haunted place?

Much better to pass it a stranger
Than God's holy image deface.

Much better to gird on the armour,
To fight life's great battle and win,
Than to lay down your all on the altar
That burns in this temple of sin.

So Strike for the Right and not falter.
My son, oh! my son, *Don't go in.*

I'VE DOT A MAN TO SIGN THE PLEDGE.

I'VE dot a man to sign the pledge,
I know you'll all be glad;
I saw him fall against the hedge;
Oh! dear, he *did* look bad.

He seemed to be all rags and mud,
His hair was like a mat;
And on his face I saw some blood;
And, oh! dear, what a hat.

He said “You're like my little Grace;
I never thought she'd die”;
Then with his hands he hid his face
And oh! how he did cry.

I coaxed him in, and in our book
His name he said he'd write
If I would give him just one tiss,
And mother said I might.

I've something else you'll like to hear—
But mind, you must not tell:
All those who sign the pledge to-night
Shall have a tiss as well.

And those who even then won't sign—
I'm 'fraid there'll be a few—
I hope they've tiny tots at home,
Who'll tiss them till they do.

33.—Shun the Rocks.

F. S. POND.

Not too quick. TEACHERS.

T. M. TOWNE.

Dear chil-dren, all whose beam-ing eyes Re - flect the light from cloud-less skies, Why

KEY A.

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

come ye here this Sab-bath day, To learn the truth, to praise and pray!

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

♩ SCHOLARS.

Kind teach - ers, yes, to pray and praise We come here in our youth-ful days, And

CHOS.—Oh none of us too ag-ed are, And none too young to un-der-stand That

Et ♩:

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

hope when old - er we have grown, To ga - ther much where ye have sown.

God's dear Son our guid - ing star, Will lead us to that bet - ter land.

{	<i>s</i> : <i>f</i> : <i>m</i> <i>m</i> : <i>r</i> : <i>d</i> <i>d</i> : <i>f</i> : <i>l</i> <i>d</i> ' : - : <i>l</i> <i>s</i> : <i>l</i> : <i>s</i> <i>m</i> : <i>f</i> : <i>m</i> <i>r</i> : <i>m</i> : <i>r</i> <i>d</i> : -
	<i>m</i> : <i>r</i> : <i>d</i> <i>d</i> : - : <i>d</i> <i>l</i> : <i>d</i> : <i>d</i> <i>d</i> : - : <i>f</i> <i>m</i> : <i>f</i> : <i>m</i> , <i>d</i> : - : <i>d</i> <i>t</i> : - : <i>t</i> : <i>d</i> : -
	<i>d</i> ' : - : <i>d</i> ' <i>s</i> : <i>f</i> : <i>m</i> <i>f</i> : <i>l</i> : <i>l</i> <i>l</i> : - : <i>d</i> ' <i>d</i> ' : - : <i>d</i> ' <i>s</i> : <i>l</i> : <i>s</i> <i>f</i> : <i>s</i> : <i>f</i> <i>m</i> : -
	<i>d</i> : - : <i>d</i> <i>d</i> : - : <i>d</i> <i>f</i> : - : <i>f</i> <i>f</i> : - : <i>f</i> <i>d</i> : - : <i>d</i> <i>d</i> : - : <i>d</i> <i>s</i> : - : <i>s</i> : <i>d</i> : -

We want to learn the way of right, And walk in wis - dom's path of light, And

But would we gain that port of light, That li - eth on the far - ther side, We

{	<i>d</i> <i>s</i> , <i>r</i> : - : <i>r</i> <i>r</i> : <i>d</i> : <i>e</i> : <i>r</i> <i>m</i> : <i>r</i> : <i>d</i> <i>t</i> : - : <i>s</i> , <i>s</i> : <i>l</i> : <i>t</i> : <i>d</i> : <i>r</i> : <i>m</i> <i>m</i> : <i>f</i> : <i>m</i> <i>r</i> : - : <i>r</i>
	<i>d</i> <i>s</i> , <i>t</i> : - : <i>t</i> : <i>t</i> : - : <i>t</i> : <i>t</i> : - : <i>s</i> , <i>s</i> : - : <i>s</i> ,
	<i>m</i> <i>t</i> , <i>f</i> : - : <i>f</i> <i>f</i> : <i>m</i> : <i>f</i> <i>s</i> : <i>f</i> : <i>m</i> <i>r</i> : - : <i>t</i> : <i>t</i> : <i>d</i> : <i>r</i> <i>d</i> : <i>t</i> : <i>d</i> <i>d</i> : <i>r</i> : <i>d</i> <i>t</i> : - : <i>t</i> ,
	<i>d</i> <i>s</i> , <i>s</i> : - : <i>s</i> , <i>s</i> : - : <i>s</i> , <i>s</i> : - : <i>d</i> <i>s</i> : - : <i>s</i> , <i>s</i> : - : <i>f</i> : <i>m</i> : <i>r</i> : <i>d</i> , <i>s</i> : - : <i>s</i> , <i>s</i> : - : <i>s</i> ,

D. S. for Chorus.

guid - ed by 'our Sa - viour's hand, To jour - ney tow'rd the bet - ter land.

must be strong to do the right, And trust in Him what - e'er be - tide.

{	<i>m</i> : <i>r</i> : <i>e</i> : <i>m</i> <i>f</i> : - : <i>m</i> <i>r</i> : <i>d</i> : <i>e</i> : <i>r</i> <i>l</i> : - : <i>l</i> , <i>s</i> : <i>m</i> : <i>d</i> <i>l</i> : <i>f</i> : <i>r</i> <i>t</i> : <i>s</i> : <i>t</i> : <i>d</i> : -
	<i>s</i> : <i>f</i> : <i>e</i> : <i>s</i> , <i>l</i> : - : <i>s</i> , <i>l</i> : - : <i>l</i> , <i>f</i> : - : <i>f</i> , <i>s</i> : - : <i>s</i> , <i>f</i> : <i>l</i> : <i>l</i> : <i>l</i> , <i>s</i> : - : <i>s</i> , <i>s</i> : -
	<i>d</i> : - : <i>d</i> <i>d</i> : - : <i>f</i> <i>f</i> : - : <i>f</i> <i>m</i> : -
	<i>d</i> : - : <i>d</i> <i>d</i> : - : <i>d</i> <i>f</i> : - : <i>f</i> , <i>f</i> : - : <i>f</i> , <i>m</i> : - : <i>m</i> , <i>f</i> : - : <i>f</i> , <i>s</i> : - : <i>s</i> , <i>d</i> : -

Teachers.

Dear children, when the early dawn
Streams over woodland, mead, and lawn,
Do you kneel down, and thank high heaven,
For all its love so freely given?

Scholars.

When bird songs greet the morning hour,
And angels wake the sleeping flower,
We raise our hearts to God above,
And thank Him for His boundless love;
And when the evening shadows creep,
And angels sing the flowers to sleep,
We ask Him if these angels bright
May guard us through the coming night.

Teachers.

Remember that the Lord of truth
Has promised you immortal youth,
If never faltering—though ye die—
Ye strove to reach that home on high!

Scholars.

We will, God helping, faithful be,
And shun the rocks in life's great sea;
Our Bible tells us where they are,
And we can see by wisdom's star;
And then, when older we have grown,
We hope to reap where ye have sown,
And meet at last on yonder shore,
Where sin and sorrow reign no more.

THE DEBATING CLASS.

A DIALOGUE FOR SEVEN BOYS. *Characters*—BILL, HARRY, WALTER, SAM, JAMES, JOHN, TOM CLIFTON (JOHN'S sailor cousin).

SCENE:—A chair and a table. The two boys, BILL and HARRY standing near it.

BILL.

WELL, Harry, our debating class meets to-night; at least, I mean it ought to meet; but it seems to me as if you and I were to have the meeting all to ourselves.

HARRY. I saw several of our boys as I was coming up, and they said they would be here in a few minutes. It is several minutes past the time appointed already, but John Clifton has a sailor cousin, who has just come home from China, and they were all listening to him spinning a long yarn about something he has seen there. I'll confess that I should have liked to have heard it myself, only he was just getting to the end, and there is no fun in hearing the end of a thing and not the beginning.

(Enter John, with his sailor cousin, and Walter, Sam, and James.)

JOHN. Well, gentlemen, I am sorry to have kept you waiting; however, I have a good excuse: I have brought you an addition to our debating class in the shape of a salt-tar—my cousin, Tom Clifton, of Her Majesty's ship *Invincible*—who will be able, no doubt, to throw a little more light on the subject in hand with the extensive experience which he has had.

TOM. Any information which I may be able to afford you I will give with the greatest pleasure.

SAM. In the first place, I beg to propose that our friend, Mr. William Hunter, be appointed chairman of this meeting.

HARRY. I beg to second the proposition.

JAMES. It has been proposed and seconded that our esteemed friend, Mr. William Hunter, be appointed chairman of this meeting. All for the motion will now signify it in the usual manner. (All hands up.)

JAMES. Against? (Silence.) The motion is unanimously carried. (To Bill:) Sir, I have the pleasure of offering you, in the name of the meeting, the chair.

Bill (taking his seat). Gentlemen, I have to thank you all for the unexpected honour which you have bestowed upon me this evening. As chairman of this meeting, I do not consider myself called upon to make, neither does the limited space permit, a long speech. I will therefore come at once to the proposed subject of debate, which is, "Are intoxicating liquors necessary to people in health?" I trust that the discussion

will be conducted throughout with calmness, forbearance, and courtesy. Mr. Harry will perhaps favour us with his opinion first.

HARRY. My opinion is that intoxicating liquors are *not* necessary to persons in health. I will endeavour in a few words to state my reasons for thinking so. In the first place, because, ere their use was known in this country, men endured greater hardships, lived rougher and plainer, and yet enjoyed, on the whole, far better health than the majority do who use them at present. In the second place, alcohol, a necessary ingredient in intoxicating liquors, is a deadly poison, and cannot be taken into the stomach of a person in health without injury. And thirdly, many hard-working men who have been used to intoxicating liquors all their lives, and at length have been induced to abstain from them, have confessed that they have enjoyed better health, have had a better appetite for food, and have been able to do more work without them. Therefore, I contend that intoxicating liquors are *not* necessary for persons who are in health.

SAM. I beg to differ from you. All constitutions are not alike; some require stimulants even when in health.

JAMES. And I beg to differ from you! How is it, then, that men of all kinds of constitutions have adopted the plan of total abstinence, and all reaped benefit from it? How is it that none die from it, but so many from the want of it?

SAM. Oh! it's—it's because—because—why, it's all imagination to think that total abstinence does any one any good; they are, in reality, weaker!

JAMES. And oh! it's—it's all imagination to think that *beer* does them any good; they are weaker in reality!

WALTER. Well, I, for my part, will say that when I've had a glass of home-brewed I feel it all over my body—invigorating and giving me strength.

JOHN. And haven't you also felt, a short time after, a feeling of lassitude and weariness come over you, as if your strength were departing from you as quickly as it came?

WALTER. Well, I'll confess I do often feel very tired shortly after.

JOHN. Showing plainly that it is not *real*, but artificial strength. I was reading an extract from

a temperance lecture the other day, and the lecturer met the argument of "feeling it all over the body" this way. He said: "This is one of the greatest and most powerful arguments we can bring against you moderate drinkers. If you eat a beef-steak, do you feel it all over your body? No! If you have health you ought not to feel that you have a stomach. The moment that fact is forced upon you you are pained, and God thereby warns you that you are doing violence to His laws." When you take a glass of water you do not feel it all over your body; yet water imparts *real*, and not artificial, strength.

Walter. Well, but I'm not so fond of drinking freezing cold water.

James. Ah! that shows that you do not take intoxicating liquor so much for its pretended strength as because you like it. Were you to go to a doctor and to ask him to give you something to impart strength to you instead of drink, he would doubtless quickly find you an excellent substitute. Doctors recommend it to their patients because they know they like it, and in the hope of pleasing them.

Walter. I dare say they often do; but come, there are some cases in which they are absolutely necessary! You, for instance (*turning to the sailor*), would never have been able to have stood what you have done—all the extremes of heat and cold and changing climates, and all the other hardships that sailors are exposed to—without your glass of grog; do you think you would, Tom?

Tom. I have, indeed, as you have said, been exposed to many hardships and dangers. I have been stationed for four years on the unhealthy coast of Africa; and for as long again near the ice-bound regions in the Northern latitudes. I have been in every quarter of the globe; in the midst of war, pestilence, hurricanes, storms, and I can scarcely tell you what; and you'll acknowledge that my experience ought to have a little weight, surely!

ALL. Oh! yes, yes, yes!

Tom. Well, gentlemen, my experience is this: that a man can bear greater extremes of heat and cold, unhealthy climates, pestilence, or any of the ills that the flesh is heir to, infinitely better *without* either ardent spirits or intoxicating liquors; and, therefore, for the last ten years I have been a teetotaler!

All together, except Walter and Sam, who look crest-fallen: Hear! hear! hear!

CHAIR. Well, gentlemen, the discussion has been brought to a most satisfactory conclusion by our good friend here; and I think none after this will venture to say that intoxicating liquors are necessary to persons in health.

The time has now expired, and it devolves upon me to bring this meeting to a conclusion. I thank you all for the order which you have preserved this evening. I now pronounce the meeting dissolved.

Harry. Three cheers for our chairman!

John. And three cheers for our temperance tars.

A SHORT SERMON.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHILDREN who read my lay,

This 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.

PADDY AND THE PIG.

BY JOHN FAWCETT SKELTON.

"OH! phat'll I do?" says Paddy,
Says Paddy to me one day,
"For the pig that was the glory
Of us all is gone away!
Oh! wirra! wirra! murther!
Sure I'm sinkin' in despair,
For the childer all are flyin',
Disconsolate and cryin',
And my poor 'ould woman' sighin'
'Oh! where's the pig, oh! where?'"

"He slept inside the cabin
Wid the childer and us all;
Where the ducks and perchin' poultry
Have their nests by ev'ry wall.
The best mumber of the family
Was the purty pig, I ween;
But by the childer nor their mother,
Nor myself (and that's another),
For many's the day together,
Has the pig at all been seen."

Then says I to troubled Paddy,
"Sure, it's curious out and out;
Have you got suspicious persons
Or any thieves about?"
"Go along!" says Pat, indignant;
"Sure there's nothing of the kind.
Ours are all most dacent naybors,
And it's useless is our labors,
And I tell you, sir, by jabers!
That the pig we'll never find."

Something in the tone of Paddy
Struck me that Paddy knew
More about the missing porker
That was causing such ado.
So says I, "Now, Paddy, tell me,
Where's the pig? Own up, now, fair."
"Ah! sir," says he, "how funny
It should slip my mind, my honey!
Sure I sould him, and spent the money
In whiskey at the fair;"

"Ah! Paddy," says I in sorrow,
"You well may blush red hot,
And the pig may well be missing
Down the throat that you have got!
But when next you go to market
Remember this with care:
(While the money-bag you jink it),
Sure you cannot, though you think it,
Both keep a pig and drink it
In whiskey at the fair!"

RUM'S HARVEST.

I VISITED the South Boston House of Correction, and as I passed through the shops and looked the men in their faces, and as I went into the female departments and saw the inmates there, I said to the master: "Rum has done about all this work." "Yes," said he; "nearly all is the harvest of intoxicating drink." You can see it in the faces of these people. It is the same story at Sherborn among the women there. You could not spend an afternoon at that institution without having that conviction brought home to your minds with an indelible impression. It is the same in every one of our penal institutions.—*Governor Robinson.*

NOTICE.

No 29 of "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER" is now ready, containing "A Patient Wife's Reward; or, after Six Years," a domestic Dialogue for 9 Characters; "A Sad Picture," a Dialogue for 3; and a humorous Recitation, "Hodge and the Parson;" also "The Dying Boy," "Public House Signs," and "The Wife's Protest." This new No. is fully as interesting as any of its predecessors, and is sure to be popular.

Apart from the value of "Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter" as supplying material for use at Band of Hope Meetings, it is an interesting little publication for the home and the fireside, and has been the means of winning many drunkards and moderators to the side of Total Abstinence. The Nos. make excellent tracts for house to house visitation, and are more attractive and more effective than many of the ordinary publications used in that way. We cordially recommend the new Number to the notice of our readers.

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THE TWO SISTERS.



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clothing was alike; they occupied the same bed-room; they went the same walks; and in disposition and temperament they were much the same. They never quarrelled with each other. Whatever Gertie, the elder, proposed, Mabel agreed to, and Gertie was so kind and good, and had been so well-trained by her mother—an excellent Christian lady—that she never proposed to do anything which her sister might not safely follow. It was a real pleasure to watch the sisters when at play, and to hear the kindly way in which they spoke to each other; and both

their father and mother were very thankful that their little girls were so early manifesting such an excellent spirit.

And this is as it should be in families, though we are grieved to say it is often otherwise. Some children, when at play, are continually quarrelling. It seems almost impossible for them to do otherwise. But why should they quarrel? The fact is, where quarrelling comes in, it is a sign of selfishness. Maudie thinks she ought to have something Ethel has got, and Ethel, on her part, thinks she has a perfect right to it. And so they quarrel, and sulk, and act very foolishly and wickedly. Dear children, we have seen a good deal of selfishness manifested in our long experience, but we never yet knew it to yield any good fruit. One of the sweetest and most lovable graces a boy or girl can possess is unselfishness. That bears fruit of the best kind, and it is a true sign that we have a just conception of the rights of others, when we are willing to deny ourselves for another's good.

A WOMAN'S APPEAL.

BY MRS. E. C. A. ALLEN.

MONEY, oh! money for liquor;
 I'm parched with a fearful thirst,
 And surely of all earth's cravings
 This craving is far the worst.
 You will let me have no money?
 Oh! husband, say not so;
 The fever that rages in me
 You do not, cannot know.
 My jewels, my trinkets for liquor;
 Here, pawnbroker, take them quick!
 Give what you please; I want money.
 I am weak; I am faint; I am sick.

I must have a drop to revive me,
 'Tis only a little I'll take.
 You say I am better without it?
 No, no; you have made a mistake.

My bonnet, my shawl here for liquor!
 I have only the clothes that I wear.
 I've lost both my home and my husband;
 I'm driven to want and despair.
 There's only one thing that can quiet
 The vulture that gnaws at my brain;
 It is liquor. I must and will have it
 To ease this most horrible pain.

My body—my soul—all for liquor!
 My honour is long ago gone;

I am mad; sure my senses are reeling;
 I cannot much longer live on.
 I will borrow, beg, steal, or whatever
 I can, to get hold of the drink;
 Live or die, lost or saved, I must have it,
 As down to dread ruin I sink.

She got it—she had it—she perished,
 And the lifeless and coffined clay
 Is all that remains of the victim
 Cut off in the prime of life's day.
 All ye who are treading the incline,
 Oh! stop while ye may; stop and think!
 Lest ye, too, become terrible trophies
 Of the power of the demon of drink.

TEMPERANCE NURSERY RHYMES.

BY FOX HARDY.

SING a song of temperance
 A pocket full of gold,
 Four-and-twenty bank-notes
 In the cupboard rolled.

When the door is opened
 Out the notes we bring;
 Tell me where's the drinking man
 Can show you such a thing.

The brewer's in the counting-house
 Counting out his money,
 His wife is in the parlour
 Eating bread and honey,

The drunkard's in the tap-room
 Dressed in ragged clothes,
 Soon may he be made to see
 The cause of all his woes!

Mistress Mary, wise and wary,
 How does your money go?
 With temperance sound, many a pound
 We've got in the bank to show.

Poor Mrs. Horner sat in a corner,
 Saying with many a sigh,
 "He's into that den, drinking again,
 What a sad wife am I!"

"NO!"

BY J. P. HOBSON.

THERE is a word—'tis very small—
 Of letters only two;
 Yet many try to say that word,
 And find it hard to do.

Many a man would much prefer
 To fight against a foe
 Than be obliged, at certain times,
 To give the answer, "No!"

How hard it is, when friends entice
 In sinful ways to go
 (Though certain that the ways are wrong),
 How hard to answer, "No!"

That which they ask is very small:
 "Only this once you'll go?"
 It seems unkind to say you won't,
 And rude to answer, "No!"

"Only this once!" How oft it is
 That people argue so,
 And then are taken in the snare
 Because they don't say "No!"

O children! if in life you'd be
 With health and joy aglow,
 Learn, learn at once, however hard,
 Firmly to answer, "No!"

And if at last you would be safe
 When life is done below,
 In Jesus' strength the foe resist
 By answering always, "No!"

YOUR BOY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

YOU say he is noisy
 And sometimes rough,
 But I tell you he's made, sir,
 Of right good stuff!
 He's worth all the jewels
 'Neath sea or land;
 And there's hidden power
 In his small right hand.

He bothers you daily
With questions rare
Of the "Hows" and "Whys"—

Do you treat him fair?
Do you answer him truly,
And lead him on
To talk of life's battles,
How fought and won?

Is your sympathy stirred
When *he* shows grief?
For boys have sore troubles
And cares, though brief.
Do you chide him in love
When he's rude or rash?
Or do you depend on
The cruel lash?

Ah! how many a heart
Would be doubly glad
If they had such a gift
As your growing lad.
Then put away harshness
High, high on the shelf,
And remember you once
Was a boy yourself.

BEWARE, MAIDEN, BEWARE!

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

BEWARE, oh! beware, youthful maiden;
My counsel I give unto thee:

Go root out thy love for a drunkard,
And bury it deep in the sea—
Deep, deep, where the billows may break
Where tempest will scatter it far, [it,
Though thy heart in the conflict may
suffer,

And hide from the world its sad scar.

Beware of the dear hand that trembles,
O maiden! when clasped in thine own,
And beware of the cheek's sudden flushing
With colour that "habit" has sown.

Beware of the sparkle uncertain
That lights up the soft, loving eye;
Far better the gaze of the serpent
That passes you covertly by.

Beware how you trifle with danger,
And put your young life to the test;
Should you wed, maiden fair, with a
drunkard

You'll never know aught but unrest.
And the tie that should bind you in union
Will prove but a merciless chain
That will clank as you traverse your prison
And beat your bars, *ever in vain!*

TIRED MOTHERS.

ALITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much
to bear;

A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled
hair.

Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours
so tight;

You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You almost are too tired to play to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago

I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I bore the badge of mother-
hood,

I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only
good.

And if some night when you sit down to
rest

You miss this elbow from your tired
knee, [breast,
This restless, curling head from off your
This lisping tongue that chatters con-
stantly; [slipped,

If from your own the dimpled hands had
And ne'er would nestle in your palms
again; [tripped,

If the white feet into their grave had
I could not blame you for your heart-
ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
 At little children clinging to their gown;
 Or that the footprints when the days are
 wet [frown.
 Are ever black enough to make them
 If I could find a little muddy boot,
 Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor;
 If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
 And hear its patter in my home once
 more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
 To-morrow make a kite to reach the
 sky— [say
 There is no woman in God's world could
 She was more blissfully content than I.
 But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
 Is never rumpled by a shining head;
 My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
 The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

THE GIANT.

THERE came a giant to my door,
 A giant fierce and strong,
 His step was heavy on the floor,
 His arms were ten yards long.
 He scowl'd and frown'd; he shook the
 ground;
 I trembled through and through;
 At length I looked him in the face,
 And cried, "Who cares for you?"

The mighty giant, as I spoke,
 Grew pale, and thin, and small;
 And through his body, as 'twere smoke,
 I saw the sunshine fall.
 His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies,
 He whisper'd soft and low.
 "Is this," I cried, with glowing pride,
 "Is this the mighty foe?"

He sank before my earnest face,
 He vanished quite away,
 And left no shadow on his place
 Between me and the day.

Such giants come to strike us dumb—
 But, weak in every part,
 They melt before the strong man's eyes,
 And fly the true of heart.

TO THE MAN OF TOIL.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

MAN of Toil, would'st thou be free?
 Lend thine ear to reason's call;
 There's folly in the Drunkard's glee,—
 There's madness in the midnight brawl,
 The ribald jest, the vulgar song,
 May give a keener sting to care;
 The riot of a reckless throng
 May lead to ruin and despair;
 Let Truth unloose thy fettered soul—
 There is no freedom in the bowl.

Man of Toil, would'st thou be wise?
 The paths of moral right explore;
 Pierce the human heart's disguise,
 And track its motives to the core;
 Creation's boundless beauties scan,
 Observe its wonders—search its laws;
 Look on the vast harmonious plan
 And learn to love the Eternal Cause;
 Let Truth illumine thy dark soul—
 There is no wisdom in the bowl.

Man of Toil, would't thou be blest?
 Give thy finest feelings play;
 Bring all that's noble to thy breast,
 Let all that's worthless pass away,
 Let generous deeds bid sorrow cease,
 Let gentlest words thy lips employ;
 Scatter the seeds of love and peace,
 And reap a harvest full of joy;
 Let Truth make glad thy harassed soul—
 There are no blessings in the bowl.

A SCHOOLMASTER WANTED.—A sign in front of a shop, in a village near Exeter, has the following: "Kakes and bear, sold her." An addition in width has been added to inform the public that "I make my sign a little vider, to let the people know that I sell sider."

59.—The Beacon Light.

Duet.

GRO. F. ROOT.

We are sail-ing o'er an o-ccean, 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
		s, s, m, :-s, : m, s, d : s, : d .r m :-f : m .r m :-: d .d l :-:se:l .f
		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

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

CHORUS.

night, And we see the steady gleam'ing Of our changeless beacon light. Oh, the light is flashing

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

brightly From a calm & stormless shore Where we hope to cast our anchor When our voyaging is o'er.

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

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.

JAMES WISEMAN v. BILL BLUSTER; or, The Effects of Drink.

By J. WINTERBOTTOM.

CHARACTERS :

JAMES, a respectable looking gentleman ; BILL, a seedy looking customer ; TOM, a drunkard ; ALFRED, policeman.

Bill.

WELL, James, my lad, how are you getting on in the world?

James. I'm getting on very well, William, considering times are so bad.

B. Glad to hear it, James ; so, being old companions, we'll just call in at Fox and Blood-sucker here, to have a glass of beer for friendship's sake.

J. No, thanks, William, it's just five years since I entered a public house, and I have made up my mind never to enter another as long as I live, and I would advise you to do the same. Since I stopped visiting such places, I have been better in health, better in strength, better in pocket, better every way.

B. You surprise me ! and is it correct that you have turned a teetotaler ?

J. Yes, William, and by God's help I mean to keep one ; and I recommend you to sign the pledge and give up taking that stuff, which has cursed and blighted thousands of homes in our land.

B. That might be, but you needn't start preaching teetotalism to me. I say when a man has done a hard day's work, he needs a little refreshment ; besides, no man, or woman either, can say that it's been a curse to me, or that they have seen me the worse for drink.

J. But when you have had one pint, have you never felt as if you would like another ?

B. (*scratches his head.*) Yes, James, I will admit that.

J. And while you are taking your pint regularly, that feeling is continually growing, and soon it will grow into a craving appetite, and if you have not power over your own self, soon it will drag you down to beggary and destruction.

B. It's all very well talking like that, but he is a poor man that hasn't control over himself. The pledge is only for such weak-minded men as yourself, who having taken one glass is not satisfied, but must have another and another, and so on, until they make themselves worse than beasts. I say a man like that ought to abstain from all intoxicating drink. I remember the time quite well when you would go and have a spree with anybody, but now you seem to be a changed man altogether. I should like to know what it was that wrought this change ?

J. You say you remember the time quite well when I used to go and have a spree with anybody ;

so you can, but I thank God I have had my eyes opened, and now I can see plainly the sin and folly of such so-called pleasures. At one time I used to think like you. I thought I could take a glass and have done with it, but when I had had one, I wanted another. People warned me of my folly, but I took no notice of their warnings ; like many more, I thought I could control myself, but as I went on I found that one glass did not satisfy me, nor two, nor three, nor any number, and there I was led captive at its will. Now I will tell you what made me sign the Temperance Pledge, and I hope it will do you good. One Sunday morning I went up to the Hare and Hounds. I hadn't a copper. I had spent my wages there only the night before, and had gone home drunk and penniless ; so, you may be sure, I was in a bad condition. With an aching head and a burning thirst which must be quenched, I went in and asked the Landlord to strap me a pint till the Saturday, but to my surprise and astonishment he bade me begone. Still I begged hard for a drink, but at last he took me by the collar and tipped me out into the street, saying, "Out you go, and don't come here any more sponging off me." Well, William, those words sank deep into my heart, and as I stood there thinking of the money I had spent in drink, I resolved, by God's help, never to enter another public house, and from that time to this that resolution has been kept. Now, I advise you to stop while you can overcome the temptation, if not, it may soon be the means of ruining both your body and soul.

(*Enter Tom, as a drunken man, throwing his arms in the air and reeling about. He begins to sing.*)

We won't—go home till—mor—a—ning,
We won't—go home till—mor—a—ning,
We won't—go home till—mor—a—ning,
Till day-light does appear.

J. Poor degraded man ! Once yonder man was an honourable member of Society. He was loved and respected by all whom he knew. He, like many more, began taking a little, but you see what it has brought him to.

(*Tom again begins to sing some drunkards' song.*)

Alfred (*walks up*). Hallo, there, what are you after ? Move on.

T. What do you say ?

A. Move on, or I'll soon shift you.

(*Tom puts himself into fighting attitude, and begins to show fight. Alfred, after pushing Tom about a bit, seizes him by the collar and walks him off to the lock-up.*)

J. There, William, you see again the sad effects of drink. Oh, abstain from this stuff, which has been the means of cursing, demoralising, blighting, ruining thousands of our fellow-countrymen.

B. Well, James, I am almost inclined to think, after what I have seen and heard, I have been travelling in the wrong direction.

J. That's right, William; I am sure you will be better in strength, better in pocket, better every way. Now, as time is getting late, I should be glad if you would come and help us at our Band of Hope.

B. I should be glad now to help on this great and noble cause, so I'll try and make it convenient to come.

J. Thank you. Good night, my friend, and I hope you will never break the resolution you have made this evening.

B. Well, I hope not. Good night. (*Exit.*)

Jane.

You're right! But I will tell the tale;
Then you'll apply it as you please;
The moral may be somewhat stale,
Its application you must seize.
It was an Eastern summer's day,
The air with heat was much oppressed;
In Cairo divans lined the way,
And travellers came—south, north, east, west.
The Turk with turbaned head was there;
The Dervish, turning round and round!
The Mussulman, in silent prayer;
The Western Frank, to earn a pound.
While life was always on the move,
The heat grew more oppressive still;
Both man and beast the fact soon prove,
For each is panting with a will.
An Arab on a hump-backed steed—
A dromedary, large and strong—
Came to a stand—'twas so decreed—
Close by a man of shears and thong.
The Arab knew his beast full well,
So left him safely without guard,
Whilst he his business went to tell
To some one in the caliph's yard.

The dromedary panted sore;
The reeking sweat ran down his side;
He peered about the tailor's door,
Expecting to find it open wide.
But Mustapha was safe within,
The dromedary found that out,
But thought it would be no great sin
To put the matter beyond doubt.
The window, which in Eastern lands
Is quite as big as any door,
Flew open at the beast's commands,
And inwards went still more and more.
The dromedary put his nose
Within the cool and shady shop;
Says he, "My conduct you'll excuse
If into here my nose I pop!
It's very nice and very cool,
Refreshing, too, by all that's grand!
Why, any beast would be a fool
To scout such shelter when at hand!"

Mary.

Why, really that was very queer!
The tailor must have frightened been.
Had I the vision seen, 'tis clear
I should have made a fearful din!

Jane.

"Come in," says Snip; "just get your nose
Into this shady shop of mine;
But dromedaries must suppose
That further favours I decline."

MUSTAPHA AND THE DROMEDARY.

A Dialogue for two Girls, MARY and JANE.

BY A. W., O.

MARY.

'M eager for that story, Jane,
The one you promised to relate
Upon the first occasion when
The matter you could plainly state.

JANE.

I will remember that I said,
When you had signed the temperance pledge,
And this resolve had fairly made,
That reason's many I'd allege
To prove our cause was right and good,
And beneficial when once tried.
'Gainst many a shock it long hath stood,
Though oft assailed and long decried.
You never read the story, perhaps,
About the Eastern dromedary,
And poor Mustapha's dire mishaps—
How the huge beast went so contrary?

Mary.

I have not; perhaps you'll tell it me;
My knowledge then will be increased.
And by your twinkling eyes I see
More meaning hides behind the beast!

The dromedary did so; but,
 In time, his fore-legs he drew in;
 Then forward his hind legs he put;
 Soon all his body was within.
 His form, so large, filled all the place!
 The tailor grumbled—loudly too!
 He had to move to turn his face,
 And try to find some quarters new.
 Meanwhile, the beast laughed in his way.
 "I knew," said he, "the end would be
 Mustapha could no longer stay;"
 And this is what occurred, you see:
 "He should have bid me stay outside
 When I encroachments had begun;
 And then he would not now have cried
 For that which I so easily won."

Mary.

I cannot see what this tale means,
 Although some meaning is, I'm sure,
 Hid snugly 'neath those Eastern scenes—
 You've made it out so once before.
 So pray expound this riddle new,
 And I'll attention duly pay.
 At such-like matters there are few
 Who can excel you, I must say.

Jane.

The dromedary is strong drink,
 Who makes approaches slow, but sure,
 And gains upon you ere you think
 That he is even near the door.
 Then you invite him to your home;
 At least, part shelter you afford;
 Then, *altogether*, soon he'll come
 And claim both lodging, bed, and board!
 He quickly casts you from your home,
 Your invitation brought him there;
 He occupies your every room,
 And disregards the warmest prayer.
 If you'd avoid the ills he brings,
 Allow no nose to make approach;
 Keep him outside, above all things,
 And then you'll be above reproach.
 For, give him once the upper hand
 And life's enjoyments soon are fled!
 You must obey; he will command;
 And all your brightest hopes are dead!

Mary.

I see your meaning now quite well,
 And thank you for the pretty tale.
 I hope this story all will tell
 To those they meet, and never fail
 T' apply this moral when they've done,
 And so their consciences keep clean:
 "Let, if you'd have the victory won,
 No dromedaries' noses in!"

NOTICE.

The Covenant Promise of the Father; or, The Endowment with Power from on High. By Thomas Payne. Second Edition: 10th thousand. Manchester: Brook and Chrystal. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Paper cover, 8d.; cloth, limp, 1/-; Edition on thick paper, 1/6.

MR. PAYNE has laid the Christian Church under obligation by issuing his little book. It is one of the most clear and scriptural enquiries that has come under our notice of the Holy Spirit's office and work, not only as a convincer "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come," but more especially as "the Holy Spirit of Promise, as covenanted to be given on the glorification of Christ." That there is need of the "special endowment of power from on High," is painfully manifested by the low condition of spiritual life in the Church, and its failure to make telling onslaught on Satan's kingdom. Never, perhaps, was there more "talk," more "prayer and praise," among Christians than in the present day; and yet with all this activity the spiritual effect on the world is comparatively small. Mr. Payne points out, and we believe truly, the reason of this. The "power of the Holy Ghost" is lacking. The word preached and prayers offered fall lifeless on the sinner's ears, because the ambassadors of the Church have failed to obtain that "special endowment," without which all effort is vain. We have known men in the past whose preaching was invariably followed by the conviction and conversion of sinners. Without spiritual results they would have felt they had grieved the Holy Spirit in some way, and would not have been satisfied until they again possessed "the power from on High." They prayed and believed and lived for the conversion of sinners, and the joyful result was continually made manifest. We wish every preacher of the Gospel and member of the Church would prayerfully read Mr. Payne's book; we feel sure there would be much inward searching of heart, and many a pleading for that sanctification and cleansing which is needful to obtain the blessing of a personal endowment. We sincerely thank Mr. Payne for following the guidings of the Holy Spirit, as we are sure he has done, in writing and sending forth his treatise; to us it has been a means of spiritual quickening, and we heartily commend it to the "brethren in all the Churches."

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IF'S THAT MIGHT BECOME FACTS.

IF every father kept from drink
 And taught his sons to read and think,
 And every mother sought to be
 From this accursed habit free;
 If every husband, every wife,
 Would drive the drink-cup from their life;
 If every son and every daughter
 Would nothing stronger drink than water;
 If every lad and every lass
 Would now renounce the tempting glass;
 If every teacher in the school
 Would inculcate the temperance rule;
 If every pulpit in the land
 For temperance would make a stand;
 If desk and platform, pen and press,

Would strive the traffic to suppress;
 If magistrates upon the bench
 Would licenses more oft retrench—
 Then might we hope to see the day
 When crime would dwindle fast away;
 When poverty and destitution
 Would cease to be an institution;
 When ignorance no more would thrive,
 And trade and commerce would revive;
 When knowledge from her bounteous hand,
 Would scatter blessings o'er the land;
 When purity and high-souled truth
 Would guard and bless our rising youth;
 When every home would be a heaven,
 With loves and joys divinely given,
 And, from the centre to the sea,
 Our country sober, strong, and free.

RETROSPECTION.

BY ELIZA VAUGHAN, F. S. SC.

JUST can recollect the time—
It seems but yesterday—
I was a little prattling child,
With footstep light as fay.
But years since then their course have
run,

And oft I wonder how
And when my baby days were lost,—
“Oh! where is childhood now?”

And I remember, too, the dreams
Belonged to childish hours;
What dreams of light, and life, and hope,
And daisy-spangled bow'rs.
What starlit skies, and golden clouds,
What radiant sunny beams!
Now I can only wond'ring say—
“Where are my childhood's dreams?”

But on another season too,
Doth dwell remembrance fond;
The days which all so swiftly fled,
The days when girlhood dawned.
But ah! the bud no sooner ope'd,
Than it revealed to view
A canker lurking at its heart—
“Gone is my girlhood too!”

And hand in hand with girlhood, fled
The golden visions fair,
No other age can ever know,
No other time can share.
Blest visions of sweet Paradise,—
For so they seemed to me—
But now my heart—oh! tell me where—
“Where can those visions be?”

Then, too, I recollect when I
A time walked side by side
With youth and hope—companions
they—
Twin-sisters in their pride.
But ah! those days have also fled,
Youth's fleeting reign is o'er;
And though I may lament its loss
'Twill smile on me no more!

And where is hope—whose promises
I then so often heard?
Delusive hope—who flattered me—
But ne'er redeemed her word.
She, too, has quite forsaken me,
She's flown with youth, I vow—
The spell that bound her here, is gone,
“Oh, Hope! where art thou now?”

The early days of womanhood,
More sweet they seem, than all;
And pleasure mingles with regret,
As I their scenes recal.
But time speeds on, that season too
Hath followed in its flight,
The path in which the others trod,
“Where art thou, age of light?”

Sweet days that taught my heart to
throb—
That taught my breast to glow—
That drew a spark *divine* from high,
And called it *love* below.
Oh! Holy passion—purely dwells
But once in woman's breast—
Where art thou now? oh! tell me,
Love—
Love sighs—“For aye, at Rest!”

Remembrance tells me there were days
I joined ambition's chase;
And to its ladder firmly clung—
Resolved to win the race.
But oh! the ladder treach'rous proved—
Alas! I see it now!
It rent in twain, and stranded me,
“Ambition! where art thou?”

I recollect how once I longed
To register my name—
To carve my noble deeds—upon
The glowing scroll of fame.
Oh! empty bauble, which did tempt—
And then forsake—betray!—
Oh! gilded toy, I trusted once—
“Oh, Fame! where art thou?—say?”

And this is life—for such hath been
 My life, from stage to stage;
 Composed of fancies and of snares,
 From childhood unto age.
 Yet fancies often serve to smooth
 The wrinkles from the brow;
 And I would fain indulge them still—
 “Life! tell me—what art thou?”

Methinks I hear a gentle voice,
 In answer, mildly say,
 “Life is the prison of the soul,
 Its fetters—mortal clay!
 And death to liberty doth lead!—
 So 'neath my yoke I bow;
 “Where art thou, *Death*, is now my cry—
 And HEAVEN, where art thou?”

COME, SIGN THE PLEDGE.

BY G. H. BARNES.

YOUNG man, why will you not sign
 the pledge,
 And stand with the true and the brave?
 How dare you lean over the dangerous
 ledge
 Above the inebriate's grave?
 There's death in the draught that you
 jovially sip—
 Ten thousands its poison has slain!
 Oh! touch not the maddening cup to your
 lip,
 'Twill ruin both spirit and brain.
 Come, sign the pledge.

Young woman, why will you not sign the
 pledge?
 Ay, pledging your love and your name—
 Will be to your brother or lover a hedge
 Of roses to keep him from shame.
 No other can guard the wayward so well,
 And lead him in paths that are true;
 None other, perhaps, can sever the spell
 That binds him to danger but you.
 Come, sign the pledge.

Fond mother, unless you too sign the
 pledge
 Your prayers may be offered in vain;
 They may not avert cold sorrow's keen
 edge
 That threatens your bosom with pain.
 But give your example to strengthen the
 boy
 Who has strayed from your side so long;
 It may be the means which you should
 employ
 To win him from danger and wrong.
 Come, sign the pledge.

Old man, why will you not sign the pledge,
 And your terrible appetite leave?
 Your palsied hand, in entering this wedge,
 May work for your soul a reprieve.
 'Tis never too late, old father, to mend—
 You've only to *try* and you *can*;
 As you've but the end of your life to spend,
 Oh! spend it a temperate man.
 Come, sign the pledge.

Yes, let us all sign the temperance pledge;
 Then, banded together, we'll stand,
 And swing to the right and the left the
 sledge
 Whose blows shall awaken the land!
 Till boyhood beginning to tamper with
 rum
 And the youth just feeling the chain,
 With the drunkard that lies in the gutter,
 shall come
 To join our victorious train.
 Then come, sign the pledge.

MAY'S MISSION.

BY O. A. R. S.

“**G**OOD-DAY, Mr. Smith,” said bright
 little May,
 Looking over the gate on her way to the
 school;
 But Smith was too surly to answer to-day,
 Though he liked little May very much
 as a rule.

Little May went to school as bright as a
bee,
And forgot surly Smith—much the best
thing to do. [free,
The sun shone so clearly, the birds sang so
The bells rang for church, and her les-
sons she knew.

The sun shone on Smith, but it blinded
his eyes ;
He went in the shade, but the wind blew
too cold ; [tries,
He goes in the house and the newspaper
But it makes his head-ache and there's
no one to scold.

No one to scold but yourself, Mr. Smith,
And no one but you, Mr. Smith, is to
blame ;
For your headache this morning you well
might expect,
When you think how last night home you
staggering came.

The text that May learnt this morning at
school
Was, " God is not mocked ; what man
sows shall he reap."
Learn the lesson, too, Smith, while you've
strength to say
That the pledge you will take and the
pledge you will keep.

Then the Sunday shall come as freshly to
you
As to bright little May on her way to
the school ;
And experience will tell you 'tis nobler to
be
A self-controlled *man* instead of a fool.

THE CONFLICT.

BY REV. J. A. MCMILLAN.

THE clash of arms is sounding
Aloud from near and far ;
O'er hills and valleys bounding,
There comes the sound of war.

The conflict now is spreading
From old victorious Maine ;
Our enemies are dreading
To meet our hosts again.

From East and West we rally,
From North and South we meet ;
From mountain and from valley
Our temperance flag we greet.
We fear not close inspection,
As by the cross we stand
To fight for home protection,
For God and native land.

Our fathers and our brothers
Are soldiers good and true ;
Our sisters and our mothers
Are now enlisting too.
The children now assemble
To lift the banner high ;
" Ye liquor-dealers, tremble,
They'll be voters by and by !"

'Tis not with weapons gory
We meet our angry foe ;
But with plaintive story
Of an accursed woe.

Our swords are words of reason,
Whose keenest edge is truth ;
We plead with them in season
To spare our nation's youth.

And when we meet in battle
'Tis not in savage fight ;
The musketry we rattle
Are votes for God and right.
Our bullets are our ballots,
Impelled by Christian love ;
We're but the ready soldiers
Of Him who rules above.

With Jesus for our Captain,
We march with steady pace :
Our victory is certain
For prohibition's place.
Our homes shall be protected,
Our native land be free ;
God's laws shall be respected
To crown our victory.

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE ARMY.

From *Youth's Temperance Banner*.

Words and Music by GEORGE S. WEEKS.

The great temp'rance ar-my now is gath'-ring in its men; From hill-top and val-ley, thro'

KEY B.	}	s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁ l ₁ .s ₁ : m ₁ .s	d .d : t ₁ .l ₁ s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : f ₁ .f ₁ f ₁ .l ₁ :-l ₁
		m ₁	m ₁ : m ₁ .m ₁ m ₁ .m ₁ : d ₁ .m ₁	m ₁ .m ₁ : s ₁ .f ₁ m ₁ : m ₁	m ₁ : r ₁ .r ₁ r ₁ .f ₁ :-f ₁
		d	d : d .d d .d : s ₁ .d	d .d : d .d d : d	t ₁ : t ₁ .t ₁ t ₁ .t ₁ :-t ₁
		d ₁	d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁ d ₁ .d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁	d ₁ .d ₁ : f ₁ .f ₁ d ₁ : .d ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁ s ₁ .s ₁ :-s ₁

moun-tain and the glu, The shout of its war-riors ring-ing lus-ty and strong, Now

}	l ₁ .l ₁ : s ₁ .f ₁ m ₁ :	s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁ l ₁ .s ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁	d : r .d l ₁ : .l ₁
	f ₁ .f ₁ : m ₁ .r ₁ d ₁ :	m ₁	m ₁ : m ₁ .m ₁ m ₁ .m ₁ : d ₁ .m ₁	m ₁ : m ₁ .m ₁ f ₁ : .re
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	d ₁ .d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁ d ₁ :	d ₁	d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁ d ₁ .d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁	d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁ f ₁ : .fe

come join the ar-my, and with us march a-long! March-ing a-long, we are march-ing a-long;

}	s ₁ : d .r m .r : d .m	r : d .t ₁ d : -	m : m .m m : r .d	d : t ₁ .l ₁ s ₁ :
	m : s ₁ .s ₁ s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	s ₁ : f ₁ .s ₁ s ₁ : -	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁ s ₁ : f ₁ .m ₁	l ₁ : s ₁ .f ₁ m ₁ :
	d : m .t ₁ d .f : m .d	f : m .r m : -	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 d ₁ : -	d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁ d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁	f ₁ : f ₁ .f ₁ d ₁ :

Come join our ar-my, and with us march a-long; March-ing a-long, Yes,

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

march-ing a-long, O come, join our ar-my, and with us be march-ing on!

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

The enemy's advancing, they are must'ring their might,
 O come to the rescue, come join in the fight,
 With banner uplifted, and with love in our song,
 We'll conquer the mighty one, while marching along !
 Chorus—Come join our army, &c.

O rescue the perishing you meet upon the way,
 That drink and its masters now hold in dread array,
 No longer in bondage let their agony prolong,
 O bid them to join us, as we're marching along !
 Chorus—Come join our army,

Then raise high your standard, all ye loyal men and brave,
 Go tell them of Jesus, the mighty one to save ;
 He'll free them from bondage, who unto Him belong,
 And shout glorious vict'ry, as they're marching along !
 Chorus—Come join our army, &c.

HOW A GREAT MAN'S EYES WERE OPENED.

BY J. H. M. H.

A Dialogue for six boys, and an older youth who takes the character of JOHN WILLIAM ADOLPHUS TEMPLETON STANLEY, ESQ., who lives in a large house, owns a vast amount of property round about, is one of the country gentry, can trace his descent from before the Norman Conquest, and consequently thinks a great deal of himself.
[Enter MR. STANLEY (highly dressed), soliloquizing.]

Mr. S.

X REALLY am very well satisfied with myself. I am very rich—quite a little king down here! I am very well in health, remarkably well (*clapping his chest with his hand*), and I think I am handsome—at least, people tell me so. I am likewise bearing the family name with honour; not one of my ancestors was more distinguished. I can command the best society, and am received everywhere with the heartiest welcomes; and the people about here almost worship me. Every man touches his hat nervously when he meets me, and the women seem as if they cannot courtesy low enough, while the children gaze upon me with open mouths and silent awe! I fancy I am a great man; indeed, I shouldn't wonder if people think me a very wonderful man! It's very probable that at my death they will show their esteem and affection, and so forth, in the shape of some monument, perhaps a national one—no knowing!

Enter six Band of Hope boys, busily chatting together, and saying as they come in: We're getting on! we're sure to win! we're sure to win!

Mr. S. Hallo! hallo! Why, who are you?

One Boy. Oh! I'm a soldier.

Mr. S. A soldier! Well, you're a little one to wear a big brass helmet and wield a sword and go to battle! I didn't know that they had such as you in the army. Why, what regiment do you belong to!

Boy. Well, sir, I'm in the Coldstream Guards, and there are a good many others in it as little as I am. It's a very big regiment, and we're getting recruits every day. I've heard our captain say that it's the biggest regiment in the army.

Mr. S. Indeed, my boy! Why, who in the world are you able to fight? I should fancy that a mere look from the enemy would send you galloping into the middle of next week!

Boy. Oh! no, sir; if we are but little, we are growing every day. Our captain says that we should try to be like so many little Davids, trusting that the Lord of Hosts will help us; for if we haven't got a great big Philistine to fight, he says we've got a great big "Tartar!"

Mr. S. A "Tartar," my boy?

Boy. Yes, sir; his name's "Strong Drink," and he's won lots of battles, but we mean to beat him. We've got a big gun called "Teetotalism;" it is better than the needle-gun for our work. And

we have lots of bullets called "Pledges," which never fail to hit; and some of us are continually firing.

Mr. S. Well done, my boy! You've got some metal in you, I see. But (*turning to the other boys*) are you all soldiers?

Another Boy. No, sir; I'm a builder.

Mr. S. (*smiling*). A builder! Why, what can a little fellow like you build?

Boy. Oh! sir, there are a great many of us, and we're helping to build a great big castle called "The Temperance Cause." We've got part of it built already, and we are building every day. Some people think we shall never be able to build it, just because it takes some time to do so. But we're getting on with it, sir; and when it is finished it is sure to be firm, because its foundations are "Truth and Right," and its walls are "Public Opinion," cemented with "Past Experience" and "Self-interest." It will be a very big castle, sir, bigger than any you ever saw!

Mr. S. Well, I've seen a great many very big ones.

Boy. Yes, sir; but I'm sure this will be the biggest; for when it is finished it will be bigger than this country, and will hold "all the world and his wife as well!"

Mr. S. As big as this country! Why, that will be a monster castle! What did you say was its name!

Boy. Well, sir, we call it "The Temperance Cause."

Mr. S. Capital, my boy, capital! (*To next boy*). And are you a builder too?

Boy. Please, sir, I'm a shoe-black; my work is to brighten people's *understandings*; and some of them are precious dull and dirty. It's astonishing, sir, the quantity of mud called "Ignorance and Prejudice" there is on them, just as though they hadn't had 'em cleaned for a twelvemonth!

Mr. S. Ignorance and prejudice! Why, that's a queer kind of mud!

Boy. Yes, sir, and it's very hard to get off, too; but I always try to brush it off with a pair of stiff brushes called "Facts" and "Logic;" and then I put on a good dallop of blacking called "Further Information," and then I polish 'em off with another pair of brushes called "Religion" and "Social Requirements."

Mr. S. You are a very strange shoe-black, my boy!

Boy. Well, sir, if I am, I'm a good one!

Another Boy. Please, sir, I'm a sweeper.

Mr. S. A sweeper! Why, you seem quite proud of your calling!

Boy. And so I am, sir.

Mr. S. Why, where's your broom?

Boy. Well, sir, it isn't all of us sweepers that's got a broom apiece; some of us has one atween us, sir, which does better.

Mr. S. One between you! Why, how do you manage? Do you mean to tell me, my boy, that two boys with one broom can do as much work in the same time as two boys could with two brooms? Why, I never saw nor heard of such a thing!

Boy. Ah! sir, you haven't lived long enough yet! I've heard my father say, sir, as how you an't no wiser than your father, sir. Our brooms an't the old sort; they're the new rotary brooms. One of them is called "National Agitation," and another "Moral Suasion," and another "Self-denial," and another "Education," and we've got several more besides. We never get any money for our work; we like to do it for nothing, because it is such pleasant work.

Mr. S. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of sweepers working for nothing, and because their work was so pleasant!

Boy. Ah! sir, you haven't heard everything yet. We mean, with these brooms, to sweep away drunkenness, and also all the sorrow, crime, poverty, vice, filth, and disease which drunkenness creates; we mean to sweep it from our streets and our houses and our land!

Mr. S. Ah! my boy, that'll be a long time first, though I should rejoice to see it, I'm sure.

Boy. Well, perhaps so, sir; but we mean to sweep on until it's all swept away. Perhaps, sir, you wouldn't mind helping us a bit!

Mr. S. (*quite surprised and hardly knowing what to say*). Help you to sweep the streets! Well—ah—oh! yes, of course—but—ah—you are a very good boy—ah—I never—ah—I never learnt the business; in fact—ah—I never handled a brush bigger than a hair-brush in my life, and I suppose that would hardly be the thing. But—ah—but I'll see about it. (*To another boy*). And what are you, my boy!

Boy. Please, sir, I'm a miner.

Mr. S. Oh! a miner, eh? But you are very young to descend into the bowels of the earth to procure coal and iron, and so forth. Pray, what description of minerals do you work in? Is it iron or coal or lead, and where is the pit situated?

Boy. Oh! sir, it isn't coal nor iron nor lead that we get up at all; it's living creatures!

Mr. S. (*incredulously*). Living creatures! Do you mean, my boy, to tell me that you go down a mine every day, and that, instead of picking and digging, and so forth, for coal or iron-stone, like other people, that you dig out living creatures? Why, my lad, you must think I'm mad, or else very simple. The thing is impossible!

Boy. It isn't impossible, sir, for some that I have helped to get up are living yet, and have got married since!

Mr. S. It's very strange! Why, what's the name of your pit?

Boy. Well, sir, some folks very truly call it "The Big Pit," but we call it "The Pit of Degradation," and we are constantly striving to get above ground again those men whom drink has forced down. Sometimes we have to go very deep to get hold of a man, and it often takes a long time to get him loose; and when he is loose we put him in a cage called "Teetotalism," and hoist him up with a rope called "The Force of Example," and land him safely on the pit-bank called "Sobriety." And, bless you, sir, you should see his friends how they crowd around the man when we get him up; why, they dance and shout and laugh and cry again and again, they're so pleased.

Mr. S. Capital, my boy! I am delighted to hear all that. (*Turning to next boy*). And what is your name, my little fellow?

Boy. Plase, sir, my name's Johnnie Sharplad, an' I work for me master!

Mr. S. Indeed! What's your master's name?

Boy. Plase, sir, his name's Mister Total-abstinence!

Mr. S. Totalabstinence! Why, that's a funny name! A foreigner, I suppose?

Boy. Oh! no, sir; he was born in this country.

Mr. S. And what is he?

Boy. Wal, sir, he does such a many things that I can hardly tell yer all; but I know he's a very wonderful man. He's a general clothier for one thing; an' I know he's allus giving away lots of bread to a great many poor folks. An' then he's a bit of a doctor, for he's cured many headaches an' dreadful fevers, an' made many a thin, pale face plump an' rosy. An' besides that he gives away a deal of furniture an' tea an' coffee, besides lots of other things. And he gives presents at Christmas, sends home a fat turkey without asking for the money, an' sends home a chimney-glass for the parlour and a silk dress for the missus as well, an' he sends lots of children to school. An' I've heard how he is a better man than John Howard, for he goes to jails and stops with the chaps all the

time they are there, an' when they come out he helps a many of them to keep heart. But for all that he's very strict, for he makes many men do their duty and be kind to their wives and children. An' he does lots more, sir, but I can't begin to tell yer all. He's a wonderful man.

Mr. S. He is, indeed, my boy. *(To all the boys.)* And so now I must say that I am glad to see what all of you are doing. Go on, my boys, in your work; and by God's help I intend that you shall hear more of me, and see me oftener among you than ever you have seen me before.

All the Boys. Good-morning, sir.

Mr. S. Good-morning, my boys, good-morning. *(Exit Boys.)* Well, I have been to school and to college, and I have met with a great many educated and great men, but it has been left for these little village lads to open my eyes and teach me my duty in life. In the future I will try to redeem, in some measure, the past; and, instead of boasting of being great because I am rich, I will strive to attain to that higher greatness and true nobility which will result from the beneficent use of my wealth, and the talents and opportunities with which Providence has blessed me. *(Bows to the audience and retires.)*

PROHIBITION IS THE WORD.

BY J. MCGONAGLE.

COULD we collect in one vast moat,
Or sea, the rum and kindred stuff
That has run down the human throat
Since Adam's day, 'twould be enough
To float a large, capacious bark,
Or ship as large as Noah's ark!

If we could really gather up
One-half of all the human race
That have through rum's delusive cup
Been brought to shame and deep disgrace,

We could an army then enroll
Would span the earth from pole to pole.

And, concentrating all the groans
And lamentations caused by rum,
The noise would drown the worst cyclone
That ever on our earth has come;
And, in the meantime, cause a shock
Would make old earth and ocean rock!

Could the rum-slain be brought to life,
And the rumsellers made to face
Each starving child and weeping wife
That ruin to their door could trace,
The scene, like a dread avalanche,
Would make saloon-men's faces blanch!

Could half the rags and patches which
Have been entailed upon mankind
By rum, to make its vendors rich,
Be heap'd together, no man's mind
Upon this earth could realize
The pile's enormous height and size!

The blood and tears that rum has shed,
If in a mill-race caused to run,
Would grind sufficient flour to bread
One-half our race beneath the sun;
Or saw enough of lumber to
Fence up this hemisphere from view.

The revenue the tariff brings,
Of which of late much has been said,
Is one of the most trifling things
When a comparison is made
With that which now is stolen from
Community by beer and rum!

When men prohibit minor ills,
And interdict what each man knows
Is harmless, as compared with stills,
Or what from rum's alembic flows;
Why is it that most all dispense,
When treating rum with common sense?

Why not at once enact a law
Ignoring rum and all its brood,
And make intoxicants withdraw
To Hades' deep, dark solitude?
For otherwise we'll ne'er o'ercome
The rude, despotic reign of rum!

A VAIN man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it;" a generous man's, "Win gold and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold and spare it;" a profligate's, "Win gold and spend;" a broker's, "Win gold and lend;" a gambler or a fool's, "Win gold and lose it;" but a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

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day when sin and impurity—the outcome largely of indulgence in the intoxicating cup—will give place to righteousness and purity. But while Faith strengthens and Hope cheers, Charity fills our hearts with tender pity for the fallen and the wicked. It is this virtue which helps us to practise self-denial for others' good; which impels us to go into the slums of our towns and cities to try to win men and women to a nobler life; which, while hating the cause of their wretchedness, gives us a yearning for their salvation.

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NOTTMAN.

BY MR. ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THAT was Nottman waving at me,
But the steam fell down, so you could
not see;
He is out to-day with the fast express,
And running a mile in the minute, I guess.
Danger? none in the least, for the way
Is good, though the curves are sharp as
you say,
But bless you, when trains are a little
behind,
They thunder around them—a match for
the wind.
Nottman himself is a demon to drive,
But cool and steady, and ever alive
To whatever danger is looming in front,
When a train has run hard to gain time
for a shunt.
But he once got a fear, though, that shook
him with pain,
Like sleepers beneath the weight of a train.

I remember the story well, for, you see,
His stoker, Jack Martin, told it to me.

Nottman had sent down the wife for a
change
To the old folks living at Riverly Grange,
A quiet sleepy sort of a town,
Save when the engines went up and down.

For close behind it the railway ran
In a mile of a straight if a single span;
Three bridges were over the straight, and
between
Two the distant signal was seen.

She had with her her boy—a nice little
chit, [wit,
Full of romp and mischief, and childish
And every time that he thunder'd by,
Both were out on the watch for Nottman
and I.

“Well, one day,” said Jack, “on our jour-
ney down,
Coming round on the straight at the back
of the town,

I saw right ahead, in front of our track,
In the haze on the rail something dim-like
and black.

"I looked over at Nottman, but ere I
could speak,

He shut off the steam, and with one wild
shriek,

The whistle took to the air with a bound ;
But the object ahead never stirr'd at the
sound.

"In a moment he flung himself down on
his knees,

Leant over the side of the engine to see,
Took one look, then sprung up, crying,
breathless and pale,

'Brake, Jack, it is some one asleep on the
rail!'

"The rear brakes were whistled on in a
trice

While I screw'd on the tender brake firm
as a vice.

But still we tore on with this terrible
thought

Sending fear to our hearts—'Can we stop
her or not?'

"I took one look again, then sung out to
my mate,

'We can never draw up, we have seen it
too late.'

When, sudden and swift, like a change in
a dream,

Nottman drew back the lever and flung on
the steam.

"The great wheels stagger'd and span with
the strain,

While the spray from the steam fell around
us like rain,

But we slacken'd our speed, till we saw
with a wild

Throb at the heart, right before us a child!

"It was lying asleep on the rail, with no
fear

Of the terrible death that was looming so
near :

The sweat on us both broke as cold as the
dew

Of death as we question'd—'What can we
do?'

"It was done—swift as acts that take place
in a dream—

Nottman rushed to the front and knelt
down on the beam,

Put one foot in the couplings; the other
he kept

Right in front of the wheel for the child
that still slept.

"'Saved!' I burst forth, my heart leaping
with pride,

For one touch of the foot sent the child to
the side,

But Nottman look'd up, his lips white as
with foam,

'My God, Jack,' he cried, 'It's my own
little Tom!'

"He shrunk, would have slipp'd, but one
grasp of my hand,

Held him firm till the engine was brought
to a stand,

Then I heard from behind a shriek take
to the air,

And I knew that the voice of a mother was
there.

"The boy was all right, had got off with
a scratch :

He had crept through the fence in his
frolic to watch

For his father; but, wearied with mischief
and play,

Had fallen asleep on the rail where he lay.

"For days after that on our journey down,
Ere we came to the straight at the back
of the town,

As if the signal were up with its gleam
Of red, Nottman always shut off the
steam."

A FATHER SAVED BY HIS DEAD CHILD.

BY REV. FREDERIC WAGSTAFF.

IN one of our large towns there lives a man who was once a terrible drunkard. He was very violent when he was under the influence of drink, and as he was a very strong man everybody was afraid to go near him, except his little daughter Annie. Somehow, like a great many other drunkards, he loved his little daughter very dearly, and even when he was most mad and raging he seemed to be able to recognise her. Thus, while he often lifted his hand to others, he never struck her. Down deep in that father's heart was a spring of affection which, if he could but have kept sober, would have made him one of the kindest husbands and fathers in the town.

One day his little girl was taken ill; the next morning she was worse—so bad that she did not know her father as he stooped over her little bed and kissed her before he went to his work. When he hurried home at dinner-time the blinds were down and the house was dark; but not half so dark as his poor bereaved heart. He went up-stairs and found his poor wife kneeling at the foot of the bed weeping bitterly, and Annie lying back on the pillows very quiet. He threw himself on his knees and called, "Annie! Annie!" but she could never answer him any more. He kissed her cold lips, but they could not kiss him back again.

As he knelt there by the bed-side, with tears streaming down his face, he has often said since it seemed as if he heard her voice above him saying, "Father, I am safe in heaven; won't you try to come to me?" And at the thought tears burst out afresh, as he clasped his hands and began to pray, "O Lord! help me, and I'll never let another drop of drink pass my

lips. I'll never swear another oath. If God will help me I'll try and be a Christian."

And be sure that God has helped him. He always hears and answers earnest, sincere prayer. Years have passed and Annie's father is a steady, sober Christian man to-day; and when, in the workshop and elsewhere, he meets temptation, and work-mates and others try to make him break his pledge and do some of the foolish, wicked things he used to do, he finds such help and encouragement as he thinks of that little daughter gone before him to be with Jesus, and by the good Saviour's help he means to persevere in the good way and go to heaven himself at last.

NO PLEDGE FOR ME!

BY MRS. E. C. A. ALLEN.

"**N**O pledge for me!" And he turned away

With a proudly scornful, defiant air;
A man in the noontide of life's middle day,
His character stainless, his prospects fair.

His step was firm and his eye was bright,
Each accent was music, each movement grace;

Of a blissful home the life and light,
And that home to his heart earth's happiest place.

Ah! could he in that proud hour have known

That the drink-foe, whose power he would not see,

Would hopelessly ruin his only son,
Would he have said, "No pledge for me!"

"No pledge for me! The love of wine
Will never me into error betray;
Fear not that I shall pass the line!"

And the fair young mother turned away.

And a half-annoyed, half-mirthful look
 Flitted her beautiful features o'er,
 And again as heretofore she took

Just what was needful, and no more.

Ah! could she have known what the future
 would bring, [be

That her lovely girl in that future should
 Through drink a polluted and loathsome
 thing, [me?"

Would she have said, "No pledge for

"No pledge for me!" And with high,
 calm brow,

And his eye lit up by a holy fire,
 The pastor turned from the offered vow

As a sacrifice God could ne'er require,
 And with many a burning, eloquent word

He unfolded redemption's saving scheme;
 And many a slumbering heart was stirred

From the sleep of sin and its fevered
 dream. [left hand,

Ah! could he have known that at God's
 Led by his influence, some would be

Who had proved less strong the foe to
 withstand,

Would he have said, "No pledge for me?"

"No pledge for me!" Is it certain then,
 My friend, whatever your station may be,

That you shall never groan under the
 chain?

That you from excess shall ever be free?
 It may be so; but the little you take

May lead those who love you to take it
 too; [make,

And those loved ones may awful shipwreck
 And be lost in eternal depths of woe!

Is it noble and godlike on every hand
 Our perishing brethren around to see,

And wrapped up in selfish ease to stand
 And coldly utter, "No pledge for me?"

Nay, nay, my brethren, look around
 On the drink-caused scenes of misery,

Till your hearts shall feel and your tongues
 resound: [for me!"

"The pledge, the temperance pledge

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

BY MRS. E. YATES.

WITHIN a spacious marble hall
 A princely feast we view;
 Dainties from every clime are spread,
 With wines of roseate hue.

A thousand lamps of purest gold
 A radiant lustre shed
 Upon the gold and jewels bright
 In rich profusion spread.

Five hundred lords and ladies fair
 In gorgeous robes are dressed;
 A thousand slaves are waiting there
 Their monarch's high behest.

With noble air and princely mien
 Behold their sovereign stand!
 His lofty brow and flashing eye
 Seem born but to command.

In every land, by every sea,
 His flag is now unfurled;
 And thus he stands erect and proud,
 The conqueror of the world.

With courteous grace his guests he greets,
 And soon their favour wins;
 And 'neath great Alexander's smiles
 The joyous feast begins.

But ah! full soon are toasts proposed,
 The wine-cup passes round;
 With shouts of noisy revelry
 These marble walls resound.

"One more!" King Alexander cries;
 "Obey your king's command";
 Then lifeless on his couch he sinks,
 The wine-cup in his hand.

And thus in early manhood's prime,
 When only thirty-two,
 The love of sparkling, rosy wine
 Great Alexander slew.

Then let us all this lesson learn:
 To early shun the fate—

By holding firm our temperance pledge—
 Of him whom men call "Great."

THE SPIRIT TREE.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," the Saviour's words were read, And He looks from His man-sions a -

KEY G.

{	$s_1 .d$	$m : m .m$	$s : m .m$	$r .d : t_1 .l_1$	$d : t_1 .l_1$	$s_1 : d .d$	$t_1 : r .r$
	$s_1 .s_1$	$d : d .d$	$d : d .d$	$l_1 .l_1 : l_1 .l_1$	$l_1 : s_1 .f_1$	$m_1 : s_1 .s_1$	$s_1 : t_1 .t_1$
	$m .m$	$s : s .s$	$m : s .s$	$f .f : f .f$	$f : d .d$	$d : m .m$	$r : f .f$
	$d .d$	$d : d .d$	$d : d .d$	$f_1 .f_1 : f_1 .f_1$	$f_1 : f_1 .f_1$	$s_1 : s_1 .s_1$	$s_1 : s_1 .s_1$

bove, And He knows if our hearts have re - ceived the pre-cious seed, For the

{	$d :-r m$	$s_1 .d$	$m : m .m$	$s : m .m$	$r .d : t_1 .l_1$	$d : t_1 .l_1$
	$d :- -$	$s_1 .s_1$	$d : d .d$	$d : d .d$	$l_1 .l_1 : l_1 .l_1$	$l_1 : s_1 .f_1$
	$m :-f s$	$m .m$	$s : s .s$	$m : s .s$	$f .f : f .f$	$f .f : d .d$
	$d :- -$	$d .d$	$d : d .d$	$d : d .d$	$f_1 .f_1 : f_1 .f_1$	$f_1 .f_1 : f_1 .f_1$

CHORUS.

fruit of the Spir - it is Love. Oh, the fruits of the Spir - it are

{	$s_1 : d .d$	$t_1 .t_1 : r$	$d - -$	$m .m$	$r : r .r$	$r .r : d .r$
	$m_1 : s_1 .s_1$	$s_1 .s_1 : t_1$	$d - -$	$d .d$	$t_1 : t_1 .t_1$	$t_1 .t_1 : l_1 .t_1$
	$d : m .m$	$r .r : f$	$m - -$	$s .s$	$s : s .s$	$s .s : s$
	$s_1 : s_1 .s_1$	$s_1 .s_1 : s_1$	$d - -$	$d .d$	$s_1 : s_1 .s_1$	$s_1 .s_1 : s_1$

pure, May they all be found in me, in me, May my heart and my life ev - er

are pure,

{	m :— s : m . m	r : d t ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : s : s : f . f	m : m . m s : m . m
	d :— — : d . d	t ₁ : l ₁ s ₁ : f e	s ₁ : s ₁ : s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	d : d . d d : d . d
	s :— m : s . s	s : r r : d	t ₁ : t ₁ : d : r . r	d : d . d m : s . s
	d : d d : d . d	r : r r ₁ : r ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ : l ₁ : t ₁ . t ₁	d : d . d d : d . d

yield the gold - en fruits Of the beau - ti - ful Spir - it Tree.

{	r . d : t ₁ . l ₁ d : t ₁ . l ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : d t ₁ . r :-	d :— —
	l ₁ . l ₁ : l ₁ . l ₁ l ₁ : s ₁ . f ₁	m ₁ . m ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ . t ₁ :-	d :— —
	f . f : f . f f : d . d	d . d : m r . f :-	m :— —
	f ₁ . f ₁ : f ₁ . f ₁ f ₁ : f ₁ . f ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ . s ₁	d' :— —

Though the dark clouds of sorrow surround us as they may,

And the pitfalls of passion annoy ;
Still believing, rejoicing, we onward press our way,
For the fruit of the Spirit is Joy.

Oh, the fruits, &c.

Though on seas of affliction our little bark be tossed,
Though the high rolling billows increase,
Still with hope for our anchor we never can be lost,
And the fruit of the Spirit is Peace.

Oh, the fruits, &c.

Other fruits in their season we never fail to find,
If with eyelids unsealed we can see ;
All that's gentle and tender, long-suffering and kind,
Is the fruit of this beautiful tree.

Oh, the fruits, &c.

In the sun-light of heaven the waving branches glow,
Shedding perfume and gladness around ;

Naught of evil or danger the dwellers neath it know,
For with Goodness its branches are crowned.

Oh, the fruits, &c.

Sometimes, trembling and doubting, our home seems
far away,

And the leaves of the tree are dry and sere ;
But the sweet fruits of Faith on the topmost branches
sway,

Bringing joys of the better land near.

Oh, the fruits, &c.

Bringing hope to the weary and comfort to the sad,
Bearing promise of heavenly birth ;
Making joyful the low-lands, the desert places glad,
For "the meek shall inherit the earth."

Oh, the fruits, &c.

Naught impure or unholy the Spirit tree can bear ;
Evil trees evil fruits only show ;
No profane or intemperate the purer life can share,
Or the fruits of the Spirit tree know.

Oh, the fruits, &c.

DECISION OF CHARACTER; OR, WHAT SHALL I DRINK?

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS AND THREE GIRLS. BY J. W. GOWERS.

CHARACTERS:—*Frank, a young clerk; Percy, a friend of Frank's; Mary, sister to Frank; Annie, sister to Percy; Jane, sister to Percy.**(Enter Frank.)**Frank.*

WHAT an awfully unlucky fellow I am! All my friends and companions are now enjoying themselves in the country and at the sea-side, while I'm obliged to stay at home in this smoky city; besides, I've another week before I get my month's salary, and—let me see—*(pulling out six-pence in coppers)* I've only these few pence, which will all be gone after another cigar and two glasses of ale. Suppose I shall have to ask father to lend me some money to carry me through the month, but he grumbles and tells me I should be more moderate in my spending, and also that I must cut my coat according to the cloth, and so on. I'm sure my spendings are very small for a young fellow, but my endeavours to be very careful are all misunderstood.

(Enter Percy.)

Percy. Good evening, Frank; you look very much disheartened and worried, pray what is the matter?

F. Matter enough, I think, when I see you with sunburnt face, looking the picture of health and full of spirits, while I, a poor miserable fellow, am unable to get through a month here in town without running into debt.

P. Why, Frank, whatever do you do with your money? You have the same salary as I have, and yet I can afford to go and spend a pleasant fortnight at the sea-side and have a little balance in the Savings' Bank besides.

F. You must be a very close fellow to save all that money out of your salary. You must make yourself miserable all the rest of the year in order to scrape so much together. If I didn't know your character, Percy, I should say you were a miser.

P. No, Frank, I am not a miser, and if anyone were to see us now, I guess he would say it was you, for you are the more miser-able of the two.

F. Now, Percy, none of your chaff, I'm not in the mood for it. I'm in right down earnest and want to know how it is, that of two fellows, both having the same salary, one can have a balance in the Bank and can afford to spend a fortnight in pleasure at the sea-side, besides going in for other sports at home, while the other cannot make both ends meet at home without getting into debt. Now, Percy, will you reveal this secret of yours to me?

P. I will tell you as you are a particular friend, but I have, up to the present, kept it a strict secret.

When I went to school, my master used to tell us how nice it was to go about seeing different places. He used to describe the places to which he had been, and I used to listen until the desire came into my mind to do the same; but as I had no money to do it with I was beginning to get rather gloomy about the matter, when one day I saw a way out of the difficulty. Our master was warning us against the use of tobacco and intoxicating drinks, shewing us the amount of pleasure we could get from other sources, without those harmful practices.

F. You don't mean to say you believed what he told you? What would the fellows say if they asked you to take a cigar or glass of ale and you said you were afraid it would harm you? They would think you a soft.

P. It is not a matter what the fellows would say, but whether it is harmful or not. Our master did not only tell us that it did us harm, but proved to us so clearly the way it did the harm that none of us could disbelieve it; besides, you can see it for yourself. You know Jones?

F. What! Tom Jones, the clever cricketer?

P. Yes. Well he has nearly blinded himself with smoking. The doctor says that if he does not give it up, he will lose his sight altogether.

F. I'm sorry to hear it, but for all that I could not say no to any fellow that asked me; it would look mean.

P. My friend, if for no other object it would be a test of character. We should each of us have a mind of our own. If we are sure that a certain thing is harmful and wrong we should say "No!" and stick to it, and never care what others say. We must do what our consciences tell us is right; that is the only true road to success.

F. Why, Percy, you would make a good parson. You have spent so much time in praising your master and his lessons that you are forgetting your story.

P. No, Frank, there is too much responsibility about a parson's life for me to undertake it, but I'm very thankful to my master for putting these thoughts into my mind, for young as I am, I've found that they will stand the test. Well, to return to my story. You took my mind off the subject by questioning what I said and I had to answer it. Our master said if we, when we went out into the world, were to put by the amount that foolish

young men spend in shortening their lives by smoking and drinking poison, we should be able to add greatly to the pleasures of life by visiting those places celebrated in History, and by means of exercise in the pure air we should lengthen our lives. I've only just been able to begin, and find it more than pays.

F. There's something in what you have said. I have never had it put before me in that light.

P. Nor I, until I heard my master put it before us at school. But let us take an instance—yourself and your spendings. What do you spend in drink and tobacco?

F. Oh, I'm a very moderate spender. Let me see. A glass of ale for dinner and one for supper, and only one cigar a day besides an extra glass and cigar on special occasions, that is not much, is it?

P. That depends greatly upon the frequency of the specials. But take simply the every day spending, which amounts to sixpence, or three-and-sixpence a week, or nine pounds two shillings a year. Now, I'll tell you what you could have done with that money. Three pounds would have given you a good holiday, and the rest you might have put into the Bank, where it would increase, so that when you became a man you would have a nice sum to begin life with.

F. I can see that very well; but it means giving up drinking and smoking, which would be no easy matter; besides what would the fellows and sister Mary say?

(Mary comes suddenly up behind, arm in arm with Annie.)

Mary. You two seem to be having a very lively and interesting conversation. I passed Frank a short time ago and he looked so miserable and wretched that I thought he had done something wrong; but I'm glad to find that Percy has brightened him up.

F. Why, Mary, you startled me. I did not know you were so near. Percy ought indeed to be made Chancellor of Exchequer, for he can manage his own money matters satisfactorily, and has been shewing me how I can do mine.

M. Well, he is kind; and are you going to follow his good advice?

F. I don't know. If I do I shall have to give up my beer and tobacco.

M. That is not much to give up, is it? Brave men give up more than that for a good cause.

F. Yes, but what will the fellows say? They are sure to laugh and taunt me.

M. I should not think much of a brother of mine who could not bear being laughed at when he knew he was in the right.

Annie. If your companions saw that you were

showing decision of character, you would not only gain their respect, but they would no doubt follow your good example.

F. I thank you both for your wise and good advice, and would follow your example, but there is one difficulty which stands in the way of me becoming a total abstainer. I should not know what to drink.

A. That is what Mary and I have had a long conversation about this afternoon. We are both abstainers, and yet we do not know exactly what to drink and what not to drink.

M. I said that there could be no harm in such wine as gooseberry or currant, because it is simply made at home from the pure fruit picked out of the garden.

F. I shouldn't think there was any harm in that, but there are many liquors such as:—Home-made wine, cider, perry, etc., which abstainers do not know whether it is right to drink or not.

P. A friend of mine, Mr. Taurus, an abstainer, said, You must draw the line somewhere, and that he, being very fond of home-made wine, drew the line there.

A. I should really like to know which is right. I don't like doing things by halves.

M. Here comes Jane, she has just returned from the Band of Hope; perhaps she can help us.

A. Well, Jane, have you had a good meeting to-night?

Jane. Oh, yes! You ought to have been there, you might have learned a great deal.

A. What was the subject of the Address?

J. The Superintendent gave us an Address on:—"What abstainers should and should not drink." He made it so plain that I could very easily understand it.

A. That is what we four have been talking about, and we shall be glad to learn what is right for us to do.

J. I cannot remember all that was said, but can remember the principal parts, which I will try and repeat to you. In our pledge we promise to abstain from intoxicating drinks, or those drinks which contain alcohol. Alcohol is formed in all liquors that contain sugar, by means of yeast, either put in when made or allowed to get in through being exposed to the atmosphere.

M. Then, I suppose, jam would contain alcohol, for it is made mostly of sugar?

J. Yes. If you were to keep a jar of pure home-made jam open to the air for a time you would soon notice that it would appear like yeast, and have the same scent, although no yeast had been put near it.

A. I have noticed that myself, and thought it was very much like beer.

J. We were told that all ripe fruit contains a juice, rich in sugar, which, when allowed to ferment, changes into alcohol. The rich juice of the grape is very wholesome and refreshing in itself, but, when fermented, turns into spirits of wine. 'Tis the same with the juice of apples, pears, gooseberries, currants, etc. It is refreshing and health-giving in itself, but if allowed to ferment it changes its character altogether.

P. Then the first thing for us to know is, whether the drink contains alcohol or not.

A. 'Twill be a good study and very instructive to discover how the various common drinks are made.

M. Jane has only told us what we must not drink. Were you told what we may drink?

J. There is only one natural drink, and that is water.

F. Then if I become a total abstainer I must drink nothing else but water?

J. That is true, but then you may mix harmless substances with it to make it taste.

A. What about milk, Jane?

J. Milk is made up mostly of water, but it is really a food. You may call it a drink if you like, but 'tis the water in it that makes it a liquid.

A. Thank you very much, Jane, for what you have told us. You, by your attention at Band of Hope, have helped us greatly, and we will try to carry it out.

F. I must thank you all. Percy has taught me the secret of true enjoyment, Annie and Mary have encouraged me in decision of character, and Jane has shewn me that I should seek the aid of those who have studied the subject, and know better than myself. I shall join your Band of Hope in order that I may learn more, and by patient perseverance in the path of temperance and sobriety, with help from above, I hope by this time next year to be as happy and prosperous as our friend Percy is this evening.

P. I'm sure, Frank, you have all our good wishes for your success, and (*turning to the audience*) if there should be any young friend here this evening, who is suffering from the same disease that Frank had at the beginning of the evening, I should advise him to follow Frank's good resolve for the future.

Dare to do right whate'er befall,

Keep bravely on your way;
For He who watches o'er us all,

Will never let you stray;
But when He sees you do your best,
Accepts the deed and adds the rest.

Fear not the laugh, the jest, the scorn,
The sharp and bitter taunt,
Which so-called friends from early morn
Before your eyes will flout;
Stand firm! heed not the fiercest foe,
Respect attends you as you go.

'Tis easy work to do the wrong,
'Tis hard to do the right,
And when 'midst earth's busy throng,
We must with vigour fight;
And though hard pressed, when foes assail,
In God's own strength we ne'er shall fail.

My dearest friends, both young and old,
Stand bravely at your post;
For never, while the anchors hold,
Will your brave bark be lost;
For when you firmly stand the test,
Your comrades' praise supplants the jest.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

THERE is one touching incident of the life of William Wirt. In his younger days he was a victim to the passion for intoxicating drinks. Affianced to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, he had broken repeated pledges and amendments, and she, after patiently and kindly enduring his disgraceful habit, at length dismissed him, deeming him incorrigible. Their next meeting after the dismissal was in the public street, in the city of Richmond. William Wirt lay drunk and asleep on the sidewalk, on a hot summer day, the rays of the sun pouring down on his uncovered head, and the flies crawling over his swollen features. As the young lady approached him in her walk, her attention was attracted by the spectacle, strange to her eyes, but, alas! so common to others who knew the victim as to excite little remark. She did not at first recognise the sleeper, and was about to hasten on, when she was led by one of those impulses which form the turning-points in human lives to scrutinise his features. What was her emotion when she recognised in him her discarded lover! She drew forth her handkerchief and carefully spread it over his face, and hurried away. When Wirt came to himself, he found the handkerchief, and on one corner the initials of the beloved name. With a heart almost breaking with grief and remorse, he made a new vow of reformation. He kept that vow, and married the owner of the handkerchief. Well might he preserve the handkerchief, as he did, all his life, guarding it with the jealous care with which Othello kept the Egyptian charmer's gift, and "making it a darling like his precious one."—*N. Y. "Christian Advocate."*

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No. 203.—November, 1886.]

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OUR YOUNG HOPEFULS.

OUR YOUNG HOPEFULS.



CHILDREN, as a rule, are fond of using paints and brush, and sometimes their artistic attempts do not add to either the value or the beauty of the picture they take in hand. Many a

parent has found, to his utter consternation, some of his most valued picture-books daubed with colours the most gorgeous, plastered on without much consideration for harmony or correctness. Blue trees, red skies, brown rivers, green houses, and cetera, are not exactly what one meets with in every-day life; but these are just the kind of colours that our young hopefuls seem to revel in, and to mix up in the most heterodox fashion.

Our artist has this month given us the picture of one of these busy young gentlemen; though, fortunately, instead of operating on a guinea volume, he is trying to improve one of the illustrations of the *Band of Hope Treasury*; and even if he only succeed in spoiling it, the loss will not be very heavy. By the interested and

admiring look on the face of his younger sister Grace, we should think he is succeeding remarkably well. It is very probable, when he has adorned the illustration with all the colours his box contains, he will turn his attention to Grace's doll, and make its cheeks once more glow with the colour of health, which at present has departed—a result of constant washing with mottled soap, and drying with a rough rag-towel.

But we must not despise small beginnings. Who can tell but little Gracie will one day stand, a graceful young lady, her cheeks flushed with honest pride, before one of her brother's pictures hanging on the line of the Royal Academy? We are always pleased to see children engaged with pencil, paint, and brush; and it is the parent's fault if they try their skill on some treasure better kept in its original condition. The boys make men and the girls women, and we should encourage them in all that tends to a love of the pure and the beautiful. It is ours to guide, instruct, and correct, and if we do these things patiently and well, the chances are our young hopefuls will in time reward us by being useful in their day and generation.

THE ROTTEN STICK.

BY ALBERT WALKER.

A MAN once trudging on a road
 Was leaning on a stick,
 That served him as a staff or sword,
 Because 'twas monstrous thick.
 But, though 'twas thick, 'twas rotten too,
 And very like to break;
 And, trusting to it, very few
 Dared put their life at stake.

A traveller came upon this man
 And said; "Why, friend, look here,
 If you don't lay this stick aside
 You'll have a fall, I fear,"

"'Tis shaky now and won't stand long;
 I'd give it up, I'm sure;
 And if you don't I think you'll find
 You'd wished it so before."

"Why so?" the angered man replied;
 "'Tis strong and stout, I know.

Along life's slippery road the stick
Has borne me well, I trow.

"My ancestors have by its aid
Supported well their strength;
It did its duty, and it came
Into *my* hands at length.

"Rotten!" quoth he. "I have not found
The rottenness as yet;
It gets me bravely o'er the ground,
And helps me many a bit."

Not many yards the old man went
Before his stick broke down;
Down tumbled *he*, his strength was
spent;
On his face there dwelt a frown.

"Come, come," the traveller gaily said,
"Here's a stick that's new and strong;
If you but use it you will find
'Twill serve you well and long."

The stick (of course I mean the first)
The *moderate* system shows;
'Tis rotten at the very core,
And weaker always grows.

Your ancestors have by its aid
Made short life's fleeting days;
How to be drunk—devoid of sense—
It taught in foolish ways.

It oft plays very treacherous tricks,
And many a fool has bit;
The best to choose of both these sticks
Is abstinence—that's it!

Abstinence is the stick that's new;
It never gives a fall.
Keep to it well, be firmly true,
And it will serve you all.

A BRAVE BOY.

NOT long since (writes Mr. E. E. Rexford), I saw a hero. I was walking down the road, and stopped to talk with a friend. As we stood there two boys came along.

"Come, let's go and have something to drink," said one of them.

"Thank you," was the reply; "but I never drink."

"Oh! temperance, are you?" said the other, with a laugh that had a suspicion of a sneer in it.

"Yes," answered the boy bravely. "I don't believe in drinking liquor."

"Well, you needn't drink liquor if you don't want to," said his companion. "Take some lemonade."

"Not in a saloon!" was the other's reply.

"Why not?" asked his friend. "It won't make you drunk because they sell whisky over the same bar, will it?"

"I don't suppose it would," was the reply. "But saloons are bad places, and I don't believe in patronizing them."

"What a moral young fellow you are!" said his friend, with contempt in his words. "Do you intend to preach when you get to be a man?"

"No, I don't expect to," was the reply. "But I intend to make a man of myself; and I never knew a fellow amount to much who got into the habit of frequenting saloons."

"I haven't asked you to hang about saloons, have I?" demanded his friend angrily. "One would think, from what you say, that I asked you to get drunk."

"You didn't ask me to get drunk," was the reply; "but you *have* asked me to take the first step in that direction. If I drank now, I would probably drink again. How long would it be before I got the habit formed of drinking liquor?"

Some other young fellows had come up by this time, and the one who had invited his friend to drink turned to them and said, "You've come just in time to hear a temperance lecture; get ready for a speech. Go on, Bob; maybe you can convert these chaps."

Then they laughed and grouped themselves around him.

But Bob did not get angry. He looked them bravely in the face, and said, "I suppose you think I am 'soft' because I won't drink. I know you think it foolish because I refused to go to the saloon and have a glass of lemonade" (to his friend); "but I don't, and I am not afraid to stand up for what I think is right. If you want to drink you will do it, I suppose, in spite of anything I might say against it; but you can't coax or laugh me into doing it. I want to have my own respect, and I shouldn't have if I drank; for I don't believe it is right to drink whisky. You think, I suppose, that I am a coward in not drinking, but I think I should prove myself a coward in doing it."

Wasn't I glad to hear the boy say that? I couldn't help going to him and telling him so.

"Thank you," he said, looking pleased at what I said. "I mean to be a man, and I know I shouldn't be if I got to drinking."

He was right. God bless the young hero! I wish there were thousands more like him. How many who read this will take a bold stand for total abstinence?—*From Stories for the Band of Hope, by J. L. Nye.*

HOME-BREWED BEER.

BY MRS. E. C. A. ALLEN.

THE harvest of rich and golden sheaves
Had been safely gathered in
From the well-tilled fields of Farmer Brown,
And the feast and the mirth begin,
There was good roast-beef, there were puddings rich,
And plenty of wholesome cheer;
But the glasses were filled from the crystal spring,
Instead of with home-brewed beer.

And visitors wondered to see the change,
For William Brown's farmhouse
Had long and far been famed for the skill
Of his clever, thrifty spouse.
And specially was it whispered round,
In homesteads far and near,
That none to beat her could be found
In her tap of home-brewed beer.

"I'll tell you, my friends," the farmer said,
As he met inquiring eyes,
"Why water instead of home-brewed beer
To-day each glass supplies.
My first-born son, dear to my heart—
Words cannot tell how dear—
To-day a homeless wanderer roams
Because of our home-brewed beer.

"He learned to love it whilst a boy,
And the taste grew with his years.
I saw his danger when too late,
I sought with bitter tears
To win my boy, my first-born, back
From the power of the deadly snare;
But all in vain—he cared for naught
But to quaff the accursed beer.

"One day when drink had made him mad,
And passion had made me wild,
I struck him, and he returned the blow,
And I savagely fought my child.
I cast him forth from his childhood's
home,
I banished him—though 'twas here
He had learned to love the dangerous
taste
Of his mother's home-brewed beer.

"But oh! since then my stricken heart
Hath enlightened my once dark eyes
To see my folly, and, though so late,
To choose a course more wise.
No child of mine again shall learn
From father or mother here,
Nor servant be taught by me to love
The taste of home-brewed beer."

WHAT DO YOU DO ?

J. J. LANE.

WHAT do *you* do ? is a query whispered in the heart and ear
By the still small voice of conscience, heedless of the listener's sphere.

What do *you* do in the conflict, in the thick of mortal strife—

On the side of truth and virtue, elevating human life ?

Is the cross of Christ the standard you have proposed to defend,
Pointing lost, dejected creatures to that more than earthly friend ?

Does the widow's prayer and sorrow move you to some gracious deed,
And the orphan's cry of hunger urge your pity in their need ?

That is noble, that is godly, and may blessings fall like dew—

"Nothing!" did you say, and mean it—nothing that you care to do!

Is an honest heart within you, or is worth and feeling fled ?

"I am not my brother's keeper." Oh! consider what you said.

See that wretch in yonder corner, in a wretched drunken state ;

Know you not he once was numbered with the wealthy and the great ?

Have you never striv'n to raise him from the filthy mire and clay—

Raise him, that the spark of genius may not die in waste away ?

Kindly words and acts, how humble, well performed and simply said,

Like heroic deeds shall cluster garlands for the victor's head.

Oh! then each be up and doing; stay the rushing tide of vice,

Turn towards the banner waving, with its new and strange device.

"What do *you* do?" up and follow in the track the faithful hie;

Do what duty here assigns you, reap the harvest by and by.

Life is ebbing, time is fleeting, then will sound the trumpet blast,

When the soul, from body severed, will approach the judge at last.

"What did *you* do?" much or little, as your earthly course you trod,

"Nothing!" will you dare to answer at the awful bar of God ?

THE GOOD AND TRUE.

LET who will despise our cause
And scorn our high endeavour;
Shall we therefore quail and pause,
And strike our banners ? Never !

Proud contempt and haughty scorn
Are signs of meanest spirits;
The soul of truth and duty born
A nobler mien inherits.

Ours is a good and holy work,
Which God Himself inspires;
And He will bless our earnest zeal
And crown our warm desires.

We wield no bloody battle-axe,
We wave no banners gory;
Along our line of march there breaks
The light of peaceful glory.

No roar of guns, nor crash of towns,
With groans and curses blending;
But quiet joy in humble homes,
And praise and prayer ascending.

'Tis but the cold, the bad, the base
That scorn, oppose, and fear us—
The good and true of every rank
Come forth to back and cheer us.



LOOK UP! BEHOLD, THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.



Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

ROBERT LOWRY.

Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The har-vest time is near; The

KEY D.

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sum-mons of the Mas-ter falls Up-on the reap-er's ear; Go

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forth in - to the gold - en grain, And bind the preci - ous sheaves, And

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gar - ner for the Lord of Hosts The har - vest which He gives.

{	m' :-r' d':t:l:s	l : t d' : m	s : d m :-r	d : - -
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2 Look up! behold, the fields are white,
 The harvesters are few;
 The gathering of the harvest must
 By grace depend on you;
 Go forth throughout the busy world,
 The world of want and sin,
 And gather for the Lord of Hosts
 Its dying millions in.

3 Look up! behold, the fields are white,
 The Master soon shall come,
 And carry with rejoicing heart
 His gathered trophies home;
 And can you stand with empty arms,
 While gladly he receives
 From others in the harvest field
 A load of precious sheaves?

NEXT MORNING.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR BOYS. BY NATHAN HALLIDAY.

CHARACTERS:—Mr. Blackburn, a Merchant; John Smith, Edward Smith, Adam Sewell, three clerks. (SCENE—an office, with table, chairs, papers, pens, ink, etc.)

(Enter ADAM.)

A H! I am here the first, as usual. Those two boys never will learn to be punctual. I suppose they have been on a spree again last night. Such conduct as theirs will bring its own reward in the end! (*Sits down at the table and arranges papers.*) But I must not waste my time in moralizing, for Mr. Blackburn will be here soon, and there is a great amount of work to be done to-day. (*Commences writing.*)

(Enter Mr. Blackburn.)

Mr. B. Good morning, Adam.

A. Good morning, sir.

Mr. B. John and Edward are behind time again, I see. I am afraid I must discharge those boys. (*Sits down at the table.*)

A. I hope not, sir. They are certainly not very punctual; but I have no doubt that they will improve in time.

Mr. B. Well, I do not like to do anything rashly, but they have been going on at this rate for the last twelve months; and I must either discharge them to-day or engage them for another year.

A. I hope you will try them another year, sir. They are both good at their pen; and I will do what I can to induce them to alter their conduct.

Mr. B. Well, I will see what can be done.

(*Enter John and Edward. Edward with his head bandaged, and limping; John with a patch over one eye, and his left arm in a sling.*)

Mr. B. Good morning, gentlemen. I am extremely sorry to find you late again on such a busy day as this, and especially in such a plight as I see you now.

JOHN. I am very sorry, Mr. Blackburn; but we had an accident on the ice last evening!

EDWARD. We had indeed, sir. I thought my head was broken to pieces. (*They sit to the table.*)

Mr. B. In that case, I am very sorry for you, and hope you will soon recover.

BOTH. Thank you, sir.

Mr. B. I am sorry it is such a busy day; but you must do the best you can. Adam will show you what to do while I go to the market. (*Exit Mr. B.*)

J. Ha! ha! ha! How we gammoned the old governor!

E. Didn't we do it finely?

A. What! do you mean to say that you have been lying to Mr. Blackburn?

J. Oh! dear, no; nothing of the sort.

E. Nothing of the sort!

(*They both rub their eyes, and then lean their heads on their hands and yawn.*)

BOTH. Oh! my head.

A. I see you have been at your old games again. You will be getting tipsy once too often. Here are the papers you have to copy. (*Gives them papers.*) Get them done before Mr. Blackburn returns, if possible.

J. Didn't we have a jolly spree last night, Ned?

E. Rather, my boy! Didn't I pitch into that fellow with one eye? I wonder how his poor head is this morning!

BOTH. Ha! ha! ha!

A. Come, my boys, we must make up for lost time. Mr. Blackburn was rather cross this morning; and I had to make all sorts of excuses for you.

J. Oh! hang the work. I can't see with one eye, and how can I write with one hand?

E. The work may go to Jericho for what I care! My head's so bad I can't think of two words at once.

BOTH. (*holding their hands to their heads.*) Oh! my head.

J. I couldn't eat a bit of breakfast this morning; and every bone in my body is as sore as if I'd fallen off the church steeple.

E. I can't keep my eyes open; so I must have a sleep, come what may.

(*They both lean their heads on the table and go to sleep.*)

A. Here I am in a pretty fix, with all the work to do myself. Ah! if people would only think of their heads in the morning they would not so often indulge in their night's frolic. It is now master's time to return, and no work done yet. Whatever shall I do?

(*Enter Mr. B., who stares with astonishment at the two sleepers and then sits down.*)

J. Oh! my head.

E. What is the matter with thy head?

J. My head it is wounded.

(*Both look up and stare with surprise at Mr. B.*)

Mr. B. A pretty couple of gentlemen you are, to be sure!

J. Well, sir, if you will excuse us this time we will never do so again.

E. We never will, sir.

A. Do, sir, look over it this time!

Mr. B. I have just seen your father, and for his sake I will excuse you once more; but, mark my words, it is the last time. You got disgracefully drunk last night, and committed all sorts of mischief; and had it not been for your father and myself you would have been apprehended to-day and committed to prison on the charge of wilfully damaging property. And, to crown all, you come here this morning and tell me a barefaced falsehood. That is the most unkind act of all. But you may go home to-day, and be here punctual and sober in the morning. I will give you another and a final trial; and you may either make or mar yourselves for life.

Both. (*bowing and rising.*) Thank you, sir.

Mr. B. As for you, Adam, I am so satisfied with your conduct that from this day I advance your salary twenty pounds a year.

A. (*affected.*) My heart is too full to thank you, sir; but I will use every effort to deserve your kindness.

Mr. B. Industry and sobriety have always characterized your conduct, Adam; and by those two virtues you have risen above these two fast young men, who are this morning suffering the just reward of their last night's folly.

A. (*to the audience.*) I hope our kind friends will look with pity on these two youths, who are now sincerely sorry for their folly. And let us hope that our little drama has taught some youth a useful lesson that will lead him from the path of folly into the way of sobriety and industry; if so, our object has been answered; and, with your kind favour, we retire, hoping to meet you again on some similar occasion, when we will do our utmost to gratify your taste while we teach the useful lessons of religion and morality. (*Exit.*)

WE HAD BETTER SETTLE THE MATTER.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE.

By Thomas Heath, Sunday School Superintendent,
Plymouth.

CHARACTERS—Mr. Smith, Sunday School Teacher;
Henry, Bible Class Member, a Moderate Drinker;
Sam, small Band of Hope Boy.

Mr. Smith, with pocket Bible under his arm, on his way to his Bible Class, observes Henry (*one of his pupils*) and Sam in sharp conversation regarding the Temperance question. He overhears little Sam say, "We had better settle the matter." Sam politely bows to Mr. Smith.

MR. SMITH.

PARDON me, Sam, but what is the matter you want Henry to settle?

SAM. Oh, sir, I am a Band of Hope boy, and you know, sir, I want to get others to join our Band of Hope. I was asking Henry if he had made up his mind on this subject, and to join our ranks.

Mr. S. I am exceedingly pleased, Sam, you are trying to do good. I hope you will succeed in getting Henry to join your ranks. I shall be pleased to hear that Henry has become a member of the Band of Hope. I think there are only Henry and James Williams, in my Bible Class, who are not decided on this matter.

Sam. I hope we shall get both of these to join, sir.

Mr. S. I must now wish you good-bye for the present.

Sam. Before you go, sir, Henry would like you to meet him to-morrow evening at your house; and he would like me to come, and perhaps we may settle the matter.

Mr. S. Yes, yes; I shall be glad to see you both to-morrow evening.

(*Enter Henry and Sam; knock at Mr. Smith's door.*)

Mr. S. Come in! (*shakes hands with Henry and Sam.*)

Sam. Well, sir, we have come, according to promise, to see whether we can now settle this question.

Mr. S. I hope we shall, by the help of God, succeed. (*addressing Henry very seriously.*) Well, Henry, what are your chief reasons for not joining the Temperance ranks?

HENRY. Well, sir, I do not see what harm there is in taking a glass of ale when I think proper. I think, sir, it is very weak if we are obliged to sign a bit of paper, or wear a bit of blue. I like to observe my own mind; I shan't interfere with anybody what they mind to do.

Mr. S. As to there being no harm in taking a glass of ale when we like, we know from abundant testimony, great harm comes even in taking the first glass. Many thousands of drunkards could give you their experience about the one glass, when they like. As to the signing, this is a proof that you do, calmly and seriously, by the help of God, what you believe to be right. And the wearing of the bit of blue: This shews that you are not ashamed of your colours, that others may know what side you are on, and possibly others may be influenced to wear it too—who can tell? I think, Henry, your objections are not very important; and I think when we come to consider the subject either in a moral, religious, or social light, you will see

that there are no tangible reasons why you are not an abstainer.

H. I am bound to say, sir, that little Sam's conversation on this subject has set me a thinking. I may say, sir, that we have had two or three chats on this subject, and I am now almost broken down. I think I have not much to say in favour of the drink, for I remember hearing once poor grandmother telling a very pitiful story, how grandfather one night fell down and broke his leg through giving way to drinking habits; and many other cases have come under my own observation lately, that I think total abstainers have the best of it.

Sam. Let me say, Henry, to-night, before Mr. Smith, come and join us; then Mr. Smith will only have one in his class who will be outside. You know what I mean, one who is not a teetotaler.

Mr. S. Well, Henry, I hope this matter will be settled now. I hope, by the advice of Sam, and the advice I have given you, that you will at once decide. How many homes there are made miserable through drink. Money is wasted, barley spoiled, time in its manufacture worse than thrown away. Oh, if the money could be spent in the manufacture of various articles useful to man, what a vast benefit would be the result. Come, now, Henry, join us. You know I have for many years been on this side. There is little Sam, he, too, is very anxious to have this matter settled.

H. Here goes, I will sign.

Mr. S. (*taking out a pledge book.*) Henry, please sign your name.

(*Henry takes the pen and writes his name.*)

Mr. S. We will sing before we go, "Joy bells ringing."

(*Here Mr. Smith rises and shakes hands with Henry and Sam, and hopes to see them at the next Band of Hope Meeting.*)

KEEP UP THE FENCES AND BARS.

BY JENNY L. ENO.

TWO neighbours there are living far apart

In a pleasant and prosperous town;
The one keeps his fences all carefully up,
While the other's are sure to be down.

The consequence is that the first has a farm
Most pleasant and cheerful to see;
His grain waves securely, his harvests are large,
From intruders and enemies free.

The second is worried from morning till night

With wanderers over his fields;
Stray cattle, stray horses, stray pigs, and
stray sheep
Destroy what the land freely yields.

Sometimes he arises with purposes strong
And pursues them with menace and
frown;

But anger and menace will nothing avail
So long as the fences are down.

And as I look over these fields as they lie
I think of our hearts, and of sin;
When our gates and our fences are tempt-
ingly down,
How gladly the evils flock in!

And when they once enter the fight will
be hard;

The wounds will leave enduring scars.
'Tis better to pattern from good farmer
"first,"
And keep up the fences and bars.

We can easily guess the reason why the fences were down. The farmer was lazy and careless, perhaps made so by the use of strong drink. A drunkard's farm soon goes to ruin, presenting a great contrast to that of the temperate, thrifty, and industrious farmer. The two pictures given here show the difference.

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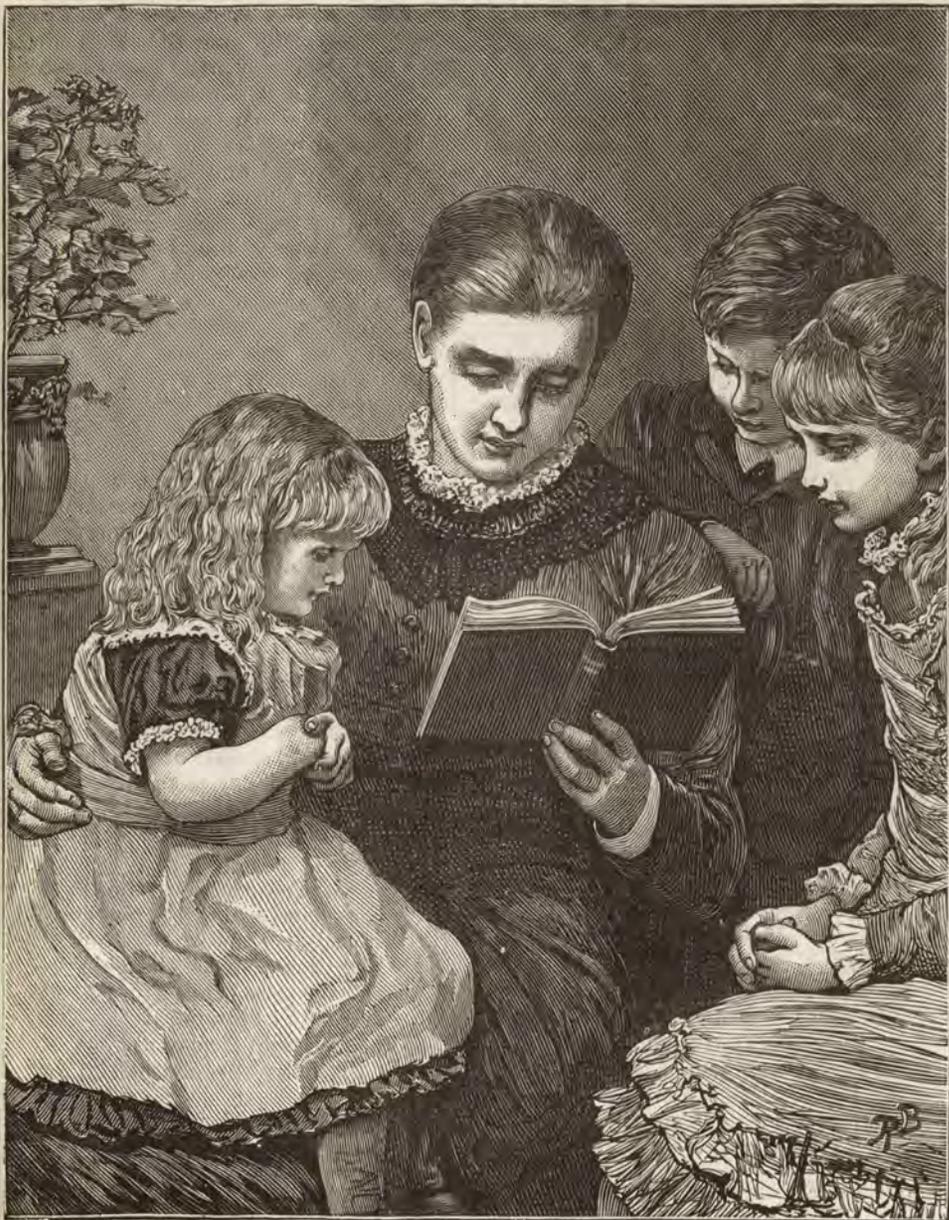
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READING TO THE CHILDREN.



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of an evening just before going to bed. Clara, the eldest, liked fairy stories; Harry liked stories about the sea, or adventures with wild beasts; while little May was pleased with almost anything if she might sit on her dear mother's knee and listen. Their mother tried to please Clara and Harry by turns, and now and then she would choose a simpler story, so that May could understand its meaning. Thus pleasant and profitable hours were spent—

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WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

JOHN G. SAXE.

IT was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the Castle, say:
"They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it!"
"On—on!" exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep is high;
In vain he seeks her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh!
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode:
Who feels the thirst of knowledge?
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
"To find a way, or make it!"

Are Riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting
The boon cannot be bought:
To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it
Who says with Roman courage,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

In Love's impassioned warfare
The tale has ever been,

That victory crowns the valiant,—
 The brave are they who win :
 Though strong is Beauty's castle,
 A lover still may take it
 Who says, with Roman daring,
 "I'll find a way, or make it!"

I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. W. E. CHURCHILL.

I WISH you a merry Christmas,
 My brother temperance men,
 Who every day are striving
 Intemperance tide to stem.
 We've spent a happy Christmas
 Without strong drink before ;
 And this year, without the monster,
 We hope to spend one more.

I wish you a merry Christmas,
 Dear readers, one and all,
 And this can be obtained, we know,
 Without King Alcohol ;
 For he doth cause continually
 Distress and many a sorrow,
 Makes wounds upon a Christmas day
 And headaches on the morrow.

I wish you a merry Christmas,
 But 'midst our joys let's think
 How many hearts are desolate
 Through that accursed drink.
 I wish you a merry Christmas,
 And friends around shall see,
 Without the fiery water,
 How happy we can be.

I wish you a merry Christmas
 To every child and man,
 Indeed, to every woman too,
 Who practises our plan.
 In such a godly warfare
 Right onward let us steer ;
 So I wish you a merry Christmas
 And a happy coming year.

THE CURSE OF RUM—WHO CAN TELL IT ?

"**C**OULD oceans, rivers, seas, and lakes,
 And all the names that water takes
 Beneath the expanded sky,
 Be turned to ink of blackest hue
 With every drop of morning dew ;
 Were every shrub and every tree,
 And every blade of grass we see,
 Made pens to write withal ;
 Were every man in every clime
 A scribe to use those pens ;
 Were each Methusaleh in age,
 And every moment wrote a page—
 A book so large could we suppose
 As this whole earthly ball—
 All this would be tired and die ;
 The pens would every one wear out,
 The book be writ within, without,
 The ink be drained quite dry.

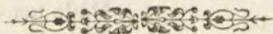
"To write the curse of rum, oh! then
 Angels would fail as well as men—
 Archangels e'en would fail—
 And till eternity should end
 A long eternity they'd spend,
 Nor then have told the tale."

SHUN THE WINE-CUP.

NEVER touch the wine-cup,
 Though it moves aright ;
 There is in it hidden
 An adder that will bite.
 Fearful wrecks are caused
 By the use of wine ;
 Shun the accursed beverage,
 Obey the law Divine.

Never touch the wine-cup ;
 List! the dreadful groans
 Of the ruined thousands
 Mingle with the moans
 Of the dead and dying,
 Slain by fatal wine.
 Then beware the wine-cup,
 Fatal, ruby wine.

THE JOYFUL TIDINGS.



Words by W. BENNETT.

Music by ASA HULL.

When to save a sin-ful race, Je-sus left His Fa-ther's throne,.....

KEY B.

{	s_1 :-f ₁ m ₁ :s ₁ m :-r d :	r .,m :r .d t ₁ :l s_1 :-t ₁ .l s_1 :
	m_1 :-r ₁ d ₁ :m ₁ s_1 :-f ₁ m ₁ :	s_1 .,s ₁ :s ₁ .l ₁ s_1 :fe ₁ s_1 :-f ₁ f ₁ :
	d :-d d :d d :-d d :	t ₁ .,d :t ₁ .m r :d t ₁ :-r ₁ .d t ₁ :
	d ₁ :-d ₁ d ₁ :d ₁ d :-d d :	s_1 .,s ₁ :s ₁ .d ₁ r ₁ :r ₁ s_1 : - s_1 :

An-gels, wond'ring at His grace, Haste to make His ad-vent known,.....

{	s_1 :-f ₁ m ₁ :s ₁ m :-r d :	r .,m :f .r d :t ₁ r : - d :
	m_1 :-r ₁ d ₁ :m ₁ s_1 :-f ₁ m ₁ :	l ₁ .,l ₁ :l ₁ .l ₁ s_1 :s ₁ f ₁ : - m ₁ :
	d :-d d :d d :-d d :	f .,f :f .f m :r t ₁ : - d :
	d ₁ :-d ₁ d ₁ :d ₁ d :-d d :	f ₁ .,m ₁ :r ₁ .f ₁ s_1 :s ₁ s_1 : - d ₁ :

ff CHORUS.

Joy - ful ti - dings, Christ is born! Her - ald an - gels sweet - ly sing;

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

We on this, His na - tal morn, Join to praise the new - born King!

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

2 Swiftly from the courts above
Down the shining path they flew,
Happy spirits wing'd with love,
Fill'd with rapture strange and new. *Cho.*

3 Loud the joyful chorus rang.
Peace on earth, good will to man,
Such the song the angels sang,
As they learn'd God's wondrous plan. *Cho.*

4 With the angels we would sing,
And our song shall never cease,

Glory to the new-born King,
Glory to the Prince of Peace! *Cho.*

5 Glory be to God on high,
For His mercy kindly shown,
Let the anthems reach the sky,
Till to all His truth is known. *Cho.*

6 Sing the great Redeemer's name,
Vie with angel hosts above,
Spread abroad His matchless fame,
Tell to all His wondrous love. *Cho.*

HE WANTED A LICENSE.

BY E. MURRAY:

(Room in Town Hall; number of men consulting Chairman at the table. Enter a man with a box, cover tied on.)

Applicant.

GOOD-MORNING, gentlemen.

Committee. Good-morning.

Chairman. Will you take a seat and wait a moment, please? We are making up our estimates of expenses for last year.

(Applicant places box down carefully at a little distance and seats himself. Committee write, consult, &c.)

C. Now, sir, what can we do for you?

A. If you please, I would like a permit to raise and exhibit rattlesnakes.

1st C. Raise what?

A. Rattlesnakes, sir.

2nd C. What did you say?

A. Yes, sir, rattlesnakes; like these, sir (lifting the box-lid a hair's-breadth).

All the Committee. (excitedly). Shut the lid! I say, sir, shut it, shut it!

C. (sternly). What do you mean by bringing these creatures into our council-room, sir?

Old Gentleman. Don't you think—ah—that box—ah—had better be removed?

3rd C. Second that motion.

A. But, sir, I assure you they are perfectly harmless, if you do not meddle with them.

4th C. Meddle with them! Why, man alive, what if they meddle with us?

A. They are in a box; no one need open it that does not choose to.

5th C. Suppose they should get loose.

6th C. Fortunately I have an umbrella handy.

O. G. Suppose—ah—with your leave, I'll open—ah—the door. It might be necessary—ah—to retreat precipitately.

A. Your alarm is entirely unnecessary, gentlemen.

C. We had better get rid of the man and his snakes together. What do you want?

A. A license, gentlemen, to keep and exhibit rattlesnakes.

C. Where do you intend to keep them?

1st C. In our council-room, it appears.

A. No, sir; certainly not, sir. In my store on one of the principal squares. I intend to have a show of snakes, tame ones; make a small charge, say twopence or threepence, for handling them; have a band of music to make it pleasant for the young people. I expect to make such a profit that I can afford to pay a good price for a license. Help to reduce your expenses, gentlemen.

2nd C. But what if your tame snakes should bite some of those who handle them?

A. Oh! well, of course, that is the fault of the person who handles them. They should handle them gently.

3rd C. (poking the box with his cane). Are they tame now?

A. (uneasily). Take care, please, sir; I am not sure what temper they are in just now. What will be the price of the license, please?

4th C. Now, I like that. Pretty "City Fathers" you must think we are to let young people walk into a store where they can handle poisonous snakes. We would deserve to be hung as high as Haman.

A. But you license whiskey-stores.

5th C. Why, the fathers and mothers would mob us.

A. But you license—

6th C. They would indict us, and justly, too.

A. But you license whiskey—

C. Come, you take yourself and your snakes off.

A. But you license whiskey-selling, and I can prove by statistics that that poisons more people than all the snakes in the world.

1st C. I move that the petitioner has leave to withdraw.

A. But you license—

2nd C. I second the motion.

A. Whiskey-selling.

C. Are you ready for the question?

A. But, sir; no, sir.

All Committee. Question! Question!

A. Whiskey-selling poisons more people—

C. All in the affirmative say Aye.

A. Than my poor snakes.

Committee. Aye! Aye! Aye!

C. Negative, by the usual sign.

A. But, gentlemen, why do you license whiskey-selling?

C. It is a vote.

A. But, gentlemen, gentlemen, my rattlers are tame.

O. G. Tame fiddlesticks!

3rd C. Take them away at once—at once, sir.

A. (smatching up the box and untying it). Just see, gentlemen. Take care, sir!

(4th C. tries to push him out, the box falls, and there is a general stampede, leaving the old gentleman on a chair, swinging the umbrella and crying "fire.")

THE GIRLS AND BOYS.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

WHAT is the work for the girls and boys

In this beautiful world of ours?
Is it only plays, and traps, and toys,
And stopping to gather flowers?
With their busy hands and tireless feet,
And hearts so jocund and free,
Is their not some work for the girls and boys

They can do with the heartiest glee?

There's a foe to fight—a foe to the boys;
He for men will spoil them quite,
And often the sweet and innocent girls
He lures away from the right.
King Alcohol is the demon's name;
You will meet him everywhere.
Sixty thousand men he kills each year,
And to fight him who will dare?

The army, I think, is the girls and boys;
With God for their leader they go,
And they will conquer in His name
This cruel, murderous foe. [boys,
Then "down with King Alcohol," girls and
Let this your watchword be,
For God, and home, and native land
We'll fight till we are free.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;

And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his
cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of
steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their
flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the
reeds
Besides some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep, and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A FABLE

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his
song,

Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied, far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as the story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

MORAL.

From this short fable we may learn
Our real interest to discern;
That brother should not strive with
brother
To worry and oppress each other;
But, joined in unity and peace,
Their mutual happiness increase;
Pleased when each other's faults they
hide,
And in their virtues feel a pride.

THE BOY'S PLEDGE.

I WILL not speak an angry word
To friends so kind and true;
But I will always try to keep
The Golden Rule in view.

I will not let my temper rise
Should foes my ruin seek;
But I will think that Christ pronounced
A blessing on the meek.

I will not use the holy name
Of God, my Maker, Friend,
With prayerless heart and careless
word—
The loving Christ offend.

I will not use the filthy word
That boys so often think
Will make them men; I fear 'twill lead
To crave the drunkard's drink.

I will not speak a word untrue
For honour, wealth, or fame;
I will not lie to raise myself
Or give another pain.

I will not break God's holy day—
The day divinely given
To rest my aching head and heart,
And point to rest in heaven.

I will not touch the drunkard's cup,
Though urged by friend or foe,
But will in every time and place
Return the answer, No.

I will not stop when I have said
That I will never take
The poisonous, burning, cursed drinks
That friends of drunkards make;

But I will try with all my power
To lift the fallen up,
And save the poor degraded slave
Of the intoxicating cup.

So I will try to live each day
With noble aims in view,
And grow to be a sober man,
And honest, brave, and true.

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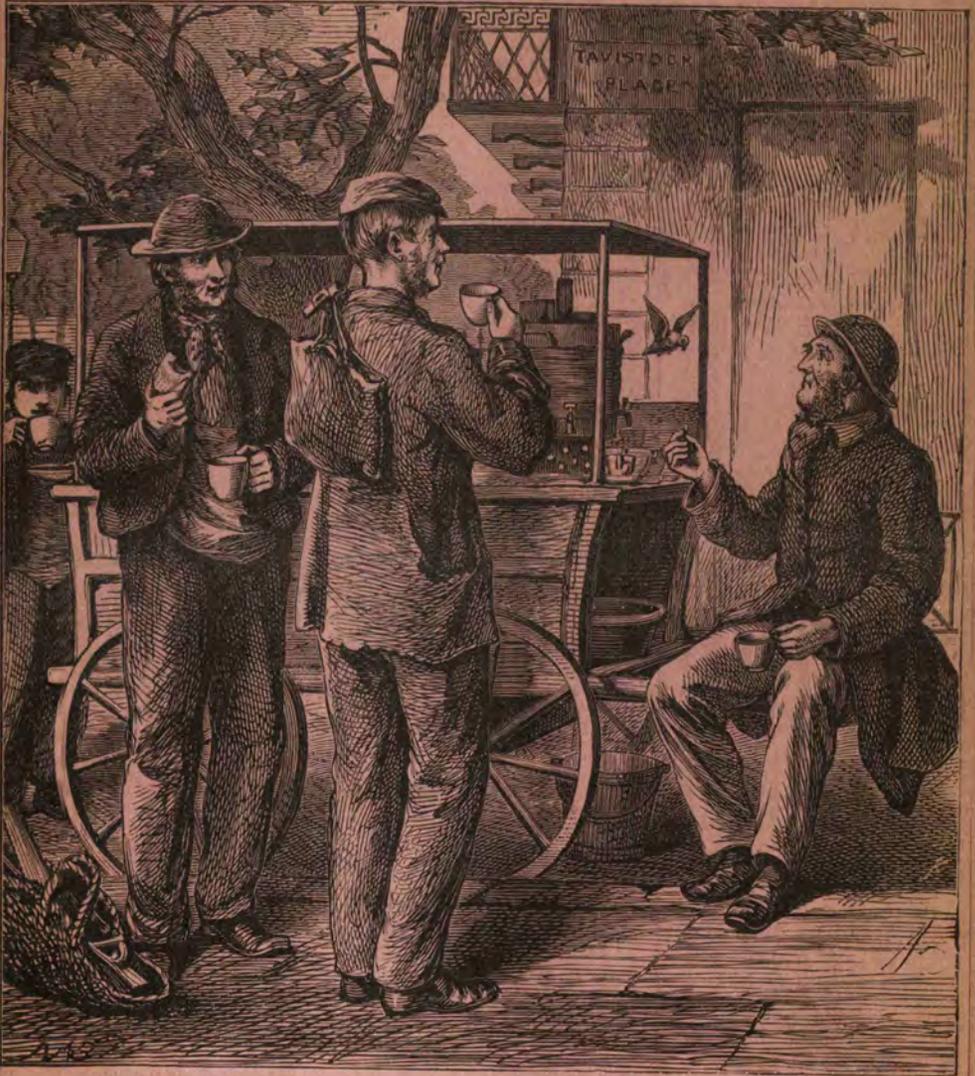
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chair with an ugly black frown on his face. Nelly was sorry to see Tom in this condition. It was the last day in the old year, too, and they had promised each other such fun; and now Tom was spoiling it all! "Oh, Tom," said Nelly, taking his hand in both hers, "you shouldn't be naughty, you know what you said about our being happy all day! It is naughty of you to spoil our pleasure. How can you expect to be happy to-morrow, and wish people 'a happy new year,' when you do like this?" Tom tried to draw his hand away, but Nelly would not let the hand go; and as she went on talking to him she saw a big tear leave his eye, and go tumbling down his cheek, and splash on to the seat of the arm-chair. Then she sprang up and put her arms round his neck and kissed him, and Tom began to cry in earnest, and mutter—"I—I—did—'nt—mea—n—to—sp—sp—spoil the fun!" It was soon all right again, and Nelly and Tom were not only happy *that* day, but next day, for they had a party, at which more than a dozen little friends were present; and oh, it was such fun to say to each one as they arrived "We wish you a Happy New Year!"

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NEW YEAR'S EVE.

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and down the street; The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is at her feet.

The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the north,

But no one cares for Gretchen, and no
one looketh forth. [faces bright,

Within those dark, damp houses are merry
And happy hearts are watching out the
old year's latest night.

With the little box of matches she could
not sell all day,

And the thin, thin tattered mantle the
wind blows every way,
She clingeth to the railing, she shivers
in the gloom,—

There are parents sitting snugly by fire-
light in the room ;

And children with grave faces are whisper-
ing one another

Of presents for the New Year, for father
or for mother.

But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one
hears her speak,

No breath of little whisperers comes
warmly to her cheek.

No little arms are round her: ah me!
that there should be, [of misery!

With so much happiness on earth, so much
Sure they of many blessings should scatter
blessings round,

As laden boughs in autumn fling their
ripe fruits to the ground.

And the best love man can offer to the
God of love, be sure,

Is kindness to His little ones, and bounty
to His poor.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen goes
coldly on her way ;

There's no one looketh out at her, there's
no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate; no smile,
no food, no fire,

But children clamorous for bread, and an
impatient sire.

So she sits down in an angle where two
great houses meet,

And she curlerh up beneath her, for
warmth, her little feet ;

And she looketh on the cold wall, and on
the colder sky,

And wonders if the little stars are bright
fires up on high.

She hears a clock strike slowly, up in a
far church tower,

With such a sad and solemn tone, telling
the midnight hour.

And she remembered her of tales her
mother used to tell,

And of the cradle songs she sang, when
summer's twilight fell ;

Of good men and of angels, and of the
Holy Child,

Who was cradled in a manger, when win-
ter was most wild ;

Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and
desolate and lone ;

And she thought the song had told He
was ever with His own ;

And all the poor and hungry and forsaken
ones are His,—

"How good of Him to look on me in such
a place as this !"

Colder it grows and colder, but she does
not feel it now,

For the pressure at her heart, and the
weight upon her brow ;

But she struck one little match on the
wall so cold and bare,

That she might look around her, and see
if He were there.

The single match has kindled, and by the
light it threw

It seemed to little Gretchen the wall was
rent in two ;

And she could see folks seated at a table
richly spread,

With heaps of goodly viands, red wine
and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savour, she
could hear what they did say,

Then all was darkness once again, the
match had burned away,

She struck another hastily, and now she
seemed to see

Within the same warm chamber a glorious
Christmas tree.

The branches were all laden with things
that children prize,

Bright gifts for boy and maiden—she saw
them with her eyes,

And she almost seemed to touch them,
and to join the welcome shout,

When darkness fell around her, for the
little match was out.

Another, yet another, she has tried—they
will not light;

Till all her little store she took, and struck
with all her might;

And the whole miserably place was lighted
with the glare,

And she dreamed there stood a little child
before her in the air.

There were blood-drops on His forehead,
a spear-wound in His side,

And cruel nail-prints in His feet, and in
His hands spread wide.

And He looked upon her gently, and she
felt that He had known

Pain, hunger, cold and sorrow—ay, equal
to her own.

And He pointed to the laden board and
to the Christmas tree,

Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will
Gretchen come with Me?"

The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt
her eyeballs swim,

And a ringing sound was in her ears, like
her dead mother's hymn:

And she folded both her thin white hands,
and turned from that bright board,

And from the golden gifts, and said,
"With Thee, with Thee, O Lord!"

The chilly winter morning breaks up in
the dull skies

On the city wrapt in vapour, on the spot
where Gretchen lies.

In her scant and tattered garment, with
her back against the wall,
She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to
no call.

They have lifted her up fearfully, they
shuddered as they said,

"It was a bitter, bitter night! the child
is frozen dead."

The angels sang their greeting for one
more redeemed from sin;

Men said, "It was a bitter night; would
no one let her in?"

And they shivered as they spoke of her,
and sighed. They could not see

How much of happiness there was after
that misery.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE long-forgotten scenes of a mispent
life crowded thick and fast upon him.
Looks that he had long forgotten were
fixed upon him once more; voices long
since hushed in death sounded in his ears
like the music of village bells.

He crept softly down the steep stone
stairs that lead from the commencement
of Waterloo Bridge, down to the water's
level. He crouched into a corner, and
held his breath, as the patrol passed. Never
did prisoner's heart throb with the hope
of liberty and life half so eagerly as did
that of the wretched man at the prospect
of death. The watch passed close to him,
but he remained unobserved; and after
waiting till the sound of footsteps had
died away in the distance, he cautiously
descended, and stood beneath the gloomy
arch that forms the landing-place from the
river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed
at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind

was lulled, and all was, for the moment, still and quiet—so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface—but what a change had taken place in that short time, in all his thoughts and feelings! Life—life—in any form, poverty, misery, starvation—anything but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breath nearer, and he was saved—but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose, and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast flying clouds were distinctly visible—once more he sunk, and once again he rose. Bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with its furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore, some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognised and unpitied, it was borne to the grave; and there it has long since mouldered away!

WALTER'S CHOICE.

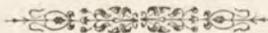
WHEN Walter's mother took a trip To buy her winter gown,
Dear! how she made the shopmen skip,
And haul the bundles down!
"Now there's a red," the master said,
"To make the neighbours stare!"
"What, that?" said she, "perhaps may be,
But, look you, will it wear?
It's very neat, and very sweet,
But pounds with me are rare;
It's well enough—but feel the stuff!
I want a gown to wear."

When Walter stood before the glass,
And aired his Sunday clo'es,
"Now that," she muttered, "means a lass,
He's courting, goodness knows!
"My boy," she said, and shook her head,
"I pray you have a care;
Young men, to thrive what time they
wive,
Must choose a wife to wear.
You must not wed for white and red,
Or bonny eyes and hair;
You choose a wife to last your life—
So choose a wife to wear."

When Walter led to church his bride,
The town was all astir,
And "Bless my heart!" the neighbours
cried,
"What could he see in her?
There's girls around with fifty pounds—
There's bouncing girls to spare!"
"He's wisely wed," his mother said,
"He chose a wife to wear,
Sure thrift and health are more than
wealth,
And better good than fair:
She's gold all through, and that's enow—
He's got a wife to wear."

—Central Christian Advocate.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.



A. B. DICKENSON.

Merrily, but not too fast.

A. J. ABBEY.

Ring the bells mer-ri-ly, ring loud and long; Hail to the dawn of the year's na-tal morn!

KEY E.

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

Lift up your voi-ces high, and sing loud and clear; Join in the cho-rus of a "Hap-py New Year."

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

CHORUS.

Hap-py, hap-py, hap-py, hap-py hap-py New Year, Hap-py, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy New Year;

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

Join in the chorus, listen to the call,

Hap-py New Year, hap-py New Year, happy New Year, happy New Year to all.

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

- 2 Sing your songs cheerily, sing loud and long ;
Sing them again, and the glad shout prolong ;
Far let the echoes fly, o'er hill and o'er plain ;
Shout, " 'Tis our festal day ! " again and again.—CH.
- 3 Hail the flag heartily, cheer, boys, cheer !
Flag that our fathers raised, flag ever dear !
Long let its glory float ; long may it wave ;
Filling with gladness " the home of the brave. "—CH.
- 4 Ring the bells merrily, sing loud and clear ;
Hail to the dawn of this day of good cheer !
Lift up your praises high ; sing loud and long ;
Giving all thanks unto God in your song.—CH.

WILL INTOXICATING LIQUORS MAKE US WARM?

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

Characters—JOHN AND HENRY.

John.

GOOD evening, Henry, my boy, how do you like this cold weather? I suppose that a close acquaintance with Jack Frost has made you regret your love for cold water, and you'll be glad to take a glass of something warm with me this morning, won't you?

Henry. No, indeed, my friend; you are, as usual, mistaken. As a total abstainer, I can assure you I am better able to endure the cold than you are as a moderate drinker.

J. There you are again! When will you leave off making such rash statements? You seem to imagine that you can establish your arguments by simply making unfounded assertions.

H. My assertions are founded on facts; your assertions are founded upon mere imagination. I can produce the experience of travellers in the Arctic regions and the testimony of eminent medical men to support what I assert; you have only the assertions of the ignorant to uphold your statements.

J. Thank you; I speak from the experience of many intelligent men, who tell us that a glass of hot spirits and water is a most effectual remedy against the ill effects of cold weather, but I know you will not believe me when I say so.

H. I will believe you when you bring me the written testimony of these intelligent men; but I have no fear of that, for intelligent men would never venture to put such a statement into writing.

J. Well, then, I shall be glad to hear what you have to say on the matter; I am sure I do not wish to be prejudiced, and am just as willing to learn as you are to make converts.

H. That is nobly said, and if you are willing to listen, I shall be most happy to teach; but, mind you, I must have no unnecessary interruptions.

J. Certainly not. I suppose you want to be like Tennyson's brook, "go on for ever."

H. I say, then, that alcoholic liquors give no real heat; they only produce a false and deceptive glow, which the drinker imagines to be a raising of the temperature of his body. If you plunge your hand into icy-cold water, on drawing it out, how does it feel?

J. Well, my experience is it feels very hot, and one's fingers seem almost inclined to drop off from very tingling.

H. Just so; you are suffering from what is called the "hot-ache;" and though your hand feels

warmer for the time, the real temperature of your body has not been raised.

J. How is that?

H. The blood, while passing from the arteries to the veins, pushes its way through a very fine net-work of blood-vessels called capillaries. The blood is under the control of the nerves; but when you plunge your hand into the icy-cold water the nerves for a time lost their control over the blood, and the blood, rushing forward, filled up the capillaries with blood, so that your hand became red, and you felt a sensation of warmth. The very same action happens when a man drinks a glass of spirits. The alcohol has such an effect upon the nerves that for a time they lose their power over the blood, the blood rushes to the surface of the body, and the drinker feels a sensation of warmth which he imagines to be an increase of the temperature of his body.

J. Then you mean to say that when a man's face is flushed from drinking wine it is because the blood has filled up the capillaries on the surface of the body, and from this cause the drinker feels a pleasant sensation of warmth?

H. You could not have expressed my meaning better; let me, however, warn you of one fact which should not be passed over. The blood is the great agent in carrying warmth to the body. When the blood, under the influence of alcohol, swells up the capillaries, it is opened over a wider surface than it naturally should; consequently, the blood rapidly loses its warmth, and the drinker feels colder afterwards.

J. What? Do you mean to assert that intoxicating liquors, instead of making us warm, in reality make us cold?

H. I say that there is great danger in taking alcohol in cold weather. It warms for the instant, but the false heat thus produced soon passing away, the drinker feeling a chilliness which he desires to overcome, flies to the intoxicating cup and drinks again and again, and in time the most alarming effects are produced.

J. I remember once hearing a man say that it was all very well drinking in a warm and comfortable room, but the moment you stepped out into the cold you were knocked down like a straw.

H. That man was right; under the effects of the false excitement the alcohol does not appear to do the man any great harm. Supposing, however, that he has abstained from food for any length of time, the instant he encounters the biting blast of

winter he is at once overcome. In addition to this the man's nervous sensibility is destroyed, the cold may be doing him the greatest harm, but he is not alive to it; the abstainer, being all awake to the effects of the cold, takes every precaution to guard himself against it.

J. Then your advice is that the best antidote to the cold weather is to drink cold water?

H. I never said any such thing. The proper thing to do in cold weather is to save your beer-money and buy a warm overcoat, and, having clothed yourself warmly outside, line the inside of your stomach with good, nourishing food, and you will find that, with good clothes, good food, and sensible exercise, you have all you need to fight a successful battle with Jack Frost.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

THERE is a little saying
Which you'll find is always true,
My little boy, my little girl—
A saying that's for you;
'Tis this, my darling little one,
With eyes so clear and bright;
"No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight."

No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh, or labour's hum,
Entice your feet to stray;
Some one is always watching you,
And, whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,
And marking all you do,
To see if all your childhood acts
Are honest, brave, and true:
And watchers of the heavenly world,
God's angels pure and white,
In joy or sorrow at your course
Are keeping out of sight.

Bear this in mind, my little one,
And let your aim be high;
You do whatever you may do
Beneath some seeing eye.

Remember this, my darling one,
And keep your good name bright,
No child who lives upon the earth
Is ever out of sight.

A COUNTRY BOY IN WINTER.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

THE wind may blow the snow about,
For all I care, says Jack,
And I don't mind how cold it grows,
For then the ice won't crack.
Old folks may shiver all day long,
But I shall never freeze;
What cares a jolly boy like me
For winter days like these?

Far down the long, snow-covered hills
It is such fun to coast,
So clear the road! the fastest sled
There is in school I boast.
The paint is pretty well worn off,
But then I take the lead;
A dandy sled's a loiterer,
And I go in for speed.

When I go home at supper time,
Ki! but my cheeks are red!
They burn and sting like anything;
I'm cross until I'm fed.
You ought to see the biscuit go,
I am so hungry then;
And old Aunt Polly says that boys
Eat twice as much as men.

There's always something I can do
To pass the time away;
The dark comes quick in winter time—
A short and stormy day.
And when I give my mind to it,
It's just as father says,
I almost do a man's work now,
And help him many ways.

I shall be glad when I grow up
And get all through with school;
I'll show them by and by that I
Was not meant for a fool.

I'll take the crops off this old farm,
I'll do the best I can;
A jolly boy like me won't be
A dolt when he's a man.

I like to hear the old horse neigh,
Just as I come in sight.
The oxen poke me with their horns
To get their hay at night.
Somehow the creatures seem like friends,
And like to see me come.
Some fellows talk about New York,
But I shall stay at home.

—*Harper's Young People.*

KILLED AT THE FORD.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honour, the tongue of
truth,—

He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was as blithe as a bugle call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose
pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picquet-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap, [song:
He was humming the words of some old
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his
sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of the wood, and the voice was
still;

Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill:
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room when some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him on his saddle again,
And through the mire, and the mist and
the rain

Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw, by the light of the surgeon's
lamp,
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one just over his heart blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to
crown,—
And the neighbours wondered that she
should die.

THE THREE BEES.

BY H. TRUHN.

THREE young and merry buzzing bees,
Three merry buzzing bees,
Were sporting gaily in the sun,
When through a tavern window wide
The remnants of a feast they spied;
And, flying in, they hovered round,
To see what might be found.

Within the drinking-glasses there
Some dregs of drink remained;
And soon they did the liquor sip.
Through tasting brandy, gin, and rum,
Quite tipsy they did soon become;
And when the waiter cleared away
They fell an easy prey.

Take warning, lads and lassies all,
Don't venture near the snare,
Nor hover round the tempting cup.
For though it wears a sparkling smile,
'Tis only that it may beguile;
So from its deadly power keep free,
And then you'll happy be.

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No. 3.

Sing, Ever Sing
There'll be Joy in Heaven
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
Lead Me, Saviour
On to the Goal
Pray, Hope, Wait

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I Know her Walls are Jasper

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The Sweetest Voice
To-Night He comes to Earth Again
Tell it Again
No, Not Despairingly

No. 9.

Be True
Stilling the Tempest
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Cling to the Rock
Anywhere

No. 10.

He knows it all
Thy word have I hid in my heart
Sweet Zion Bells
The Voice of Gladness
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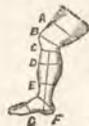
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For a STOCKING, circumference at C, D, E, F, and G. Length from C to F	4s. 0d.
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KAY BROTHERS,
OPERATIVE CHEMISTS, STOCKPORT.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 206.—February, 1887.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



A PLEASING CEREMONY.

A PLEASING CEREMONY.



HERE were five of them—all girls—all friends. Maude Standing, by the kindness of her parents, had invited her four school-fellows to tea, and a very pleasant evening they had spent together. Maude had numerous things to play with, for, being an only child, her parents showered upon her many presents. Some girls, in Maude's position, would have become proud, and wayward, and selfish; but she didn't, and it was just because she was so kind, and obedient, and humble, that not only her parents, but all who knew her loved her.

Just before it was time for her four companions to go to their several homes, and when they had gone into Maude's bedroom to put on their things, a very pleasing ceremony took place. The four girls had, a few day's before, consulted each other how they might give Maude something to show their love for her; and, by the advice of their parents, they had decided to each contribute an equal

share and purchase a nice volume of poems, as they knew Maude was fond of poetry. This they did, and each wrote her name in the book.

The presenting of the book was the pleasing ceremony in the bedroom already referred to. It was left to Kate Holt to present it, she being the youngest. Kate made the presentation very nicely, telling Maude how they all loved her, and hoping the book would be useful to her, and pleasant reading. If you had seen Maude's face when Kate handed her the book, you would have been puzzled. It was a question whether she would laugh or cry; but she did neither. If she had tried to laugh she would most certainly have begun to cry; and so she quietly took the book, and then, without a single word, showed her gratitude by taking each of her friends in her arms and giving them a hearty hug and a good kissing.

Such affection as these five young people manifested towards each other was very beautiful and pleasing to witness. If all companionships were based on the same generous and loving spirit, how much happier the world would be for everybody in it!

OH! DO NOT CLOSE THE GATES
ON ME.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS [ELIZA VAUGHAN.]

OH! do not close the gates on me,
For I would enter in;
For I would quit a world of strife,—
A long, long rest to win.

Oh! do not close the gates on me,
I've had my meed of care;

Oh! do not cast me back again,
To sorrow and despair.

Oh! do not close the gates on me,
For I have languished long;
And who shall say the path I chose
Has been or right or wrong.

Oh! do not close the gates on me,
I cannot struggle more;
For sorrow's weight has crushed my
E'en to its inmost core. [heart,

Oh! do not close the gates on me,
But leave a little space,
That hope may reach the soul who seeks
For pardon and for grace.

Oh! do not close the gates on me,
I'm weary, and would rest;
Oh! let me to the haven come,
And dwell among the blest.

Oh! do not close the gates on me,
But bid them open wide;
I've battled long an angry sea,
And 'gainst opposing tide.

Oh! do not close the gates on me,
But give a resting-place
To one who's tired of the world,
And weary of the chase.

Oh! do not close the gates on me,
I want the promise giv'n,—
I want to lay my burden down—
I want to rest in heaven.

A FRIGHTFUL MISCALCULATION.

A SERIOUS phase of disease is that which attacks a boy on a day when he particularly objects to going to school. He tells his mother, with the confiding frankness peculiar to youth, that he does not feel well this morning. He don't know what it is; but he is lame in the joints, and his head aches, and his stomach don't feel a bit good. He moves about slowly; openly refuses food; looks dejected, negligent, unhappy. Quite frequently he can be heard to sigh. But, in all his pain, he never forgets the clock. As time advances to the hour which marks school-time, his symptoms increase. He doesn't say a word about school to his mother; he feels too dreadful, perhaps, to talk of such things. He is certainly in a bad way. His sighs increase as the dreaded time approaches, and the physical symptoms of decay grow more and more manifest. But the greatest suffering he

endures mentally. Fifteen minutes to nine is the time he should start. It lacks but ten minutes of that time; and nothing has been said to him about getting ready. He wants to believe he is all right, because that is the prompting of hope, which is strong in the youthful breast; but yet he refuses to believe he is, because he fears the re-action of disappointment. Every time he hears his mother's voice, he is startled; and every time he detects her looking towards him, he feels his heart sink within him. It is a hard thing, indeed, to appear outwardly languid and listless and drooping, when inwardly one is a roaring furnace of agony; but he does it, and does it admirably. It now lacks five minutes of the quarter: still she says nothing. His nervousness is almost maddening. Four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute: still she makes no sign. Will his reason forsake him?

It is the quarter. Now he should start, according to custom. One would think he had every encouragement now; but he knows that, even at five minutes later, he can make school by hurrying. The agony of the suspense becomes exquisite. He trembles all over, and he cannot help it. His hair is moist with perspiration. It seems as if he would give up everything, and sink into the grave, if he could but know the result. How slowly the clock moves! It stares at him with exasperating stoniness. The ten minutes are reached: he breathes easier. Not a word has been said to him about school. His mother sees that he is too ill to go, and she sympathizes with him. Heaven bless her! Did ever a boy have such a good, noble mother as this? Visions of sunny fields, and shady woods, and running streams, unfold before him, stirring the very depths of his soul, and filling his eyes with tears of gladness.

"John!"

Like a great shock the beautiful pictures fall away, and he is shot from the pinnacle of hope into the abyss of despair. There is no mistaking the voice.

"Mercy sakes! here you are not ready for school! Come, start your boots."

"I—I don't feel well enough to go to school," he whines, hardly realizing the dreadful change that has come upon him with such blighting force and swiftness.

"I guess you ain't dying, quite," is the heartless reply; "and, if you ain't in school, you will be galloping over the neighbourhood. Hurry, I tell you."

"But it is almost nine o'clock, and I'll be late," he protests in desperation.

"Late?" she repeats, looking at the clock. "You've got plenty of time. *That clock is nearly a quarter of an hour fast.*"

Merciful heavens! He goes down before the terrific blow in a flash. *A quarter of an hour fast!* Bleeding at every pore of his heart, stunned by a shock which was as terrible as unexpected, he crawls inside of his jacket and under his hat, and starts on his way in a dazed manner that is pitiful to behold.—*From Danbury Newsman.*

THE BOOK OF THE NEW YEAR.

THE book of the new year is opened,
Its pages are spotless and new;
And so, as each leaflet is turning,
Dear children, beware what you do.

Let never a bad thought be cherished,
Keep the tongue from a whisper of guile,
And see that your faces are windows
Through which a sweet spirit shall smile.

And weave for your souls the fair garment
Of honour and beauty and truth,
Which will still with a glory enfold you
When faded the spell of your youth.

And now with the new book endeavour
To write its white pages with care;
Each day is a leaflet, remember,
That is written, then turned; so beware!

And if on the page you discover
At evening a blot or a scroll,
Kneel quickly and ask the dear Saviour
In mercy to cover it all.

So when the strange book shall be finished,
And clasped by the angel, so tight,
You may feel, though the work be imperfect,
You have earnestly tried for the right.

And think how the years are the stairway
On which you must climb to the skies;
And strive that your standing be higher
As each one away from you flies.

A GREYPORT LEGEND.

THEY ran through the streets of the
sea-port town;
They peered from the decks of the ships
that lay;
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.

"Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney, and
Tenterden!

Run for your shallops, gather your
men, [bay."
Scatter your boats in the lower

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with the children in happy play,
Parted its moorings, and drifted clear,—
Drifted clear beyond the reach or
call,—

Thirteen children they were in all,—
All drift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us
all!

She will not float till the turning tide!"
Said his wife, "My darling will hear MY
call

Whether in sea or heaven she bide."

And she lifted a quavering voice and
high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered
at her side.

The fog drove down on each labouring
crew, [shore:
Veiled each from each and the sky and
There was not a sound but the breath
they drew,
And they felt the breath of the downs,
fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray
stone,
But not from the lips that had
gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale,
That, when fogs are thick on the harbour
reef,

The mackerel fishers shorten sail;
For the signal they know will bring relief:
For the voices of children, still at play
In a phantom hulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters
never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page:
But still when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
We hear from the misty troubled
shore

The voice of the children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

STILL sits the school-house by the road
—a ragged beggar sunning:
Around it still the sumachs grow, and
blackberry vines are running.
Within, the master's desk is seen, deep
scarr'd by raps official;
The warping floor, the batter'd seats, the
jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall; its
door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
went storming out to playing!
It touch'd the tangled golden curls, and
brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delay'd when
all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy her
childish favour singled;
His cap pull'd low upon a face where
pride and shame were mingled.
Pushing with restless feet the snow to
right and left, he linger'd,
As restlessly her tiny hands the blue-
check'd apron finger'd.

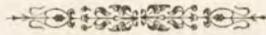
He saw her lift her eyes; he felt the soft
hands light caressing;
And heard the tremble of her voice, as if
a fault confessing.
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word: I hate
to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you."

Long years ago a winter sun shone over
it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes, and low
eaves' icy fretting.
Still memory to a gray-hair'd man that
sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave have
forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school how
few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss, like
her—because they love him.

A LITTLE boy stood by the window look-
ing out at the leafless trees in the winter.
Looking intently at the plum-trees in the
garden he asked, "Mamma, will the plums
hatch out again in the winter?"

BURNING THE CHAFF.



Rev. H. R. TRICKETT.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Min-gled to-gether, the wheat and the chaff, Wait-ing their doom in the day of His ire;

KEY B.

}	s ₁ : l ₁ , t ₁ d : m ₁ , r ₁ d ₁ : l ₁ , l ₁ s ₁ : — t ₁ : t ₁ , d r : d ₁ , t ₁ d : l ₁ , l ₁ s ₁ : —
	s ₁ : l ₁ , t ₁ d : m ₁ , r ₁ d ₁ : l ₁ , l ₁ s ₁ : — s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , f ₁ m ₁ : f ₁ , f ₁ m ₁ : —
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Soon will the Might-y One win-now His thresh-ing floor, Wheat for His gar-ner, the chaff for the fire.

}	s ₁ : l ₁ t ₁ d ₁ , t ₁ : d r : d ₁ r m ₁ , m : m d : t ₁ , l ₁ l ₁ , s ₁ : s ₁ , d d : t ₁ , t ₁ d : —
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CHORUS.

Burn-ing the chaff in the day of His wrath, Purg-ing the floor with His fan in His hand;

s₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | l₁ : l₁ ., l₁ | s₁ : — | t₁ : t₁ ., d₁ | r : d ., t₁ | d : d ., d₁ | t₁ : —
 m : m ., m₁ | m : m ., m₁ | f₁ : f₁ ., f₁ | m : — | s₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : f₁ ., f₁ | s₁ : —
 d : d ., d₁ | d : d ., d₁ | d : d ., d₁ | d : — | r : r ., m₁ | f : m ., r | m : r ., r | r : —
 d₁ : d₁ ., d₁ | d₁ : d₁ ., d₁ | f₁ : f₁ ., f₁ | d₁ : — | s₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | d₁ : r₁ ., r₁ | s₁ : —

Burn-ing the chaff with un-vench-a - ble fire, Who in that day will be a - ble to stand ?

m : m ., r | d : s₁ ., d | r : r ., m | d : — | d : t₁ ., l₁ | s₁ : d ., d | d : t₁ ., t₁ | d : —
 s₁ : s₁ ., f₁ | m : m₁ ., s | s₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | m : — | l₁ : s₁ ., f₁ | m : m ., m₁ | m : r₁ ., f₁ | m : —
 d : d ., s₁ | s₁ : d ., d | t₁ : t₁ ., t₁ | d : — | d : d ., d | d : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : —
 d₁ : d₁ ., d₁ | d₁ : d₁ ., m | s₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | d₁ : — | f₁ : f₁ ., f₁ | d₁ : d₁ ., d₁ | s₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | d₁ : —

2 Gath'ring the wheat for the garner of God,
 Robbing the victors in garments of light ;
 Never to sin again, never to sorrow more,
 Standing for ever approved in His sight.
 Burning the chaff, &c.

3 Only the wicked shall be as the chaff ;
 Now is the time when dear sinners shall turn ;
 Soon will they pass beyond mercy's redeeming power,
 And, found among the chaff, like chaff they must burn.
 Burning the chaff, &c.

WHAT WE MEAN TO DO.

BY W. H. SWINGLER.

*Characters—ADULT (Chairman of the Meeting), FIVE BOYS, FIVE GIRLS.**Dialogue—to be recited in unison.*

WERE a band of youthful pilgrims just starting out in life,
And don't expect to get through it without our share of strife;
But we've all made up our minds to do our very best,
And if we each succeed we know we shall be blest.
So now in turn we'll just narrate what we intend to do.

CHAIRMAN, to *First Girl*.

What would you do, my little maid, if we were to ask you?

FIRST GIRL.

I'm such a little wee thing, it's scarcely fair to ask,
But since you have desired me, sir, I'll not deny the task;

I'd go through all back streets and courts of this big, busy town,

And search out all the hungry poor, the careworn and castdown;

I'd feed and warmly clothe them all, console and comfort, too;

And if I'm only rich enough, that's what I mean to do.

FIRST BOY.

I'd go through our big thoroughfares on some wet, dismal night,

And gather all those wretched waifs that sorely grieve my sight;

I mean those ragged, starving ones, compelled to stay out late

To beg, or steal, or matches sell—I pity much their fate—

That brutal parents may get drink, and beat them black and blue;

I'd put them all to decent trades—that's what I mean to do.

SECOND GIRL.

I'd go through all the hospitals, and wretched hovels, too,

Where sickness is, or anywhere where duty called I'd go;

I'd whisper words of comfort, and soothe those racked with pain;

I'd minister to every need, and try with might and main

To calm the fever-heated brain and ease the aching brow;

As soon as I am old enough that's what I mean to do.

SECOND BOY.

I'd go to those in bondage held—the wretched slaves of drink—

And win them back to sober lives, whatever they might think;

I'd try to get the publicans to open coffee-halls,
And banish every trace of drink that has disgraced their walls;

I'd spend my life in helping all that strong drink has brought low

With shattered health and ruined homes—that's what I mean to do.

THIRD GIRL.

I'd go to those whose early life has all neglected been,

Whose squalid homes so plainly tell—the women folk I mean—

The want of method, tact, and skill in cooking or in dress;

I'd teach them how to make and mend, and make their muddle less,

To manage well, make both ends meet, and meet their husbands, too,

With smiling face instead of frowns—that's what I mean to do.

THIRD BOY.

I'd likewise to the sterner sex this safe advice apply:

If man and wife would happy be it is for both to try;

For happy homes can only come where men will take their share

Of joint responsibilities and ease their wives of care;

Remembering what is good for man is good for woman too;

To comfort give and care divide is what I mean to do.

FOURTH BOY.

I'd pull down all the fever dens, and in their place you'd see

I'd make wide, healthy streets, build schools, and make them free;

Would educate and not condemn, find honest men employ;

I'd make the lazy earn their bread—at least I could but try—

I'd purity in food enforce, have cleanly dwellings too;

If ever an M.P. I become, that's what I mean to do.

FOURTH GIRL.

And I would of the aged think—I may be old
some day;
I'd try to cheer their closing years and lighten up
the way.
Once they were young as I am now, their steps
were blithe and gay.
Their faces full as round as mine; they were not
always gray.
I've seen some thoughtless boys and girls delight
to cause them woe,
But I'll protect and shield the old—that's what I
mean to do.

FIFTH BOY.

I'd try the poor dumb brutes to save, that suffer
so much wrong,
And punish those who punish them, the weak
ones or the strong;
Their cruel tormentors I'd teach that if they can't
complain
It is because no speech have they to indicate
their pain;
Well feeding them, I'd make them strong, and
coax to make them go;
And every time I get the chance that's what I
mean to do.

FIFTH GIRL.

I'd try to make men Christians first, for then they
would be good;
The vicious would be virtuous, the hungry would
have food;
Dumb things would then be treated well, and
poverty would cease.
Each for another's good would seek, and strife
give place to peace;
There'd be no drunken people then, and men
would honest be;
The sick would also comfort find, no lazy should
we see.
Neglected homes there would be none, and women
make good wives;
Husbands their wives esteem and help, and love
attend their lives;
The old folks would be well cared for, so would
the young ones too;
To spend my life for Jesus' sake is what I mean
to do.

CHAIRMAN.

Good resolutions all can make, but if you would
succeed
'Tis God alone can give success—the very help
we need;
Then you should all determine true wisdom to
pursue,
And if you strive to do His will He'll help you so
to do.

PAT FLANAGAN'S LOGIC.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE.

SCENE: Court-room.

Attorney.

PATRICK Flanagan, stand up and plead guilty
or not guilty to the charge preferred against
you. What say you? Are you guilty or not
guilty?

Pat. I'm not guilty of half thim things you've
read to me, but I did have a bit of shmall row last
Saturday was a week.

A. And what did you do, Pat?

P. An' sure, I dunno just what I did, for, yees
see, I was stavin dhrunk on the manest whiskey
yer honour iver tasted.

Magistrate. But, Patrick, we never tasted it.

P. Sure, now, didn't ye, though? Well, thim,
ye might just once to know how it acts, and to
know the mischief yer doin' to honest men like
meself, unless ye take a dhrink now and thim just
to see how it makes a man behave himself.

M. Who gave you the liquor, Pat?

P. Well, I dunno his name, but I know I seed
a license hangin' over the door.

A. But what were you in there for, Pat?

P. Ye see, yer honour, I was wroughtin' for
the city in the strate just close by, an' I was
droughty, an' it was so handy loike I just went in
and took a drink that ortent to hove hurt a babby,
an' in ten seconds I was that crazy dhrunk as yer
honor niver'll know until ye *does* try it for yees
own self, just to see.

M. Well, what next?

P. Sure an' that's all I can remember until
next morning when I found meeself in the police
cell.

M. But you are charged with an aggravated
assault and battery on the landlord.

P. Well, now, yer honour, if I did that I only
give him back jist wot's in his own whiskey. An'
if yer honour hadn't granted license I wouldn't
'ave been dhrunk, 'an if I hadn't been dhrunk I
wouldn't have got into that foight, an' if I hadn't
got into that foight I wouldn't ha' been here this
mornin', yer honour. An' isn't that what the
edicated people calls *logic*, yer honour!—*Good
Times.*

REMEMBER THE WAIFS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

HOW many children who seldom are
glad,
Or merry, or joyful, but sorry and sad,
Scarce with the garments of decency clad!

Poor little waifs, with their innocent eyes
Looking about them as if in surprise,
Asking mute questions of beings more
wise.

Many a wretched and supperless boy
Wonders why others God's good things
enjoy—
Blessed home comforts, with naught to
annoy.

Why *he* must beg for the food that he eats,
Sleep in the cellars, live in the streets,
Byways and alleys, and squalid retreats.

Poor little lads, who will some time be men,
Hailing from hovel and comfortless den,
Soon to take part in the world, and—what
then?

Dear baby girls, without stocking or shoe,
Batling with cold, bitter winds, as they
do,
Sufferings many, and blessings so few.

Look to it, parents, for now is the time;
Winter is on us with frost and with rime;
Scatter your gifts 'gainst the sweet Easter
chime.

You who have children so carefully clad,
Happy and joyful, not sorry and sad,
Think of the poor homeless lassie and lad.

THE HELPER.

“**G**OD help me!” the young man
tremblingly said,
When he saw on the table the wine gleam
red.

“For two long years I have kept it at bay,
But all will be lost if I touch it to-day!
But what must I do with the birthday
toast?”

Must I slight the lady and grieve the
host?”

He cried to God, though his lips were not
stirred;

In the highest heaven that cry was heard.

'Mid the thronging guests was a maiden
there

Whose thoughts were true and whose
heart was fair.

But little she heard, in her sheltered life,
Of the curse of drink, with its terror and
strife.

That week the story first reached her ear,
Of its devastation so far and so near;

And she thought, “If drink to such
trouble has led,

I don't care about wine; I'll drink water
instead.”

And so at this feast she made water her
choice;

Ah! sweeter than music that girlish voice.
She led the way as the brave will do,
And five other girls drank water, too.

The young man watched with a beating
heart,

Till the host pressed him to take his part.
Then, “You will allow me, I know,” he
said,

“To follow the way which the ladies have
led.”

So God helped him, dear girls, to his
promise true;

God helped him that night through such
as you.

Is there any of you who this honour
would win,

To shelter some soul from destroying sin?
When the danger is near and the wine is
bright,

You may stand in the way like an angel
of light.

And by gentle deed or soft word of might,
God may help some one through you
to-night.

Agassiz says, “The pupil studies Nature
in the school-room, and when he goes out
of doors he cannot find her.”

“Fancy and humour,” says Dr. Watts,
“early and constantly indulged, may ex-
pect an old age overrun with follies.”

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 207.—March, 1887.]

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OLD MARTIN'S COFFEE-STALL.

OLD MARTIN'S COFFEE-STALL.



OLD Martin and his coffee-stall were a familiar sight to the men and boys who passed by Tavistock Place on their way to work in the early morning, and many of them were his regular customers. Not only was his coffee and buns good, but he himself was always cheerful, having a kind word and a pleasant smile for everybody. Some of those who patronized him had, once or twice, gone into a spirit-vault not far away for their coffee; but they found the announcement in the window "Coffee every morning from six o'clock to eight," was but a trap;

for when they got inside and asked for coffee, they were strongly recommended to try "just a drop" of rum with it, and, yielding, had been tempted to take not a drop only, but a few glasses, until work was neglected and money wasted. So having learned a better way, they were content to drink their coffee in the open air.

Old Martin's stall stood under a large tree, and the birds in its branches made the morning merry with their chirping. Some of them became so familiar with the old man, that they would fly down from the tree, and take bread from his fingers. This caused much amusement to the customers, who observed, with no small interest, how even the most timid of God's creatures may be won by kindness.

BILL AND JOE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With HON. and LL.D.
In big brave letters, fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've won the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray,—
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it
means,"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of Time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill,
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ab, pensive scholar, what is fame?
 A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
 A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust
 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
 A few swift years, and who can show
 Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
 Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
 While gaping thousands come and go,—
 How vain it seems, this empty show!
 Till all at once his pulses thrill;—
 'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
 The names that pleased our mortal ears;
 In some sweet lull of harp and song
 For earth-born spirits none too long,
 Just whispering of the world below
 Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
 No sounding name is half so dear;
 When fades at length our lingering day,
 Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
 Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

AUNT TABITHA.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHATEVER I do, and whatever I
 say,
 Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
 When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)
 Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.
 Dear aunt! If I only would take her
 advice!
 But I like my own way, and I find it so
 nice!
 And besides, I forget half the things I
 am told;
 But they all will come back to me—when
 I am old.
 If a youth passes by, it may happen, no
 doubt,
 He may chance to look in as I chance to
 look out;

She would never endure an impertinent
 stare,—

It is *horrid*, *she* says, and I mustn't sit there.
 A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I
 own,

But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
 So I take a lad's arm,—just for safety,
 you know,—

But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* didn't do
 so.

How wicked we are, and how good they
 were then!

They kept at arm's length those detestable
 men;

What an era of virtue she lived in!—But
 stay—

Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt
 Tabitha's day?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my
 papa

How he dared to propose to my darling
 mamma;

Was he like the rest of them? Goodness!
 Who knows?

And what shall *I* say if a wretch should
 propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
 What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must
 have been!

And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how
 shockingly sad

That we girls of to-day are so frightfully
 bad! [can;

A martyr will save us, and nothing else
 Let *me* perish—to rescue some wretched
 young man!

Though when to the altar a victim I go,
 Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me *she* never did so!

THE BOYS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HAS there any old fellow got mixed
 with the boys?

If there has, take him out, without mak-
 ing a noise!

Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
 Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!
 We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
 He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!—
 "Grey temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white*, if we please;
 Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!
 Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake! [flake;
 Look close,—you will not see a sign of a
 We want some new garlands for those we have shed,— [red!
 And these are white roses in place of the
 We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
 Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
 That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"— [fudge.
 It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all
 That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right; [to-night?
 "Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you
 That's our "Member of Parliament," we say when we chaff;
 There's the "Reverend" What's his name?
 —don't make me laugh.
 That boy with the grave mathematical look
 Made believe he had written a wonderful book, [true!
 And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was
 So they chose him right in; a good joke it was too!
 There's a boy,—we pretend,—with a three-decker brain, [chain;
 That could harness a team with a logical
 When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
 We called him "The Justice,"—but now he's "The Squire." [pith,—
 And there's a nice youngster of excellent
 Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,—

But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
 Just read on his medal,—"My country,—of thee!"
 You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun,—
 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
 The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
 And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!
 Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen,—
 And I sometimes have asked,—shall we ever be men?
 Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay, [away?
 Till the last dear companion drops smiling
 Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray! [May!
 The stars of its Winter, the dews of its
 And when we have done with our life-lasting toys, [Boys!
 Dear Father, take care of thy children, the

LITTLE LEAVEN LECTURES.

BY W. H. SAMPSON.

I.—THE LEAVEN OF STRONG DRINK.

I PURPOSE in these short lectures to bring before your notice the good and beneficial effects of some leaven, and to show the pernicious and evil results of others, and to point out the various influences which they exercise upon our daily life. This influencing idea is beautifully illustrated by Christ in the Parable of the Leaven, and also by the apostle Paul in the familiar text: "A little leaven envenometh the whole lump."

The first leaven, then, about which I am going to speak, is Strong Drink. I feel sure that all—young and old, rich and poor—have seen the baneful influence

which it exerts upon those who are its slaves. As most of you probably know, this craving for drink is a progressive one. It invariably begins by tasting, then sipping, taking half-a-glass, from one glass to two, from two to three, until at length a desire is created which cannot easily be quenched. When once the system has been thoroughly impregnated, its extermination is the hardest work possible; and, like barm in the flour, it does not cease to work until the whole is leavened.

Let us now glance at a few of the evils which the "touching, tasting, and handling" of this vice has upon its victims. It incites them to commit all kinds of inhuman and cruel acts—starve their children, pawn the clothes off their backs, sell all the furniture in the house (even to the bed upon which they sleep), neglect their work, rob their best friend, murder their wife or husband, put children on the fire to burn, and at the last persuades them to take away their own precious life. What other power works so much mischief as Strong Drink? If it is impossible for a man to put his finger into the fire without being burned, neither can he take intoxicating liquor into his body without its influence in some way or other being manifest. And in proportion as he violates this principle, just so will he commit the atrocities above mentioned. Let us, therefore, beware of the Leaven of Strong Drink; "for at the last it biteth like an adder, and stingeth like a serpent."

OUR FOE.

BY S. C.

A MIGHTY giant walks the land,
 And 'neath his heavy tread
 Fair flowers of love and liberty
 Lie withered, crushed, and dead.

O brothers! now arise, be strong,
 Quit you like men once more,
 And banish to his native place
 This tyrant from your door.

See where the gloomy prisons stand,
 With many a grated cell,
 Where man, God's noblest, latest work,
 Now brutalized must dwell.
 O brothers! will you not arise
 As one man in the fight,
 And bravely face this giant dread
 To battle for the right?

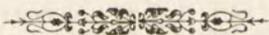
Women and children pine for bread
 In this our favoured isle,
 While men, alas! are wretched slaves
 In bondage grim and vile.
 How can these speak of freedom now,
 As our forefathers spoke,
 While they are slaves to alcohol,
 And bow beneath the yoke?

Go where the giant holds his court,
 And mark his company;
 Gaunt Famine, fell Disease, and Death
 Are his retainers three.
 And Murder gory at his side
 Laughs loud in drunken glee:
 Arise, arise, my brothers?
 Shake off his chains—be free!

Unfurl the banner of the Cross,
 Your battle-cry prolong,
 "For God and Freedom." Let the strain
 Echo our hills among,
 Till giant Alcohol so dread
 Is banished from our shore,
 And we will raise the glorious shout,
 We're free! we're free once more!

To the Band of Hope!
 Let the dull who mope,
 And the merry who cheerful stand,
 Their influence give—
 That it long may live
 For the good of our native land.

DOES THE ANCHOR HOLD?



W. H. DOANE.

Does the an - chor hold, my broth - er? Is Strong Drink be - neath thy feet? Dost thou

KEY
A b

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ask thy God to be - friend thee now, As temp - ta - tions round thee beat?

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

REFRAIN.

O the sky is brighter, brighter grow - ing, And my heart with joy o'er - flow - ing; Yes, the

{	m ,f s : s s ,m:r ,d d : - l : l , ,l s ₁ : d t : d m : - r : m ,f
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an - chor holds, and I am trust - ing, It will hold for ev - er - more.

{	s : s s ,m : m ,r d : - f̂ : m ,r d : - d m : r d : - - -
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2 Does the anchor hold, my brother?

Is it holding to the rock?

When the foolish sneer and the envious jeer,

Will it bravely stand the shock?

O the sky is brighter, &c.

3 Does the anchor hold, my brother?

What a victory will be thine?

Thou hast fought the fight, thou hast kept the pledge,

By the help of grace divine!

O the sky is brighter, &c.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR BOYS. BY A. W., O.

Characters.....ALBERT, JOHN, PETER, AND EDWARD.

ALBERT.

WHAT is the book you're reading, John, and what's it all about? You look so very studious, there's good in it, no doubt. I'd like to know its contents, and my friends around, I'm sure, Would wish to hear what it contains, if it's instructive lore.

JOHN.

Why, as to that, I know not whether this will suit your mind; Although there's stories true and good, and learning, too, I find. The writer travels sea and land, and many sights he sees, Then pens the scenes. His narratives both interest and please. I'm fond of true adventures, and of travels o'er the globe, For into nature's mysteries I often try to probe. And here's such thrilling scenes set down, I oft wish I were there; I long to see them, ah! far more than you can be aware.

PETER.

What is the last adventure, John, which you have read about? Then whether it's of interest, we'll put beyond a doubt.

JOHN.

The writer's on the broad expanse of ocean— waves so grand! Above him only bright blue sky, full many a league from land. The vessel which he travels in careers upon its way, Rocked in the cradle of the deep, subject to no man's sway. The lazy sailors say that safety only lies before, And lounge away their time upon the deck or cabin floor; When suddenly a cry is heard—a startling, thrilling cry— A cry which heard on board ship means, "To work or else to die!" The sailors leaped upon their feet, and mustered on the deck; "Quick to your posts!" the captain said, "or we shall be a wreck!

Look yonder! there's a gulf beyond, a grave made for the dead! Be up and working, all of you, and do your best!" he said. Ah! he was right; the whirlpool lay upon their larboard side, And round and round the circle did this poor doomed vessel ride. [watery grave, No efforts made by human hands avert that No thrilling shouts or cries from them this nearing doom can save! Around, around, with quickening speed she nears the yawning gulf, Which waiteth for its certain prey as waits the hungry wolf! No matter though the vessel's throes and throbs are beating hard, Full sooner should the captain and his crew have been on guard! Down on their knees these human mites in humble reverence bow, And those who never prayed before are at His footstool now! Death is at hand, and on that ship each trembling sinner waits For entrance to eternity through everlasting gates! Still, on the ship like lightning flew, a long, loud shriek arose! Then in a moment more the swirling, angry billows close, And where was once a noble ship—yes, human souls as well— There's now a blank, and not a man remains the tale to tell! Yet still the pool is eddying, and the circles whirl around; They tempt the vessel nearer, no, nor reck they where it's bound! They seethe and roar, and lash their angry torrents into foam, Where many a reckless ship has found a long eternal home!

EDWARD.

Ah! I have heard of that fell spot—the Maelstrom it is named; Over the wide, wide world, I know, 'tis for its powers famed. But I see *meaning* in this tale; yes, you will say that I Have not averred such was the case without a "reason why."

We're members all of Temperance bands, and I
would have you see
That in this whirlpool story may another meaning
be.

PETER.

And what may that be, Edward? for as John has
had his say,
I think it's only fair that you should also have
your way.

Pray, then, expound your riddle, and we'll listen
with attention
To all and everything, my friend, which you may
have to mention.

ALBERT.

I think I see what Edward means; but as he has
the tongue
To tell you glibly what he means, and I am only
young,
I'll leave the matter in his hands.

EDWARD.

The whirlpool means, I think,
That every man who drinks stands on the near and
treacherous brink
Of ruin in the present world and ruin in the next!
And this to every drunkard we should always
make our text:
He first takes but a single glass and safety calls
his drop;
So sails he round the dangerous ring, and finds he
cannot stop!
The habit grows, the ring is less, and onward still
he goes;
His health succumbs, and ruin, too, is standing
very close. [cups;
His family are in the ship, and still he takes his
And still he hiccoughs, shouts, and roars, and
still he takes his sups!
He heeds not that, beyond his speers, a gulf is
yawning wide; [his side.
He heeds not that a weeping wife is standing by
Unlike the ship, *he might draw out*; but no, he
risks his fate,
Until he finds he can't retreat—until it is too late!
He cares not, though his children now all ragged
are and poor;
He cares not, though gaunt poverty is waiting at
his door!
He cares not, though his wife, whom he has sworn
that he'll protect,
Is shivering with biting cold, her happiness all
wrecked!
Not he, my friends! the circle soon will close; not
all the sail
Which he can crowd upon the ship, you'll find,
will now prevail.

PETER.

I see there's far more meaning than I thought in
what's been said;
I'm glad into this channel, John, our conversation
led!
And as we've many here to-night, let's ask them
all to come
And sign the glorious Temperance pledge, then
take it to their home.

ALBERT.

Hear! hear! say I, and all of us; pray God that it
be so!
The evils which accrue through drink there's none
of us can know.
Pray, forward come, give in your names, and join
us heart and hand!
Be members now and ever of our noble Temperance
band!

MOTHER'S WAY.

GFT within our little cottage as the
shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly one
sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together, and in hushed
and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness for the
wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom at
the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer, "It
was once our mother's way!"
If our home be bright and cheery, if it
hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting to the
many, not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty with the
needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember this was
ever mother's way.
Sometimes, when our hands grow weary
or our tasks seem very long;
When our burdens look too heavy, and
we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new fresh courage, as we
rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely, this was
our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious, while
we never cease to pray
That at last, when lengthening shadows
mark the evening of the day,
They may find us waiting calmly to go
home our mother's way!

OLD RACHEL'S STORY.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

STRAIT from the north the wind
was fiercely blowing

When some one rattled at old Rachel's
door,
And cried, "Quick, let me in! Oh, how
it's snowing!

The cold night wind has chilled me to
the core.

They want a watcher for poor Gran'ther
Roe,
And do you think, good Rachel, you can
go?"

No answer came. The snow fell fast and
faster;

Surprised the messenger went on his
way.

"Perhaps," he said, "perhaps I may have
passed her,
Most likely she's been nursing all the
day."

But no one that day in the little town
Had seen the figure in the shabby gown

All knew so well. And when at evening
meeting

Her place was vacant, people said, "'Tis
queer;

For twenty years, Rachel, like Parson
Weiting,

Has not failed, when the bell rings to
be here."

And service o'er, they all by one consent,
Through storm and night, to Rachel's
cottage went.

"Rachel, Rachel, we are your friends and
neighbours; night?"

We want to know if you are well to
They shouted till an echo came in quavers,

"Friends and neighbours—well, to-
night—well, to-night." [door,
Frightened at last, the people forced the
And stepped in softly on the sanded floor.

Upon her bed they found old Rachel lying
Quite dead. She seemed in quite a
dreamless sleep. [dying?"

"What now will do the poor, the sick, and
The women cried, and straight began
to weep; [fill."

"The good old soul—her place we cannot
The men stood talking gravely, as men
will.

"'Twas sad she died alone; she should
have married; [ago."

She was good-looking—many years
But they who for the burial duties tarried
Found clasped upon her bosom cold as
snow,

An old-time picture set in gleaming pearls,
A strong young face, hung round with
chestnut curls.

"Faithful for ever," was written on the
gold; [but left

And they with reverence touched it not,
It 'neath the white grave linen in her fin-
gers old, quite bereft

And whispered as they worked, "Not
Was Rachel. It was strange she never
said—

'I had a lover once, and he is dead!'"

Though there was no one in the little
hamlet [did not know

She had not helped and cheered, who
The tall slim figure, dressed in faded
camlet, [to go;

That hand in hand with sorrow seemed
There was not one who guessed how true
and brave

A heart old Rachel carried to the grave.

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COMING PLEASURES.

COMING PLEASURES.



NOW the cold winds of March are gone we shall soon have the warm sunshine and the gentle showers of April, and the woods will become redolent with the scent of fresh foliage and beautiful with spring flowers. The primrose, the anemone, the hyacinth, the violet and the daffodil will deck with their sweet and varied colours hill and dale, and the lilac and laburnum will hang in rich clusters to gladden the eye of every lover of nature.

With what joy we hail the return of spring! What pleasures are anticipated when once more we can feast our eyes on the earth clothed with her garment of beauty, decked with floral gems, fresh and sweet and pure from God's own hand. While we write we can almost scent the breath of flowers and we seem to breathe

the soft air; we can hear the voice of the cuckoo and the chirp, chirping of the birds as they merrily flutter about, busily engaged building their snug little nests ready to receive the dainty eggs which they will ere long lay. We can almost fancy ourselves rolling, and tumbling, and laughing, and shouting in the ecstasy of our delight! And sweet spring is the harbinger of hill-climbing and brook-wading, and merry times at the sea-shore!

We wish all our readers could participate in the delightful enjoyments we have mentioned; but alas, many rarely get beyond the smoke and noise of the busy city and the large town. How pleasant if occasionally mother and children could spend a day as the mother and children in our illustration are doing! We hope wherever this is possible they will avail themselves of the opportunity; for nothing so educates eye and ear and heart as frequent intercourse with nature, seen in her first fresh spring beauty.

DEATH-DOOMED.

BY WILL CARLETON.

THEY'RE taking me to the gallows,
 mother—they mean to hang me high;
 They're going to gather round me there,
 and watch me till I die;
 All earthly joy has vanished now, and
 gone each mortal hope—
 They'll draw a cap across my eyes, and
 round my neck a rope;
 The crazy mob will shout and groan—
 the priest will read a prayer,
 The drop will fall beneath my feet and
 leave me in the air.

They think I murdered Allen Bayne; for
 so the judge has said,
 And they'll hang me to the gallows,
 mother—hang me till I'm dead!

The grass that grows in yonder meadow,
 the lambs that skip and play,
 The pebbled brook behind the orchard,
 that laughs upon its way,
 The flowers that bloom in the dear old
 garden, the birds that sing and fly,
 Are clear and pure of human blood—and,
 mother, so am I!
 By father's grave on yonder hill—his
 name without a stain—

I ne'er had malice in my heart, or murdered Allen Bayne!
But twelve good men have found me guilty, for so the judge has said,
And they'll hang me to the gallows,
mother—hang me till I'm dead!

The air is fresh and bracing, mother; the sun shines bright and high;
It is a pleasant day to live—a gloomy one to die!

It is a bright and glorious day the joys of earth to grasp—

It is a sad and wretched one to strangle, choke, and gasp!

But let them damp my lofty spirit, or cow me if they can!

They send me like a rogue to death—I'll meet it like a man;

For I never murdered Allen Bayne! but so the judge has said,

And they'll hang me to the gallows,
mother—hang me till I'm dead!

Poor little sister 'Bell will weep, and kiss me as I lie;

But kiss her twice and thrice for me, and tell her not to cry;

Tell her to weave a bright, gay garland, and crown me as of yore,

Then plant a lily upon my grave, and think of me no more.

And tell that maiden whose love I sought, that I was faithful yet;

But I must lie in a felon's grave, and she had best forget.

My memory is stained for ever; for so the judge has said,

And they'll hang me to the gallows,
mother—hang me till I'm dead!

Lay me not down by my father's side; for once, I mind, he said

No child that stained his spotless name should share his mortal bed.

Old friends would look beyond his grave, to my dishonoured one,
And hide the virtues of the sire behind the recreant son.

And I can fancy, if there my corse its fettered limbs should lay,

His frowning skull and crumbling bones would shrink from me away;

But I swear to God I'm innocent, and never blood have shed!

And they'll hang me to the gallows,
mother—hang me till I'm dead!

Lay me in my coffin, mother, as you've sometimes seen me rest:

One of my arms beneath my head, the other on my breast.

Place my Bible upon my heart—nay, mother, do not weep—

And kiss me as in happier days you kissed me when asleep.

And for the rest—for form or rite—but little do I reckon;

But cover up that cursed stain—the *black mark on my neck!*

And pray to God for His great mercy on my devoted head;

For they'll hang me to the gallows,
mother—hang me till I'm dead!

But hark! I hear a mighty murmur among the jostling crowd!

A cry!—a shout!—a roar of voices!—it echoes long and loud!

There dashes a horseman with foaming steed and tightly-gathered rein!

He sits erect!—he waves his hand!—good Heaven! 'tis Allen Bayne!

The lost is found, the dead alive, my safety is achieved!

For he waves his hand again, and shouts, "The prisoner is reprieved!"

Now, mother, praise the God you love, and raise your drooping head;

For the murderous gallows, black and grim, is cheated of its dead!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SOMEWHAT back from the village
street

Stands the old-fashioned country seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall

An ancient timepiece says to all,
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!

With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber-door—

"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—

"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased—

"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming
strayed;

O precious hours! O golden prime,
An affluence of love and time!
Even as a miner counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told—

"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair—

"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply—

"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Never here, for ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear—
For ever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly—

"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

I WANT TO FLY.

DURING the last war there were a number of French officers in an inland town on their parole of honour. Now, one gentleman was tired with the usual routine of eating, drinking, gambling smoking, &c., and therefore, in order to amuse himself otherwise, resolved to go a fishing. His host supplied him with a rod and line, but being in want of artificial flies, he went in search of a fishing tackle maker's shop. Having found one, kept by a plain, painstaking John Bull, our French-

man entered, and with a bow, a cringe, and a shrug of the shoulders, thus began:—

"Ah, Monsieur, Anglaise, comment vous portez vous?"

"Eh, that's French," exclaimed the shopkeeper, "not that I understand it, but I'm very well, if that's what you mean."

"Bon, bon, ver good; den, sare, I sall tell you, I vant deux fly."

"I dare say you do, Mounseer," replied the Englishman, "and so do a great many more of your outlandish gentry; but I'm a true born Briton, and can never consent to assist the enemies of my country to leave it—particularly when they cost us so much to bring them here."

"Ah, Monsieur, you no comprehend; I sall repeate, I vant deux fly, on de top of de vater."

"Oh! what, you want to fly by water, do you? then I'm sure I can't assist you, for we are, at least, a hundred miles from the sea-coast, and our canal is not navigable above ten or twelve miles from here."

"Sare, you are un stup of de block. I sall tell you once seven times over again—I vant deux fly on de top of de vater, to dingle dangle at de end of de long pole."

"Aye, aye! you only fly, Mounseer, by land or water, and if they catch you, I'm mistaken if they won't dingle dangle you, as you call it, at the end of a long pole."

"Vat you mean by dat? You are un bandit jack of de ass, Johnny de Bull. Ba, ba, you are affronte, and I disgrace me to parley vid you. I tell you, sare, dat I vant deux fly on de top of de vater, to dingle dangle at de end of de long pole, to la trap poisson."

"What's that you say, you French Mounseer—you'll lay a trap to poison me and all my family, because I won't assist you to escape? Why, the like was never heard. Here, Betty, go for the constable."

The constable soon arrived, who happened to be as ignorant as the shopkeeper, and of course it was not to be expected that a constable should be a scholar. Thus the man of office began:—

"What's all this? Betty has been telling me that'll lay here outlandish Frenchman is going to poison you and all your family? Aye, aye, I should like to catch him at it, that's all. Come, come to prison, you delinquent."

"No, sare, I sall not go to de prison, take me before de—what you call it—de ting that nibble de grass?"

"Oh, you mean the cow."

"No, sare, not de cow; you stup Johnny de

bœuf—I mean de cheval, vat you ride. [*Imitating.*] Come, sare, gee up. Ah, ah."

"Oh, now I know; you mean a horse."

"No, sare, I mean de horse's wife."

"What, the mare?"

"Oui, bon, yes sare, take me to the mayor."

This request was complied with, and the French officer stood before the English magistrate, who by chance happened to be better informed than his neighbours, and thus explained to the satisfaction of all parties:

"You have mistaken the intention of this honest gentleman; he did not want to fly the country, but to go a fishing, and for that purpose went to your shop to purchase two flies, by way of bait, or, as he expressed it, to la trap la poisson. Poisson, in French, is fish."

"Why, aye," replied the shopkeeper, "that may be true—you are a scholar, and so you know better than I. Poisson, in French, may be very good fish, but give me good old English roast beef."

ANONYMOUS.

RECITATION FOR SMALL BOY.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

To the audience in front.

YOU think I do not dare to talk
Because I am so little.
But every boy must learn to walk
Before he learns to whittle.

To the audience at the right.

When little Henry Clay was young
He was afraid and bashful;
But when he learned to use his tongue
He used it very rashful.

To the audience at the left.

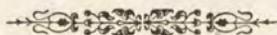
When Daniel Webster first began
He could not speak a letter;
But when he grew to be a man
He did a good deal better.

To the teacher or chairman on platform.

So every boy should do his best,
No matter where he stands, sir;
And now I think I'll take a rest,
And let you clap your hands, sir.

—*The Inter-Ocean.*

KEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.



C. H. MEAD.

WILL. S. HAYS.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

SOLO.



For truth and right, we take our stand, Keep in the mid-dle of the road; For
KEY E. m | s .s : s .s | l l : s || m .s, s : s, m .r, m | d : .m

CHORUS.

SOLO.



God, and Home, and Na - tive Land, Keep in the mid-dle of the road. The
s .s : s .s | l l : s || m .s, s : s, m .r, m | d .s



right shall win, if God be true, Then stand, ye men, and dare and do, Your
d' .d' : d' .s | l .d' : s .s | d' .d' : s .s | l .t : d' .s

CHORUS.



vows to Him a - gain re - new, Keep in the mid-dle of the road.
d' .d' : s .s | l .s : m || m .m, m : m, r, d, t, | l,

CHORUS.



Then, children, keep in the mid-dle of the road, Then, children, keep in the middle of the road, Don't you



{	s:	d .m : m .m, r	m .s .s, l : s .m	f .l : l .l, s	l, l, l, l : l .s, s
	s:	s, .d : d .d, d	d, m .m, m : m .d	d .f : f .f, f	f, f, f, f : f .m, m
	s	m .s : s .s, s	s, d' .d', d' : d' .s	l .d' : d' .d', d'	d' .d' .d', d' : d' .d', d'
	s	d .d : d .d, d	d, d .d, d : d, d	f, f, f : f, f, f,	f, f, f, f, f : f, d, d

turn to the right, don't you turn to the left, But keep in the middle of the road.

{	d' .d' ,t : d' .s ,s l .l ,s : m .l s .m ,d : r .r .r ,m d :
	m .m ,m : m .m ,m f .f ,m : d .d m .d ,d : t ₁ ,t ₁ .t ₁ ,t ₁ d :
	s .s ,s : s .s ,s d' .d' ,d' : s .d' d .s ,s : f ,f .f ,f m :
	d .d ,d : d .d ,d d .d ,d : d .f ₁ s ₁ ,s ₁ ,s ₁ : s ₁ ,s ₁ .s ₁ ,s ₁ d :

- 2 Come all ye men who love the right,
 Keep in the middle of the road ;
 Come aid us in this glorious fight,
 Keep in the middle of the road.
 We'll hurl the rum-king from the throne,
 Then God the Lord shall have His own,
 And liberty to all make known,
 Keep in the middle of the road.
 Then, children, keep, &c.
- 3 We've tried to pray the traffic out,
 Keep in the middle of the road ;
 But votes will put the fiend to rout,
 Keep in the middle of the road.
 Let prayers go up, while votes go down,
 In spite of scoff, or sneer, or frown,
 For all right efforts God will crown,
 Keep in the middle of the road.
 Then, children, keep, &c.
- 4 Our cause is right, and shall prevail,
 Keep in the middle of the road ;
 With God there is no such word as fail,
 Keep in the middle of the road.
 We fight against the hosts of sin,
 'Gainst foes without, and foes within,
 But in the end we're bound to win,
 Keep in the middle of the road.
 Then, children, keep, &c.

THE CONFLICT.

BY GEORGE BARTLETT.

Characters.....TEMPERANCE and INTEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE.

WE here have met, O deadly foe!
Our power and might to freely show;
Call up with all your might and main
Each trembling victim of your train,
And I its opposite will bring
To settle which of us is king.

[Poverty appears at left.]

INTEMPERANCE.

Approach, dread Poverty. Behold
This squalid mortal, poor and old!
I brought him to this dreadful pass
With my enticing, tempting glass.

[A girl enters, right, in a rich dress.]

TEMPERANCE.

See, smiling Wealth, the happy daughter
Of calm Content; cool, crystal water
Has made her healthy, strong, and brave
To earn, accumulate, and save.

[A boy in a black cloak crouches in at the left.]

INTEMPERANCE.

Look on the face of grim Despair,
Which like a tiger crouches there.
I dragged him from all earthly joy,
And made him eager to destroy.

[Girl dressed in white, bearing lilies, enters at right, and waves her lilies.]

TEMPERANCE.

See the calm brow of gentle Peace,
Who bids all angry passions cease,
And whispers to the strongest will
In gentle accents: "Peace be still."

[A scold enters, left.]

INTEMPERANCE.

A lady fair you now behold
Transformed into an angry scold,
Who turns her home into a den
More fit for animals than men.

[Lady in grey dress, with basket, enters at the right.]

TEMPERANCE.

Sweet Charity I call to mind.
Tender and loving, true and kind,
Who for the needy and the poor
Brings quick relief and comfort sure.

[Boy, holding wine-glass, enters, left.]

INTEMPERANCE.

The moderate drinker next appears,
Who little knows and little fears

The doom that many overtakes
Unless they turn from fashion's gates.

[Boy, with glass of water, enters, right.]

TEMPERANCE.

This happy youth has learned to shun
Temptations of the evil one;
He looks not on the ruby wine
When fascinations in it shine.

[Folly, a pretty girl, with bright dress adorned with little bells and flowers, enters, left.]

INTEMPERANCE.

Behold the smiling face of Folly,
Who makes all men and women jolly,
And by her fascinating sway
Soon steals their senses all away.

[Wisdom, in white dress, holds book in left hand and points up with right. She enters, right.]

TEMPERANCE.

Wisdom will live when Folly dies;
She points the way to brighter skies;
And all who follow in her lead
Will find that they are blessed indeed.

[Tall figure in black, with veiled face and clenched hands, enters, left.]

INTEMPERANCE.

I summon next black Unbelief,
Of every solemn thought the thief,
Who owns no power but sin and shame,
And mocks at every holy name.

[Girl in white, bearing tall cross]

TEMPERANCE.

Behold pure Faith's majestic mien,
The evidence of things unseen,
Whose power is mighty to control,
And from all evil save the soul.

[Intemperance and his victims kneel.]

INTEMPERANCE.

I own thy power; oh! teach me how
To follow thee and take thy vow,
To lead my dreadful victims in
To thy pure ranks, secure from sin.

[Enters a girl in white with a scroll.]

TEMPERANCE.

This is the way—the pledge will save
Your friends from a dishonoured grave.
Enroll with her each tarnished name;
She'll raise it to success and fame.

She offers it to each kneeling figure, who signs and rises; the rags of poverty and other marks of the drinking habit are thrown off, and all stand in a semi-circle mingling with the figures on right. TEMPERANCE and INTEMPERANCE at the upper end meet, pledge between them.

[All say or sing:]

Saved by the pledge, we all agree
To live in peace and harmony;
To keep the right, the wrong defy,
And from all tempting sin to fly.

KING ALCOHOL is represented in a regal robe, his crown surmounted by significant bottles. The QUEEN of TEMPERANCE, arrayed in white, is brilliantly crowned.

After the final pledge all retire in regular and graceful order. The KING, QUEEN, and girl with scroll step forward till all leave, when they follow. Each of the leaders summons each character to appear with a wave of a wand over the head.

WHAT'S THE HARM?

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR BOYS.

CHARACTERS—John, Harry, Will, and Jim.

BY ELIZABETH T. LARKIN.

JOHN.

NOW, what's the harm in bitters?
I'd like to have you tell;
I really think, friend Harry,
You'll soon be quite a swell.

HARRY.

A swell? No, not at all, sir;
That's what comes of the drink.
He swells the most who liquors;
That's what I chance to think.

WILL.

Well, tell us what's the trouble;
My folks take bitters so.
There's Vegetine, and Richardson's,
And forty more, I know.

Out in our shed there's bottles,
Why, ninety-nine, or more;
There's quite enough, I'm very sure,
To fill a druggist's store.

HARRY.

And did you ever know, sir,
What is the chiefest thing
They put in those same bitters,
Whose praise so many sing?

WILL.

Why, no; some sort of good stuff,
That keeps the bitters sweet,
And sometimes tips a fellow's head
So he scarce can keep his feet.
Yes, there is "Stoughton's 'lixior;"
I heard my mother say
It flew right straight up to her head,
I think 'twas yesterday.

HARRY.

Aha! my boy, 'tis alcohol;
That's what that "tipping" meant.
Take it to some good chemist;
He'll tell you what per cent.

There's many a man and woman
Got drunk on this same stuff;
If they can't get their glass of grog,
Bitters are good enough.

JIM.

Yes, boys, that's so, I tell you,
For only t'other day
Our washerwoman got drunk all through—
Our honest Betty Gray!

Drunk on plantation bitters!
My father found her so;
And when you come on such a fact,
Why, *that's* a thing, you know.

HARRY.

Now, boys, keep your eyes open,
And see what you will see;
Give all these bitters a wide birth,
If temperance boys you'd be.

THERE'S A LINING OF SILVER TO EVERY CLOUD.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

THERE'S a lining of silver to every
cloud—

There's a bright hour in every day;
No matter how darkly the shadow may fall,
There's a sunny side of the way!

There's a lining of silver to every cloud,
There's summer in every year;
And what tho' it rain for a week and a day,
There's a time when the sky is clear.

There's a lining of silver to every cloud,
There's a day, too, for every night;

And, take the year round, for the time
that's dark,
We've an equal amount of light.

There's a lining of silver to every cloud,
There's a pleasure for every care;
Though Fortune wear never a frown so
dark,
There's a time when her smiles are fair.

There's a lining of silver to every cloud,
There's an end to the darkest hour;
And the rainbow of Hope, with its brilliant
sheen,
Accompanies many a shower.

There's a lining of silver to every cloud,
There's a calm for each rushing wave;
There's a glorious prospect in life to come,
There's a world beyond the grave!

LITTLE LEAVEN LECTURES.

BY W. H. SAMPSON.

II.—THE LEAVEN OF INFLUENCE.

OUR influence in the world is continually being exercised in one of two ways—either for good or evil. There is no middle channel, no neutral ground, no standing still; we must either be gathering or scattering. "He that is not with me," said Christ, "is against me." This principle is at work in every sphere of life. Personal influence may be a powerful lever for good, or it may be the means of doing positive harm; and, therefore, it behoves us to be careful how it is exercised. The fact that we possess this remarkable and extraordinary power cannot be denied. It is given by God to each individual, whether small or tall, significant or insignificant, talented or untalented, and it remains for us to say what use shall be made of it. Let us, therefore, put it to the best use possible. On the Temperance question, for instance, which do you think

is likely to have the most influence with the drunkard—the total abstainer or the moderate drinker? Why, the total abstainer, of course. He knows by experience which is likely to be of the most benefit to him in the hour of temptation. If a young man or young woman would only say, when tempted, "I am a teetotaler," in nine cases out of ten, it would end there; but if, on the other hand, they say "they take a drop occasionally, but don't wish now to have anything to drink," they will in all probability yield to the further pressure, and may perhaps fall never to rise again! We must not lose sight of the fact that the drunkard has an influence as well as the abstainer. One is for good, the other for evil. What a contrast! You cannot get "grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles," and so it is a moral impossibility for a drunkard to exercise a good influence.

Let us for a moment consider the influence which Bands of Hope and Temperance societies have in this country. The best way to realize this is to imagine, if you can, the momentary extinction of all these associations, and at once you have a dark, dismal, and undesirable dwelling-place in which to live. How awful to contemplate—King Alcohol, supreme ruler and governor of this kingdom! When the Temperance movement first began it was like a grain of sand upon the sea-shore; but it is now used as a mighty weapon against one of the worst evils with which a country can be afflicted. We hope that eventually it will leaven all nations, and thus help them to become sober, industrious, and prosperous peoples. Let our influence, then, be such that we may "adorn the doctrine of God in all things."

"O may our lips and lives express
The Temperance cause that we profess;
That men may see its virtues shine,
And own its precepts all divine."

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 209.—May, 1887.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



ROBBING THE BIRDS.

ROBBING THE BIRDS.



BOYS don't often do cruel deeds because they are cruel by nature; more often it is for want of a little thought, and sometimes because of sheer ignorance of the wrong they are committing. Here is Willie Jones kneeling down on the soft grass in a wood, with his hat before him, in which lie a nest and four or five bird's eggs. Willie has no intention of committing wrong, or of giving pain by taking the bird's-nest from the tree. The eggs are beautifully spotted, and Willie is anxious to show them to his brothers and sisters and one or two of his friends. He went, a few days ago, to a museum and saw hundreds of eggs of all sizes and all colours arranged in cases; and now he has found some eggs, he has an idea of making a large collection and arranging them after the manner of those in the museum. But while looking at the eggs and admiring their colour and form, he is suddenly startled by a noise just over head, and looking up he sees two birds flapping their wings, and crying in a piteous manner. They are the owners of the eggs and of the nest which Willie has placed in his hat. As Willie looks at the birds he feels afraid, for not only does

their cry give him the impression they are suffering, but that they are very angry.

A cruel boy would have driven the birds away and run off with the nest and eggs; but Willie was *not* a cruel boy, and he at once did what he could to repair the mischief he had done. He took the nest and placed it as well as he knew how in the exact place in the tree he had taken it from.

Having done this, he stood a distance away to see if the owners would again take possession of their home. He saw the birds hopping on the branches of the tree, apparently astonished to see the nest and eggs in their old place again. They began to chatter in a pleasanter and more joyful tone, and at length one of them ventured to enter the nest and sit down in peace. It did Willie's heart good to hear the other bird "pipe out" in its exuberant joy, standing on a branch just over the nest.

Willie was far happier walking home without the nest than if he had taken it. And it taught him a lesson too. He had discovered that birds love their home and their precious treasures, and that they can be made to suffer by wantonly robbing them. He determined never again to interfere with a bird's nest; and if there were eggs in the nest he would be contented merely to look at them. Let Willie's resolve be the resolve of every boy-reader of the *Band of Hope Treasury*.

WHAT WILL YOU DRINK ?

BY J. D. PECK.

WHAT will you have to drink ?
Now stop, my lad, and think.
The sparkling ruby wine
You surely will decline.

The champagne's dazzling glass
I beg you always pass.
Cider, old or new,
Is not the drink for you.

Gin and brandy you'll refuse;
Whiskey boys should never use.

Porter, ale, and beer
 Are foes that you should fear.
 Drink at the wayside pool
 The water pure and cool;
 'Twill bring you peace and health,
 And these alone are wealth.

LITTLE SHOE REFORMERS.

SOME months ago, I need not mention where,
 There was a meeting in a temperance hall,
 And many workmen assembled there;
 Among them sat a man well dressed and tall,
 Who listened anxiously to every word,
 Until one spoke to him, saying thus:
 "Come, William Turner, I have never heard
 How that you changed so much; so tell to us
 Why you gave up the public-house? Ah! few,
 I'm sure, can tell so strange a tale as you?"
 Up rose William at the summons,
 Glanced confusedly round the hall,
 Cried with voice of deep emotion:
 "The little shoes—they did it all!
 "One night, on the verge of ruin,
 As I hurried from the tap,
 I beheld the landlord's baby
 Sitting in its mother's lap.
 'Look here, dear father,' said the mother,
 Holding forth the little feet,
 'Look, we've got new shoes for darling!
 Don't you think them nice and neat?'
 You may judge the thing was simple—
 Disbelieve me, if you choose—
 But, my friends, no fist e'er struck me
 Such a blow as those small shoes.
 And they forced my brain to reason—
 'What right,' said I, standing there,
 'Have I to clothe another's children,
 And to let my own go bare?'

It was in the depth of winter;
 Bitter was the night and wild;
 And outside the flaring gin-shop
 Stood my starving wife and child.
 Out I went and clutched my baby,
 Saw its feet so cold and blue;
 Fathers! if the small shoes smote me,
 What did those poor bare feet do?
 Quick I thrust them in my bosom,
 Oh! they were so icy chill!
 And their coldness like a dagger
 Pierced me. I can feel it still.
 Of money I had but a trifle,
 Just enough to serve my stead;
 It bought shoes for little baby
 And a single loaf of bread.
 That loaf served us all the Sunday,
 And I went to work next day.
 Since that time I've been teetotal:
 That is all I've got to say."
 —*The Youth's Temperance Banner.*

OUR HEROES.

BY EBEN E. WEXFORD.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has
 courage
 To do what he knows to be right.
 When he falls in the way of temptation
 He has a hard battle to fight.
 Who strives against self and his comrades
 Will find a most powerful foe;
 All honour to him if he conquers,
 A cheer for the boy who says "No!"
 There's many a battle fought daily
 The world knows nothing about;
 There's many a brave little soldier
 Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
 And he who fights single-handed
 Is more of a hero, I say,
 Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
 And conquers arms in the fray.
 Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted
 To do what you know is not right;
 Stand firm by the colours of manhood,
 And you will o'ercome in the fight.

"The right!" be your battle-cry ever
 In waging the warfare of life;
 And God, who knows who are the heroes,
 Will give you the strength for the strife.

AT LAST.

BY WHITTIER.

WHEN on my day of life the night is
 falling;
 And in the winds from unsunned spaces
 blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
 My feet to paths unknown,

Thou, who hast made my home of life so
 pleasant,

Leave not its tenant when its walls decay,
 O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
 Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drift-
 ing,

Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of
 shade and shine,

And kindly faces to mine own uplifting
 The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
 Be with me then to comfort and uphold;

No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I
 merit;

Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
 And both forgiven through Thy abound-
 ing grace—

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
 Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many man-
 sions,

Some sheltering shade where sin and
 striving cease,

And flows for ever through heaven's green
 expansions,

The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me
 stealing,

I fain would learn the new and holy song,
 And find, at last, beneath Thy tree of heal-
 ing,

The life for which I long.

LITTLE LEAVEN LECTURES.

BY W. H. SAMPSON.

III.—THE LEAVEN OF EVIL COMPANIONS.

YOUNG people cannot be too careful
 or too discriminative in the choice of
 their companions. Through the neglect
 of this necessary precaution, thousands of
 young men and women have been hope-
 lessly ruined for life. The admonition of
 Solomon—"He that walketh with wise
 men shall be wise, but a companion of
 fools shall be destroyed"—is as applicable
 at the present time as when first uttered
 by him. An indiscretion committed in
 youth has not unfrequently been the regret
 of a whole lifetime. Many a drunkard
 curses the day when first he came home
 intoxicated, as the following instance will
 show:—

A young man, whom I knew well, on
 one occasion, while in the company of
 ungodly companions, conceived the foolish
 notion that for once at any rate he would
 get "fairly settled" with strong drink,
 just to "feel the sensation of being drunk,
 and for the fun of the thing." He did do
 so; and, after his first debauch, his whole
 life and character completely changed, and
 he sank lower and lower, until it became
 quite a rarity to see him sober. It was the
 worst day's work he ever did. When once
 the downward course has been entered,
 and the desire for alcoholic liquors has
 been thoroughly awakened, it is the
 hardest work possible for such to retrace
 their steps.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear boys and girls—the former especially—justify their association with sinful companions with the excuse that “they know how far to go, and where to draw the line.” But experience proves the contrary. They are too self-reliant and too confident. Temptation does not come to us when we are strong, and able to resist it, but when off our guard, and least expect it. If we associate with the careless and the indifferent, “despisers of those that are good,” “lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God,” mockers and sneerers at teetotallers, we shall become like them, and shall eventually take part in their evil and wicked deeds. “Birds of a feather flock together,” and “you can tell a man by the company he keeps,” are proverbs well worthy of attention and application.

Let us, then, be very cautious in the selection of our friends. We can either choose those who “sit in the seat of the scornful,” and those who “stand in the way of sinners,” or those who love to be brought up in the fear and love of God. Which of the two roads are you going to choose—the broad way of intemperance, frivolity, and sin; or the narrow way of Temperance, righteousness, and love? We ought to cease spending precious time in frivolous things and with evil companions, and to devote the talents which God has given us to some useful work in His vineyard, so that in our life we may realize that “Religious ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” Let me conclude in the words of a well-known verse of Tennyson’s on “True nobility”—

“Howe’er it be, it seems to me,
 ’Tis only noble to be good;
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.”

GOING! GOING! GONE!

GOING! going! gone! Is this an auction here,
 Where nobody bids, and nobody buys,
 and there is no auctioneer?
 No hammer, no crowd, no noise, no push
 of women and men—
 And yet the chance that is passing now
 will never come back again!

Going! going! gone! Here is a morn
 of June—
 Dew, and fragrance, and colour, and light,
 and a million sounds a-tune.
 Oh, look! oh, listen! Be wise, and take
 this wonderful thing—
 A jewel such as you will not find in the
 treasury of a king!

Going! going! gone! What is next on
 the list?
 An afternoon of purple and gold, fair as
 an amethyst,
 And large enough to hold all good things
 under the sun.
 Bid it in now, and crowd it full with
 lessons, and work, and fun!

Going! going! gone! Here is a year to
 be had!
 A whole magnificent year held out to every
 lass and lad!
 Days, and weeks, and months, joys, and
 labours and pains!
 Take it, spend it, buy with it, lend it, and
 presently count your gains.

Going! going! gone! The largest lot
 comes last;
 Here, with its infinite unknown wealth, is
 offered a life-time vast!
 Out of it may be wrought the deeds of
 hero or of sage—
 Come bid! come bid! lest a brave, bright
 youth fade out to a useless age!

—St. Nicholas.

FORWARD! YE WORKERS.



ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Forward! ye working sol-di-ers all of to-day; Forward! un-til the hosts of dark-ness give way;

KEY G.

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

Earn-est-ly strive for truth and the right; Je-sus has pledged to you the arm of His might.

{	f : f , , m r : r , m , f	m : m , , r d :	s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ l ₁ . t ₁ : d . r	m : r , , d d :
	r : r , , d t ₁ : t ₁ , d , r	d : t ₁ , , t ₁ d :	m ₁ : m ₁ , , m ₁ f ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ , l ₁ ,	s ₁ : f ₁ , , m ₁ m ₁ :
	s : s , , s s : s	s : s , , f m :	d : d , , d d . r : d . d	d' : t ₁ , , d' d' :
	s ₁ : s ₁ , , s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁	d : s ₁ , , s ₁ d :	d : d , , d f ₁ . f ₁ : m ₁ , f ₁ ,	s ₁ : s ₁ , , d d :

CHORUS.

For-ward, ye work - ers of Temp'rance and sing ! Forward ! till all the air with triumph shall ring ;

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

Fol-low your Cap-tain where He leads the way, And He will crown you with vic - t'ry to - day.

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

2 Forward, ye brave ones! neither falter nor yield ;
 Plant ye the banner of the cross on the field ;
 Jesus is leading and you shall win
 Glorious vic'try over error and sin.
 Forward, ye workers, &c.

3 Long is the conflict, and the struggle severe,
 Yet, valiant comrades, be of good heart and cheer ;
 He shall crown who faithful endures ;
 Jesus is mighty, and the vic'try assures.
 Forward, ye workers, &c.

THE FLEECE INN;
Or, Fillpot, the Poor-law Guardian.

A DIALOGUE FOR THIRTEEN.

By JOSEPH COOPER, Author of 'Clench the Nails.'

Characters: Mr. Fillpot; Miss Fillpot; Four slatternly Women; Four Tap-room Topers; Policeman; Chairman and Clerk to Board of Guardians.

(Three voices.) AIR—"Dame Durden."

WD Fillpot kept the "Golden Fleece,"
Or those he fleeced kept him;
They cackled like a flock of geese,
When th' jug was full to th' brim.

CHORUS.

There was Sam, and Tom, and Jack, and Jim,
Likewise Owd Bawsen Bill,
Who every night, took great delight
In drinking Fillpot's swill.
They found the money! Bung stored the honey!
Dick chaffed Billy! All were silly!
And Spunger told a tale:
Thus every grade were paupers made,
Through drinking Fillpot's ale.
Owd Fillpot kept a *servin'* maid
To ogle at young men,
She was a sly and crafty jade,
With lovers nine or ten.—Chorus.
Owd Fillpot now may shut his shop,
He's little malt to brew;
Men will not drink a single drop,
Now they have donned the *Blue*.

CHORUS.

There is Sam, and Tom, and Jack, and Jim,
Likewise Owd Bawsen Bill,
Who every night, took great delight
In drinking Fillpot's swill;
NOW save their money! HIVE their own
honey!
Dick and Billy are not so silly!
To hearken Spunger's tale!
But every grade are better made,
By shunning Fillpot's ale.

PART I.

Miss Fillpot. Father, I wish you would give up selling intoxicating liquors and commence a more respectable business.

Mr. Fillpot. Tush, love, tush! I don't know any other trade by which we could finger the shiners with so little labour; and I must have the cash to pay for mother's outings to the sea coast and other fashionable resorts, my dog and gun, Johnny's education at the boarding school, and your music and dancing master.

Miss F. But, father, the trade is now looked upon as a low, grovelling, loathsome, odious, and (by thinking people) an infamous traffic. A person said in my hearing the other day that, all who made a living out of the blood and tears of grief-bowed widows and famished orphans, had sunk far below the standard of men; they were merely animated pauper-manufacturing machines.

Mr. F. My darling, you seem to forget that we are licensed by law to sell what these fanatics call deadly drink! I am proud to say that I hold a license, granted by the most honourable august assembly in the world, and bearing the impress and image of the Empress of India and Briton's honoured Queen. Besides, I console myself with another fact: the "Fleece Inn" is as respectable a house as most of the glittering hotels which are patronised by the most gorgeous swells in the Lushington parish; but the "Fleece Inn" is so heavily handicapped. We have (at a great cost) to get up pigeon shooting, almanac shows, dog races, clog dancing, &c., while Jim Bung, Tom Heavyside, and Dan Blodger, sit on cushioned seats in rich clubs. Sick, burial, amalgamated, Masonic, and other societies, too numerous to mention, where the members "tip" their noses on the Saturday night, make zigzags going home, drop asleep over their prayers, and yet join in singing psalms on the Sunday. We know that many of those sly soakers turn up their toes and wink out before their time! Sometimes very suddenly; but they generally leave one or two sons to fill up the gap. The old proverb is very true—"Fresh fools are born every day, and we must devise traps to catch more of them." Cheer up, love, we must have the cash.

Miss F. But, father, a great many people, when passing by our house, turn up their nose as though the "Fleece Inn" was an infectious lazaretto.

Mr. F. I am aware that the "Fleece Inn" has, for some time, been ostracized, and pointed at with the finger of scorn; but I will show those long-faced, Sunday-closing hypocrites, bigoted fanatical teetotallers and meddlesome good templars, that the "Fleece Inn" is a respectable—nay more, a most honourable house.

Miss F. How, father, how?

Mr. F. You may rely upon my word, that is if you will studiously help me to play my little game.

Miss F. Trust me, father; trust me!

Mr. F. In a few weeks there will be an election for gentlemen to serve on the Board of Guardians, and very few tradesmen are sufficiently rated to qualify them for that important duty. And best of all is this; by the "composition act" the

owners of cottage property pay the poor rates; so that any loafers or lazy spongers who never think of paying either rent or rates—yes, scamps that I would not trust a gill of fours—can vote for a Poor-Law Guardian. Now, love, I want you to be very affable and free, very accommodating for the next few weeks, when Betty Slattern, Sally Lovedrop, Jinny Popall, and Molly Starvechild, call for their “toothwarmers.” Be sure to give them a “Rousing Springer,” and a wheedling whisper. Many of your father’s friends talk of nominating him as a fit and proper person to represent the interests of the ratepayers on the Board of Guardians. And Mr. Fillpot vows, if he is elected he will make a thorough, radical, sweeping reform at the Boardroom. He will reduce the fat bloated official salaries, and give the money to the utterly destitute widows and orphans.

Miss F. Well, father, I will do all I can to influence our customers to vote for you; I will give them kind words, sweet smiles, and good measure!

Mr. F. That will do nicely. (*Exit F.*)

(*Enter four slatternly women*)

Miss F. Good morning, ladies! have you seen the nomination papers? Father is putting up for guardian, so come and drink his health.

Betty Slattern. Hurrah for Mr. Fillpot, hurrah!

Sally Lovedrop. Ahr Jack shall vote for Mr. Fillpot.

Ginne Popall. I’ll try to persuade ahr Tum to vote Fillpot.

Molly Starvechild. I’ll make my chap vote for Fillpot, hurrah.

(*Scene: Four loafers in the taproom.*)

No. 1. Fillpot ul get in.

No. 2. Ah, an’ we shall get in (workhouse).

No. 3. I shall plump for Fillpot.

No. 4. Thy wife ul mack thee; I know who wears th’ breeches.

No. 3. I’ll fettle th’ breeches wi’ me clogs!

No. 4. Come on, lad, an’ I’ll crush toothery of them nose-berries.

(*A Row.*)

Mr. Fillpot. Fetch th’ police, fetch th’ police.

(*A policeman walks in at the same time as a toper runs with the Election returns.*)

STATE OF POLL.

Jones, Manufacturer	715
Fillpot, Innkeeper	710
Goodman, Grocer.....	514
Scattergood, Draper.....	501
Fitman, Baker	307

Policeman. After reading the figures, ejaculates, “All right, I must close both ears and one eye when I walk by the ‘Fleece ‘um’; Mr. Fillpot’s a Guardian.” (*Slips out at the back door, wiping his mouth.*)

Toper No. 1. Au told yo Fillpot ud get in.

Toper No. 2. And I told you we should get in (workhouse.)

Mr. F. This lot’s no brass; clear out, clear out.

PART II.

(*Scene: Boardroom, Clerk, Chairman, &c.*)

Clerk. Shall I read the result of the Election? *Chairman.* If you please.

Clerk. “Lushington Union.—I do hereby certify that the election of Guardians of the Poor for the several parishes in the Lushington Union has been conducted in conformity with the order of the Local Government Board, and that the Schedule hereunder written is true:

Jones, Manufacturer	715
Fillpot, Innkeeper	710
Goodman, Grocer.....	514
Scattergood, Draper.....	501
Fitman, Baker	307

“I declare the first three names duly elected as Guardians for the Parish of Degradation in the Lushington Union.

JONATHAN HEEDLESS,

Given under my hand, Returning Officer.

This 1st day of April, 1801.”

Relieving Officer to Chairman. Shall I call the names?

Chairman. Yes. (*Enter Betty Slattern.*) Well, Betty, what is your business?

Betty. Gentlemen, I am come to ask you for relief. My husband is out of work, and our children have not bitten bread for two days, only toothery cold potatoes that one of our neighbours gave them.

Chairman. Where is your husband that he does not apply himself?

Betty. He’s gone in search of a job.

Chairman. I understand your husband worked at the railway: how did he lose his work?

Betty. He got rather too much drink at the “Blue Dog,” an’ it made him poorly, and when he went they’d ‘shopt’ his place. (*Enter Biddy Drabble.*)

Chairman. What is your wish Mrs. Drabble?

Biddy. I am wanting you to give me a little help.

Chairman. Where’s your husband; he must come himself.

Biddy. My husband, after spending all his wage on drink, is gone on tramp and left me and

the childer without a crust of bread, an' I have not a spark o' fire i'th grate.

Chairman. You and your children must come to the 'house, and the officer will take out a warrant for your husband.

Mrs. Mournful. Sir, my husband, after several days' hard drinking, had become so bewildered that he got up in the night and tumbled down the stairs. I shrieked and wakened one of our neighbours, who ran for a doctor. When the doctor came, he pronounced him dead! His neck was broke with the fall. I come to ask you to give me a coffin and burial expenses.

Chairman. I understand your husband was in a club—was he not?

Mrs. Mournful. He was in a club, but had run out of benefit. (*Sensation.*)

Chairman. Well, *Mrs. Mournful*, the Guardians will give you a coffin and allow you and your children seven shillings per week, and you must try to get a little with washing and cleaning.

SHUN THE WINE-CUP.

NEVER touch the wine-cup,
Though it moves aright;

There is in it hidden

An adder that will bite.

Fearful wrecks are caused

By the use of wine;

Shun the accursed beverage,

Obeys the law Divine.

Never touch the wine-cup;

List! the dreadful groans

Of the ruined thousands

Mingle with the moans

Of the dead and dying

Slain by fatal wine.

Then beware the wine-cup,

Fatal, ruby wine.

To the Editor of the Band of Hope Treasury.

SIR,—The Ladies' Committee for the Presentation of a Memorial to the Queen from the Women of England, calling Her Majesty's attention to the evil effects arising from the Sunday traffic in intoxicating drink, has asked us to give public expression to our approval of their important work. With this request we gladly comply.

We are convinced that no measure, bearing on social reform, now before the country, meets with such general approval as that for Sunday Closing.

The Churches are unanimous in their desire for its enactment. Working men, wherever they have had the opportunity of expressing their opinion, have by overwhelming majorities given it their hearty support. Large numbers of publicans have expressed their wish that it should be granted. And the women of England, by petitions which rank among the most numerous signed ever presented to Parliament, have besought our Legislators to give them the protection of such a Measure.

Her Majesty is not being asked by the memorialists to overstep the bounds which she always so carefully observes in legislative matters. And we cannot doubt that a loyal address to the Queen of England from the women of England, on a subject so largely affecting the happiness of their homes, would secure the expression of Hergracious sympathy with them in their efforts to provide a remedy for the evil of which they complain.

It remains for our sisters to carry their plan to a successful issue.

We believe that the Sunday traffic in intoxicating drinks blights thousands of homes, obstructs the progress of true religion, and inflicts terrible injury upon the people of our great country. We further believe that the good effects of its suppression have been abundantly shown in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and that no sufficient reason can be given for excluding England from a share in the advantages which they enjoy.

With such convictions we cannot but heartily rejoice in the Women's Memorial. Our sisters, powerless to stem the tide of evil which threatens or desolates so many English homes, do well to carry their sorrows to their Queen. And to us it seems peculiarly fitting that the Jubilee year should be selected as the year for the women's endeavour to secure the priceless boon of Sunday Closing throughout the land.

We pray that full success may crown their efforts, and we earnestly invite the prompt and energetic co-operation of all who sympathize with our views from Berwick to the Land's End.

We are, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES GARRETT, formerly President of the Wesleyan Conference.

JOHN W. BARDSLEY, M.A., Archdeacon of Liverpool.

JAMES NUGENT, Founder and President of the Catholic League of the Cross.

R. H. LUNDIE, M.A., formerly Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England.

Liverpool, March 18th, 1887.

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 210.—June, 1887.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



ON THE CLIFFS.

ON THE CLIFFS.

HOW delightful!" May and Harry Benson both exclaimed, as they crept up to the very edge of the grand old cliffs, and beheld the lovely sea stretching out to the horizon, and felt the cool breeze fanning their cheeks. It was indeed delightful. No sound broke the stillness save the flapping of the sea-gulls' wings and the dipping oars of boaters far below. All was calm, and quiet, and beautiful. May sat gazing into the distance and wondering what was beyond; Harry lay among the grass and flowers, his head resting on his hand, and his thoughts intent on what he had read about the wonders of the sea. And thus they continued for hours, receiving impressions which would never be erased from their minds in the long after-years when the cares of life, and other scenes and incidents, crowded upon them.

Oh, how fresh and pure are the first impressions that come to the child-mind! Who does not remember when everything

wore a rosy hue; when the fairy Imagination had presented us with a pair of spectacles, through which we gazed and beheld nothing but beauty! But as we grew older, Experience replaced the spectacles which Imagination had put on our eyes by another pair made by a sober grey-beard, called Matter-of-Fact, and then we found out that "life is real, life is earnest," and that everything is not what it seems in childhood. Pity it is that as the child grows to the man he should ever have to know what sin and misery the world contains; what pride and selfishness creep into the human heart! But such is the fact. May all our young readers be saved from falling into the gross sinfulness which blights and ruins so many who in childhood looked forth into the future with such bright and glowing hopes! It is only sin that can overshadow and dim the human soul. The world is beautiful, and life is worth living, if we live to purpose, and commit our ways to God.

THE CHAMPION JUMPER.

THERE was a man in Hoppertown,
 Who used to jump so high,
 He kept a cushion on his head
 Lest he should hit the sky.
 But still on jumping he was bent,
 And one day jumped so far
 He missed the path to Mother Earth,
 And landed on a star.
 Then, after resting him a bit,
 He said, "'Tis very plain,
 The more I jump, the more I may,
 So I will try again."
 He spied the "Goat," and with a bound
 He lighted on his back;

Harnessed the "Dragon" to the "Plough,"
 Pursued the "Lion's" track.

On "Pegasus" he swiftly rode;
 On "Aquila" he flew;
 The "Ram" he captured by the horns,
 Bestrode old "Taurus" too.

Like grasshoppers' his legs became;
 His strength no limit knew;
 I think each star he'll visit yet
 That shines in upper blue.

And now, dear little girls and boys,
 If you will use your eyes,
 And do not go to bed too soon,
 You'll see him in the skies.

For on these pleasant autumn nights,
 What we call shooting-stars,
 Are but the leaps this man doth make
 Who jumped from Earth to Mars.
 —*New York Examiner.*

LITTLE LEAVEN LECTURES.

BY W. H. SAMPSON.

IV.—THE LEAVEN OF VULGAR SWEARING.

IT may seem presumptuous to address Band of Hope children on such a subject as swearing. That they, above all others, should abstain from this great evil, as well as from the use of strong drink, will be generally admitted. Vulgar swearing, when once acquired, is very hard to discontinue. "Swear not at all," says St. James. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Remember that all the words we utter are recorded in heaven. Words reveal the state of our hearts. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

If you look at the face of a watch, you will notice that the fingers as a rule indicate the condition of the works inside. If the fingers point to the wrong time, or don't move, you will naturally come to the conclusion that the works are out of order, and need repairing. Now it is the same with a drunken man. He is like a watch out of order. His curses and blasphemy reveal the possession of a devil, the demon strong drink; and his profanity is the outward sign of an inward state. Hear a profane, drunken man when he is angry; his rage boils over in curses. He swears by his head, by his life, by heaven, by the church, by God who created him, and by the Saviour who redeemed him.

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
 For want of decency is want of sense."

I have heard men say that they curse

and swear without thinking. If so, it is only a fearful illustration of the power of habit! Many young people think that by indulging in this mean, vulgar, indecent, and ungentlemanly talk, it gives them an air of manliness and superiority over their companions. Swearing, like leaven, begins in a very simple way. We begin to use slang terms, by which it is assumed that swearing is avoided, but which often are but the utterances of a heart that curses in thought and fears to express it. Break the habit if you have acquired it; conquer it you can, if you will only try. It will be a severe struggle; but if you ask God to help you, He will readily accede to your request.

John Gough relates a story about a young man who was guilty of this very bad habit. "I well remember," he says, "in a shop where I worked, profanity was so frightfully rampant that an agreement was made that sixpence should be paid as a fine for every oath. One young man, a notorious swearer, was fined several times, once for saying with an oath that he would not be fined again. One day he met with a provoking accident at his work, and the ready oath sprang to his lips. The men stopped their work to watch him. He set his teeth, he stamped his feet, his face grew red, the veins in his forehead swelled, he clenched his fists, he seemed choking, and at last he called out, 'Constampampus! There! I didn't swear, did I? I feel better.' It was his first struggle against the habit, and it seemed easier for him, after that, to refrain."

We need each one of us often to pray, as David did: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

"Take not His name, who made thy month, in vain;
 It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
 Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain;
 But the cheap swearer, through his open sluice
 Lets his soul ran for nought."

WHOSE?

BY M. E. SERVOS.

WHEN the drunkards who reel in our
streets to-day

Shall lie down in their last long sleep,
And be borne from the gutters and laid
away,

Till their harvest of sin they reap,
There'll be others to fill up the broken
ranks,

And talk of their "freedom and "right,"
And be wrecked on the only dangerous
"bar "

When we put up no signal light.

There'll be other sad homes, where the
mother-heart

Is endowed with a bitter shame,
And the father will long from his life to
part

To escape from a tarnished name.
There'll be homes where the toil-worn but
faithful wife

Shall watch thro' the wearisome night,
And where the children list for their
father's step,

But to flee from his face in fright.

There'll be palaces, too, where the demon's
wiles

Will entangle the heir's young feet;
And the lady of fashion shall hide with
smiles

Her crushed heart in its winding-sheet.
Oh! how can we but turn to the nearer
thought,

'Mid home-walls ringing with glee;
Who shall give this Moloch his victims?
Whose

Shall these blights of the future be?

Lift your wee baby boy, with his curly
head,

And look down in his eyes and think,
Shall he ever "be hung by the neck till
dead "

For a murder inspired by drink?

'Tis a horrible question, yet better far
To ask you it now, ere too late;
For each drunkard's childhood was pure
and sweet

Ere the tempter had set his bait.

If by precept, example, or vote we fail
To combat with the evil now,

What in years of our anguish can then
avail,

When our loved ones have sunk in the
slough?

O ye fathers and mothers of little ones!

Awake, for the foe is at hand;

You, in saving others, may save your own
From the curse of our stricken land.

 MR. COBLEIGH LOOKS AFTER
THE BREAD.

MRS. Cobleigh had to run over to a
neighbour's to see about pickling
some green tomatoes. She had a loaf of
bread in the oven; and she told Cobleigh
to take care of it. Mr. Cobleigh was
home with a boil on his knee. She said,
"It won't be any trouble to you. In about
fifteen minutes, it will be done at this end;
and then you turn it around so that the
other can bake. I'll be back in time to
take it out."

Then she threw a shawl over her head,
and started. About five minutes after she
was gone, one of the neighbours came in
to show Mr. Cobleigh a double-barrelled
gun which he had just bought. After
Mr. Cobleigh had carefully examined it,
and held it up, and aimed at imaginary
game with it, he was forcibly reminded of
a gun which his father owned when Cob-
leigh was a boy, and when the family
were living at Sandersville. There was
a number of astonishing incidents con-
nected with this remarkable fowling-piece,
which Cobleigh proceeded to relate in a
vivid and captivating manner. Suddenly

the neighbour snuffed up his nose, and hastily observed,—

"I say, what's the matter here? Anything afire?"

Cobleigh glanced at the stove, and then at the clock, while his face became pallid.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated, "my wife told me to look at that bread in fifteen minutes, and she's been gone over a half-hour. That's what's burning." And Cobleigh, with an expression of genuine distress, essayed to rise; but the neighbour promptly came to his relief.

"Let me tend to it; you can't get round easily," he said.

He opened the oven-door, and a puff of smoke came out.

"It's a goner, I'm afraid," he said, dropping on his knees.

It appeared to be so. Two-thirds of the loaf was as black as the ace of spades, and there were little flakes of live-coal scattered over its surface. With that impulsive, trusting nature peculiar to a man, the sympathetic neighbour thrust his hand into the oven, and laid hold of that blazing baking tin without the faintest hesitation. Then he drew out his hand, with the awfulest howl ever heard on that street, and—

Poor Mr. Cobleigh! In his anxiety for the bread, and sympathy for his wife, he had approached to the rear of his friend, and was looking over his shoulder at the ruin, when the astonished arm was swung back; and the owner thereof instantly lost sight of his own misery in the terrific yell which ascended just behind him. The arm struck an obstacle, and the unfortunate Mr. Cobleigh rolled over on the floor, screaming with all his might,—

"You've busted it! O heavens! you've busted it!"

It was an anguish no mortal words could allay. The neighbour saw this at a glance; so he picked up his gun, and

silently scudded home. A moment later, Mrs. Cobleigh came in; and the instant she opened the door, Mr. Cobleigh ceased his moans, scrambled to his feet, and stalked majestically to their bedroom, where he locked the door, and put the bureau against it. Three minutes later, Mrs. Cobleigh knocked at the door for admittance; but, of course, it was not opened.

Then she put her mouth to the keyhole and shouted,—

"I wouldn't make a fool of myself, if I was you, John Cobleigh. *It is a great pity I can't be gone out of the house A SINGLE MINUTE, but that the whole place has got to be turned upside down, and things go to ruin.*" She actually said that.

WORK ON.

BY UNCLE UNDERWOOD.

WE have a work—let us do it,
Nobly and bravely and well;
We have a path—let's pursue it;
We have a story to tell.
Hands must be evermore toiling,
Feet must be walking along,
Hearts with devotion all burning,
Lips must be singing a song.
We have a work—let us do it,
Earnestly, faithfully, true;
Faithful ones never will rue it,
Faithless ones ever shall rue,
Workers behold the walls rising,
Towers and bulwarks so grand;
Idlers look on all despising,
Thinking it never will stand.

But when the Master comes, searching,
Measuring up all the work done,
Sternly He'll glance with a scathing
Contempt on the idle one.

"Well done, ye good and ye faithful!"
Will be the workers' award;

"Depart from my presence, ye careless!"
To the idle will be the dread word.

54.—Hail, Happy Morning

P. B. Bliss.

G. F. Root.

Hail, hap-py morn - ing, hail, hap-py day, Call - ing from earth - ly

KEY
A flat.

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

la - bours a - way; Sweet words of wis - dom, glad songs of joy,

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

CHORUS.

Now be our blest em - ploy. Sing once more the hap-py, hap-py song,

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

While the gold - en mo - ments roll a - long, "Come to the tem - ple,

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

come, come a - way, Hal - low the Sab - bath Day."

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

2 Emblem of heaven, sweet day of rest,
 In thy remembrance may we be blest;
 So may our songs and lives ever say,
 "Hallow the Sabbath day."

3 Rest from our labours, rest from our cares,
 Rest in our praises, rest in our prayers,
 So the commandment would we obey,
 "Hallow the Sabbath day."

SAILORS' YARNS.

A TEMPERANCE DIALOGUE FOR THREE YOUTHS.

BY A. W., O.

Characters—John, Harry, and Peter.

John.

WELL, and here I am, safe aboard the good ship *Home* at last. There's no place like it!

Harry. I'm glad you think so, brother; you ought to know, since you've been all over the world.

J. That I have. Like Captain Cook, I have circumnavigated the globe, and if I haven't discovered another country, it an't for the want of looking for't. Christopher Columbus wouldn't have been such a great man if there hadn't a-been 'Meriky left for him to stumble across!

Peter. And you have had some miraculous adventures in your time, I dare say, Jack?

J. You may say that same, as the Irishman observes. I shall never forget that occurrence in the Arctic Seas.

P. Well, let us hear all about it, for we have wondered many a time, when in bed, in the cold winter nights, as to what you were doing. Tell us your adventure, do.

J. Very good! Here goes (*crosses his legs, hitches up his trousers, and makes ready for a long yarn*). Our good ship *Hope* sailed from Greenock upon a whaling expedition in the month of Aug., 1863. Well, we got to Behring's Strait, our fishing ground, and precious cold it was, I can tell you. We'd taken five fish when we prepared to return, but a contrary wind drove us further north; this took place during the night of the 31st of October. In the morning we found ourselves surrounded by eight gigantic icebergs!

H. Ah! I've heard of such things, and read about them. Aren't they large masses of ice, as big as mountains?

P. And floating on the water, but with as much ice under water as there is above?

J. Both right! Well, things looked fearful for us. In less than two hours the bergs moved closer and closer, threatening to embrace us with a deadly hug. The ice-saws were got ready, and we did our best to cut a passage out. But the flocs were too quick for us, and the ship got nipped and squeezed out of the water, and was left upon a solid block of ice about two hundred feet thick!

H. There was nothing for it then but to resign yourselves to your fate, I dare say?

J. Yes. Many of my messmates made up their minds that they were never more to see Old Eng-

land; but I kept up my spirits as well as I could. We had no visitors except three polar bears and a seal or two, who came to look at us every day. We were three weeks there, and the cold was terrific. Three of the strongest men died from frost-bites. Rum or gin was served out every morning.

H. But surely you did not participate in them, John, for you are, like us, or rather you were a teetotaler?

J. Don't be in a hurry, Harry; we shall come to that by and by. The cold was so intense that boiling water brought upon deck would freeze in three minutes; whilst even the whale-oil froze over to the depth of one inch. The morning of Nov. 29 was a terrible one! George Gray, whom you knew, drank half a gill of raw rum—nothing else; he said it would keep out the cold. In three hours he was a corpse, and we buried him in the snow. The doctor said he had hastened his own death with the spirits. But the captain and the sailors laughed at him.

P. What did you say and do, Jack?

J. I drank only hot tea and coffee; and I assure you that I and the doctor felt the cold far less than the rum-drinkers, for we could keep the deck when they dared not show face at all.

P. So much for the people who say that spirits produce warmth!

J. The doctor said it might do so for the time being, but the reaction left them worse than before. Four others succumbed to the cold. But on the 8th of December our distress signal was seen by an American whaler, the crew of which, in conjunction with our own, got the vessel free. We found it uninjured; and after borrowing some provisions from our friends, and giving three hearty cheers for the Stars and Stripes, we got under weigh again, and here we are!

H. Thank God for that! You shall go with me to one of our temperance meetings some evening and tell them of your experience.

J. It is a true one, anyhow; and the idea that strong drink produces continuous warmth, or that it does any good whatever, is foolish in the extreme.

P. So we think, do we not ladies and gentlemen? Let those who think so hold up their hands. That's right; don't be ashamed of your colours; they'll wash and be serviceable, as we've proved by the "Sailor's Yarn!" Haven't we, Jack?

J. (*hitching up his trousers.*) Aye! aye! my hearty. But heave to with that jaw-tackle of yours, and come to an anchor at once!

[EXIT.]

ONE WAS TAKEN—ONE WAS
LEFT.

TWO harvesters walked through the rows of corn Down to the ripe wheat-fields one morn. Both were fair, in the flush of youth, With hearts of courage and eyes of truth. Fair and young, with the priceless wealth Of strength and beauty and glowing health.

Loud and clear rose their mellow song On the morning air as they strode along, And the reaper clashed on its yellow track, And the song of the driver answered back To the harvesters, as they bound the wheat That sheaf by sheaf lay at their feet.

High rose the sun on the golden plain, And the binders rested by the grain. And, sitting there 'neath a friendly shade, Each quenched the thirst that his labour made;

But one drank from the water-mug,
The other from the whiskey-jug.

Back to their task went the binders twain,
Binding the sheaves of the yellow grain.
On sped the reaper to and fro,
Slaying the wheat with the cruel blow,
Leaving it slaughtered, rank on rank;
And again the binders paused and drank.

Higher and hotter rose the sun,
On sped the moments one by one,
And again the binders stopped and quaffed
From the mug and the jug a cooling draught,

And slowly, slowly they bound the wheat
As the sun shone down with its scorching heat.

Slower—still slower, one youth goes round.
He—he lieth upon the ground.
A cry for help, and the workmen come
And carry their stricken comrade home.
“One is taken, and one is left.”
Weeping the mother: “I am bereft.”

One youth alone, on another morn [corn.
Walks to the field through the rows of
He who drank in the sparkling tide
Walketh still in his manhood's pride;
But he who drank from the jug lies low,
Dead—in the morn of his manhood's glow.
—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

WHAT LITTLE JOHNNY TOLD ME.

IT happened one Sunday, and father, you see,
Had been all the night before off on a spree;
Came home in the morning, and slept the whole day,

While mother, she fretted because the week's pay
Had gone to buy whiskey. Well, just before dark
He roused himself up and went out for a walk;
Then mother and I put the children to bed,
And I saw her tears drop on the baby's bald head.
“Now, mother,” says I, “don't be taking on so;
It will come out all right: just wait till I grow.
I'm most ten years old; I'll soon be a man.”
“O Johnny!” says she, “you do all that you can,
But my heart is broke with sorrow and shame
Your father's brought on us, and whiskey's to blame;

For never a better or kinder than he,”
Says mother, “if only he'd let the drink be.”
“Well, so I will, wife”—it was father's own voice,
Who, while we were talking, came in without noise.

“It's mischief enough to us whiskey has done;
I've promised to-night that I'll let it alone.
My wages shall go to the children and you.”
“Do you mean it?” cried mother. “O John! is it true?”

“Do I look like a man to go back on my word?”
Says father. “But wait till the story you've heard.”

Then he said he went out feeling awfully mean,
And took the back streets as if not to be seen—
All sick and discouraged went wandering on,
Not knowing or caring how far he had gone,
Till down by Belle Dock he came to a crowd,
With a man on a block talking earnest and loud.
And father he listened to every word,
For sure it was just his own story he heard.
The pain and sorrow, the shame and the sin,
The bad that comes out when the whiskey goes in;
The money hard earned thrown like water away,
With bruises and headaches and heartaches to pay—

All this he had felt and knew it was so;
But this stranger speaking, how could he know?

And quick came the answer: "My brothers," said he,

"Is there any one here to-night who is low down like me?"

I was lost—I am saved—hear the good news and true;

There is hope for the fallen, there is hope for you."

Then father looked up, and there came to his heart

Fresh courage and strength to take a new start.

What this man has done, oh! why cannot I?

"God helping," says father, "I'm going to try."

So they brought him the pledge, and when he signed

They all came about him, so cordial and kind,

And told him if only he'd stick to the track

And come to the meetings he'd never go back.

"Oh! how they did cheer me," says father;

"and, wife,

I really believe I've begun a new life.

Dear, will you forgive me the sorrow and pain

I've brought you?" "O John! never speak it again,"

Says she; and then her two arms held him tight,

And mother was crying with all her might.

But only for joy; and father cried too;

And there hasn't been since any crying to do.

Well, that's all the story: but if you should come

You'd see that we have just the happiest home.

There's meat for our dinner and cake for our tea;

And look at the *boots* father brought home to me!

And last Saturday night, now what do you guess

He gave to my mother? *A splendid new dress.*

"For the rumseller's wife has got many a gown,"

Says father, "that's bought with my money paid down.

It's fine you could dress, wife, with all they have had."

"Ah! John, do I need it to make my heart glad?"

There is not in all the great city," says she,

"A woman so thankful and happy as me."

And last night she knelt down and prayed by my bed

(I was not asleep, so I heard what she said),

And when she had kissed me and stolen away,

I thought to myself, now it's my turn to pray.

So I said: "Heavenly Father, *bless the kind men*

Who have given us children our father again.

Bless the dear Good Samaritans, Jesus. Amen."

SPARKLING WATER.

COME, let us sing of fount and spring,

Of brooklet, stream, and river,

And tune our praise to Him always—

The great and gracious Giver.

What drink with water can compare,

That nature loves so dearly?

The sweetest draught that can be quaffed

Is water, sparkling clearly.

Down fall the showers to feed the flowers,

And in the summer, nightly,

The blossoms sip, with rosy lip,

The dewdrops gleaming brightly.

Each little bird, whose song is heard

Through grove and meadow ringing,

At streamlet's brink will blithely drink

To tune its voice to singing.

The sheep and kine in fallow fields,

The deer on mountains lonely,

The neighing steed, in sorest need,

Will drink of water only.

What drink with water can compare

That animals love so dearly?

The sweetest draught that can be quaffed

Is water sparkling clearly.

Away all drinks that man distils,

So fraught with sin and sadness!

We'll drain the cup that brings no ills,

The draught of health and gladness.

Then welcome water everywhere!

In fountain, well, or river;

And as we drink still let us think

Upon its gracious Giver.

NOTICE OF BOOKS.

The Anti-Infidel Library. Edited by H. L. Hastings. London: Houghton & Co., 10, Paternoster Row. We have received Nos. 1 and 4 of this excellent series of tracts, and can cordially recommend them as the best antidotes to the deadly poison which is poured forth, like a great flood, from the infidel press, and the best counteractives to the subtle and fallacious reasoning of the infidel platform. "Is the Bible inspired by God?" and "Friendly hints to candid sceptics," ought to be put into the hands of young men who are at all inclined to swerve in their allegiance to the truths contained in the grand old Book. Wealthy Christians would do well to invest some of their wealth in the purchase of these tracts, and distribute them gratuitously at infidel gatherings. The tracts are a penny each, but a considerable reduction in price is made to those requiring quantities for free distribution.

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 211.—[July, 1887.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



BUNNY'S DEAD.

BUNNY'S DEAD!

"**B**UNNY'S dead!" said Walter Grange in a voice choked with emotion and with big tears running down his cheeks. His sister stood by looking sorrowful, and Bob, their faithful canine friend, sat gazing into Walter's face, and manifesting a sympathy that seemed almost human. Poor Walter! He had been so fond of his little pet rabbit, and had tended it with much care, feeding it regularly, and keeping its hutch clean; and now it was dead! No wonder he was sorrowful. The rabbit had been given to him by a young friend, and he had prized it highly, and had hoped it would grow

into a big one. Ah, Walter, as you grow older you will find many a bright hope unrealized, and many a trial will come into your life to make the tears start and the heart sad. We are glad to see you have a tender, loving nature. So long as you are good and kind you will always find friends ready to sympathise with and comfort you; just as now you have your little sister and your faithful friend Bob. Love begets love; and it is an indication of a true nature when children show a real affection for animals! And animals, on their part, soon find out who are their true friends, and indicate their gratitude by many tokens of animal affection.

THE FELON.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

GH! mark his wan and hollow cheeks,
 And mark his eye-balls' glare,
 And mark his teeth in anguish clinched—
 The anguish of despair.
 Know, three days since, his penance o'er,
 Yon culprit left a jail,
 And since three days, no food has pass'd
 Those lips so parch'd and pale.

Where shall I turn? the wretch exclaims,
 Where hide my shameful head?
 How fly from scorn or how contrive
 To earn an honest bread?
 This branded hand would gladly toil,
 But when for work I pray,
 Who views this mark, "A felon!" cries,
 And, loathing, turns away.

My heart has greatly err'd, but yet
 Would fain return to good!
 My hand has deeply sinn'd, but yet
 Has ne'er been stained with blood.
 For alms, or work, in vain, I sue,
 The scorners both deny;

I starve! I starve! then what remains?
 This choice—to sin or die!

Here, virtue spurns me with disdain;
 There, pleasure spreads her snare;
 Strong habit drives me back to vice,
 And, urged by fierce despair,
 I strive, while hunger gnaws my heart,
 To fly from shame, in vain.
 World! 'tis thy cruel will!—I yield,
 And plunge in guilt again.

There's mercy in each ray of light,
 That mortal eyes e'er saw;
 There's mercy in each breath of air,
 That mortal lips e'er draw!
 There's mercy, both for bird and beast,
 In God's indulgent plan,
 There's mercy in each creeping thing,
 But man has none for man.

Ye proudly honest, when you heard
 My wounded conscience groan,
 Had generous hand, or feeling heart,
 One glimpse of mercy shown,
 That act had made, from burning eyes
 Sweet tears of virtue roll,
 Had fix'd my heart, assured my faith,
 And Heaven had gain'd a soul.

LITTLE LEAVEN LECTURES.

BY W. H. SAMPSON.

V.—THE LEAVEN OF HOPE.

HOPE, like the anchor to a ship, keeps the soul from drifting on to the rocks of despair. It is rightly called by the Apostle Paul "the anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." But for this sustaining power thousands would have perished on the stormy sea of life. What is it that encourages men to persevere in great national undertakings and engage in dangerous expeditions to foreign countries? Why do missionaries and travellers penetrate into the unknown regions of the earth, and suffer untold hardships and privations? What is it that impels the ingenious inventor to labour day and night in order to get his machine as perfect as possible? How is it that men not only sacrifice great wealth and unceasing labour, but even their health, to bring to a successful issue a scheme which they think will immensely benefit their fellow-men? It is Hope!—"a desire of good joined with expectation."

But what is the hope of the drunkard? An enfeebled, shattered, and degraded constitution, resulting finally in his extermination from heaven. Let this thought, which is the unerring sentence of divine truth, be indelibly impressed on the minds of all, that "no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God." Although thousands perish annually through excessive drinking, yet this warning seems to be of no avail, and men go on imbibing alcoholic liquor without for one moment considering what will be the end thereof. Their infatuation is so great that they cannot give it up, and for a few minutes' self-gratification they will forfeit an eternal joy and happiness beyond the grave.

A minister was once sent for to see a drunkard on his death-bed. On the table

near the bed was a bottle of whiskey. After speaking to the man for a considerable time, and pointing out to him the way of salvation, beseeching him even at the last moment to accept, like the dying thief, Christ as his Saviour, the minister, pointing to the bottle, asked, "Now which will you do—Believe in Christ and give up the drink, or risk your eternal welfare for the sake of whiskey?" After a short pause, the man replied, "I'll risk it!" "I'LL RISK IT!" And he did risk it, and died without hope.

But, boys and girls, we are persuaded better things of you. You are the hope of England. The future responsibility of the Temperance question will rest upon you. It is not altogether to the men and women of the present generation that we must look for the entire suppression of the iniquitous drink traffic, but to the children of the future. If you are a member of a Band of Hope, and have already taken the pledge of total abstinence, do all that you can to get others to do the same. Do not let an opportunity slip. Try in your lives to carry out the exhortation of the Apostle Paul, "Be sober, and hope to the end."

THE BABY'S DEBUT.

FROM "REJECTED ADDRESSES." IN IMITATION OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

JAMES SMITH.

Born 1775; died 1839.

"Thy lisping prattle and thy mincing gait
All thy false mimic fooleries I hate;
For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she
Who is right foolish hath the better plea;
Nature's true Idiot I prefer to thee."

CUMBERLAND.

MY brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-year's-day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,—
 He thinks mine came to more than his;
 So to my drawer he goes,
 Takes out the doll, and, O, my stars!
 He pokes her head between the bars,
 And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
 And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
 And bang, with might and main,
 Its head against the parlour-door:
 Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
 And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite:
 Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
 A pretty thing, forsooth!
 If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
 Half my doll's nose, and I am not
 To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
 And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake,
 Thus to distress your aunt:
 No Drury-Lane for you to-day!"
 And while papa said, "Pooh, she may!"
 Mamma said, "No, she sha'n't!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
 They got into a hackney coach,
 And trotted down the street.
 I saw them go: one horse was blind,
 The tails of both hung down behind,
 Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
 Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
 Stood in the lumber-room:
 I wiped the dust from off the top,
 While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,
 And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
 Came in at six to black the shoes,
 (I always talk to Sam:)
 So what does he, but takes, and drags
 Me in the chaise along the flags,
 And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
 But not so tall and not so thick
 As these; and, goodness me!
 My father's beams are made of wood,
 But never, never half so good
 As those that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
 The carpet, when they lay it down,
 Won't hide it, I'll be bound.
 And there's a row of lamps!—my eye!
 How they do blaze! I wonder why
 They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
 And kept away; but Mr. Thing-
 um bob, the prompter man,
 Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
 And said, "Go on, my pretty love;
 Speak to 'em, little Nan.

"You've only got to curtsey, whisp-
 er, hold your chin up, laugh, and hiss,
 And then you're sure to take:
 I've known the day when brats, not quite
 Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night;
 Then why not Nancy Lake?"

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
 And where's my aunt? and where's
 mamma?

Where's Jack? O, there they sit!
 They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
 And order round poor Billy's chaise,
 To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
 To join mamma, and see the show;
 So, bidding you adieu,
 I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
 And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
 I'll blow a kiss to you.

MEASURING THE BABY.

WE measured the riotous baby
 Against the cottage wall,
 A lily grew at the threshold,
 And the boy was just as tall.

A Royal Tiger-lily,

With spots of purple and gold,
And the heart of a jewell'd chalice
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blue-birds whistled,
High up in the old roof-trees!

And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees.
And the wee-pink fists of the baby

Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced at the lattice-sill.

His eyes were as wide as blue-bells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white
mice,

Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought with a thrill of rapture,
And yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,

We measured the boy to-day:
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
And sweet as the budding rose

Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon;

And the dear little hands, like roseleaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to catch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons as white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below:

And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan:—
To the height of sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

THE FIRE BRIGADE.

THE smoking steeds dash through the
street,

The pavement rings beneath their feet;
The firemen speed to gallant deed,

For hark! the cry of "Fire!"
"Stand by!" they cry, as on they fly;
"We cannot stay—away, away!
Lest men in flames expire!"

On, on they dash, the iron hoofs flash,
The horses need no spur or lash;
In lurid beam the helmets gleam—
Hark, hark! the cry of "Fire!"
On, on they haste, for wreck and waste
May soon devour with fatal power.

And now they near the scene of fear;
To work they go with lusty cheer;
By arm and steam the hissing stream
Is forced upon the fire.

The flames uprising and paint the skies,
The red sparks fly abroad and high,
As roars the burning pyre!

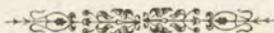
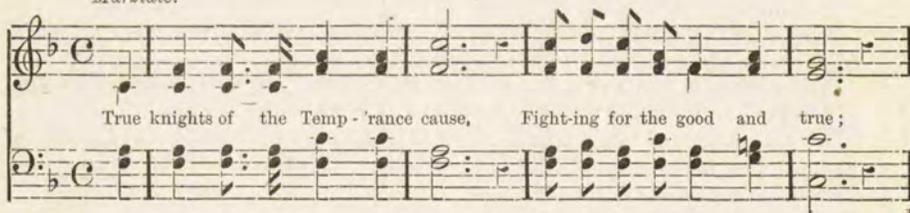
At smoking casements now appear
The inmates wild with grief and fear.
"Help, help!" they cry; "help, or we die!
Oh! save us from the fire.

The ladders bring, the fire-ropes fling—
Up, up! brave men, try yet again,
Ere the red flames rage higher."

Oh! nobly done, the vict'ry's won!
They bring them safely one by one;
The timbers crash, yet in they dash,
And fiercer roars the fire.
The timbers crash, yet in they dash,
That none may lie and helpless die
In heat and torture dire.

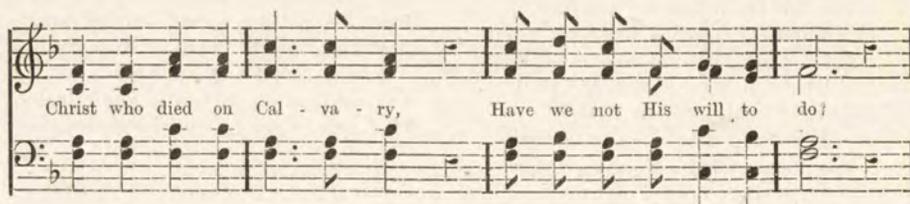
So let our noble Temperance band
"Haste to the rescue," heart and hand;
A Life Brigade all undismayed
To daring deed aspire.
Strive men to save from drunkard's grave;
With love's quick hands to pluck the brands
From poison's cruel fire.

TRUE KNIGHTS OF TEMPERANCE.

*Marziale.*


True knights of the Temp - 'rance cause, Fight - ing for the good and true ;

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Christ who died on Cal - va - ry, Have we not His will to do ?

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March - ing on to con - quer wrong, Marching 'gainst the host of sin ;

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March - ing with tri - um - phant song, March - ing till the crown we win.

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2 True knights of the cross are we,
 Clad in armour silver bright;
 Bearing palms of victory,
 Battling ever for the Right!
 Marching onward day by day,
 Marching on in sun and rain;
 Marching in our proud array,
 Marching yonder home to gain.

3 True knights of the cross are we,
 Trusting in our Captain still;
 Christ who died for you and me,—
 We but live to do His will!
 Marching on with footsteps grand,
 Marching till the Crown is won;
 Marching to the promised land,
 Marching till we hear "well done."

THE BEGINNING & THE END.

BY A. W.

Three gentlemen are seated at a table, when they invite the audience to come forward and sign the pledge. They are responded to by Raper and his wife, who step upon the platform from out the audience.

James.

I wish this pledge-book contained more names than appear in it at present! People either will not or cannot see the importance of signing the pledge.

John. It is not convenient with many, James. Their appetite is a powerful argument against our principles.

Charles (to audience). Surely there are many here who feel they ought to sign! There is that man who has been an outcast from respectable society, who has spent his earnings in drink, until drink has made him unable to earn anything! And now he and his family must starve through his folly! Is he here to-night? If he is, let him come and join us at once!

(Raper and his wife mount the platform.)

Raper (abashed, with drooping head). Did you speak to me, sir?

C. Well, no, not to you particularly, my good man; I spoke to all who felt the case I stated was theirs. Perhaps the description applied to you?

Mrs. Raper. It did; God bless you, sir, for speaking so plainly! He could hardly be persuaded to come to this meeting; but our little boy, Bertie, told us about the drunkard being reclaimed, and how kind you were to them, and that you did not spurn them as everybody, even the landlord, does.

R. And so I came! And oh! sir, I have not come a moment too soon; my poor wife here can tell you—

Mrs. R. Never mind about that, George. Those days, we hope, are past and gone. I know you have a good heart in you, but the drink drowned all your good resolves. 'Twas the drink only that did it!

Mr. R. Bless you for that, Mary! Your goodness only shows me what a fool I have been to waste my money at the public-house, which might have made you comfortable.

Mrs. R. Never mind, my dear; the clouds have passed over us, and now we shall enjoy the sunshine all the more; for I know you will have resolution enough to keep the pledge.

Mr. R. I have need to do so, or else the ending will be worthy the commencement of my career!

J. Perhaps you will tell us all about your first connection with strong drink?

C. I hope he will; there is an audience here who would be glad to hear all about it.

Mr. R. I began to drink gin at twelve years of age. I could name the man who sold it to me, and to eleven of my companions. I began when I was a boy; so did my companions!

C. And what has been the result?

Mr. R. Look at me! I am a good workman, or was, and I was a good father. It has wrecked my life in every sense of the term. I have been a brute at home and a scamp abroad; that's what drink has done for me!

Mrs. R. And tell them what became of all your old boy-companions who drank with you, George.

Mr. R. Drink made us gamble; gambling ruined many of them. What became of the rest, gentlemen? My story is no fiction; six died drunkards, and three of the six went to eternity raving mad!

J. Fearful! And what became of the others?

Mr. R. One enlisted into the army, another into the navy; two are now in jail, one is still a drunkard, and I alone of all that number of boy gin-drinkers am here to tell you what has happened to us. Gentlemen, these are arguments enough to make one sign the pledge!

Mrs. R. Yes; we will be on the safe side now!

C. Such are the fruits which the gin-palace brings forth! It is indeed time that you signed the pledge, my friend.

Mr. R. Give me the pen. God helping me (signing), I will never break it as long as I live, but will endeavour to be a better and a worthier man.

Mrs. R. Let me sign too. (Signs.) I'll keep him company, so that I may strengthen him by my precept and example. Come, George, the twelve shall not all be ruined, for you shall be saved! Good-by, gentlemen; you have done a service to me this night.

Mr. R. Good-by. You have started me on the road to reform and respectability, and I mean to keep upon that path.

(Mr. and Mrs. R. retire.)

C (solemnly). Ladies and gentlemen; The fiction is a reality! That which has been shadowed forth to you by means of a dialogue existed as a fact! We beseech all of you, therefore, to remember the fall of that man's companions. You cannot look into futurity, and you cannot tell what the end of your career is to be. Come then, be on our side, help on the good work, and for your own good, as well as for that of your fellow-man, put your names in this book.

THAT BOY.

Son.

X'M almost dead! It is as hot as fire, and I've been more than a dozen miles after that colt.

Father. Where did you go?

S. I went over to Brigg's corner and back by the bridge.

F. That is less than a mile and a half. Is it so very warm, Andy? It seems quite cool here.

S. No, not so dreadful, I suppose, if I'd taken it moderate; but I ran like lightning and got heated up.

F. You started about five o'clock, my son, and now it lacks a quarter to six.

S. Yes, sir; just three quarters of an hour.

F. Does it take lightning forty-five minutes to go a mile and a half?

S. I didn't mean exactly that, father, but I ran all the way because I expected the whole town would be here to-night to see my new velocipede.

F. Whom do you expect, Andy? I wasn't aware that such a crowd was to be here. What will you do with them all?

S. Jim, Eddy, and Tim told me they'd be round after school; and I wouldn't wonder if Ike came too; that's all.

F. The population of the town is five thousand and you expect three persons. Well, as you are very sick, I am glad no more are coming. You couldn't play with them at all.

S. Sick! who says I'm sick?

F. Why, Andrew, you said you were almost dead. Doesn't that mean very sick?

S. You are so particular, father, about my talking. I don't mean exactly what I say, of course. I wasn't nearly dead, to be sure; but I did some tall running, you bet. There were more than fifty dogs after me, and I don't go much on dogs.

F. Quite a band of them! Where did they all come from?

S. There was Mr. Wheeler's sheep-dog, and Rush's store-dog, and two or three more; and they made for me, and so I ran as fast as I could.

F. Five, at the most, are not fifty, Andrew.

S. There looked to be fifty, any way. Carter's ten-acre lot was full of dogs just making for me; and I guess you'd have thought there were fifty if it had been you.

F. Ten acres of dogs would be a great many thousands. Have you any idea how many? But, I know of no better way to break you of the foolish habit of exaggeration than to tell the children of the trouble you had in going after the colt. You ran like lightning, encountered ten acres of dogs, which would be hundreds of thou-

sands, travelled more than a dozen miles to get one and a half miles in a straight line, expected to find five thousand people here to examine your new velocipede, and when you reached home you were nearly dead!

S. Please don't, father; the boys and girls will all laugh themselves to death; and I won't exaggerate again if I live to be as old as Methuselah!

F. Laugh themselves to death at a simple story like this? I hope not, but rather hope it will set them to watching their own manner of telling stories, so as to be sure they do not greatly overstate things. Habit, my son, grows with years, and becomes in time so deeply rooted that it will be impossible for you, when you become a man, to relate plain, unvarnished facts unless you check the foolish habit in which you indulge every day of stretching simple incidents into the most marvellous tales.—*Christian Neighbour.*

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

ROBERT NICOL.



HAPPY bit hame this auld world
would be,

If men when they're here, could make shift
to agree,

An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage
an' ha',

"Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren
a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a' body cosie
an' right,

When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best
way ava,

To say, "gie me your hand—we are brethren
a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be
fine,

And I maun drink water, while you may
drink wine;

But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted
to shaw;

Sae gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu'
deride;

Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth
on your side;

Sae would I, an' nought else would I value
a straw;

Then gi'e me your hand—we are brethren
a'.

Ye would scorn to do falsely by woman or
man;

I hand by the right aye, as well as I can;
We are aye in our joys, our affections an'

a';
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren
a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers can
lo'e;

An' mine has done for me what mithers
can do;

We are aye high an' laigh, an' we shouldna
be twa:

Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and
fair;

Hame!—oh, how we love it, an' a' that
are there!

Frae the pure air o' heaven the same life
we draw—

Come gi'e me your hand—we are brethren
a'.

Frail, shakin' auld age, will soon come o'er
us baith,

An' creeping alang at his back will be
death;

Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa';
Come, gi'e me your hand—WE ARE BRETH-

REN A'.

AN ABUSED BOY.

YOU can always tell a boy whose
mother cuts his hair. Not because
the edges of it look as if it had been
chewed off by an absent-minded horse;

but you tell it by the way he stops on the
street and wriggles his shoulders. When
a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair,
she is careful to guard against any annoy-
ance and muss by laying a sheet on the
carpet. It has never yet occurred to her
to sit him over a bare floor, and put the
sheet around his neck. Then she draws
the front hair over his eyes, and leaves it
there while she cuts that which is at the
back. The hair which lies over his eyes
appears to be surcharged with electric
needles, and that which is silently drop-
ping down under his shirt-band appears
to be on fire. She has unconsciously con-
tinued to push his head forward until his
nose presses his breast, and is too busily
engaged to notice the snuffling sound that
is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the
meantime, he is seized with an irresistible
desire to blow his nose, but recollects that
his handkerchief is in the other room.
Then a fly lights on his nose, and does it
so unexpectedly, that he involuntarily
dodges, and catches the points of the
shears in his left ear. At this he com-
mences to cry, and wish he was a man.
But his mother doesn't notice him. She
merely hits him on the other ear to inspire
him with confidence, and goes on with the
work. When she is through, she holds
his jacket-collar back from his neck, and
with her mouth blows the short bits of
hair from the top of his head down his
back. He calls her attention to this fact;
but she looks for a new place on his head,
and hits him there, and asks him why he
didn't use his handkerchief. Then he
takes his awfully disfigured head to the
mirror, and looks at it, and, young as he
is, shudders as he thinks of what the boys
on the street will say.

ACTS, looks, words form the alphabet
by which you spell character.

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THE KINDLY DEED.

THE KINDLY DEED.



HARRY WATSON had been an errand to the confectioner's for buns, cheese-cakes, and other good things, as on the morrow it was his birthday and his mother had allowed him to send out an invitation to several of his friends to come to tea, and after tea they were to make merry. The confectioner had given Harry a nice cake to eat on his way home, and just as he was turning the corner in a narrow street he saw a poor woman with a little girl, both of whom looked half-famished for food. Harry's generous, kindly feelings were at once touched at the sight, and if the buns and cheese-cakes in the basket had been his own he would have given some of them, at any rate, to the poor creatures. He had the cake the confectioner had given him, however, and seeing the hungry eyes of the girl looking at it as he

held it in his hand, he called her to him and begged her accept it. With a timid, half-ashamed look she thanked him and took the cake from his out-stretched hand. Hastily running to her mother she broke the cake in two and gave her one half while she ravenously ate the other. Harry looked on with tears in his eyes. "Poor child," he said to himself, "what a pity that any of God's creatures should be starving for want of food!" Yes, Harry, it is a pity. But had the poor child's father been a Teetotaller and a Christian, like your father, his wife and child would not be in the wretched condition you saw them. "Drink" is the cause of much poverty and suffering, and the mother and child you relieved, owe their wretched condition to the drunkenness of him who ought to have been their comfort and protector. The innocent have often to suffer with the guilty; and it is our duty, as it ought to be our pleasure, to minister to the necessities of those who are less favourably circumstanced than ourselves. No kindly deed will go unrewarded.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

CAROLINE BOWLES (MRS. SOUTHEY).

TREAD softly—bow the head—
 In reverent silence bow—
 No passing bell doth toll—
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.
 Stranger! however great
 With lowly reverence bow;
 There's one in that poor shed—
 One by that paltry bed—
 Greater than thou.
 Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo! Death doth keep his state:

Enter—no crowds attend—

Enter—no guards defend
 This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
 No smiling courtiers tread;
 One silent woman stands
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
 An infant wail alone;
 A sob suppressed—again
 That short deep gasp, and then
 The parting groan.

Oh! change—oh! wondrous change—
 Burst are the prison bars—
 This moment there, so low,
 So agonised, and now
 Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
 There lies the soulless clod:
 The sun eternal breaks—
 The new immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God.

VANGUARD.

THANK God! there's still a vanguard,
 Fighting for the right;
 Though the throng flock to rearward,
 Lifting (ashen white)
 Flags of truce to sin and error,
 Trembling hands clasped in terror;
 Thank God! there's still a vanguard,
 Fighting for the right.

Through the wilderness advancing,
 Hewers of the way;
 Forward far their spears are glancing,
 Flashing back the day.
 "Back!" the leaders cry who fear them;
 "Back!" from all the army near them;
 They, with steady tramp advancing,
 Cleave their certain way.

Slay them—from each drop that falleth
 Springs a hero armed;
 Where the martyr's flame appalleth,
 Lo! they pass unharmed;
 Crushed by tyrannous oppression—
 Still their watch-word is aggression;
 How their dross-purged soul out-calleth,
 By the death-throes warmed!

Thank God! there's still a vanguard,
 Fighting for the right;
 Error's legions know their standard
 Floating in the light;
 Where the host of hell rejoices,
 Quick! outring the rallying voices,
 Thank God! there's still a vanguard,
 Fighting for the right.

TALK TO TIPPLERS.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

TOO the centre be sunken
 The cup that makes drunken!
 All blossoms of life in its burning have
 Your wink-waking cider [shrunkened.
 Will bite like a spider,
 Yet sparkle and flatter—the fatal derider!
 Mild claret and sherry
 You think will make merry;
 But "wine is a mocker"—hock, port, or
 madeira.

All bitters are bitter,
 With them it were fitter [fritter.
 To poison the dogs than your senses to
 You may think it is queer,
 But you ought to spell *bier*,
 Like the Dutch, that the death in it so
 On lager and porter [shall appear.
 Your days will grow shorter,
 The stouter your "stout" is, the weaker
 your sort are!

There's something too risky
 In sipping at whisky,
 Though it happen to make you feel merry
 and frisky.
 There's measureless sin
 In a "weazle" of gin,
 And you'd better quit "popping" it where
 you begin.

The "horribles" come
 From a bottle of rum, [a drum.
 Like smoke from a chimney, or noise from
 And a tippie of brandy,
 Though smuggled through candy,
 Brings death and destruction too fearfully
 handy.

Then far be it sunken,
 Whatever makes drunken;
 And sweet grow the blossoms its fire would
 have shrunkened,
 Till hearts it made barren,
 Anointed like Aaron,
 Bear roses and lilies, the glory of Sharon.

LITTLE LEAVEN LECTURES.

BY W. H. SAMPSON.

VI.—THE LEAVEN OF CHARITY.

CHARITY, or Love, is an inexhaustible subject. Its virtue is extolled by great writers and speakers of every age. It will, therefore, be quite impossible in this short lecture to say very much about it; and what is written can only be compared to a drop of water in the ocean.

Love occupies the highest pinnacle of the Christian graces. It is the essential and vital principle of all true religion. We are told by the great Lover of mankind that there are only two great commandments—love to God and love to man, and “on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.” And in proportion as is our love to Christ, so will our love be to man, without which no virtue is perfect. Christ’s death is a true demonstration of His love for sinners. Can we conceive a greater love than a man laying down his life for his enemies?

“Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade—
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

Yes, love is the main spring of every good and noble deed. It is the instigator of all philanthropical institutions—that golden link which binds man to man, and is ever ready to alleviate the sufferings of the distressed, of counselling the erring, of sympathising with the afflicted, and of protecting the weak. These are but the outward expressions of an inward spiritual grace. Burns very beautifully says—

“And deep this truth impressed my mind,
Through all His works abroad:
The heart benevolent and kind
The nearest is to God.”

This love, too, is at times marvellous in

its operation, as the following illustration will testify. A man, the greater part of whose life had been spent in revelry and drunkenness, was, on one occasion, when sober, induced to attend a Gospel Temperance Mission which was being held close to his own house. “Man’s extremity is God’s opportunity,” and so it proved in this case. Before he left the hall the arrow of conviction had penetrated deeply into his heart, and revealed to him his lost condition. After his conversion one of the first acts that he did was to go and ask his poor, aged mother to forgive him for not having spoken to her for nearly twenty years, although he saw her repeatedly in the neighbourhood, but would not recognise her. What a power love is! It is, like the loadstone, a means of drawing mother and son together again.

The great extinguisher of love is strong drink. It deadens all the natural feelings of the drunkard, and causes him to starve and neglect those whom he ought to cherish and love. *Drink, DRINK, DRINK* is so indelibly stamped in his nature that he can think of nothing else. It is his god and he worships it unfeignedly. He becomes selfish to a degree. Perhaps in his sober moments he may have a thought for his care-worn, heart-broken wife and his pinched-looking children, but as soon as John Barleycorn takes possession of him his affection vanishes away. Let us hate the drink, but love the drunkard, and try by all means in our power to rescue him from the error of his way. Oh, that he might realise the truth of the following lines:—

“O hope of every contrite heart,
To penitents how kind,
To those who seek how good Thou art;—
But what to those who find?

Ah, this no tongue can utter; this
No mortal page can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.”

WE ARE SEVEN.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

—A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be
The little maid replied, [seen,"
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's
And they are side by side. [door,

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with
And I could run and slide, [snow,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

PERFECT HEALTH.

PERFECTLY good health will, in my opinion, always be injured even by small doses of alcohol—injured in the sense of its perfection and loveliness. I call perfect health the loveliest thing in this world. Now alcohol, even in small doses, will take the bloom off, will injure the perfection of loveliness of health, both mental and moral.—*Dr. Andrew E. Clark.*

DRINK WATER.

C. M. CADY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Drink not, ye mer-ry girls and boys, Of wine that spar-kles, but de-coys; Drink wa-ter, pure and

KEY G.

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bright; Drink wa-ter, pure..... and bright; It bring-eth nei-ther care nor pain, But

TEN. & BASS. Ha, ha! Drink wa-ter pure and

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cheer-eth like the gen-tle rain. Drink wa-ter, pure wa-ter; drink wa-ter, pure

drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, dr'k, dr'k, dr'k, dr'k,

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A TALK ABOUT WORDS.

A dialogue between two boys, Albert and Benjamin.
Albert sits looking over a book when Benjamin enters.

Benjamin.

ALLO, Al! At your books, as usual. What a book-worm you are, to be sure! But what have you learned lately?

Albert. I have been looking up words to see what they are derived from. Have you noticed how much can sometimes be learned by taking every-day words and looking into the meaning of them?

B. Sometimes I have. Were you thinking of any in particular?

A. I was thinking about some that show the danger of drinking.

B. What are they?

A. One is the word ALCOHOL.

B. What does it mean?

A. It is an Arabic word, meaning the EVIL SPIRIT.

B. And well it deserves it. When was the word coined?

A. It was coined long ago, when the alchemists were trying to find out the elixir of life and something that would turn everything into gold. It was then they discovered how to distil alcohol.

B. What! when searching for the elixir of life?

A. Yes.

B. Then they found the elixir of death and degradation instead.

A. That's true. In seeking for something that would turn any metal into gold they found a thing that can turn a man into a beast.

B. I suppose that is why they called it "Alcohol, or the Spirit of Evil"?

A. That, no doubt, was the reason.

B. There is another word I would like to know the derivation of.

A. What word is that?

B. INTOXICATE. What does it come from?

A. It comes from a Greek word meaning a poisoned arrow.

B. Ah! and a very good derivation too. For intoxicating drink is an arrow that not only pierces the brain, but poisons the happiness, destroys the health, and blasts the hopes of life.

A. True enough, Ben; I'm glad we're both pledged against it.

B. I have just been thinking that, though I don't know Greek or Arabic, I could give some meanings just as true as these.

A. What are some of them?

B. Take the word CHAMPAGNE.

A. Well, what does it mean?

B. Champagne means a thing that when people drink much of gives them real pain.

A. Not so bad! And what is ALE?

B. Ale is a drink that causes ailments.

A. And WINE, what is it?

B. A drink that gives people gout. They begin with wines and end with whines.

A. And what is BEER?

B. Beer is a drink that brings many people to their bier.

A. And GIN, what is it?

B. Gin is a trap that tangles the feet and brings the souls of men into the snare of the fowler.

A. And what is WHISKEY?

B. A drink that whisks away a man's character, a man's money, and his brains, if he ever had any.

A. And PORTER, what is it?

B. Porter is a drink that swells and bloats a man till he becomes a "porter"—carrying about the load of his own fat. And when a woman begins to sup porter she is in danger by and by of needing her friends (laughing) to *sup-port* her.

A. Stop, stop! I think you've done first-rate, and what you say is all true.

THE BLIGHTED HOME.

A DIALOGUE FOR NINE GIRLS.

FIRST.

WHAT makes folks love whiskey so?

That's something I should like to know.

SECOND.

I am sure, dear Gertie, I can't tell;

Enough for me the horrid smell.

THIRD.

Does it do anybody good?

FOURTH.

It does not seem as if it could.

FIFTH.

It does but harm; 'tis only woe

That sparkles in the glass, you know.

DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

I guess I know how very sad

It makes my ma when father's bad,

And how we children hide and shrink

When father's been where he's had drink.

SIXTH.

Do people turn their noses up,

And say your father loves his cup?

DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Yes, we, the children, not to blame,
Must bear the blows and take the shame ;
We're robbed of joy, we're robbed of love ;
Is there no help ? O God above,
Look down in pity, see our grief—
Do come and bring us some relief.

SEVENTH.

You wear such old and tattered clothes !
I'm sorry, Jane, to see such shoes.

DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Pity and sneers are on me piled,
For I am but a drunkard's child.

EIGHTH.

*Hush, girls ! just see what she endures,
And once her lot was fair as yours.*

DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Yes, *once* ; how long ago it seems !
I'm often there when in my dreams—
At our blest home, so bright and fair.
What love and joy and peace were there !
Now see the change—a blight has come
And settled down upon our home.
And *drink did all this sorrow bring—
This serpent's head, this adder's sting !*

EIGHTH.

Now, girls, I'll tell what we must do ;
I'm for temperance ; so are you.

NINE VOICES.

We'll help to save the drinkers wild,
Pity the drunkard, love his child.
We'll talk it, act it, *every day*,
And use our influence every way ;
We'll ask God's help and persevere,
Till none shall drink even lager-beer.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

BY PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

PROP yer eyes wide open, Joey,
For I've brought you sumpin' great.
Apples ? No a derved sight better !
Don't you take no interest, wait !
Flowers, Joe,—I know'd you'd like 'em—
Ain't them scrumptious, ain't them high ?
Tears, my boy, what's them for, Joey ?
There—poor little Joe—don't cry.

I was skippin' past a winder,
Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
Each one climbin' from a pot.

Every bush had flowers on it,
Pretty ? Mebbe not ! Oh no !
Wish you could a seen 'm growin'
It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
And I puts on lots o' cheek,—
“ Missus,” says I, “ if you please, mum,
Could I ax you for a rose ?
For my little brother, missus,
Never seed one, I s'ppose.”

Then I told her all about you—
How I brought you up,—poor Joe !
(Lackin' women-folks to do it,)
Sich a imp you was you know—
Till yer got that awful tumble,
Jist as I had broke yer in,
(Hard work too,) to earn yer livin'
Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you—
So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
For the first time with yer crutch.
“ But,” I says, “ he's laid up now, mum,
'Pears to weaken every day.”
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
That's the how of this bokay.

Say ! it seems to me, ole feller,
You is quite yourself to-night ;
Kind o' chirk, it's been a fortnight
Sence your eyes have been so bright.
Better ! well I'm glad to hear it !
Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe,
Smellin' of them's made you happy ?
Well, I thought it would, you know,

Never see the country did you ?
Flowers growin' everywhere !
Sometime when you're better, Joey,
Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven ! 'M—I spose so ;
Dunno much about it though ;
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heerd it hinted somewheres
 That in heaven's golden gates,
 Things is everlastin' cheerful,
 B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
 Likewise, there folks don't get hungry ;
 So good people when they dies,
 Finds themselves well-fixed for ever—
 Joe, my boy, wot ails your eyes ?

Thought they looked a little singler,
 Oh no ! don't you have no fear ;
 Heaven was made for such as you is—
 Joe wot makes you look so queer ?
 Here—wake up ! Oh don't look that way !
 Joe my boy, hold up your head !
 Here's your flowers, you dropped 'em, Joey.
 Oh my God ! can Joe be dead ?

AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

(MOUTH OF THE SHAFT.)

WHAT I want is my husband, sir,—
 And if you're a man, sir,
 You'll give me an answer,—
 Where is my Joe ?

Penryhn, sir, Joe—
 Caernarvonshire.
 Six months ago
 Since we came here—
 Eh ?—Ah, you know !

Well, I *am* quiet
 And still.
 But I must stand here.
 And will !—

Please—I'll be strong—
 If you'll just let me wait
 Inside o' that gate
 Till the news comes along.

“Negligence”—
 That was the cause ;
 Butchery !—
 Are there no laws—
 Laws to protect such as we ?

Well, then !—
 I won't raise my voice.
 There men !
 I won't make no noise.
 Only you just let me be.
 Four, only four—did he say—
 Saved ! And the other ones ? Eh ?
 Why do they call ?
 Why are they all
 Looking and coming this way !
 What's that ?—A message ?
 I'll take it.
 I know his wife, sir,
 I'll break it.
 “Foreman !”
 Ay, ay !
 “Out by and by”—
 “Just saved his life !”
 “Say to his wife
 Soon he'll be free.”
 Will I ?—God bless you,
 It's *me* !

BRET HARTE.

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BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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 When up to God the people's prayers
 Are ringing from your deck.
 Wait cheerily, Temperance workers,
 For daylight and for land !
 The breath of God is in your sail,
 Your rudder in His hand.
 Sail on ! sail on ! deep freighted
 With blessings and with hopes ;
 The good of old with shadow hand
 Are pulling on your ropes.
 Behind you, holy martyrs
 Uplift the palm and crown ;
 Before you, unborn ages send
 Their benedictions down.
 Courage ! your work is holy,
 God's errands never fail !
 Sweep on through storm and sunshine,
 The thunder and the hail !
 Work on ! sail on ! the morning comes,
 The port you yet shall win ;
 And all the bells of God shall ring
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NEW SERIES.

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A DAY AT THE FARM.

A DAY AT THE FARM.



IT was during the midsummer holidays, that Harry Wilson and his little sister Hetty were invited to spend a day at a farm house by the aged but fresh-looking and kindly farmer who daily supplied their home with milk. They set out early in the morning, and after riding on the train nearly six miles, alighted at a pretty little station, where they were met by three rosy-cheeked boys, grandsons of the old farmer, who had come to escort them to the farm. Oh, what wonders Harry and Hetty saw as they walked through the fields and lanes! Such beautiful flowers, white, and pink, and yellow, and violet, and blue; and such queer-looking insects, buzzing about their heads, and lighting on their noses and hands, or crawling among the grasses and

flowers. And the corn-fields, with the nodding corn, looking so golden in the rays of the sun, and waving so gracefully before every gentle breeze. Hetty more than once stood still, with her eyes fixed upon the beautiful objects before her, for she had never before been into the *real* country. On reaching the farm other wonders presented themselves—the shippons, and piggeries, and hen-pens, and pigeon-cotes, and then the orchard with its apple and pear and cherry and currant and gooseberry trees! After dinner the children went to an old gate near the orchard, and here they spent more than an hour swinging and laughing and shouting! It was a most delightful day to the two town-children, and for months after, what they saw, and did, and said, was the subject of their daily conversation. We wish all the town-children could spend at least one day every summer like Harry and Hetty Wilson; and much might be done in this direction if wealthy people, out of their abundance, would “consider the poor.”

MOVE ON.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND MILLS (ELIZA VAUGHAN).

“**M**OVE on there!” “Yes, sir, I’m a-moving on,
I’m but a beggar, so I must be gone;
I feel so tired, I would like to sleep,
On step or stone I’d lay me down and weep,
But oh! they will not let me—night and morn,
Policemen cry, ‘Move on there, now, move on!’”
“Move on there!” “Yes, sir, I’m a-moving now,
Although to drag my limbs I scarce know how;

For I am cold and weak, and hungry too—
I’d gladly work could I get work to do—
But no one will employ me—night and day,
Policemen cry, ‘Move on there, move away!’”

“Move on there!” “Yes, sir, I’m a-moving—oh!
I’m ‘moving on’ through the cold winter’s snow:
My feet are almost frozen—they are bare—
But no one seems to heed, or give a care
To those who suffer round them day by day,
But only shout ‘Move on there, move away!’”

"Move on there!" "Yes, sir, I'm a-moving—quick; [prick, At least, I'm trying, but the thorns do They pierced my feet while 'moving on,' you see,— [me. He does not care; 'move on' he answers Oh! how I long to lay me down and die, But they won't let me, 'move on' is the cry."

"Move on!" "I was but going to ask for bread, And leave to lay my weary, aching head Upon the doorstep—oh! for rest and food! Man won't give either, yet they say man's good In this 'ere Christian country—goes to church, But never for one starving soul doth search."

"Move on there!" "Yes, sir, I'll move on, I'm bound :— Why should I starve with plenty all around? Why should I, when I only ask for bread, Receive a stone and cruel words instead? Why should they, 'cos I'm starving, weak, and poor, Shout 'Move on, there,' and on me close the door?"

"I peeped into the church the other day, And there I saw the people kneel and pray; I longed to go in too, but did not dare, For fear they'd shout 'Move on, now; move on there,'" 'Cause I was hungry; so I knelt without, God heard me just as soon as them, no doubt!"

"Move on there!" "Oh! I cannot farther go, The storm has drenched me, and the wind does blow; My feet are sore, I know not how to stand, I think I'm going to the promised land :

I don't know much, but this, at least, I know, They will not cry 'move on' where I shall go."

"Move on, move on there!" "I'm a-moving, sir, My bones do ache so, I can hardly stir; My head swims round, I scarce can see my way :

Oh! let me kneel, and try if I can pray! I'm sure that God will not say 'Move on there,'

I'm sure He'll listen to the outcast's prayer!"

The officer no more shouts "move on, move!"

He knows the *next* "move on" the *last* will prove.

"Poor little chap," he says, "I did not know

That you were dying in the frost and snow :

I'll move you on where warmth and tender care,

My past unkindness may a bit repair."

"Move on there!" cries a voice; leave him to me!"

'Tis death that speaks—"I'll give him liberty—

'Move on,' your kindness comes too late for earth,

In yon bright heaven his soul shall find new birth."

One effort more; "I'm moving on," he cries,

"I'm 'moving on' to Home and Paradise!"

Then sinks within the strong, protecting arms, [earth's alarms :

Which all *too late* would shield from His placid brow bespeaks of calm and peace; [cease.

A moment, and the quiv'ring breath must One long, last sigh, the shackled soul is free!—

'Tis "moving on" unto eternity!

Thus Death in mercy came that day to free
The soul was hunted down by man's
decree:

“Move on,” policemen cry in tones sub-
[dued,
“Move on, move on there!” to the gazer
rude.

Then raise the cold, cold clay, and bear
it hence,
All through the misty rain, and fog so
dense.

Strange, when the soul hath fled, which
all oppress'd,

What care they take to lay its frame to
rest:

They do not cry “*move on*” to senseless
clay,

But *living souls* they torture night and day;
And priests, who never sought that soul
to save,

Will read “*GOD'S SERVICE*” o'er the out-
cast's grave.

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

BY WILL CARLETON.

GUT of the old house, Nancy—moved
up into the new;

All the hurry and worry is just as good as
through.

Only a bounden duty remains for you
and I—

And that's to stand on the door-step, here,
and bid the old house good-bye.

What a shell we've lived in, these nineteen
or twenty years!

Wonder it hadn't smashed in, and tumbled
about our ears;

Wonder it's stuck together, and answered
till to-day;

But every individual log was put up here
to stay.

And you, for want of neighbours, was
sometimes blue and sad,

For wolves and bears and wild-cats was
the nearest ones you had;

But lookin' ahead to the clearin', we
worked with all our might,
Until we was fairly out of the woods, and
things was goin' right.

Look up there at our new house!—ain't
it a thing to see?

Tall and big and handsome, and new as
new can be;

All in apple-pie order, especially the
shelves,

And never a debt to say but what we own
it all ourselves.

Look at our old log-house—how little it
now appears!

But it's never gone back on us for nine-
teen or twenty years;

An' I won't go back on it now, or go to
pokin' fun—

There's such a thing as praisin' a thing
for the good that it has done.

Probably you remember how rich we was
that night,

When we was fairly settled, an' had things
snug and tight:

We feel as proud as you please, Nancy,
over our house that's new,

But we felt as proud under this old roof,
and a good deal prouder too.

Never a handsomer house was seen be-
neath the sun:

Kitchen and parlour and bedroom—we
had 'em all in one;

And the fat old wooden clock that we
bought when we come West,

Was tickin' away in the corner there, and
doin' its level best.

Trees was all around us, a-whisperin'
cheering words;

Loud was the squirrel's chatter, and sweet
the songs of birds;

And home grew sweeter and brighter—
our courage began to mount—

And things looked hearty and happy then,
and work appeared to count.

And here one night it happened, when
things was goin' bad,

We fell in a deep old quarrel—the first
we ever had;

And when you give out and cried, then I,
like a fool, give in,

And then we agreed to rub all out, and
start the thing ag'in.

Here it was, you remember, we sat when
the day was done,

And you was a-makin' clothing *that wasn't
for either one;*

And often a soft word of love I was soft
enough to say,

And the wolves was howlin' in the woods
not twenty rods away.

Then our first-born baby—a regular little
joy,

Though I fretted a little because it wasn't
a boy:

Wa'n't she a little flirt, though, with all
her pouts and smiles?

Why, settlers come to see that show a
half-a-dozen miles.

Yonder sat the cradle—a homely, home-
made thing,

And many a night I rocked it, providin'
you would sing;

And many a little squatter brought up
with us to stay—

And so that cradle, for many a year, was
never put away.

How they kept a-comin', so cunnin' and
fat and small!

How they grewed! 'twas a wonder how
we found room for 'em all;

But though the house was crowded, it
empty seemed that day

When Jennie lay by the fireplace there,
and moaned her life away.

And right in there the preacher, with
Bible and hymn-book, stood,

“Twixt the dead and the living,” and
“hoped 'twould do us good;”

And the little whitewood coffin on the
table there was set,

And now as I rub my eyes it seems as if I
could see it yet.

Then that fit of sickness it brought on you,
you know;

Just by a thread you hung, and you e'en
a'most let go;

And here is the spot I tumbled, an' give
the Lord His due,

When the doctor said the fever'd turned,
an' he could fetch you through.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old
house dear:

Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what
haven't we had here?

Not a log in this buildin' but its memories
has got,

And not a nail in this old floor but touches
a tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up
into the new;

All the hurry and worry is just as good as
through;

But I tell you a thing right here, that I
ain't ashamed to say,

There's precious things in this old house
we never can take away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as
it stood before:

Winds will whistle through it, and rains
will flood the floor;

And over the hearth, once blazing, the
snow-drifts oft will pile,

And the old thing will seem to be a-
mournin' all the while.

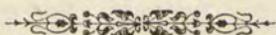
Fare you well, old house! you're naught
that can feel or see,

But you seem like a human being—a
dear old friend to me;

And we never will have a better home, if
my opinion stands,

Until we commence a-keepin' house in the
house not made with hands.

PLY THE OAR, BROTHER,



AMERICAN.

Ply the oar, brother, and speed the boat, Swift o - ver life's glit - ter - ing waves we float;

KEY G.

s	:-	f	:	m	s	f	:-	m	f	:-	m	r	m	:-		s	s	:-	f	:	m	s	:-	f	:	m	f	:-	m	r	m	:-								
m	:-	r	:	d		m	r	:-	d	r	:-	d	t		d	:-		m	m	:-	r	:	d	m	:-	r	:	d	r	:-	d	t		d	:-					
m	:-	f	:	s		m	f	:-	s	s	:-		s	:-		s	:-		d	m	:-	f	:	s	m	:-	f	:	s	s	:-		s	:-		s	:-			
d	:-	d	:	d		d	d	:-	d	s	:-		s	:-		d	:-		d	d	:-	d	d	:-	d	d	:-	d	d	:-	d	s	:-		s	:-		d	:-	

Then on - ward bound, and strive to save Bro - thers from fill - ing a drunk - ard's grave.

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

CHORUS.

Then pull a-way, haul a-way, row, boys, row, A long pull, a strong pull, and off we go,

}	.s s ,s .s :s ,s .s	s .d' : s ,m	m .m ,m :m .m ,m	f r : m .
	.m m ,m .m :m ,m .m	m .m : m ,d	d .d ,d :d .d ,d	r .t : d .
	d d ,d .d :d ,d .d	m .s : d ,s	s .s ,s :s .s ,s	s .s : s .
	d d ,d .d :d ,d .d	d .d : d ,d	d .d ,d :d .d ,d	s ₁ ,s ₁ : d .

ad lib.

Off we go, off we go. off we go, off we go.

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

Loudly the heart-cheering temperance call
 Sounds over the nations to welcome us all ;
 It sweetly swells from hill and grove,
 Calling "return," unto all that rove.
 Then pull away, &c.

Now o'er the ocean our good bark rides,
 And safely in harbour she smoothly glides ;
 But should the cry of help be heard,
 Quickly to duty is our watchword.
 Then pull away, &c.

IS THE BIBLE FOR OR AGAINST TOTAL ABSTINENCE?

A Dialogue for Two Boys.

Characters—KINGSTON AND CARTER.

Kingston.

I'M glad to see you again, Carter, for I've thought of a great many things since I last saw you, and which, if I had then said, might have influenced you more than anything I had told you.

Carter. Well, I must say you did not convince me that you were right and I was wrong.

K. It would take a good deal to make you think as I do, perhaps, but then you have not had the same reason to make you think so far.

C. What additional proof did you think of after I left you that would make me believe I should be right in becoming a total abstainer?

K. Proof from Scripture.

C. Now there's your drawback. I always say the Bible is against teetotalism.

K. I beg your pardon, Carter. Scripture teaches us that it is right, or we never should have set on foot societies.

C. Do you call that marriage feast at Galilee any proof?

K. Christ turned the water into wine, but do we read of any one at the end of the feast being the worse for drink? I believe that that wine was unfermented, for I do not believe Christ would have put a stumbling-stone before any.

C. That's what you believe, but where is your proof that that wine was not intoxicating?

K. There is no proof, so that we must all think as we like on this point. Anyway, it had a different effect upon the guests than what wine placed on our tables has upon people. You must remember that it was a miracle. If Christ turned water into wine for me, I would drink it without any scruple, but on no other persuasion.

C. There, you see, it is only man's belief and persuasion, after all.

K. Wait a bit, there are more scenes on this subject to be looked into.

C. All attention.

K. (*smiling*). If you will go back with me two thousand years I will show you that so far back a temperance society existed, and the pledge was this, "We will drink no wine."

C. You mean the followers of Jonadab, I suppose?

K. Yes, the Rechabites; and God blessed and prospered their obedience. Would that pledged members now were as firm as they were then.

C. It would be a good thing, no doubt.

K. Then there was the Nazarites, a people who were to be peculiarly holy and set apart.

C. I remember learning their vow at school; but what is it? let me see.

K. The Nazarites were neither to drink wine nor strong drink; that was a part of their vow.

C. Oh! yes, I remember; and Samson was a Nazarite, wasn't he?

K. Yes, the strongest man. Milton takes notice of this fact, for he wrote:—

"O madness! to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health;
When God, with these forbidden, made rich choice
to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the limpid brook."

C. That sounds something like argument—Milton was a grand poet.

K. And an abstainer, too, if I remember rightly.

C. Keep to Scripture at present, please, for your proofs, and another day you shall go into details about all our great writers and statesmen on this point.

K. I think we might take Daniel and his friends as another instance. You remember they refused the king's wine, and drank water instead, and their faces grew fairer and fatter, we are told.

C. Perhaps you forget that Daniel was in the midst of a wicked court, where he saw intemperance was an evil.

K. Just so. And are not we in the midst of temptation? Surely if it were needful in those days for Daniel to set an example when drunkenness was not half so common as it is now in our day, we ought to be setting our faces against that which is proving itself the demon to so many.

C. I don't see that Daniel's life could be compared to mine.

K. Perhaps it isn't comfortable or convenient for you to think so; we are all so apt to believe in what we like and what suits our tastes.

C. You seem rather hard on me in your argument, I think.

K. No; I am only speaking what I believe to be true.

C. Go on, then.

K. We might look at St. Paul, the great apostle, who thought it not beneath him to say, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

C. And you would imply that meat meant drink or any other stumbling-block.

K. Yes, certainly; meaning that our liberty must not make others who are weaker than our-

selves slaves to any passion which was not a temptation to us.

C. Of course, what is a temptation to one is not to another.

K. Then, if I drink beer or wine before others, to whom excess is a temptation, I am putting a stumbling-block in their way, and so helping my weak brother to perish, for whom Christ died to save.

C. I think this is the strongest of all your proofs, certainly.

K. Yes; St. Paul must have made many abstiners by his forcible words, I think.

C. How do you get over the fact that the same St. Paul recommended Timothy to take a little wine?

K. It is generally thought that Timothy was an abstainer, and so Paul in writing to him advises him not to use water only, but, as his labours are heavy, just to take a little stimulant. In the same way that a total-abstaining doctor will sometimes recommend a patient to take wine as a medicine.

C. I thought surely I had caught you at last in the argument.

K. To my way of thinking, it rather proves that the apostles were not in the habit of using wine as a daily luxury.

C. All that you have said has been about wine. How about beer?

K. Oh! you know beer was not made in the Bible days, and perhaps this accounts for less drunkenness going on then than in these days.

C. Maybe they drank light, cheap wines instead of beer.

K. Yes. St. Paul ranks temperance amongst the Christian virtues. He also preached about temperance when speaking of righteousness and judgment to come, which made Felix tremble.

C. I don't deny that there is a great deal said in the Bible against intemperance, showing God's anger, but we are only arguing whether total abstinence is necessary and wise.

K. The wisest of men has much to say against excess. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

PUTTING DOWN THE WINDOWS.

THIS is the season of the year when a man may expect to be suddenly called at any moment in the night to get up and put down the windows. On the advent of

a thunder-shower, it is rarely that a man wakes first: if he should, he keeps quiet so as not to disturb his wife, and avails himself of the first lull to go to sleep again. How differently a woman acts!—oh, so differently! Just as soon as she wakes up, and hears that it is raining, she seems to lose all judgment at once. She plants both of her feet into her husband's back, at the same time catching him by the hair, and shaking his head, and hysterically screams,—

"Get up! get up quick! It's a-pouring right down in torrents, and all the windows are up!"

He cannot wake up, under such circumstances, with an immediately clear conception of the case: in fact, it frequently happens that he is way out on the floor before his eyes are fairly open, having but one idea really at work, and that as to what he is doing out of bed. The first thing to do is to strike a light; and while he is moving around for the matches, and saying that some one has broken into the house and moved them from where he laid them on going to bed (which is always plausible enough), she hurls after him the following tonics:—

"Do hurry! Mercy, how that rain is coming right into those windows! We won't have a carpet left if you don't move faster. What on earth are you doing all this time? Can't find the matches? Mercy sake! you ain't going to stumble round here looking for matches, are you, when the water is drowning us out? Go without a light! What a man you are! I might have better got up in the first place. Well (despairingly), let the things go to ruin, if you have a mind to. I've said all I'm going to, an' I don't care if the whole house goes to smash. You *always* would have your own way, an' I s'pose you always will; and now you can do as you please; but don't you dare to

open your mouth to me about it when the ruin's done. I've talked an' talked till I'm tired to death, and I sha'n't talk any more. We never could keep anything decent, and we never can; an' so that's the end of it. [A very brief pause.] *John Henry, are you, or are you not,* going to shut down those windows?"

Just then he finds the matches, and breaks the discourse by striking a light. He was bound to have that help before he moved out of the room. He has got the lamp lighted now. No sooner does its glare fill the room than he immediately blows it out again for obvious reasons. He had forgotten the windows were open and the brevity of his night-shirt. It almost causes him to shiver when he thinks of his narrow escape. He moves out into the other room with celerity now. He knows pretty well the direction to go; and, when a flash of lightning comes, it shows him on the verge of climbing over a stool or across the centre-table. If there is a rocking-chair in the house, he will strike it. A rocking-chair is much surer in its aim than a streak of lightning. It never misses, and it never hits a man in but one spot; and that is just at the base of his shin. We have fallen against more than eight hundred rockers of all patterns and prices, and always received the first blow in the one place. We have been with dying people, and have heard them affirm in the solemn hush of that last hour that a rocking-chair always hits a man on the shin first.

And, when a man gets up in the dead of night to shut down windows, he never misses the rocking-chair. It is the rear end of one of the rockers which catches him. It is a dreadful agony. But he rarely cries out; he knows his audience too well. A woman never falls over a rocking-chair; and she never will understand why a man does. But she can tell

whether he has, by the way he puts down the windows when he finally reaches them. A rocking-chair window (if we may be allowed the term) can be heard three times as far as any other.

MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE.

WHAT'S the use of always fretting
 Over ills that can't be cured?
 What's the use of finding fault with
 What we know must be endured?
 Does it make our burdens lighter
 If we grumble 'neath their load?
 Does it make life's pathway smoother
 If we fret about the road?
 Better use our time than fill it
 Full of sighs and vain regrets
 Over some imagined blunder—
 As does he who always frets.

We cannot expect life's pathway
 To be always strewn with flowers;
 Nor the time which God has given
 To be all made of happy hours.
 Storms will follow every sunshine,
 Grief be mixed with every joy;
 And 'tis best that it should be so—
 Gold's too soft without alloy.
 "Half our trouble's our invention,"
 We're to blame for half our strife;
 Then, if life is what *we* make it,
Why not make the best of life?

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

MUST 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!

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No. 214.—October, 1887.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



THE HAPPY COBBLER.

THE HAPPY COBBLER.

By S. KNOWLES.

WORKING and singing, singing
and working,
Up with the sky-lark to join in its lay :
Stitching and patching, soleing and wax-
ing,
Blithely the cobbler thus passes each
day.

Riches he craves not ; yet still possessing
Wealth far more precious than silver or
gold ;
Joy and contentment, free from resent-
ment,
These are his treasures of value untold.

Bright days of gladness, or hours of sad-
ness, [same ;
Sunshine and shadow to him are the
Labour and pleasure, each in their meas-
ure, [blame.
Come from the Hand no mortal may
Stitching and patching, soleing and wax-
ing,
Singing and working contented with
all ;
Faithful to duty, life hath a beauty,
E'en though 'tis weighted with lapstone
and awl !

A MODEL BOY.

THE man across the way recently rented
the upper part of his house to a family
from an outside district. The head of the
family came to secure the rent. He was a tall,
bony man, with a sun-burned face, and light,
tawny chin-whiskers. He looked very much
like a cross between a farmer and a planing-
mill. He explained,—

“What I want is a peaceful naberhood : and
the comforts of a home I get myself. There’s
the ole woman, my wife, and our boy. James
is but seven years old. He ain’t strong, bein’
given more to study than to work ; but he’s got
a head on him, I can tell you. But I want a
peaceful naberhood, and you look like the man
that kin just supply the demand. We’ll be
around on time.”

They moved in two weeks ago. On the
close of the third day, the boy James had suc-
ceeded in flooding the first floor by leaving a
pipe running on the second, and had pulled off
all the tomatoes to throw against the barn. The
man across the way mildly intimated to his
new tenant what James had done.

“He didn’t eat any of those green termatys,
did he ?” enquired the anxious parent.

“I don’t suppose he did,” was the reply of the
landlord, who was evidently trying to see the
relevance of the query.

“And he didn’t get his feet wet, I hope ?”
was the next question.

“I believe not,” was the feeble reply.

“Well,” said the grateful father, “let us be
thankful that it is no worse. James must be
more keerful. A single green termaty, or a
pair of wet socks, might waft him into eternity
before you’d know. I’ll reason with James at
once. I thank you, sir, for your interest in
James.” And he went into the house ; while
the man across the way sat hastily down on
the stoop, and smote his forehead.

Before he had entirely recovered from this
affair, James again became conspicuous. This
time, he stuck a lath through the sash of the
front-door.

The man across the way met the parent at
the gate that evening. He mentioned James’s
exploit.

“What, with his hand did he do it ?” gasped
the agitated father. “Oh, no, no ! Not the
little hand which I have held so often in mine.
Not the little hand which has pulled these
whiskers so many times in babyhood. Oh !
say it was not with his hand he broke the
glass.”

The man across the way explained that it
was done with a lath.

“Heaven be praised !” ejaculated the grate-
ful father. Poor James ! He ain’t strong ; an’

weak folks are always unfortunate, mostly. But I'm glad he didn't hurt himself. He ain't a strong boy; but I'm in hopes, with quiet and pleasant surroundings, he'll improve. This is just the naberhood for James. It's peaceful, and I like peace: so does James an' the ole woman." And he passed in to his tea, leaving the man across the way with a stony stare in his eyes.

The next day James turned on the hose, and, before he was discovered, had prostrated twenty-five plants, broken down a hanging-basket, torn up the flower-bed, and nearly blinded a little girl from the next house, who was peering through the fence at the performance.

The man across the way came home to tea, and saw the ruin which had been effected, and he was nearly besides himself with rage. There was a look of determination on his face when he encountered, an hour later, the peaceable tenant coming up the yard.

"I tell you, sir," he began, "this last freak of your boy is altogether too much;" and he pointed to the devastation.

"Why, how did James do that?" inquired the father.

"He turned on the hose," explained the man across the way between his clinched teeth.

The face of the tenant blossomed into a genial smile.

"Why, what an observing little fellow he is!" said he. "I was saying this noon to the ole woman, that your plants ought to be watered, or the'd all be dried up; an' he must have heard me, an' gone an' done it himself. That's just like James. He's so thoughtful for one so young!"

The man across the way grew black enough in the face to strangle.

"I tell you, sir, I won't stand this again," he declared in a voice quivering with passion. "What that boy wants is a skinning from head to foot; and if he had a right kind of father, he'd get it before he was an hour older."

It was painful to see the expression of grief and astonishment which settled like a cloud upon the face of the new tenant.

"What!" he gasped, "skin James, little James, the sunshine of our home,—a poor little weakling, whose only fault is trying to do too much? And you, a man forty years

old, an' weighing a hundred an' sixty pounds, I daresay, get mad with a little boy like James? Look here, you!" he suddenly blurted, stretching his stature to the utmost: "I come here for peace; and I'll have peace, you bet! If you're opposed to peace, why didn't you say so when I got the house of you? Wasn't I frank an' open an' above-board with you? Didn't I tell you on the start that I wanted a peaceful naberhood? Why didn't you deal as honest-like with me, and own up that you was of a quarrelsome nature? Why didn't you do that, I want to know? I don't want to have any words with you, an' I ain't agoing to have. I am a peaceful citizen. I've lived with twenty-five different families, an' I never had any trouble. I'm for peace every time; an' I'll have peace where I'll live, or I'll leave at once. What's life without peace?"

Yesterday we observed the second-floor furniture loading on a wagon; by which we conclude the man across the way is not able to keep his temper down.

THE PLEADING CHILD.

BY J. HARMS.

DEAR Father, don't go out to-night,
But stay with mother dear,
And take your child upon your knee,
She will not long be here;
You used to be so very fond
Of dear mamma and me,
And loved to sing those heavenly songs—
The heaven I soon shall see.

But now you're getting most unkind,
And stay out, oh! so late;
And many, many are the hours,
My mother has to wait.
Alone; when I am gone to bed
She weeps and prays for you—
That you will fight against the drink,
And to your God be true.

You know before you took to drink,
No home could happier be;
I used to meet you at the gate,
You always looked for me:

You often brought me something nice,
 And for my mother too,
 But never spend a penny now
 On us, but all on you.

And often now we're short of food,
 Our clothes are wearing thin,
 You do not bring the money home
 But take it to the inn ;
 Which feeds and clothes the children there
 Who have no claim on you,
 While your poor wife and child are left
 To almost starve—'tis true.

You've promised us so many times
 You'd be a better man ;
 Dear father, in your strength alone,
You cannot, but God can
 Make you, if you'll trust Him now
 He'll save you from the sin
 Of drunkenness, and all that's bad,
 And keep you from the inn.

Just think, dear father, what you'll do
 When I and mother's gone,
 If you don't give your heart to God,
 You'll ne'er to heaven come ;
 I had a dream the other night
 In heaven I soon should be,
 You know the doctor told you that
 There was no hope for me—

To live with you much longer here,
 That soon I'll have to die,
 And leave you and my mother dear ;
 Dear father, do not cry !
 But promise me before I go,
 You'll join me in the land
 Where Jesus wipes away all tears,
 And takes us by the hand.

The angels soon will come for me,
 I feel so very weak ;
 My voice and breath is failing fast,
 I soon shall cease to speak.
 Come, kiss me ere I fall asleep,
 And say you'll drink no more ;
 Good bye, dear father, till we meet
 Again to part no more.

'TIS DARKEST HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS (ELIZA VAUGHAN.)

THOUGH cloudy be the prospect, and
 though dark the day may seem,
 The sun in all its glory bright may yet
 upon thee beam ;
 Then keep a cheerful countenance, and
 wear a pleasant smile,
 Be not cast down by trifling things, but
 study to beguile
 The weary hours—if weary they should
 now to you appear,
 And strive with Hope's bright ray to check
 the gath'ring sigh and tear ;
 And bear this motto in your mind, when-
 e'er you feel forlorn,
 "That hour is always darkest which pro-
 claims the beaming dawn !"

If you be young, consider then, youth is
 the time for hope,
 For gloomy sorrow surely yet has not
 been given scope.
 And what if disappointments stern should
 cross your pathway o'er,
 There's time to fight your way again, as
 you have done before.
 There's time to carve your path afresh, to
 battle, and to win,
 Because stern fate has cast you *out*, shall
 you be never *in* ?
 Ah, yes ! to grapple with the world, we
 all were surely born,
 Besides, you know, "The hour is dark
 which ushers in the dawn !"

If youth be past, no reason still is there
 why grief and care
 Should line the cheek with furrows deep,
 with silver streak the hair ;
 A cheerful heart the bosom still may
 through its trials save,
 Though youth hath passed away like ebb
 of mighty ocean's wave.

But there are blessings e'en as great as
any youth bestows:

A conscience free from guile—a mind no
secret burden knows.

And though the clouds may gather round,
and dreary be the morn,

Remember still "'tis always dark before
the break of dawn!"

And when old age is creeping on, keep up
your spirits still,

For surely you of Sorrow's sting ere yet
have had your fill;

So let the few remaining years pass by in
silent calm,

And fix your hope whence comfort springs,
and mild and holy balm.

So shall His influence guide you safe, who
life and being gave,

And soothe the downward path into the
silent, lowly grave.

The grave—it is thy shelter, and of future
life the morn,

"For is not that the darkest hour which
ushers in the dawn?"

HOPE FOR THE DRUNKARD.

BY GEORGE PARSONS.

I WOULD like, dear friends, to ask your
attention,

To a subject which oft causes dissension;
What is that? you ask; well, its import is

vast—

'Tis the great Total Abstinence question.

Now, why do men drink that which does
them such harm?

Which is weaving round them a most subtle
charm?

They try oft in vain drink's great power
to restrain,

But are goaded on by a relentless arm.

This enemy, drink, is our one common foe;
It respects not the rich, it screens not the

low;

It metes out to each within its wide reach,
A cup brimming over with horrible woe.

The foolish man quaffs his full-bodied
wine,

While his wife and bairns have a most
wretched time;

They run into debt, and get fast in a net,
Which daily his habits around them
entwine.

We pity his weakness, but censure his sin;
What will he not do, that strong-drink he
may win?

Good resolves are all snapp'd, he's further
entrapp'd,

While holy men seek him his poor soul
to win.

In vain must they seek, will he not change
his course?

Will he still go on like the unthinking
horse?

Shall he still from his home take pleasure
to roam,

Till lost in the quagmire of death and
remorse?

Ah no! we will hope, for such hope is not
vain;

The passion for drink we will help to re-
strain;

We'll give him our hand and thus help
him to stand,

And ever from alcohol's dangers abstain!

THANKFULNESS.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher in Michigan, at the close of the lesson on a recent Sunday, handed to her scholars little slips of paper on which was printed the question, "What have I to be thankful for?" asking that each should take time to consider and answer the following Sunday. Among the replies that were then given was the following pathetic sentence written by a little girl who had doubtless learned by bitter processes the painful truths it told, "I am thankful there are no rum-shops in heaven."—*The Myrtle*.

34.—If I were a Twinkling Star.

GRACE GLEAM.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

If I were a beau-ti-ful twink-ling star, I would shine on the dark-est

KEY B flat.

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night, I would seek where the drea-ri-est path-ways are, And would

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CHORUS.

light them with all my might. Though sun or moon I

{	t ₁ : t ₁ .d r : t ₁ d : - - s ₁ m : -m r : -r
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	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ d ₁ : - - s ₁ d : -d s ₁ : -s ₁

could not be To make the whole world bright, I'd find some lit-tle

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	l_1 : l_1 f_1 : f_1	m_1 : m_1 r_1 : d_1	s_1 : - - : s_1	d : -d s_1 s_1 : -

cheer-less spot, And shine with all my might.

{	d : r_m l_1 : l_1	s_1 : d r : -t_1	d : - -
	m_1 : f_1 f_1 : f_1	m_1 : m_1 f_1 : -f_1	m_1 : - -
	d : d d : d	d : s_1 s_1 : -s_1	s_1 : - -
	l_1 : l_1 f_1 : f_1	s_1 : s_1 s_1 : -s_1	d_1 : - -

2 There might be a wand'ring traveller,
 Afar on the wilds alone,
 Who would lift up his eyes to the broken clouds,
 And would trust me to call him home.

3 O Lord, I would shine in a child's best way,
 With the gleaming of life and light;
 And if some one should follow my humble walk,
 Do Thou help me to lead them right.

THE COST OF DRINK.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE BOYS.

BY NATHAN HALLIDAY.

(Enter John, George, and Charles.)

JOHN.

THREE little boys, of tender years,
Are here to speak like aged seers,
And tell to you on every hand
The cost of drink in our dear land.

(Turning to George:)

Well, George, I see, by your bright looks,
That you've been busy with your books;
And I don't doubt you'll show quite clear
That drink, at best, is very dear.

GEORGE.

The cost of drink! Mere words would fail
To tell the sad and sickening tale
Of thousands, I with truth can say,
Who feel the cost of drink to-day.

CHARLES.

The cost of drink! Let prisoners speak,
Lunatics, too, and paupers weak;
They could unfold a tale of woe,
And prove that drink has been their foe.

JOHN.

I see the noblest of our race,
Whose genius a throne would grace,
Cut down and blasted in their prime
By drink, the parent of most crime!

CHARLES.

I see the prisoners chained in gangs,
And mark their deep and bitter pangs.
You ask what brought them to this place—
Why, drink, the curse of all our race!

JOHN.

How many men of learning rare,
With whom none others can compare,
Do their fine intellects deprave
By drink, the tyrant of the slave!

GEORGE.

How many men, in prison poor,
Who once had much laid up in store,
Could tell, with faces wan and pale,
How they lost all by drinking ale!

CHARLES.

'Tis not the cash men pay for beer
That makes the thing so very dear;
But ruin is its deadly cause,
By leading men to break our laws.

JOHN.

Children in rags we daily see
Whose homes are scenes of misery;
And this is mostly caused, I fear,
Because the money's spent in beer.

GEORGE.

Drink is the greatest curse of life;
It causes misery and strife;
And every year the trade so thrives
It murders sixty thousand lives!

CHARLES.

Drink is a poison, slow and sure,
And weak men's minds it does allure;
It leads them on from bad to worse,
And in the end it proves their curse.

JOHN.

Thousands of pounds are yearly paid
For the great havoc drink has made;
And we're compelled to pay each year
For what is caused by drinking beer.

GEORGE.

To sum up all, it costs men's health,
Degrades their minds, and wastes their wealth.
This is not all the fearful cost;
It costs men heaven—their souls are lost.

ALL.

If you would know what drink has cost,
Think of what souls by it are lost!
Think of what souls by it are lost! *(Exit.)*

TEMPERANCE GLOVES.

A Dialogue for Two Boys. By Clara Eastman.

CHARACTERS—Fred and Hall.

(They meet upon the stage.)

Fred.

GOOD morning, Hall! arn't you going to help me celebrate?

Hall. Celebrate what?

F. Why, my birth-day to be sure. By the way, I had the queerest present from my teacher this morning; you can never guess what it is. I can keep it and yet give it to as many as I please.

H. Must be small-pox or measles.

F. No! It is something to wear, and yet can never be outgrown nor worn out.

H. Well, that is a conundrum too deep for me. Give it up. What's the answer?

F. Well, you see, I was talking with my teacher and telling her how I mean to be an M. P. She said that if I should become such a great man

and handle politics I would need a pair of temperance gloves to do it with, and she would make me a birthday present of a pair. I must begin to wear them now to make them fit well, and must always keep them on, and must give them to as many as I could. Want a pair?

H. What are they like? Maybe, if they're not too tight. I don't want any of your white kids, such as my sister punishes herself with.

F. Well, she began (*rubbing first finger of left hand as if putting on a glove, and doing so with each as he proceeds*): First finger—"Don't drink." You may feel a little awkward with this on some-times; but never mind, it will wear away. Second finger—"Don't smoke." It may pinch sometimes when you are with other boys, but it won't do so long. Third finger—"Don't chew." Fourth finger—"Don't swear." Be sure and keep this on when you are angry, together with the thumb—"Don't fight."

H. Well, that's a pretty good one. Wait a minute, let me see if I can put it on (*pretends to slip on each finger same as Fred*): "Don't drink," "Don't smoke," "Don't chew," "Don't swear," "Don't fight." Now let's have the other hand.

F. First finger—"Don't steal." Second finger—"Don't lie," even about your opponent. Third finger—"Don't cheat." Fourth finger—"Love God," and then you can't help putting on the thumb—"Love each other."

H. Well, that's a pretty good pair of gloves for an M.P. or anybody else. Wouldn't it pinch some of them, though! I'm afraid they would burst the way Sis's do sometimes.

F. My teacher said that if we boys would only wear them and advertise them all we could, she wouldn't be surprised if they should become so fashionable that every one would want a pair.

H. Well, there's a troop of the boys yonder; let's advertise them there. Come on.

(*They leave the stage.*)

KEEP IN STEP.

AY, the world keeps moving forward
Like an army marching by;
Hear ye not its heavy footfall
That resoundeth to the sky?
Some bold spirits bear the banner—
Souls of sweetness chant the song—
Lips of energy and fervour
Make the timid-hearted strong!
Like brave soldiers we march forward.

If you linger or turn back,
You must look to get a jostling
While you stand upon the track.
Keep in step!

My good neighbour, Master Standstill,
Gazes on it as it goes;
Not quite sure but he is dreaming
In his afternoon's repose!
"Nothing good," he says, "can issue
From the endless 'moving on';
Ancient laws and institutions
Are decaying, or are gone;
We are rushing on to ruin
With our mad, new-fangled ways."
While he speaks a thousand voices,
As the heart of *one* man, says—
"Keep in step!"

One detachment of our army
May encamp upon the hill,
While another in the valley,
May enjoy "its own sweet will;"
This, may answer to one watchword,
That, may echo to another;
But in unity and concord
They discern that each is brother!
Breast to breast they're marching on-
ward
In a good, now peaceful way;
You'll be jostled if you hinder,
So don't offer let or stay—
Keep in step!

TAKE YOUR PLACE AND WORK TO-DAY.

BY T. J. GALLEY.

WOULD you gain an honoured name,
Reach the glorious heights of fame,
Emulate the good and great?
Then to work, ere 'tis too late!
Fast, indeed, the moments fly,
Opportunities pass by,
Night is surely hastening on;
Shall the night find work undone?
Onward, to the field away!
Take your place, and work to-day!

Say not, "There's no work to do!"
 Fields are white and labourers few.
 Conscience will not sloth allow;
 Do your duty—do it now!
 Cast away your doubts and fears,
 Do not wait for future years,
 Nor for some grand work to do
 That will honour bring to you.

There are homes sad with distress
 You may comfort, you may bless;
 You may dry a mourner's tear,
 And a sorrowing brother cheer;
 You may consolation bear,
 And another's burden share;
 You may speak a gentle word
 Where kind words are seldom heard.

You may from the paths of sin
 Some despairing brother win;
 By a word, an action, save
 Some poor drunkard from the grave.
 Is not this work great and grand?
 Will you not for duty stand?
 Cast your unconcern away—
 Take your place, and work to-day!

Go then—on to labour move!
 Let your life be one of love;
 To your God and conscience true—
 Then will ever rest on you
 Blessing, cheering 'mid the toil
 Heaven's gracious, constant smile;
 Brothers, sisters, then away!
 Take your place, and work to-day!

World's W.C.T.U.—*Motto: For God and Home and Humanity. Object: to unify the methods of woman's temperance work the world over, and to circulate a petition for the prohibition of the traffic in alcoholic drinks and opium, and other social reforms.*

A CALL TO A WORLD'S
 TEMPERANCE WEEK OF PRAYER.

November 7th to 13th (Inclusive) 1887.

By "the World's Woman's Temperance Union."

If there is one CURSE above all others upon this

planet that ought to bring all people to their knees in prayer, it is the DRINK CURSE.

A simultaneous prayer movement against it is rendered practicable in these wonderful days of the electric wire; and "THE WORLD'S WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE UNION earnestly calls therefore, upon all *Christian hearts* in every land to UNITE IN PRAYER for the overthrow of the Drink curse and the opium trade, and especially to observe for this purpose the week beginning *November 7th, 1887.*

Let each country set apart *November 12th and 13th, (Saturday and Sabbath)* as national days of prayer, in which the Church of Christ shall be earnestly implored to *take the lead*, and its ministers to *preach as well as pray* for the speedy triumph of the Temperance cause. In the observance of these days, all religious and philanthropic Societies are cordially invited and strongly urged to join, especially Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, and our beloved Christian missionaries of every name and in every land. It is thought that Saturday should be observed as a day of fasting as well as prayer, for surely the demon of drink must be chief among the kind "that goeth not out except by prayer and fasting." It is further especially urged that our prayers should be accompanied and followed by those deeds which alone can prove our acts of faith and sacrifice to be sincere.

Will not all religious, philanthropic, and so far as may be, all secular editors, print this announcement, the first ever made of a universal temperance call to prayer, intended equally for every praying heart in Christendom. Will they not also give the endorsement of their editorial support to this movement, started in the name of "God, and Home and Humanity."

MARGARET BRIGHT LUCAS, London.

President of the World's Women's Temperance Union.

FRANCES E. WILLARD, Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A.
 Vice-President of the World's Women's Temperance Union.

MARY CLEMENT LEAVITT, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.
 Cor. Secretary of the World's Women's Temperance Union.

HANNAH WHITALL SMITH, Philadelphia, Penna.,
 U.S.A. Cor. Secretary for U.S.A.

MARY WHITALL COSTELLOE, 40, Grosvenor Road,
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No. 215.—November, 1887.]

NEW SERIES.

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THE BEGGAR-GIRL.

THE BEGGAR-GIRL.



WHEN the first glass is taken little thought is given to what may be the ultimate issues of so unwise an act. There are many men, of course, and women too, who never trans-

gress the bounds of strict moderation. They take a glass of beer at meal times, and a glass of wine or spirits now and again, but never allow themselves to go beyond the "one glass." It would be untrue, were we to assert that *all* who take drink become its abject slaves and are ultimately ruined by it. Such an assertion would injure our cause, and we have no wish to do that. What we do say is, the first glass has led tens of thousands to miserable ruin; gradually they have become the slaves to Alcohol, and ultimately filled a drunkard's grave. And while some may escape, there is no actual certainty, but a great deal of uncertainty about the matter; therefore we say, "Let the drink alone altogether." There is safety in total-abstinence; and as it has

been proved over and over again, both by medical men and by actual experience, that the body and mind not only suffer nothing by total abstinence, but are absolutely benefited by it, why run the risk—the great risk—for the sake of gratifying a mere taste, of becoming a drunkard?

How many men have gradually sunk down from positions of respectability, dragging with them their families, until beggary has been their lot. Like the girl in our illustration, daughters have had to beg in the public street—beg for a pittance from passers by to keep themselves from starving, while the blush of maidenly shame tinged their cheeks and the sigh of anguish escaped their lips, as they have thought how a father's love of drink has brought them to this deplorable condition. Alas! many, very many children suffer for their parents' sins, and by their parents' drunkenness. And when we see, every day, some one sliding from the ranks of the moderate drinkers into the ranks of the drunkards, we wonder how men and women can be so blind as to touch strong drink. To such we would earnestly say—"There is danger in the cup even to you, my brother, my sister, therefore ABSTAIN!"

ANGELS HOVERING NEAR.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

DOST thou, in the silent night,
See the forms of seraphs bright
Floating in aerial light—
Dost thou gentle voices hear,
Singing low, and soft, and clear?—
Fainting mortal, have no fear,
There are "Angels hovering near."

Dost thou, in the busy day
(When the heart with mirth is gay)
Hear a whisper—"Mortal, stay,
Lest thy mirth may cost thee dear—
Lest thy hopes may sink in fear!"
Pause awhile, those words to hear,
'Tis an "Angel hovers near."

Dost thou, when bowed down with care,
Feel that in the balmy air
There are floating, spirits fair?

Do their soothing voices near
Gently check the falling tear—
And thy fainting spirit cheer?
Then are "Angels hovering near."
Dost thou, when thy heart doth bow
'Neath the crushing weight of woe,
Feel again life's hopeful glow—
As in accents bright and clear,
Whisp'ring voices greet thine ear,
"Heaven shines o'er thee, have no fear!"
Then are "Angels hovering near."
When thy heart with grief is torn—
When a lost one thou dost mourn—
Dost thou feel a hope new-born?
Dost thou cherish faith, that there,
In the heavens smiling fair,
There the lost a crown doth wear?
Then are "Angels hovering near?"

"THE DRINK-FIEND."

BY ISRAEL CROSSLEY.

THE Drink-fiend looked upon the earth,
And boastfully spake he,
As his dark features gazed upon
The drink-slaves and the "free."
"My power is felt throughout the land,
A foe am I to fear,
My servants through the land are known
As 'Alcohol' or 'Beer.'
"I've made the bravest of the brave
Before my footstool kneel,
And kings and queens themselves are made
My world-famed power to feel;
And men of lower station, too,
I keep as fettered slaves;
For in my army there are found
Rogues, vagabonds and knaves.
"The mother's heart I've made feel sad,
Because her son has strayed
Into a trap which I myself
Most skilfully have laid;
The father I have made to starve
His children, once so dear,
Through spending all his wages in
My spirits or my beer.

"I've made men lose their decency,
And all their nature kind;
For in my ranks you'll seldom see
A man with strength of mind.
I cause the children in the streets
To seek the food they need,
Their parents showing them the way
A drunkard's life to lead.
"And moderators I have made
To lose their boasted skill
Of keeping from my poisonous drink,
They loved, aha! so-well."
Thus spoke the drink-fiend, as he looked
With glee upon the earth,
And saw with gladness what he'd caused—
Famine and pain and dearth.
And if these are the thoughts of one
Who tries his best to make
Our homes the scene of wicked strife
And all its comforts take:
Then ought we not to fight this fiend,
And conquering as we go
Cut down the tyrant Alcohol,
And lay the spoiler low?

"DO IT WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT."

BY EDMUND LYONS.

NEVER put off till to-morrow
The thing you can do to-day,
Never let pleasure borrow
An hour that pain must pay.
Though a storm on your path seems brew-
ing,
And clouds may obscure the light,
Whatever you deem worth doing
Is worth doing with all your might.
Would you win Dame Fortune's favours?
Then woo her with heart and soul,
Though the cup she offers savours
At times of the gall-touched bowl.
Press on when the plough you're driving,
Look not to your left or right,
Though hard be your task, keep striving,—
And do it with all your might.

If ever you turn from the labour
 Appointed for you to do,
 Let it be to assist a neighbour
 Less stalwart and strong than you.
 Stand not as a cold beholder
 Of woes that may meet your sight;
 Relieve them, and work on bolder,
 And do it with all your might.

Ah, this is life's lesson, and learning
 Its wisdom and truth you will gain
 Such treasures that even their earning
 Will take all the sting out of pain.
 When the dark shadows round you have
 vanished,
 And nature is smiling and bright,
 Be sure they were scattered and banished
 When you struck them with all your
 might.

Again let the maxim be spoken,
 Once said by the wise and the true,
 And lay it to heart as a token
 Of what courage and patience can do.
 When life's tumult is raging around you,
 If you gird up your loins for the fight,
 Battle on until conquest has crowned you,
 And battle with all your might!

N. Y. "Independent."

A WICKED CAT.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

GH! Pussy with the bushy tail,
 Are you a wicked cat?
 You grind your claws upon a nail,
 And walk as slow as any snail,
 You are so very fat.

You wash your whiskers with your feet;
 Your tongue is rough and red,
 And looks as if it tasted meat;
 Yet all I ever saw you eat
 Is pure white milk and bread.

I found upon our grass to-day
 A birdie's tail and wing;

If you *did* kill it, Pussy Gray,
 And eat it up, I'll only say
 You are a wicked thing!

Suppose a hungry bear this eve
 Along the street should pass,
 And, laughing in his hairy sleeve,
 Should eat *you* up, and only leave
 Your tail upon the grass,—

You'd think he was a cruel bear;
 I think you're cruel, too;
 I know I'd starve, before I'd tear
 A birdie with my claws, and glare,
 And eat him up, like you.

—N. Y. "Independent."

FAITH.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES (MRS. SOUTHEY).

THERE is a tongue in every leaf!
 A voice in every rill!
 A voice that speaketh everywhere, [air;
 In flood and fire, through earth and
 A tongue that's never still!

'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused
 Through everything we see,
 That with our spirits communeth
 Of things mysterious—Life and Death,
 Time and Eternity.

I see Him in the blazing sun,
 And in the thunder cloud;
 I hear Him in the mighty roar
 That rusheth through the forest hoar,
 When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, everywhere,
 In all things—darkness, light,
 Silence, and sound; but, most of all,
 When slumber's dusky curtains fall
 At the dead hour of night.

I feel Him in the silent dews
 By grateful earth betrayed;
 I feel Him in the gentle showers,
 The soft south wind, the breath of
 flowers,
 The sunshine, and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am!)
I've turned in sullen mood
From all these things whereof He said,
When the great whole was finished,
That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
Fell like unwholesome dew—
The darkness that encompassed me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient—slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked
By selfish, pining discontent,
Acceptance cold or negligent,
And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread
For my insensate heart.—
Not always so—I woke again,
To join Creation's rapturous strain,
"O Lord, how good Thou art!"

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
The glorious sun broke out,
And love and hope and gratitude,
Dispell'd that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.

THE BOYS WE NEED.

WE need the boy who's not afraid,
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."

—*Golden Days.*

GO ON!

GO on! go on! No moments wait
To help the right;
Be strong in faith, and emulate
The virtues of the good and great
With all thy might—
Go on!

Go on! go on! The skies may lower,
The storm may burst;
Unshaken in the trial hour,
Good purposes shall give thee power
To brave the worst—
Go on!

Go on! go on! Thou canst not tell
Thy mission here;
Whate'er thou doest, labour well,
Nor let a doubt within thee dwell,
Or coward fear—
Go on!

Go on! go on! 'Tis never late
To act thy part;
Thy stern resolves shall conquer fate,
And springs of happiness create
Within thy heart—
Go on!

Go on! go on! No guerdon seek
For thy reward;
But while heroic be thou meek,
And from thy heart and from thy cheek
Be pride debarred—
Go on!

Go on! go on! Thy Master's ear
And constant eye [tear;
Observe each groan, each struggling
He, 'midst the shadows dark and drear,
Is standing by—
Go on!

THE TEMPERANCE LIFE-BOAT AT SEA.



Arranged by C. H. MEAD.

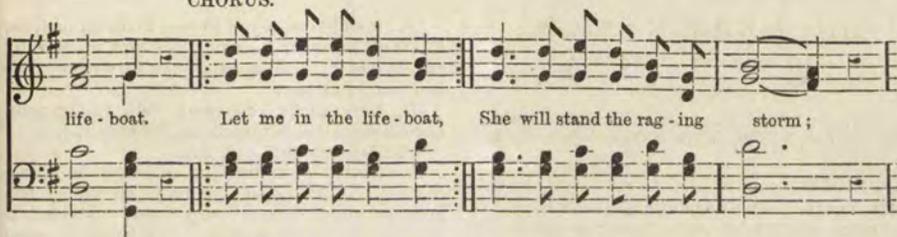
Come, bro-thers sail - ers, and don't fall a - sleep, Work night and day or you'll sink in the

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deep; Hope is the an - chor, and this you must keep, If you want to save the drunkards in the

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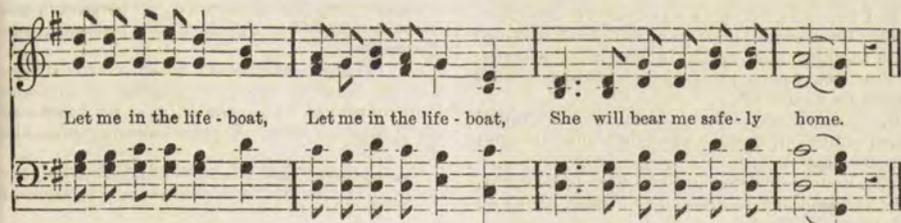
CHORUS.



life-boat. Let me in the life-boat, She will stand the rag-ing storm;

CHORUS.

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Let me in the life-boat, Let me in the life-boat, She will bear me safe-ly home.

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- 2 Now, brother sailors, the voyage is short,
Hoist up the sails and we'll soon make the port,
Call for the sailors and send them aloft,
For we're saving drowning tipplers in the life-boat.
- 3 The storms are heavy, the winds are loud,
The thunder is rolling and bursting in the cloud,
Fathers and mothers are crying so loud,
Oh take all our children in the Temp'rance life-boat.
- 4 Some at the helm, some down below,
The ship is dashing, her deck's overflowed,
See every sailor stands at his post,
Waiting for orders at the life-boat.
- 5 Now, brother sailors, the voyage is done,
The battle is fought, the victory won,
Go tell your shipmates what Temp'rance has done,
It saved the dying drunkards in the life-boat.

THE BANKER'S CLERK.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE BOYS.

BY A. W., O.

[The Banker is seated at a desk with his confidential Clerk. Papers, ledgers, etc., on the table before them.]

Banker.

WERE there any answers to our advertisement in the *Times* this morning, Carter?

Carter. Oh! plenty, sir. Your application for a cashier has been answered by no less than sixty applicants.

B. And you have looked them over, I suppose, have you not?

C. I have, sir. Some of them I would advise you to put in the waste-paper basket at once.

B. Do so, then, Carter; you know what sort of clerk we want, and I can depend upon you.

C. Thank you, sir. Out of the sixty applications I have selected only six as worthy of attention.

B. Very good; then you will write and tell them to grant us a personal interview this evening, in the bank parlour, and then we will see what we can do with them.

C. Excuse me, sir; I have done so without your permission, well knowing that would be your course of action.

B. You have done quite right. By the way, have you sent any intimation to Walker about his over-drawn account?

C. Yes, sir; I sent a note yesterday. I fear there is something wrong in that quarter. It has been going on for some months now, and I hear that he is not over steady.

B. Keep your eyes open, then, Carter, and see you get due security for the amount over-drawn.

(A knock heard. Carter answers it.)

C. The visitor is one of the applicants, sir.

B. Come forward, sir. (Enter Walker.) Which, may I ask, is your letter of application?

Walker. This one, sir, which is signed George Walker.

B. (reads letter.) Yes; you are very highly recommended, I see.

W. Here are a few more testimonials, sir.

B. Thank you. Be seated, I pray. Will you read this over to me, Carter?

C. (looks over paper.) It is unnecessary, I think, sir.

B. Oh! very well. Let me see (looks over another). From the Rev. J. Jones. Yes. "Conduct exemplary." Just so! "Sunday scholar, then teacher, then superintendent. Presented with a Bible on leaving." Very good.

C. This is another one you wished looked at, I think, Mr. Walker, if I am not mistaken?

W. I would wish you to read them all first, as, if I am engaged, I should like you to be fully satisfied of my fitness to fill the very responsible situation of cashier.

B. Very good; you speak well, young man. Let me see; this is from John Trevelyan, Esq.

W. My last employer, sir.

B. (reads.) "Industrious and exact in his accounts";—good! good!—"never knew him one minute behind time";—very good; ah! what is this?—"the only complaint I feel bound to make is, that I am afraid he is growing too fond of the glass, and I have heard that he has made friends with such as I should consider scarcely suitable to one in his position." Is that correct, Mr. Walker?

W. It is true, sir, that I like a glass of beer; but I am very seldom intoxicated, I assure you.

B. Then you will not suit me, Mr. Walker.

W. Surely, sir, this will not operate as any obstacle! It has never caused me to swerve one moment from the path of duty, rectitude, and honour.

C. It is not what it has done, it is what it may do, Mr. Walker; and in a position of this sort there must not be a possibility, so far as we can see into the future, of your swerving from the right path.

B. I see you date from Norfolk Street by your letter. Is Henry James Walker any relative of yours?

W. He is my father, sir.

B. And are you aware that he has over-drawn his account with us some £250?

W. I do not wonder at it, sir. He neglects his business, and is habitually drunk. It was not so once.

B. Apply that lesson to yourself then, Mr. George, and then you will not wonder that I refuse to engage any about this establishment but those who are teetotalers.

W. I understand, then, that you refuse me the engagement?

(The banker and Carter whisper together.)

C. Will you sign this temperance pledge?

W. If I thought it would secure me from ills which I would most willingly escape, then—

B. Sign it at once; you cannot do better. The lesson should have been taught you at home long before this.

(Walker signs the pledge.)

W. There, sir! I will do my best to act up to this pledge.

B. You act wisely in so doing. I can now depend upon you. I do not like pot-house servants. You may consider yourself engaged. *l*

THE TEETOTAL A B C.

BY A. W., O.

To be recited by twenty-six small children.

[NOTE.—Let each advance, say the one voice appointed to him, and then retire.]

- A—is for Alcohol,
With poisonous breath,
Bringing us misery,
Wretchedness, death!
- B—stands for Brandy,
Its use we know well,
Brings woe to our homes,
Is of hope the death-knell!
- C—Constitution,
So ruined by drink:
Then folks shouldn't use it,
So all of us think.
- D—for the Drunkard—
God help him! say we;
May he soon take the pledge,
And he'll happier be.
- E—for the End
Which the drunkard must reach;
For he cannot gain heaven,
The Scripture doth teach.
- F—for a Fuddle;
A glorious name!
Which means *getting drunk*,
Or *screwed*—all the same!
- G—for the Gammon
The landlord tries on,
While he gets all the money,
Then bids you begone!
- H—for the Home
Which the drunkard neglects,
His happiness ruins,
And his prospects wrecks.
- I—for the Inn
Where the liquors are sold,
Where they soften your brains
And swallow your gold.
- J—for the Judge
Who fines you a crown,
Because you get drunk
And make rows in the town.
- K—for the Knowledge
Which oft comes too late,
Of the way drink can sting—
See the poor drunkard's fate!
- L—for the Land
Where they license such sin
And where neighbours get drunk
Upon *government gin*!
- M—for the Money
That's wanted at home;
To the landlord's big till
It will oftener come.
- N—for the Noodle
Who drinks night and day,
While the stuff kills him hourly—
His brains steals away.
- O—for the Outcast
The drunkard becomes;
Thankful to gather
The landlord's poor crumbs!
- P—the good Pledge
Which I'd have you to sign
Against liquors of all kind,
Gin, rum, brandy, wine.
- Q—for the Quarrelsome—
Beer is the thing,
With quick, angry words, friends,
To make a house ring.
- R—the Resolve
Which we all ought to make
Never to touch liquors,
Taste, handle, nor take.
- S—is for Sustenance—
Beer hasn't any,
Though of folks who think different
There are sadly too many!
- T—for the Toper
Who drinks all the day,
Who staggers and reels
As he goes on his way.
- U—means United;
So let us all stand
In arms against drink,
A strong, hopeful band.
- V—stands for Viper;
And such is strong drink!
You nurse it, 'twill sting you
Before you may think.
- W—for Water
So pure and so bright;
God's drink for His creatures,
And each Rechabite!

X—two or three,
Means a *strong* sort of ale;
But it makes the men *weak*,
As I can go bail.

Y—for the Youth
Of our own fair land,
Who 'gainst strong drink
Make a brave stand.

Z—for the Zany;
No sense much remains,
As he puts in his mouth
What makes off with his brains!

THE MANIAC.

BY MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

STAY, gaoler, stay, and hear my woe;
She is not mad who kneels to thee:
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! gaoler, haste that fate to tell;
Oh! haste, my father's heart to cheer;
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;
His glimmering lamp still, still I see—
'Tis gone! and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold!—No warmth, no light—
Life, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad: no, no, not mad!

'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain;
What! I, the child of rank and wealth,—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?

Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my
head;
But 'tis not mad; no, 'tis not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with her you sued to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away;
They'll make me mad, they'll make me
mad!

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
His mild blue eyes, how bright they
shone!
None ever bore a lovelier child:
And art thou now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I will be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad; I am not mad!

Oh! hark! what means those yells and
cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes,—I see his glaring eyes;
Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.
Help! help!—he's gone!—oh! fearful
woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to
see!
My brain, my brain,—I know, I know,
I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon;—for, lo, now—while I speak—
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror! the serpent strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
Ay, laugh, ye fiends:—I feel the truth;
Your task is done—I'm mad! I'm mad!

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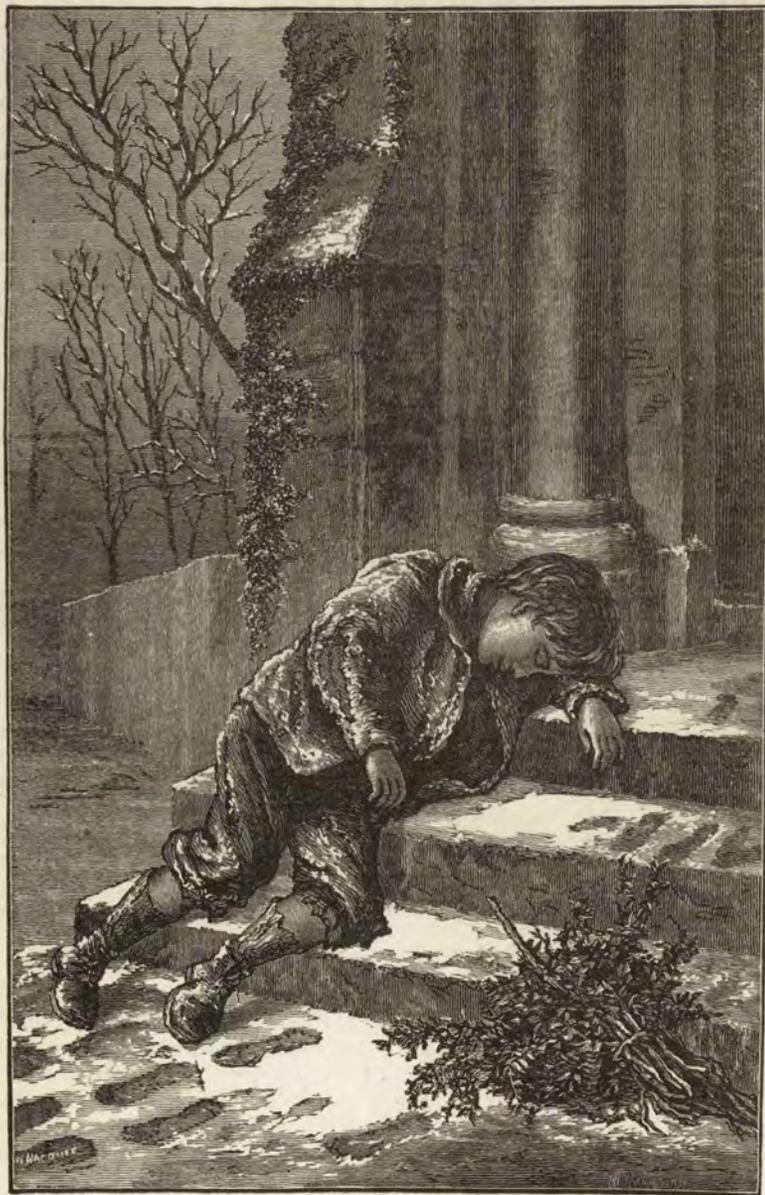
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No. 216.—December, 1887.]

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WINTER AGAIN.

WINTER AGAIN.



THE wintry weather is again upon us, and good clothing and bright fires are necessary to keep us warm. In our cosy homes of an evening we read, and draw, and sing, and play, and are happy in spite of the biting winds which Jack Frost sends. How delightful is all this! It almost reconciles us to the loss of cricket, shuttlecock, top and marbles. Indeed winter, with its long nights, brings enjoyments that even summer cannot yield. Our Band of Hope meetings are in full swing, and the cheery speeches, humorous and instructive dialogues, and racy recitations are once more given before crowds of young people. What happy gatherings are these! How keenly we all enjoy them!

But while we are the recipients of so many mercies and blessings, thousands are deprived of them. Little children whose parents are drunkards have to endure untold suffering. They have no warm winter clothing, no pleasant fireside, no bright rooms in which to sit. Many of them are compelled to beg in the street, their feet bare and their clothing tattered and thin. We must remember this; and while thankful for our own comfortable circumstances, let us give a kindly thought to the waifs—the poor boys and girls—who are suffering through no fault of their own. Should opportunity present itself, let us do something to lessen their suffering by an act of kindness or a word of cheer. To the wide circle of readers we wish “A bright, Merry Christmas,” and Christmas *may* be bright and merry, if we deny ourself for the good of others. Boys and girls, try it!

ESAU'S LAMENT.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

OLD Isaac blessed his younger son
 Who Esau's voice had feigned;
 And Jacob hath his brother's right
 And benediction gained.
 Son hath his sire betrayed—
 Brother hath brother wronged—
 Usurped the holy right
 To first-born son belonged.
 The blessing's said,
 The pray'r is prayed,
 The benediction sweet
 The holy vow,
 Pronounced now,
 The treachery is complete:

And Jacob can walk in the light of
 day,
 And Esau may never his power gain-
 say,
 And first-born to younger brother must
 yield,
 For Isaac's blessing shall Jacob shield.
 Now Esau brings his store
 Of savoury meat the best;
 And bids his father eat
 Of venison richly dressed:
 “My Father, I have brought,” he cries,
 “That which thou didst command;
 My Father, wilt thou now arise,
 And place Thine honoured hand
 Upon thy first-born's head, that so,
 When he shall from thy presence go

He ever may thy blessing feel?
 Oh! take in thine thy first-born's hand—
 My Father! by thy side I stand—
 Now at thy feet I kneel!"

Old Isaac strained his sightless eyes;
 "Esau! my son! my son!" he cries,
 In accents breathing woe:
 "Oh! Esau—I have been deceived—
 And thou of thy just right bereaved
 Must without blessing go!
 Yet am I right? Is Esau near?
 Ah yes! 'Tis Esau's voice I hear!
 'Tis Esau's hand which now I grasp!
 'Tis Esau doth return the clasp!
 We both have been betrayed, my son,
 Another hath my blessing won—
 Another hath usurped thy place—
 Hath ta'en the blessing and the grace
 Which was my first-born's right!
 Oh! ne'er thy father felt till now
 How hard—how heavy was the blow
 Deprived him of his sight!
 For ne'er, till now, thy father knew
 That self-same stroke would rob thee too,
 My son, of thy just right!"

Now comes the wail of dark despair:
 Oh! what a piercing shriek is there!
 It rends the clouds—it cleaves the air—
 Sure Heaven must hear the cry! [low—
 It bursts from the heart of a man bowed
 It escapes from the lips fain would check
 its flow— [woe—
 It is torn from the tortured breast of
 From a soul in agony!
 "Oh! bless me, my Father, even me—
 Oh! hast thou no blessing left—hath he
 Thy every blessing ta'en?
 Hast thou no other blessing? Oh!
 Canst thou not bless again?—
 Oh! bless me—even me—my Father, too!
 I am thy first-born son—it is my due!
 Oh! Father! hear my bitter cry!
 Oh! Father! bless me ere you die!
 Oh! am I not thy first-born son?
 And am I not thy best-loved one?
 Then bless me—even me—

Oh! my Father! hear my cry!
 Bless me—even me—
 Oh! my Father! lest I die!
 Not one responsive word—
 No answer to my pray'r—
 Oh! Father! send me not away
 By thee doomed to despair!
 Thou canst not see the tears that fall,
 But thou canst hear me on thee call!
 Thou canst not see the flowing eye,
 But thou canst hear my bitter cry!
 Then bless me—bless me also—oh! my
 Father—bless! [bing temples press!"]

Oh! let thy patriarchal hand my throb—
 "Forbear, my son;" old Isaac said,
 "Nor seek to stay the blessing fled;
 Vain is thy cry of anguish—vain—
 The first-born son may never gain
 His Father's blessing now!
 The Father's hand may never rest
 Upon his first-born's brow!"

Oh! hark to the shriek of despair again—
 Do such sobs as those come from mortal
 man?
 Do those tears fall from the eyes of him
 Whose eyes have never till now been
 dim? [heart
 Ah! yes! They are torn from a stricken
 Where lingers for ever the poisoned dart,
 And the words which he struggles in vain
 to repress, [bless!"]

Are, "Bless me—even me—oh! my Father,
 Oh! surely the cry of a heart thus riven,
 Will call a blessing to earth from Heaven!
 Oh! surely the anguish which rends his
 soul,
 Is registered yonder in life's bright goal!
 Oh! surely the Angels themselves will pray
 For him whom a brother hath wronged
 for aye;
 And surely a merciful God will redress
 His wrongs, on whom grief doth so heavily
 press— [bless—
 The son who is weeping aloud—"Oh!
 Bless me! Even me! oh! my Father!
 Bless!"

2.—Tell the Good News.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

Tell the good news, the won-drous sto-ry, Beth-le-hem's

KEY G.	{	m : r : d s : - : - : : m r : d : r m : - : d : - : d : t ₁ : l,
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babe is born to-day, An-gels pro-claimed the news from

{	s ₁ : - : - : : d r : d : r m : - : - : - : m : r : d s : - : - : - : m m : r : d
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glo-ry, "Peace and good-will to men," they say.

{	f : - : l : - : s : f : m r : - : - : : f m : - : r d : - : - : : - :
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CHORUS.

Tell the good news, oh shout the glad ti - dings, Yes, and be
 Tell the good news, oh shout the glad ti - dings,

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

sure the world shall hear, From the dark pri - son He hath a -
 Yes, and be sure the world shall hear,

{	D t. r s : - : - : d' t : - : r' d' : - : - : f G. d s, : l, : t, d : - : - : d : - : - : d : r : m
	t m : - : - : m r : - : f m : - : - : d s, : l, : t, d : - : - : d : - : - : d : l : d
	s d' : d' d' d' : - : s s : - : s s : - : - : d s, : l, : t, d : - : - : d : - : - : m : f : s
	r s : s : s s : - : s s, : - : s, d : - : - : d s, : l, : t, d : - : - : d : - : - : d : t, : ta,

- ris - en, Tell the good news both far and near.

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

2 Tell the good news, the gladsome story,
 Jesus for sinners came to die;
 Conquering death He rose to glory,
 Dwelleth a Prince of Peace on high.

3 Tell the good news to every nation.
 Sing it with joy the world around;
 Jesus hath purchased full salvation,
 Pardon and peace in Him are found

THE CHILDREN'S PLEADINGS.

BY E. C. A. ALLEN.

A DIALOGUE FOR THIRTEEN LITTLE GIRLS.

[Get a number of cards about eight inches square, and have printed upon each one letter in bold, large type. Attach a ribbon to each card, all of equal length. Enlist the services of thirteen little girls, as near in height as can be got. These may remain in an ante-room, or be seated at the back row of seats on the platform. Each girl must have one of the cards hanging in front suspended by the ribbon from the neck. Each letter on the cards will be the same as the first letter of the verse the girl has to recite. Do not let the girls, if they have to be on the platform, sit in the order they have to recite, because that would inform the audience what was coming, and greater interest is excited if they do not know this. The girl with the card bearing the letter S comes first forward, placing herself at the right hand of the chairman, and, looking full in front of the audience, recites the first verse. The girl with I upon her card next comes and stands in a line with the first girl; the next with letter G in the same order, and so with letter N, etc.]

"SIGN THE PLEDGE."

Enter First Girl.

See the little ones are coming
Forward in the Temperance fight;
Hear our little voices pleading,
Oh! give up the drink to-night.

Second Girl.

In our songs and recitations
This grand end we have in view.
We ourselves are staunch abstainers;
Such we want to make you too.

Third Girl.

Gazing on us as we stand here,
Young and fair, from drink-chains free,
Which of us would you be willing
In the drunkard's ranks to see?

Fourth Girl.

"None!" we think we hear you saying;
But, O fathers, mothers, dear!
If we follow your examples,
Shall we shun or like the beer?

Fifth Girl.

Treading in your footsteps shall we
Sober, temperate, happy grow?
Will you not for our sakes banish
That which causes sin and woe.

Sixth Girl.

Hearken how the widows' wailings,
How the orphans' cries ascend!
Drink-made widows, drink-made orphans,
Will you still the drink defend?

Seventh Girl.

Earnestly your children ask you,
Join our noble Temperance band!
Help to chase the fearful monster
From our devoted land.

Eighth Girl.

Put your names to our grand pledge-roll;
Vow you'll never taste again
That which fills sad hearts with anguish,
Homes with weeping, graves with slain.

Ninth Girl.

Let our pleadings be successful
As we earnestly beseech
All who hear us to consider
The great lesson we would teach.

Tenth Girl.

Every drunkard that we pity
As we meet him in the street
Once, like us, was young and happy
Till sin snared his heedless feet.

Eleventh Girl.

Dreadful truth! he did as you do—
You who take your little drop—
Drank at first in moderation,
Till he knew not where to stop.

Twelfth Girl.

God save us from ever tasting!
God help you, dear friends, to see
That alone in total abstinence
There can total safety be.

Thirteenth Girl.

Each has brought her letter with her;
Heed, oh! heed these words of light;
Drink with us heaven's sparkling water;
(*All exclaim.*)
Sign, oh! sign the pledge to-night.

LITTLE GOTTLIEB.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

PEEBE CARY.

A CROSS the German Ocean,
 In a country far from our own,
 Once a poor little boy, named Gottlieb,
 Lived with his mother alone.

They dwelt in the part of a village
 Where the houses were poor and small,
 But the house of little Gottlieb
 Was the poorest one of all.

He was not large enough to work,
 And his mother could do no more,
 Though she scarcely laid her knitting down,
 Than keep the wolf from the door.

She had to take their threadbare clothes,
 And turn, and patch, and darn;
 For never any woman yet
 Grew rich by knitting yarn.

And oft at night beside her chair
 Would Gottlieb sit, and plan
 The wonderful things he would do for her
 When he grew to be a man.

One night she sat and knitted,
 And Gottlieb sat and dreamed,
 When a happy fancy all at once
 Upon his vision beamed.

'Twas only a week till Christmas,
 And Gottlieb knew that then
 The Christ-child, who was born that day,
 Sent down good gifts to men.

And he said, "He will never find us,
 Our home is so mean and small,
 And we, who have most need of them,
 Will get no gifts at all."

When all at once a happy light
 Came into his eyes so blue,
 And lighted up his face with smiles,
 As he thought what he could do.

Next day when the postman's letters
 Came from all over the land,
 Came one for the Christ-child, written
 In a child's poor trembling hand.

You may think he was sorely puzzled
 What in the world to do;
 So he went to the Burgomaster,
 As the wisest man he knew.

And when they opened the letter,
 They stood almost dismayed
 That such a little child should dare
 To ask the Lord for aid.

Then the Burgomaster stammered,
 And scarce knew what to speak,
 And hastily he brushed aside
 A drop, like a tear, from his cheek.

Then up he spoke right gruffly,
 And turned himself about;
 "This must be a very foolish boy,
 And a small one, too, no doubt."

But when six rosy children
 That night about him pressed,
 Poor, trusting little Gottlieb
 Stood near him with the rest.

And he heard his simple, touching prayer,
 Through all their noisy play;
 Though he tried his very best to put
 The thought of him away.

A wise and learned man was he,
 Men called him good and just;
 But his wisdom seemed like foolishness,
 By that weak child's simple trust.

Now when the morn of Christmas came,
 And the long, long week was done,
 Poor Gottlieb, who scarce could sleep,
 Rose up before the sun,

And hastened to his mother,
 But he scarce might speak for fear,
 When he saw her wondering look, and saw
 The Burgomaster near.

He wasn't afraid of the Holy Babe,
 Nor his mother, meek and mild;
 But he felt as if so great a man
 Had never been a child.

Amazed the poor child looked, to find
 The hearth was piled with wood,
 And the table, never full before,
 Was heaped with dainty food.

Then half to hide from himself the truth,
 The Burgomaster said,
 While the mother blessed him on her knees,
 And Gottlieb shook for dread:

"Nay, give no thanks, my good dame,
 To such as me for aid,
 Be grateful to your little son,
 And the Lord to whom he prayed!"

Then turning round to Gottlieb,
 "Your written prayer, you see,
 Came not to whom it was addressed,
 It only came to me!

"'Twas but a foolish thing you did,
As you must understand;
For though the gifts are yours you know,
You have them from my hand."

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
Where he humbly stood apart,
"But the Christ-child sent them all the same,
He put the thought in your heart!"

SONG OF THE CHILDREN'S ARMY.

WE are coming to the battle of the
weak against the strong;

We are coming to the conflict of the right
against the wrong;

We are coming to the rescue of our
country and our home;

We are coming to the help and hope of
years that are to come.

Then raise the flag of freedom high and
wave it as of yore;

We are coming to the rescue with a hun-
dred thousand more.

We are coming, yes, we're coming,

We are coming, coming coming;

We are coming to the rescue with a hun-
dred thousand more.

We are coming in our early days to aid
the good and true;

We are coming in our youthful strength
to bravely dare and do,

We are coming in our love for friends in
country and in town;

We are coming in the might of God to
put the tyrant down.

We are coming ere the tempter has had
time to forge his chain

To bind us fast, and make us slaves in
evil's dark domain;

We are coming with our little help to do
what we can do

For others' good, for God's own cause,
the whole wide world through.

NOTHING IS LOST.

NOTHING is lost; the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled to fall anew

In summer's thunder-shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne or breezes blown
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after-hour.

So with our words; or harsh or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot;
They have their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not.

So with our deeds; for good or ill,
They have their power scarce under-
stood;

Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good!

A patient said to Dr. John Epps, when
he told her she must give up beer, "Don't
you think that I shall miss it?" "Yes,"
he replied; "but now you are missing
health; is not that worse? You have the
choice before you."

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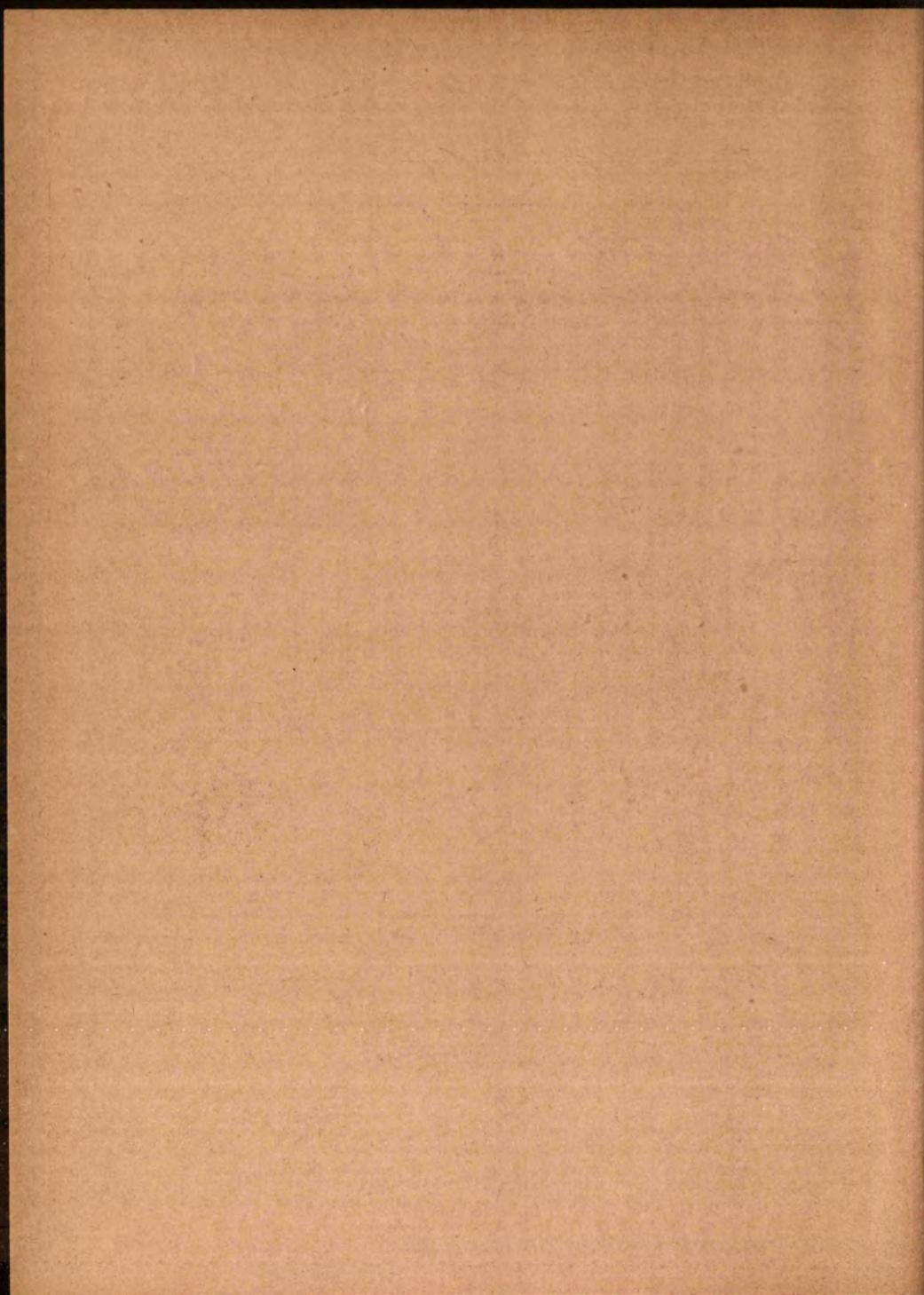
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"I'LL HAVE NO MORE DRINK!"

"I'LL HAVE NO MORE DRINK!"

FATHER!" John Aldred turned from the counter of the spirit-vault at which he was standing and where he had been drinking for several hours, and saw his little girl looking up at him with her innocent blue eyes, in which there seemed to lurk a spirit of condemnation at his neglectful conduct. At that moment the landlady, hearing the child's voice, looked over the counter, and seeing the little girl, said, in a sharp tone, "What's that child doing in here?" John turned and said, in a half-drunken manner, "She's my child, missis; ain't she a right to be here?" "She'd more like be at home," said the landlady; "it ain't the first time I've seen her here. Send her off out of the place!" "What for?" asked John. "Because I tell you," shouted the landlady, hotly; "what do such as *you* question *me* like that for? Send the child away, I tell you, and take yourself off too! Do ye hear?" "I hear, missis," said John, in a thoughtful voice. "Well, then, do it!" said the landlady in a towering passion. John looked at the irate woman a moment or two, and while looking he thought how nice and smiling she always was when he first began to visit the vault, with plenty of money to

spend; but now, when she knew he had almost ruined himself by drink, her manner was entirely changed. Then John thought of the woman he called his wife, who during all his neglect and ill-treatment had never once spoken a cross word, but had borne all patiently; though her face had lost its freshness, her eye its brightness, and she was but a shadow of her former self. The thoughts were too much for John; his better nature usurped itself; he seemed to become sober all at once; and hastily lifting the child up in his arms he rushed out of the vault and hurried home through the rain, determined from that time henceforth to be a better man. "Wife," he said, on entering the house, "this is New Year's Eve; the last day in the old year. Please God, the New Year shall be to you and me and the little ones a better year than the last has been. I'll have no more drink!" With tears, the long-suffering woman, looking up into the face of her husband to see if he were sincere, and seeing his earnestness, said, "Thank God, John!" That was the beginning of happier times. John Aldred kept his word, and is now a well-to-do man; and, better still, he is a sincere christian.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE New Year has come, with its pathway untrod. [God?]
The New Year has come; will you give it to
Resolve, in His strength, a new life to begin,
Resolve, in His strength, to resist every sin.

The New Year has come; do you wish for a
guide,
To show you the way and keep close to your
side?

Then ask the Lord Jesus; each prayer He will
hear;
And if you have Him, you have nothing to
fear.

Seek strength from above, that you may on
each day
Fulfil every duty that comes in your way;
To Jesus, your Saviour, oh! keep ever near,
And then you'll be sure of a happy New
Year.

THE BROAD WAY AND THE NARROW WAY.

BY J. HARMS.

THE Broad Way, oh! how broad it is,
That leads so many souls astray,
Away from childhood's paths of bliss
Into the depths of misery.

The tempting one is ever near,
With his deceit and luring smile,
To lead away from godly fear
Into the paths of sin and guile.

The young he watches like a lion,
Lest they should early learn to love
The Narrow Way which leads to Zion,
The only way to heaven above.

He knows that if they early find
The happiness that God doth give,
He'll not so easy change their mind,
Nor with him be content to live.

Oh happy those who early learn
To know and walk the Narrow Way;
Thrice happy they who never turn
Aside, but follow God alway.

If every one could realize
The happiness there is in store
For those who gain the heavenly prize,
They'd not serve Satan any more.

But often he doth blind their sight
With worldly vanities and show;
He stops them when they would do right,
And fills their mind with things below.

And so they go from bad to worse,
To sin in every shape and form,
To drink and gamble and to curse,
'Twere better if they'd not be born.

Could they but live those early days
Of happy childhood o'er again,
They would not yield to Satan's ways,
But be content thus to remain.

Take care, dear children, while you're young,
And seek to know the Narrow Way;
Keep close to Jesus, and among
God's children love to walk alway.

Heed not the tempter when he tries
To tempt you to do something wrong;
But close your ears to all his cries,
And ask the Lord to make you strong.

He knows your weakness, knows your foe;
But if you love Him best of all,
He'll be your strength where'er you go,
Nor suffer you to ever fall.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

JOHN Littlejohn was staunch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong;
He gave good weight, and paid his way,
He thought for himself, and he said his say.
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
Instead of silver, money of brass,
He took his hammer, and said, with a frown,
"The coin's a bad one, nail it down."

John Littlejohn was firm and true,
You could not cheat him in "two and two";
When foolish arguers, might and main,
Darken'd and twisted the clear and plain,
He saw through the mazes of their speech
The simple truth beyond their reach,
And crushing their logic, said, with a frown,
"Your coin's a bad one, nail it down."

John Littlejohn maintain'd the Right,
Through storm and shine, in the world's de-
spite;

When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments learn'd by rote,
Or by coaxing, threats, or promise, tried,
To gain his support to the wrongful side,
"Nay, nay," said John, with an angry frown,
"Your coin's a bad one, nail it down."

When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That the rich alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great,
John shook his head, and swore, with a frown,
"The coin's a bad one, nail it down."

When told that events might justify
A false and crooked policy,
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude,
That a lie, if white, was a small offence,
To be forgiven by men of sense,
"Nay, nay," said John, with a sigh and frown,
"The coin's a bad one, nail it down."

When told from the pulpit or the press
That heaven was a place of exclusiveness,
That none but those could enter there
Who knelt with the "orthodox" at prayer,
And held all virtues out of their pale
As idle works of no avail, [frown,
John's face grew dark, as he swore, with a
"The coin's a bad one, nail it down."

Whenever the world our eyes would blind
With false pretences of such a kind,
With humbug, cant, and bigotry,
Or a specious, sham philosophy,
With wrong dress'd up in guise of right,
And darkness passing itself for light,
Let us imitate John, and exclaim, with a
frown,
"The coins are spurious, nail them down!"

A LAZY BOY'S LOAD.

YOUNG Coville is bringing in wood. Watch him. The wood lies by the saw-buck. There are two good armfuls of it; but he is going to bring it all in at once. That is the better way, as it saves one trip. He is getting it upon his arm with great difficulty. The pile rises rapidly. It is all up but a few sticks; and he has to steady himself with a great effort while feeling around for them. Each piece comes harder than its predecessor. The bottom sticks are apparently cutting into the flesh of his arm; and one at the top is pressing most painfully against his cheek. He is sitting on his haunches in a disagreeable position, the increasing weight making his knee-joints ache. The dizzy pile is held in place only by the severest effort of both brain and muscle. The slightest false motion would topple it to the ground. He realizes it. All the colour in his body is in his face, and the cords thereof are drawn to the utmost tension. His eyes glow like a flame. He can't find that last stick. Slowly the right hand circles around, feeling carefully for it. His eyes are bright; but they are ranged over the load on his arm, and the very nearest approach they can make to the scene is the distant horizon. Still he skirmishes about with his right hand. A moisture is beginning to well up in the bright orbs, making the horizon indistinct. The muscles nearest the mouth are commencing to slacken, and the under-lip slightly trembles.

It is noticeable that the right hand is losing its caution, and growing a trifle impulsive. Its circles are sharper, and less in symmetry. He has gone over all the ground in reach. He bends apprehensively forward for more territory. There is a waver, then another, a sudden plunge for recovery, and over goes the pile; and a boy with passion-distorted face is blindly kicking the inoffensive sticks. Then the back-door opens; and he suddenly stops; and glares morosely at the wreck.

"William Henry!" exclaims a shrill voice, "are you going to be all night bringing in that wood?"

"Go in the house!" he mutters under his breath.

"What's that you say to me, young man?"

"I said I'm comin's quick's I could," he hastily but frankly explains. "Do you s'pose I can help it 'cause the wood tips over when I get it piled up?"

"What do you try to carry so much for, then?" she properly asks. "You bring along part of that wood, and go after the rest pretty quick, or I'll send your father out to you;" and the door slams again.

Does he take in part of it. Never. His heart may be wrung, and the tears flow like rain; but he will carry all that wood in at once, if it takes five years. It was a mere caprice then; but it is principle now. He goes over the same performance again, and he repeats it until he masters every stick, and rises, reeling, to his feet. Then he stumbles painfully up the path, his breath coming quick and strong, his eyes bulging, and his knees almost screaming out with the ache they are enduring. He can't see the stoop, and hardly any thing of the house but the roof. He staggers up the steps, and kicks violently against the door. It is opened by his impatient and thoroughly disgusted mother; but the exertion has fatally disturbed the poise of the pile. One stick comes thundering to the floor, then another, and another. He makes a desperate effort to reach the wood-box with the rest of the load; but piece after piece comes crashing down, arousing the whole family, and nearly driving his mother insane. He reaches the box. He may not have one-half the load on his arm; but he brought it all in at once, thank Heaven!

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

(May be given by one boy, or divided among five.)

WE greet you, dear friends, in our kindest way ;

We are glad you are here, for we've something to say ; [quite ;

Some questions to ask, for we're all puzzled, We wish you to answer, to give us more light.

You send us to Sunday-school year after year ; We are taught to abhor both the wine and the beer ;

We are told there is poison in every drop ; If to drink we begin, 'twill be hard then to stop.

God's word tells us, too, that sorrow and woe Are the portion of those to the wine-cup who go ; [given,

That misery and pain in this world shall be And when life is ended no entrance to heaven.

We wish to inquire if this can be true ; If all that God says you believe He will do ; If Rum is the fiend we are taught to believe, Who lieth in wait all our hopes to deceive ?

And if it is true, all these boys wish to know What you *license* it for, with its sin and its woe ?

Why you've planted a rum-shop on every street, And spread such a net for our unwary feet ?

We love you, and thank you for all that you teach,

But we ask you to *practise* as well as to *preach*.

COME, JOIN OUR TEMPERANCE BAND.

BY J. HARMS.

DEAR friends, we now invite you all to join our Temperance Band,

And help to close the public-house that's ruining our land : [complete,

We do not mean to rest until the victory is So come and join, and help to drive the drink from every street.

We ask you, moderate drinker, to give up your little drop

Before you get too fond of it, so that you cannot stop ;

The drunkard was not always drunk, he moderate was like you, [you.

Then give it up ere 'tis too late, or it may ruin

You say there is no danger ; oh friend ! just stop and think,

How many who have drunk with you are now upon the brink

Of drunkenness, and some have died in this debasing state ; [too late.

Then give it up and join our Band before it is

You know there is a danger ! be honest then and true,

And boldly sign the pledge to-night, and come and wear the blue ;

And help us to make England's home, a happy home indeed ;

This won't be done until the "drink" from every house is freed.

We also ask the drunkard, if there be such here to-night, [us in the fight ;

To sign the pledge at once, and come and help You know the drink is doing you harm, deny it if you can, [sober man.

Then don't delay, but sign at once, and be a "Too late !" you say, 'tis not too late, if you will only come

And ask the Lord to give you strength the drink to overcome ; [were bad as you,

We've many in our temperance Band who once But in God's strength they've signed the pledge, and firmly kept it too.

Then say no more it is too late, since what I've said is true ;

The Loving Arms that rescued them, will rescue even you ;

Then come along, just as you are, and trust this Loving Friend, [unto the end.

He will not fail you, but will keep you firm

And are there any who have been abstainers all their life,

Who never yet have joined us in the battle and the strife ?

Oh come at once and help us, there's a work for you to do, [save a few.

And use your talent God has given and try to

We, one and all, can something do to hasten on the day

When drinking and the public-house shall both be swept away, [time soon be,

And prohibition shall be ours, oh ! may the When men and women from the curse of drunkenness are free.

15.—Guard, my Child, thy Tongue.

H. R. PALMER.

Guard, my child, thy tongue, That it speak no wrong;

KEY F.

m	:-	m	r	:m	r	d	:-	:-	:-	s	:-	s	f	:s	f	m	:-	:-	:-
d	:-	d	t	:-	s	s	:-	:-	:-	m	:-	m	r	:m	r	d	:-	:-	:-
s	:-	s	f	:s	f	m	:-	:-	:-	d	:-	m	s	:-	s	s	:-	:-	:-
d	:-	d	s	:-	s	d	:-	:-	:-	d	:-	d	s	:-	s	d'	:-	:-	:-

Let no evil words pass o'er it, Set the watch of truth before it,

s	:-	s	l	:-	s	f	:-	f	s	:-	f	m	:-	m	f	:-	m	r	:-	r	m	:-	f
d	:-	d	de	:-	de	r	:-	d	t	:-	t	d	:-	t	l	:-	l	t	:-	t	d	:-	r
m	:-	m	m	:-	l	l	:-	r	r	:-	s	s	:-	d	d	:-	f	f	:-	f	m	:-	r
d	:-	d	l	:-	l	r	:-	r	s	:-	s	d	:-	d	f	:-	f	s	:-	s	s	:-	s

That it do no wrong; Guard, my child, thy tongue.

s	:-	s	f	:s	f	m	:-	:-	:-	m	:-	m	r	:m	r	d	:-	:-	:-
m	:-	m	r	:m	r	d	:-	:-	:-	d	:-	d	t	:-	s	s	:-	:-	:-
d	:-	m	s	:-	s	s	:-	:-	:-	s	:-	s	f	:s	f	m	:-	:-	:-
d	:-	d	s	:-	s	d	:-	:-	:-	s	:-	s	s	:-	s	d	:-	:-	:-

- 2 Guard, my child, thine eyes,
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right,
From all evil turn thy sight:
Prying is not wise,
Guard, my child, thine eyes.
- 3 Guard, my child, thine ear,
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil words come in,

- That may cause thy soul to sin:
Wicked words will sear,
Guard, my child, thine ear.
- 4 Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young;
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be:
Guard while thou art young
Ears, and eyes, and tongue.

25.—Join the Children's Chorus.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Hark, and hear them sing - ing Praise to God a - bove; Hear their voi-cessweet-ly

Key A. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 :-s_1 | d : m \quad r :- | l_1 :- | t_1 :-t_1 | d : m \quad r :- | - : | m :-, m | f, m : r, d \\ m_1 :-, m_1 | m_1 : s_1 \quad f_1 :- | l_1 :- | s_1 :-s_1 | s_1 : s_1 \quad s_1 :- | - : | s_1 :-, s_1 | l_1, s_1 : f_1, m_1 \\ d :-, d | s_1 : d \quad l_1 :- | r :- | r :-r | d : d \quad t_1 :- | - : | d :-, d | d, d : s_1, s_1 \\ d_1 :-, d_1 | d_1 : d_1 \quad f_1 :- | f_1 :- | s_1 :-f_1 | m_1 : d_1 \quad s_1 :- | - : | d :-, d | d_1, d_1 : d_1, d_1 \end{array} \right.$

CHORUS.

ring - ing With the songs of love. For the mercy brooding o'er us,
For the heav'n that waits before us,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r :- | l_1 :- | t_1 :-, d \quad r : m \quad d :- | - : | r :-, r | r, r : d, r \quad m :- | d :- \quad D.S. \\ f_1 :- | f_1 :- | r_1 :-, m_1 | f_1 : s_1 \quad m_1 :- | - : | s_1 :-, s_1 | s_1, s_1 : s_1, s_1 \quad s_1 :- | s_1 :- \\ l_1 :- | l_1 :- | s_1 :-, s_1 | s_1 : s_1 \quad s_1 :- | - : | t_1 :-, t_1 | t_1, t_1 : l_1, t_1 \quad d :- | s_1 :- \\ f_1 :- | f_1 :- | s_1 :-, s_1 | s_1 : s_1 \quad d_1 :- | - : | s_1 :-, s_1 | s_1, s_1 : s_1, s_1 \quad d_1 :- | d_1 :- \end{array} \right.$

Let us join the children's cho - rus, Prais - ing God a - bove.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :-, m | f, m : r, d \quad r :- | l_1 :- | t_1 :-, d \quad r : m \quad d :- | - : \\ s_1 :-, s_1 | l_1, s_1 : f_1, m_1 \quad f_1 :- | f_1 :- | r_1 :-, m_1 | f_1 : s_1 \quad m_1 :- | - : \\ d :-, d | d, d : s_1, s_1 \quad l_1 :- | l_1 :- | s_1 :-, s_1 | s_1 : s_1 \quad s_1 :- | - : \\ d_1 :-, d_1 | d_1, d_1 : d_1, d_1 \quad f_1 :- | f_1 :- | s_1 :-, s_1 | s_1 : s_1 \quad d_1 :- | - : \end{array} \right.$

2 Jesus loved the children
While on earth He stayed;
Jesus on the little children
Hands of blessing laid.

3 While their minds are tender
Teach them to be true;

Let them keep their loving Saviour
Ever in their view.

4 How the angels softly
Fold each snowy wing;
How they bend and how they listen
When the children sing.

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO YOUTHS.

BY J. HARMS.

Herbert.

HELLO, Arthur! Where are you off to now in such a hurry? Is someone ill, and are you going for the doctor?

Arthur. Oh, no, Herbert; there is no one ill that I'm aware of. I am going to our Band of Hope meeting, and I was afraid I should be late, but I see by the clock at the post office opposite that I have plenty of time. Will you come with me?

H. Me? No, thank you. I'm not so soft as all that. When I left home I left the Band of Hope also.

A. (*looking serious.*) I am very sorry to hear you talk like that, Herbert. I thought you prized our Band of Hope too much to speak so lightly of it; but I hope if you *have* left it, you have not broken the pledge.

H. (*laughing.*) I have, though; and what's the harm? Why, to see your long face one would think I had done something dreadful.

A. Does your father and mother know that you have broken it, Herbert?

H. Not likely. You don't think I should be so foolish as to tell them everything, do you?

A. But why not? I suppose you write and tell them how you like being away from home, and how you spend your spare time, and so on? then why not tell them you have broken your pledge?

H. I expect they would be sorry to know that.

A. But you said just now, "What's the harm?" Surely there must be harm after-all, or why would they be sorry?

H. I suppose they would be afraid I might get too fond of drink, like a great many more, and become a drunkard; but they are not teetotallers, and so I don't see why I cannot have a glass of beer as well as them.

A. Don't you think your father and mother know best what is good for you, Herbert? You know very well there is a danger of your becoming a drunkard if you drink.

H. Then why didn't they set me the example by abstaining themselves?

A. True. I sincerely wish they had; but that is not sufficient excuse for you to drink, especially if they wished you to be an abstainer. You know

you are disobeying them, and not only that, but you have broken a solemn pledge made to God. I am afraid many people forget the sacred nature of the pledge, or they would not so readily break it.

H. I had not seen it in that light before, and I am sorry now that I broke it.

A. What first induced you to drink, Herbert?

H. Why, you know where I lodge there is a son about my own age, and of course we soon became great friends, and one evening he invited me to go to a concert with him that was given in the neighbourhood. When we came out, he asked me to go and have a glass of ale with him at a refreshment-bar close by. I declined at first, telling him that I was an abstainer; but he laughed at me, and said I should never keep up my strength if I did not drink; then I thought of father and mother, how that they have a little to do them good, and so I felt there could not be any harm if I had a little, and I did.

A. And have you drank with him since?

H. Yes, several times; but since we have been talking, I feel sorry that I was so weak to drink when he first offered it me. I will try and refuse the next time.

A. Yes, do, Herbert; but, remember, you cannot do it in your own strength. You must ask God for strength to resist that and every other temptation.

H. Yes, I will; and some night I will come with you to your meeting and sign again.

A. Why not come with me now?

H. I have promised to meet my friend, and I must keep my promise; but I will not forget what we have been talking about, and I will try and induce him to come with me to your meeting.

A. That's right; I hope he will. I am so glad to have met you, and hope we shall soon meet again.

H. I hope so, too. Good-bye.

A. (*shaking hands.*) Good-bye. (*Exit H. A. turns to audience.*) Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will pardon me for saying a few words, but I feel very sorry for Herbert because he has broken his pledge; and I cannot help thinking that if his parents had been abstainers he would not have broken it. If I had not met him, it is very possible he would have gone on drinking, as a great many more have done, and in time become a drunkard. And so I would earnestly appeal to all parents here to-night to sign the pledge, if not for your own sakes, for the sake of your children, as I think we have proved that "Example is better than Precept."

WANTED, A COACHMAN.

IALOGUE FOR FOUR OLDER BOYS AND ONE
YOUNG GIRL.

Dr. C. (*sitting reading a newspaper*).

AH! I see my advertisement is in. I hope I shall meet with a decent man this time, for I'm getting tired of having a man who drinks. (*Rings a bell.*) I must tell Mary what to do while I run across and see my patient. (*Enter Mary.*) I ought to have told you before this, Mary, that I have advertised in our morning paper for another coachman in place of Thomas, whom I've had to discharge for getting drunk. Mind, I've told them to be here from five minutes to nine to nine; and be sure, on no account, to let any one see who comes after the clock has struck nine. I must have a punctual man.

Mary (*a servant*). I will be sure to attend to your wishes, sir; and I hope this time you will succeed in getting a steady one to suit you.

Dr. C. I intend to try my best to do so, and hope I shall be able to meet with the right man. (*Going out.*) I sha'n't be long, Mary. If any one calls, tell them I've just run across the road on business. (*Exit, left*).

M. And I do hope you will succeed, for I'm sick and tired of having a tippling coachman about the place. My word, if I had my will I'd make a law compelling all of them to be abstainers; for it's certain they can never be too sober to drive such splendid horses like the doctor keeps. But I'll just put this room a bit straight (*begins to arrange chairs, etc.*), so that we may get the thing over as soon as possible. (*A knock is heard.*) Ah! here's number one, I suppose. (*Goes to door, right.*)

John. Is this Dr. Cureall's?

M. Yes.

J. Then, please, I've called about the coachman's place that's advertised in to-day's paper.

M. Then, walk in; he will be here in a few minutes. You can sit down a minute.

J. (*taking a seat*). I am the first on the ground, I suppose?

M. Yes, it appears so. (*A knock is heard.*) But not much before somebody else, I fancy. (*Goes to the door, right.*) This is number two.

Pat. Sure, my honey, is this Dr. Cureall's?

M. Yes, and what's your business?

P. Business, indade, and isn't it to have the honour of driving your master's blessed self every day wherever he might want to go?

M. Then you had better come in and sit down, and not make yourself quite so free with your betters, or perhaps you will get into trouble.

(*Enter Pat.*)

P. (*to John*). And are you in search of the coachman's place too?

J. Yes, and with a good character, which will beat yours any day, I know.

P. Character! And a mighty fine character a man wants to drive horses. What's that to do with knowing how to handle a whip, and pull the bits of leather tight at the proper time?

J. We shall see, I expect, when the master comes.

[*A knock is heard. Mary goes to the door, right*]

Dick. Please, miss, is this Dr. Cureall's?

M. Yes, will you walk in? (*Aside.*) What a well-behaved and nice-spoken young man! He called me miss; now, that's what I call manners!

D. Will the Doctor be long before he is in? If so, I will call again.

M. No; I expect him the moment the clock strikes nine. He's a very punctual man, and likes to have punctual people about him also.

P. Punctual is it? Then I'm sure soon to get into hot water for being unpunctual if he engages me, for I'm always getting behind.

J. I hate a man for being so particular. What difference can a few minutes make?

[*A clock strikes nine.*]

M. There, time's up. No more will he allowed to come in, whoever it is; that's my orders.

[*Enter Dr. Cureall.*]

Dr. C. Oh! I see I've plenty of choice this time. But before I start my inquiries will you let me say that I only want *one* coachman, so I cannot hold out any hope to two of you.

P. Shure, your honour, you'll take pity on me. I'll do anything to deserve your respect and merit your confidence in everything.

J. And so will I, sir, if you will only give me a chance. You may rely upon me at any moment to be at the door when wanted.

D. I've two things to call your attention to, sir, which I will promise to provide to the best of my powers. They are ability and sobriety.

Dr. C. It appears that you all have promised some good qualities, but it strikes me that if I am to act fairly to each of you I ought to give you all an equal chance of getting the place.

P. That's fair, your honour.

J. Certainly; we can't object to that.

D. I shouldn't wish to object to such a reasonable proposal.

Dr. C. Well, supposing your characters are all equally good—and I will take that for granted to save time—let me ask you (*looking at John*): Suppose you had to drive me once a week from here to

(name a town a few miles off), and we had to go down that deep hill, on the side of which there is a very steep stone-quarry, out of which they have taken all the stone, how near do you think you could drive the coach to the edge of that quarry without running the risk of driving over, and so smashing the coach, killing the horses, and perhaps killing me and yourself, too. Mind you, I say how near could you go, for I have to go the road every week, and, therefore, I must have a very plain answer.

J. Oh! I could manage it within a foot, sir. I've been used to dashing away.

Dr. C. And how near do you think you could manage it? (*looking at Pat*).

P. Shure, your honour, I could do it nearer than that, especially if I had a drop of the crather to start with. I could do it within an inch. I'm noted for being clever at cutting it fine.

Dr. C. And how near could you manage to go? (*looking at Dick*).

D. Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I should never try how near I could get to the edge, but I should make it a rule to see how far I could keep away; for if I did so I should be sure never to run the risk of tipping any of us over at any time.

Dr. C. You are the coachman for me, Dick, for the man who never runs needlessly into danger is more likely, if overtaken by a special temptation, to be equally ready to face it with a prospect of overcoming it. I have no confidence in the man who cuts it so fine, or can go within a foot. Keep as far away from risk as you can is my motto, and then you will be free from danger.

P. Then you won't engage me?

Dr. C. Not at any price; you might cut it too fine and land me in the quarry.

J. Nor me?

Dr. C. No; you might dash over the edge and smash us all to pieces.

D. Then I may take it for granted that I'm the successful man.

Dr. C. Just so; because I also heard you say that you had ability and sobriety; and, besides, would keep as far away from the edge as possible. If you do this, it will be next to impossible for us ever to be in danger of going over the edge of that quarry, however quick you may have to drive or spirited the horses may be. You are the coachman for me.

[*Pat and John retire, gesticulating, first, and then all exult.*]

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

CAROLINE BOWLES (MRS. SOUTHEY).

LAUNCH thy bark, Mariner!
 Christian, God speed thee!
 Let loose the rudder-bands!
 Good angels lead thee!
 Set thy sails warily;
 Tempests will come;
 Steer thy course steadily!
 Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
 Breakers are round thee!
 Let fall the plummet now
 Shallows may ground thee.
 Reef in the fore-sail there!
 Hold the helm fast!
 So—let the vessel wear;
 There swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman?
 What of the night?
 "Cloudy—all quiet—
 No land yet—all's right."
 Be wakeful, be vigilant!
 Danger may be
 At an hour when all seemeth
 Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
 Clean out the hold—
 Hoist up thy merchandise,
 Heave out thy gold!
 There—let the ingots go!
 Now the ship rights,
 Hurrah! the harbour's near
 Lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
 At inlet or island;
 Straight for the beacon, steer—
 Straight for the high land;
 Crowd all thy canvas on,
 Cut through the foam—
 Christian! cast anchor now—
 HEAVEN IS THY HOME!

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 218.—February, 1888.]

NEW SERIES.

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THE FIRST TRANSGRESSION.

THE FIRST TRANSGRESSION.



RS. FARQUERSON sat in her comfortable cottage, her face wearing an expression of sadness and her eyes red with recent weeping. She was a widow. Mr. Farquerson had been dead over three years. Shortly before his death he said to his wife, "Jannet, ye hae been a good wife to me, an' I hae tried to do my duty to ye an' the bairns. When I'm gone ye'll find ye are comfortably off, an' Jammie will look after the bit farm, an' stand i' my shoon to protect ye an' little Sandy. Come here, Jammie, an' promise ye'll do richt to yer mither an' Sandy when I'm gone." Jammie—a tall, handsome lad of twenty—came up to the bed, and taking his father's thin hand, promised. "Be good, my laddie, an' the God of Abram, Isaac, an' Jacob bless thee!" These were nearly the last words the good man spake, for during the night he died.

For a long time Jammie kept his word. The little farm was well tilled, the market attended, and Mrs. Farquerson was as comfortable and happy as she ever could be after the loss of her husband. But for some few months a change had been creeping over Jammie. He was not as attentive to his duties, nor punctual at returning from town on market days; nor was he as pleasant when speaking to his mother and little Sandy. Mrs. Farquerson was troubled, for her motherly eye noticed the change. She had also noticed once or twice that Jammie had been drinking whiskey; she smelt it on his breath. This gave her no particular alarm, as her husband had not been an abstainer; nor

was she, though it was rare indeed she took even "a wee drappie." But when Jammie came home one night supported by two sons of a neighbouring farmer, also partly intoxicated, Mrs. Farquerson was well-nigh heart-broken. "Oh Jammie! Jammie!" she moaned, "is this the way ye are going to carry on, after ye promised yer faither ye'd do the richt to me an' wee Sandy?" But Jammie answered not; he was snoring on the couch, unconscious of everything. That was a sorrowful night for both Mrs. Farquerson and Sandy. Sandy tried to comfort his mother, but she would not be comforted.

Next morning Jammie was ashamed of himself. He could scarcely look at his mother. When she spake to him he tried to evade her questions by answering crossly. But this did not satisfy Mrs. Farquerson. Her eldest son was going wrong, and she must try and stop him; and such was the earnestness of her appeal and the power of her tears, that Jammie, completely broken down, promised never again to give way to temptations to drink, but sign the pledge of total abstinence.

Jammie kept his word and his pledge. It was a long time, however, before Mrs. Farquerson had full confidence in her son; and often would she sit, with Sandy at her knee, thinking and wondering; but as the months rolled on, and Jammie again became the attentive, cheerful, hard-working son he had once been, almost the very recollection passed from her mind of his FIRST TRANSGRESSION.

THE DEFECTIVE NAIL.

LOOKED at a carpenter nailing one day
 X Some weatherboards on in a workman-
 like way,
 And saw that the claw of the hammer he
 clapped
 To a nail which the moment before he had
 tapped,
 And, drawing it out, threw it by with a jerk,
 Took another instead and went on with his
 work.

"What's that for?" I asked him. "Have nails
 grown so cheap
 That you toss them away as too worthless to
 keep?"
 "No," he answered, "it bent in the driving,
 and so,
 Lest it make a bad job, to the ground it mast
 go.
 We draw while we're able," he said with a grin,
 "For we can't pull it out once we hammer it
 in."

When the nail had been followed by one that
was good,
I noticed beside it a dent in the wood—
The mark had been made by the base of the
claw
Through the strong force exerted the bent
nail to draw ;
And there the depression, to eyesight quite
plain,
Though twice painted over will doubtless
remain.

No marvellous incident certainly ; still
It set me to thinking, as little things will
How habits, like nails, be they wrong ones or
right,
Can't be drawn from their places when ham-
mered in tight ;
And, though drawn ere they sink to the head,
leave behind
By their drawing some traces on body and
mind.

A WORD FOR THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

WHO was it, when I wed my wife,
Wished me a long and happy life
From trouble free, unvexed by strife ?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it taught my wife to bake
A loaf of bread or fancy cake
And appetising dishes make ?
My mother-in-law.

Who taught my wife to take delight
In making all around her bright,
And meet me with a smile at night ?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it when my wife was ill
Bestowed upon her care and skill,
And saved to me a nurse's bill ?
My mother-in-law.

Who then my little ones prepared
Each morn for school, who for them cared,
And all their little sorrows shared ?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it, when their prayers were said,
So snugly tucked them into bed
And, till they slept, beside them stayed ?
My mother-in-law.

Who of my clothing then took care,
Who overlooked my underwear,
And kept each garment in repair ?
My mother-in-law.

Who comes the first to soothe my woes,
Who loves my friends and hates my foes,
Who buys my children lots of clothes ?
My mother-in-law.

Who oft to me her aid has lent
To buy the coal and pay the rent,
Who'd gladly see me President ?
My mother-in-law.

A loving grandmother is she,
A generous friend she's been to me ;
Forever honoured let her be,
My mother-in-law.

—National Baptist.

LEAD NOT THE LAMBS ASTRAY.

BY A. L. W.

GIVE them not that fiery draught,
Ye know not what ye do,
Nor how that deed in after years
All vainly ye may rue.
Teach not the little ones to tread
Destruction's slippery way ;
Hark ! 'tis the Heavenly Shepherd's voice,
"Lead not my lambs astray."

Yes, they are His by right divine,
Lent unto you—not given ;
He bids you train with tender care
The infant heirs of heaven.
A blessed recompense is yours,
If you that charge obey,
But woe, a double woe to those
Who lead the lambs astray !

Lightly ye drop those seeds of sin,
Nor think that they may grow,
And bring to those young hearts so dear
A reaping-time of woe ;
While ye yourselves pass mournfully
Along life's downward way,
As conscience whispers, all too late,
"Ye led the lambs astray."

Full well we know our path on earth
Is set with many a snare,
Needing the Christian's constant watch,
The Christian's daily prayer.

But where the snares are thickest laid
 Dare not to choose the way ;
 Because your feet have yet escaped,
 Lead not the lambs astray.

Eyes that were once as bright as theirs
 Have closed in shame and gloom ;
 Forms that were once as fair as theirs
 Have filled a drunkard's tomb.

And hope's bright morning promises
 Have died ere noon away,
 Because the hand that should have kept
 Has led the lambs astray.

Ye drink the reason-blinding cup—
 They fain would taste it, too,
 And long for manhood's hour to come,
 That they may do as you.

What if they perish in the path
 Where you have led the way ?
 What if their curse should rest on those
 Who taught their feet to stray ?

And when unto each deed on earth
 Its just reward is given,
 And those who bring the wanderers back,
 Shine as the stars of heaven ;
 When the Good Shepherd counts His flock,
 Upon that awful day,
 What welcome will there be for those
 Who led the lambs astray ?

THE ORIGIN OF SCANDAL.

SCAID Mrs. A
 To Mrs. J,
 In quite a confidential way,
 It seems to me
 That Mrs. B
 Takes too much—something—in her tea.

And Mrs. J
 To Mrs. K
 That night was overheard to say
 She grieved to touch
 Upon it much,
 But Mrs. B took such and such.

Then Mrs. K
 Went straight away
 And told a friend the self-same day
 " 'Twas sad to think"—
 Here came the wink—
 "That Mrs. B was fond of drink."

The friend's disgust
 Was such she must
 Inform a lady "which she nussed"
 "That Mrs. B
 At half-past three
 Was that far gone she couldn't see!"

This lady we
 Have mentioned, she
 Gave needlework for Mrs. B ;
 And at such news
 Could scarcely choose
 But further needlework refuse.

Then Mrs. B,
 As you'll agree,
 Quite properly—she said, said she,
 That she would track
 The scandal back
 To those who painted her so black.

Through Mrs. K
 And Mrs. J,
 She got at last to Mrs. A,
 And asked her why,
 With cruel lie,
 She painted her so deep a dye ?

Said Mrs. A,
 In sore dismay,
 "I no such thing could ever say ;
 I said that you
 Had stouter grew
 On too much sugar—which you do!"

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

BY A. W., O.

MAN, David Jones, who was fond of
 his beer,
 And said there was nothing like having good
 cheer,
 Sometimes got too much for his brains, as
 you'll see,
 For his brains and the liquor could never
 agree—
 That is, I should add, if he *had* any brains ;
 But a man who is getting dead-drunk takes
 such pains,
 I should certainly say, if sound sense be our
 rule,
 Can scarcely be otherwise termed than a fool !

Be that as it may, David Jones one fine night
Had got what is vulgarly called "screwed," or
"tight."

About one in the morning he groped at his
door,

And out of his pocket the latch-key he tore;
For, being a snug bachelor, Jones—poor old
thing—

Had got no fine servants to answer his ring.
He reeled to his room with a song like a
roar,

In his clothes and his breast-linen sank on the
floor.

His sighs were profound, and just about four
I'm sure David Jones manifested a snore;
He was driving the pigs at a furious rate,
Not very politely, I really must state.

Well, some little time after Jones opened his
eyes

And heaved forth a series of hiccupping
sighs.

He felt cold, he shivered, he put out his hand
To pull up the blankets; there were none to
command!

Then he reeled to his feet, and, though it was
dark,

He saw that the fire contained a bright spark.
He went to it, blew on the spark with a will,
But it wouldn't blaze up; it was just a spark
still!

He tried it once more—he puffed and he
blew,

And put himself into a regular stew.
When morning arrived he was on his knees
still,

And of blowing you'll own he had then had
his fill.

But his clerk about nine burst into his room
And a great flood of light threw into the
gloom.

Then poor David Jones saw how foolish he'd
been—

Such a stupid mistake, too, had never been
seen.

A bright stream of sunshine had dawned in
the room,

And through the small key-hole the bright
beam had come.

So poor David Jones of his task might well
tire

If he thought blowing sunshine would kindle
a fire!

THE IVY IN THE DUNGEON.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE ivy in a dungeon grew
Unfed by rain, uncheer'd by dew;
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave-moistures foul, and odours dank.

But through the dungeon-grating high
There fell a sunbeam from the sky:
It slept upon the grateful floor
In silent gladness evermore.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
Through all its fibres to the root:
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It strove to blossom into day.

It grew, it crept, it push'd, it clomb—
Long had the darkness been its home;
But well it knew, though veil'd in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong;
Its stem expanded firm and long;
And in the currents of the air
Its tender branches flourish'd fair.

It reach'd the beam—it thrill'd,—it curl'd—
It bless'd the warmth that cheers the
world;

It rose towards the dungeon bars—
It look'd upon the sun and stars.

It felt the life of bursting Spring,
It heard the happy skylark sing.
It caught the breath of morns and eves,
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.

By rains, and dews, and sunshine fed,
Over the outer wall it spread;
And in the daybeam waving free,
It grew into a stedfast tree.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw adorning grace.
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

To every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's interminable day.
Would'st thou know the moral of the
rhyme?

Behold the heavenly light and climb!

OUR TEMPERANCE WORK AT HOME.



FINE.

How ma - ny in our fa - voured land God's ho - ly day pro - fane; Neg -
 May each and all re - mem - ber still, Our Temp - rance work at home.

KEY	C.	{	<u>m.f</u>	s : s	<u>s.f:m.f</u>	s : m'	d' : d'	<u>r'.d':t.l</u>	s : r'	d' : -		<u>m.f</u>
		{	<u>d.r</u>	m : m	<u>m.r:d.r</u>	m : s	m : m	f : f	f : f	m : -		<u>d.r</u>
		{	d'	d' : d'	d' : d'	d' : d'	d' : d'	t : t	r' : t	d' : -		d'
		{	d	d : d	d : d	d : d	d : d	s : s	s : s	d : -		d

lect the Sa - viour's gra - cious call, And take His name in vain; Then while we pray for

KEY	C.	{	s : s	<u>s.f:m.f</u>	s : m'	d' : d'	<u>r'.d':t.l</u>	s : r'	d' : -	-	d	m : m	<u>m.r:m.f</u>
		{	m : m	<u>m.r:d.r</u>	m : s	m : m	f : f	f : f	m : -	-	s	d : d	<u>d.t:d.r</u>
		{	d' : d'	d' : d'	d' : d'	d' : d'	t : t	r' : t	d' : -	-	m'	s : s	s : s
		{	d : d	d : d	d : d	d : d	s : s	s : s	d : -	-	d	s	d : d

heathen climes, Far o'er the crystal foam, Oh, let us ever bear in mind Our Temp'rance

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

CHORUS.

D.C.

work at home. Our Temp'rance work at home, Our Temp'rance work at home,

{	m :r	d :-	—	ds	m :-s	d' :-m'	r' :-	s	m' :-d'	s :-m	r :-	—
	d :t ₁	d :-	—	1,m	d :-m	m :-s	s :-	s	s :-m	m :-d	t ₁ :-	—
	s :f	m :-	—	f d'	d' :-d'	d' :-d'	t :-	s	d' :-d'	d' :-s	s :-	—
	S ₁ :S ₁	d :-	—	f d	d :-d	d :-d	s :-	s	d :-d	d :-m	s :-	—

2 Go, feed My lambs," our Saviour said,
 And bring them to My fold ;
 To us the same command is given,
 As unto them of old.
 While others toil for dying souls,
 Far o'er the ocean's foam,
 Be ours to aid this noble cause,—
 Our Temp'rance work at home.—*Chorus.*

3 How many a poor neglected child
 With pleading eyes we meet,
 A gentle word might hither guide
 Its little wandering feet,
 A precious lamb, that God may bless,
 Beneath this hallowed dome ;
 Then let us ever bear in mind
 Our Temp'rance work at home.—*Chorus.*

JOHN BOWBENT'S FAILURE.

A HUMOROUS DIALOGUE FOR TWELVE.

BY W. H. SAMPSON.

CHARACTERS.

John!Bowbent....A Greengrocer and Provision Dealer.
 Mrs. Bowbent.....Wife of John Bowbent.
 James Takeman.....Policeman.
 Tom Smiler.....An ill-used Shop-Boy.
 Alice Johnson }Friends of Mrs. Bowbent's.
 Florence Wood }
 Whitewash....A would-be Friend of Alice & Florence.
 Mrs. Helpem.....A Temperance Advocate.
 Mrs. Callem.....An Inconsistent Woman.
 Three Ladies.....Customers of Mr. Bowbent's.

SCENE I.—A Greengrocer and Provision Dealer's shop. Mrs. Bowbent in the shop serving customers, and, stupefied with drink, gives them everything else but what they want.

Mrs. Bowbent (excitedly). Now's the time, ladies, to buy! Here are some splendid, fine-hearted cabbages; there are no finer in the town. Won't you buy them? (*Rudely pushes them into the face of a lady customer.*) If you have no money, why in the world don't you say so, and you shall have them for nothing, and don't be trying to make a fool of me! Won't you have them? Then I'll throw them away. (*Commences to throw them into the street, hitting shop-boy in the face with one as he enters.*)

Shop-boy (*astonished*). Don't do that again! You're not going to throw things at me quietly. What have I done amiss? What is the matter with you? Are you mad? Have you the blues?

Mrs. B. I'll let you see what's to do with me, if you give your impudence to me! I'm neither mad, nor have I got the blues. (*Makes a rush at the shop-boy, but misses him, and falls over a potato basket.*)

S. Oh, dear! I do wish master would come; he'd soon settle her. What will the customers think about her? Really, it's disgraceful. (*Goes to assist Mrs. Bowbent to her feet, and then keeps at a respectable distance.*) I'll not stop any longer in the shop. I'll leave it at once, and let them make the best of it.

Mrs. B. (*hysterically*). You young sprat! I'll let you see, insulting me in that manner! Don't you know who I am? Well, I'm your missus, and if you don't do what I tell you, I'll throw these potatoes at you (*picks up a few to throw*). Come here, you young rattlesnake; come here, when I tell you!

S. (*trembling*). Oh, Mrs. Bowbent, don't throw them, and I'll do all I can to please you! I'm afraid of you breaking the windows and the new-laid eggs, and then master will say that I have been exasperating and teasing you.

Mrs. B. Ass-making me! I'll give you ass-making me or anybody else. I'm a lady, and you're the shop-boy; do you understand?

S (*ironically*). You're no lady; you're a drunken, slovenly, untidy woman, and only fit for a lunatic asylum. Now, that's plain English, and it's the truth. You are a complete dowdy of a woman.

Mrs. B. (*in a passion, picks up a turnip, and throws it, hitting the boy, and causing him to shout as if he were being killed*). There, take that, you young rascal! I hope in the future you will learn to respect your superiors, and to do what you are told.

S. (*crying bitterly, and still rolling on the floor*). Oh, I'm killed! I'm killed! I'm killed! Mother! mother! mother! Father! father! father! Oh, do go and tell them! I'm dying! and I shall never see them any more. (*Gives an unusually long groan, swoons away, and is carried out by two or three of the customers.*)

(*Enter Policeman, with Mr. Bowbent.*)

Policeman (*getting hold of Mrs. Bowbent's arm*). Now, then, young woman, come along with me, and don't make a fool of yourself.

Mrs. B. Don't you know that I am a married woman? How dare you ask me such a question? My name is Mrs. Bowbent, and very much bent too I was to marry such a noodle as he is. Go with you! What do you take me for? Ah! ah! ah! (*laughing*) I see through it all now. Yes, go with you, so that Bowbent can say that he saw me walking out with a policeman, and then he'll be able to get a separation. Wouldn't it be grand fun for him? No, no, no; not for Joe; not if I know it.

P. You're greatly mistaken if you think I'd walk a woman like you out, except to give you a night's lodging in a police cell. Come, we can't do with you creating a disturbance in this manner; you're a nuisance to the neighbourhood and a terror to those around you, and if you don't behave yourself, I'll put you where I can find you.

Mrs. B. (*scornfully*). You can do what you like; but I'm certain I'll never walk out with you, so you needn't think it; and if you don't make yourself scarce I'll serve you the same as the shop-boy. (*Looks about as if in search of turnip-basket.*)

Mr. Bowbent (*aside*). Take her off, constable; take her off! I'm completely tired of her. I hope I may never see her again; she's both ruined and disgraced me! (*Slips out.*)

P. (*getting hold of Mrs. Bowbent's arm*). Come, I'll find you as comfortable lodgings as you could wish; fit for a queen. (*Both exit, Mrs. Bowbent screams, and Policeman pushes her out.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter Alice and Florence, each reading a book; and, stumbling against each other, Alice, surprised, begins the conversation.*

Alice. (cheerfully). Oh, Florence, I am so glad to meet you. Have you heard the latest news?

Florence. What's to do now? I presume from the expression on your countenance that you have just entered into possession of a large fortune; or, perhaps, you have seen something remarkably funny? However, let me hear the latest news from Gossiping Terrace as soon as possible, and be as brief as you can.

A. (tossing her head). Gossiping Terrace, indeed! Where is that pray?

F. Oh, not a mile from here.

A. Well, allow me to tell you that I don't get my information from such a place as that. My respectability is too good for insinuations of that kind, and I don't thank you for it. You speak as if I were a regular tattler and a common newsy woman. Florence, really, I am surprised at you!

F. Well, you needn't get into a temper about it. I believe that, as a rule, nearly all the public slander circulated in the district has its origin in Gossiping Terrace, and if you wish to know anything regarding your neighbours, go to this notorious place, and you will hear all about them. Now, then, Alice, I am ready. What is it?

A. Well, you know Mr. Bowbent the green-grocer and provision dealer?

F. I should think I do. Haven't I known him and his family for many years, and am glad to say they are respectably connected?

A. Would you be surprised to hear that he has failed in business, through his wife incessantly taking her drops, and with her unseemly conduct driving away all the best customers?

F. But, surely, that needn't make you as merry as a cricket, and laugh like a hyena?

A. (indignantly). I am not in the habit of laughing at nothing, if you are. You couldn't help it, if you saw how ridiculous Mrs. Bowbent was making herself in the shop—first wrestling with the shop-boy, then waltzing round a policeman, interspersing the proceedings by occasionally throwing potatoes into the street, then cabbages, carrots and turnips, and eggs, causing quite a commotion, and a large number of people witnessing the performance!

F. Dear me! How very sad! But what a disgrace! Fancy a woman losing herself like that; it seems almost incredible. But it's the old story over again—when drink's in, wit's out.

A. I haven't an atom of compassion for her, so don't think it, but for Mr. Bowbent I am heartily sorry. He is such a nice, considerate, obliging,

and well-disposed man, and very anxious to get on.

F. Yes. It is a great injustice that a man should be compelled to put up with a woman of her stamp. The law, I think, requires altering. If a man unfortunately gets a woman for his wife who is fond of drink he ought to have some means of punishing her—either by confining her in a public institution, or by sending her away out of the reach of intoxicating drink, especially if she neglects her family, and by her extravagant conduct reduces them to poverty and want.

A. But what about the men? Are they not as bad?

F. Yes; they are troubled with the same complaint, so give them the same medicine.

(A loud knocking at door)

A. What a noise, to be sure! But who can it be, Florence?

(Enter Whitewash.)

Whitewash. Hello, there, young ladies! How-ever are you? Right glad I am to see you! Let's have a wag of your hand? *(Holds out his hand, but both turn away indignantly.)* What's all the conversation about?

A. If young gentlemen would mind their own business, it would perhaps be to their own advantage, as well to that of their neighbours.

F. I don't thank you, Mr. Whitewash, for the interruption. You are too inquisitive and too personal. Can't two young ladies converse together without being interrupted by a little dandy like you? *(Gives him a push.)*

W. Thank you very much for your compliments. Under ordinary circumstances, and if you had not been in a bad temper, and had desired a walk, you would not have considered my speaking an intrusion. If I have offended you, I humbly beg pardon.

A. The pardon is granted; but I warn you not to repeat the insult, or you will run the risk of getting your hair pulled.

F. (to Alice). Well, let us say no more about it. I'll let him see, if he does it again!

W. All right; but you haven't yet answered my question. What about the conversation?

A. (to Florence). Are you agreeable to tell him? I am.

F. Yes; it may, perhaps, warn him to be careful who he takes for his wife.

W. (laughing). Ah, ah, ah! Just fancy, young ladies giving me advice on matrimony. *(Aside.)* Very dear "money" sometimes. I should like to give them a wrinkle or two.

A. Perhaps you have already heard about it?

W. (impatiently). Heard about what?

F. Now, take your time, Mr. Whitewash.

A. Well, Mr. Bowbent, the greengrocer and to-be-consumed-off-the-premises man, has become a bankrupt, because his wife has swallowed both his drink and goods.

W. (*surprised*). Mrs. Bowbent, a drunken woman! I don't believe it! It is a bit of wicked gossip, got up to damage Mr. Bowbent. May I ask from whom you got your information?

F. (*laughing*). Why, from Gossiping Terrace, of course.

A. You're at it again. How in the world can Gossiping Terrace have anything to do with a man being in difficulties?

W. Ha! ha! ha! I guessed you were brass-nailing some one from your animated conversation.

A. Well, whether you believe or not, it's a fact, and to Mr. Bowbent it is only too true.

W. If it is true, she deserves tar-and-feathering for her shameful conduct. But I am passing his shop, and will call and see him. Good-night, ladies. (*Exit.*)

A. I fear mother will be cross with me for being away so long. Good evening, Florence.

F. Good evening, Alice. I hope Mr. Bowbent will recruit his business again; minus the out-door license. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—*John, with basket of vegetables on his arm, excitedly relating to neighbours his troubles.*

John. Oh, dear! what I am to do with my wife is beyond my comprehension! All my hopeful prospects have been dashed, and now I am in the bankruptcy court, with a damaged credit, and a ruined business, and all through the intemperate habits of my wife.

Mrs. Helpem. How long have you been in business, Mr. Bowbent?

J. About three years.

Mrs. Callem. And how long have you been married?

J. We commenced in the greengrocery trade as soon as we were married. I had a well-stocked shop, a horse and cart, and for eighteen months I did a roaring trade, and made money.

Mrs. H. But how do you account for Mrs. Bowbent getting to like the abominable drink?

Mrs. C. No wonder at you failing, John. You laid a pit for your neighbour's wife, but you have fallen into it yourself. Provision shops have ruined thousands of women, your wife included; you have been caught in your own trap.

J. (*with great warmth*). It is false, Mrs. Callem. I never made a pit in my life.

Mrs. I haven't done yet. I was going to say I have seen women—respectable women—whose

husbands receive a good wage, buy a little provision, and then get either a glass of ale or stout. This is put down as if for goods received.

Mrs. H. And didn't the husbands find them out?

Mrs. C. How could they? If the wife gets a half-a-pound of bacon and a glass of beer, the credit is put down to the bacon and no mention is made of the beer. Besides, some men, so long as they get their fill, never inquire how and where the poor wife gets her grocery. Men are a right down selfish lot—that's what they are!

Mrs. H. I agree with some of your remarks, Mrs. Callem, but calling people hard names, and turning up your nose at them, will not help them out of their sin and misery. I believe in helping men and women to turn over a new leaf.

J. (*feelingly*). I am obliged to you, Mrs. Helpem, for your kind and sympathizing words; they have sank deep into my heart. I am indeed very grateful to you for your interest on my behalf. But how I am to repay you for your trouble is beyond my comprehension.

Mrs. H. Sign the pledge of total abstinence, and I will be abundantly satisfied.

Mrs. C. Don't you do anything of the kind, Mr. Bowbent. Moderation—that is, to take a little wine to cheer one's heart—is the best thing. I don't like excess in anything; and if you sign the pledge you will become a bigot, and all bigots are fools. (*Retires.*)

Mrs. H. Nothing of the sort. You are a very inconsistent woman, Mrs. Callem. You were calling people a few minutes ago for selling drink, and now you are praising them. You take my advice, Mr. Bowbent; you have felt the sting of strong drink too deeply, I am sure, ever to touch it again.

Mr. B. I have been a fool long enough, so I will try what being a wise man will do. Mrs. Helpem, I will sign the pledge to-night, and may God give me grace to keep it. Never more will I sell intoxicating liquor. Only once let me recover my discredited character, and then I shall be as happy as a king. (*Turning to audience.*) And now, my dear friends, I call upon you to witness the turning point in my life. I am going to sign the pledge, and I ask you solemnly and earnestly to pray that I may keep it. (*Signs the pledge.*) So now, good-night, and may God bless you. (*Exit.*)

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HOME TO DIE!

HOME TO DIE!

AFTER years of wandering—years of profligacy—Alick Norton found his way back to the home of his childhood, the home of his boyhood, the home of innocence and love. Warily he crept, like a thief, along the garden path in the darkness of that winter evening, his eyes fixed on the window of one room from which came the glow of a ruddy fire and the light of a lamp. The blind was not drawn, but as he reached the window his heart failed him—he dare not at first look. Was father there? was mother there? His heart beat tumultuously and his head throbbed. “Oh father—mother,” he murmured, “how can I bear to look at you! How can I, who have brought such sorrow and disgrace upon you, dare to ask for a son’s place and a son’s shelter beneath the roof which I have desecrated!” He bent his head, and big scalding tears ran down his cheeks and fell on to the ground. Mustering courage he lifted his head and looked through the window. He saw his mother sitting before the fire, rocking gently to and fro, in deep thought. The lines of care and sorrow were upon her face, and her hair was snowy white. A widow’s cap and deep black told Alick that he had no father! The young man was penitent, God knows; but his past conduct stung his conscience, and that pale, sorrowful, patiently-suffering face of his widowed mother went like a barbed arrow to

his soul. He gazed long and earnestly; every article in the room was familiar to him; the pictures on the wall; the ornaments on the mantelpiece; the old Dutch clock that hung in the corner—these were the same as when he went away from home years ago in a fit of temper, because his father had rebuked him for his folly and his drunkenness. “I cannot enter! I dare not meet that mother’s sorrowful look!” He turned away and crept to the tool-house, his limbs trembling, and his heart full of anguish. The thought of reaching home had buoyed him up, but his strength was now spent, and the frame once so strong and healthy was shattered and broken for ever. An hour after he was found where he lay, on some straw in the tool-house. His younger sister and mother came and bent over him—looked on his face once more, but it was the face of death. The prodigal had come home but to die! The mother was called upon to pass through this, another great trial, and she bore it meekly, calmly, Christianly. Thus are we made meet, through much suffering, to enter into the rest that remaineth for the children of God.

Alick Norton was but another victim to the companionship of fools and the snare of the cup that has been the ruin of so many of the sons and daughters of our English homes. “He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.”

“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
At thought of the maniac, fettered and bound,
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 neighbours 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—
Slowing 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 comes soon—
 Silence falls in that death-laden room;
 A hollow rattle, a quiver—he's dead!
 All that was earthly of our neighbour Fred.
 And they've taken him over on the Island Hill;
 There he is lying now, cold and still.

TOO UTTALY UTTA.

I'M called an æsthetic young man,
 And wude people say I'm silly;
 I carway a wose and a fan,
 And dine on the scent of a lily;
 I'm touched with the bwic-a-bwac cwaze,
 A plaque sets my heart in a flutta,
 I'm sweet and wefined in my ways—
 In fact, I'm decidedly utta,
 Yes, utta,
 In fact, I'm decidedly utta.

I dwess in a pictuwesque style,
 My costume is simple and souful;
 My face weahs an æsthetic smile
 That's half idiotic, half doleful.
 I've nothing in common with those
 Wude people who spwing from the gutta;
 But that's too absurd to suppose—
 I'm quite too decidedly utta,
 Yes, utta,
 I'm quite too decidedly utta.

On wising I pwactise awhile
 In fwont of my miwow each mawning,
 To catch the expression and smile
 That ignowant people are scawning.
 And when through the city I pass
 I set the gurls' hearts in a flutta;
 Though some of them call me an ass,
 What matters it while I am utta?
 Yes, utta.
 What mattahs it while I am utta?

—Somerville Journal.

THE BOYS AROUND THE HOUSE.

SURELY you must have seen a boy of eight or ten years of age get ready for bed? His shoe-strings are in a hard knot, and after a few vain efforts to unlace them he rushes after a case-knife and saws each string in two. One shoe is thrown under the table, the other behind the stove, his jacket behind the door, and his stockings are distributed over as many chairs as they will reach.

The boy doesn't slip his pants off; he struggles out of them, holding a leg down with his foot and drawing his limbs out after many stupendous efforts. While doing this his hands are clutched into the bedclothes, and by the time he is ready to get into bed the quilts and sheets are awry and the bed is full of humps and lumps. His brother has gone through the same motions, and both finally crawl into bed. They are good boys, and they love each other, but they are hardly settled on their backs when one cries out:

"Hitch along!"

"I won't!" bluntly replies the other.

"Ma, Bill's got more'n half the bed!" cries the first.

"Hain't either, ma!" replies Bill.

There is a moment of silence, and then the first exclaims:

"Get yer feet off'n me!"

"They hain't touching you!" is the answer.

"Yes they be, and you're on my pillar, too!"

"Oh! my stars, what a whopper? You'll never go to Heaven!"

The mother looks into the bedroom and kindly says:

"Come, children, be good, and don't make your mother any trouble."

"Well," replies the youngest, "if Bill 'll tell me a bear story 'll go to sleep."

The mother withdraws, and Bill starts out:

"Well, you know, there was an old bear who lived in a cave. He was a big black bear. He had eyes like coals of fire, you know, and when he looked at a feller he——"

"Ma, Bill's scaring me!" yells Henry, sitting on end.

"Oh, ma! that's the awfulest story you ever heard!" replies Bill.

"Hitch along, I say!" exclaims Henry.

"I am along!" replies Bill.

"Git your knee out'n my back!"

"Hain't anywhere near ye!"

"Gimme some cloze!"

"You've got more'n half now!"

"Come, children, do be good and go to sleep," says the mother, entering the room and arranging the clothes.

They doze off after a few muttered words, to preserve the peace until morning, and it is popularly supposed that an angel sits on each bedpost to sentinel either curly head during the long, dark hours.

"Ho-hum!" yawns Bill.

"Ho-hum!" yawns Henry.

It is the morning, and they crawl out of bed. After four or five efforts they get into their pants, and then reach out for stockings.

"I know I put mine right down here by this bed?" exclaims Bill.

"And I put mine right there by the end of the bureau," adds Henry.

They wander around, growling and jawing, and the mother finally finds the stockings. Then comes the jackets. They are positive that they hung them on the hooks, and boldly charge that some malicious person wickedly removed them. And so it goes until each one is finally dressed, washed and ready for breakfast, and the mother feels such a burden off her mind that she can endure what follows their leaving the table—a good half-hour's hunt after their hats, which they "positively hung up," but which are at last found under some bed or stowed away behind the wood-box.

—*Sparks of Wit and Humour.*

HUMAN NATURE.

TWO little children five years old,
Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
Angels both, in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see,
That they were as human as human can be,
And had not yet learned the maturer art
Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day they found in their romp and play
Two little rabbits soft and gray—
Soft and gray, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love
To their dear little pets—their treasure-trove;
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the comies a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,
For ere the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away

One little pet had gone to the shades,
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades
Brighter and softer than any below—
A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died;
And it chanced that the children came singly
to view

The pets they had dreamed of all the night
through.

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes;
Howe'er, consolingly, he said,
"Poor little Marie—her rabbit's dead!"

Later came Marie, and stood aghast;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
"I'm sorry for Charlie—his rabbit's dead!"

—*From "Harper's Magazine."*

THE BORDER-LAND.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

SLEPT! and o'er my dormant senses stole
Arayed in shadowy garb, a mystic dream!
No form it took, yet whispered to my soul
In charmed accents, "Sleep, while on thee
beam

"Visions of that vast firmament sublime,
Which lies beyond the boundless azure space—
That dazzling sphere which lives for endless
time—
Revealing beauties decked with heavenly
grace."

Then to my couch I saw fair spirits glide—
And in my dreams I heard a spirit band
In softest strains sing ever by my side—
"Sleep is 'twixt life and death the border-
land!"

In vain I tried to wake—in vain—for still
 Those spirit-voices held my soul entranced:
 While slumber's bonds arresting sense and will,
 With magic pow'r the mystery enhanced.

And still the spirit-forms oblivion's shade
 Threw o'er the past, and held me as redeemed
 From all earth's thraldoms—while my fancy
 strayed
 To that vast shore which in the future
 beamed.

And still the spirit-voices soothed my breast
 With the enchanting magic of their song:
 And still they hush'd my wond'ring soul to rest,
 With softest strains borne by the breeze
 along.

All through the night upon my listening ear,
 Their echoing notes vibrated loud and deep,
 Singing, "Rest on, weak mortal have no fear,
 'Twixt life and death the border-land is
 sleep!"

A TALE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

A KING there was of mighty fame,
 And Alexander was his name;
 He led his soldiers far and wide,
 And conquered lands on every side.

Once many tears this monarch shed,
 And, when the reason asked, he said,
 "One world I've mastered, and in vain
 I seek another here to reign."

But ah! with all the power he got
 King Alexander grew a sot,
 And when, with raging liquor filled,
 Clitus, his dearest friend, he killed.

Yet still he loved the wine, and drank
 Till in an early grave he sank;
 For wine great Alexander slew
 When he was only thirty-two.

Now, we can never hope to be
 So famous in the world as he;
 But we can keep the pledge, and then
 We're sure to grow up sober men.

And if we're sober, who can tell
 In what good things we may excel?
 So we'll not drink, but shun the fate
 Of Alexander, called the Great.

SIGN THE PLEDGE.

DO you thirst for cursed drink?
 Sign the pledge;
 Would you fly from ruin's brink?
 Sign the pledge;
 Would you sin and sadness shun,
 And the race to heaven run,
 As the saints of God have done?
 Sign the pledge.

Are you healthy, young, and gay?
 Sign the pledge;
 The best may fall away—
 Sign the pledge;
 To the tempter do not yield,
 Be the pledge your sacred shield,
 And he soon will quit the field;
 Sign the pledge.

Has the evil habit grown?
 Sign the pledge;
 If to drunkenness you're prone,
 Sign the pledge;
 For those who often fall
 'Tis the surest cure of all,
 It will cure and disenthral;
 Sign the pledge.

View the world—look around!
 Sign the pledge;
 See the evils that abound!
 Sign the pledge;
 Ask whence the mighty tide
 Of sorrows deep and wide
 Which flows on every side!
 Sign the pledge.

Count the thousands drink has killed!
 Sign the pledge;
 And the hearts with sorrow filled!
 Sign the pledge;
 Hear the hapless widow's sighs
 And the starving children's cries,
 Read the old man's tearful eyes;
 Sign the pledge.

Though not to drink inclined,
 Sign the pledge;
 For the sake of human kind,
 Sign the pledge;
 Let your bright example show
 You can lawful things forego
 To subdue the common foe;
 Sign the pledge.

24.—Soldiers of Christ are we.

W. H. DOANE.

Sol - diers of Christ are we, March - ing to vic - to - ry, March - ing to

KEY E flat.

{	s :- m : f	s :- l	s :-	d' :- t : l	s :- m	d :-	r :- t : l
	m :- d : r	m :- f	m :-	m :- s : f	m :- d	d :-	t :- r : d
	s :- s : s	d' :- d'	d' :-	s :- l : t	d' :- s	m :-	s :- s : fe
	d :- d : d	d :- d	d :-	d :- d : d	d :- d	d :-	s :- r : r

heaven, In His bright ar-mour dress'd, His cross our cho-sen crest,

{	s :- t :-	t :- l : t	d :- s	s :-	l :-	d' : l	s :- f	m :-
	t :-	r :-	d : r	m :- m	m :-	f :-	f : f	m :- r
	s :-	s :-	s : s	s :- d'	d' :-	d' :-	l : d'	d' :- s
	s :-	s :-	s : s	d :- d	d :-	f :-	f : f	d :- d

CHORUS.

And for our food and rest His word is given. March-ing on, (bold-ly

{	d :- m : s	d' : s	l : f	m :- r :-	d :-	s : s	s :-	:-
	d :- m : s	d : d	d : r	d :- t :-	d :-	t : d	r :-	t : d
	d :- m : s	s : s	f : l	s :- f :-	m :-	r : m	f :-	r : m
	d :- m : s	m : m	f : f	s :- s :-	d :-	s : s	s :-	s : s

on) march-ing on, (bold-ly on) Je-sus bids us for-ward,

{	- : - s : s s : - - : - - : - - : - d' : d' t : l s : - m : -
	r : - d : r m : - d : r m : - - : - d : d d : d m : - d : -
	f : - m : f s : - m : f s : - - : - s : s l : l d' : - s : -
	s, : - d : d d : - d : d d : - - : - m : m f : f d : - d : -

Shout the bat-tle call, Now to vic-t'ry haste a-way, Ye sol - diers

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

all, Till the truth shall gain the day We fight or fall.

{	t : - - : - s : s s : s s : s s : d' r' : - t : - d' : - - : -
	r : - - : - t, : d r : t, d : r m : s f : - f : - m : - - : -
	s : - - : - r : m f : r m : f s : s l : - s : - s : - - : -
	s : - - : - s, : s, s, : s, d : d d : m f : - s : - d : - - : -

2 Tho' foes our path surround,
 Tho' toils and cares abound,
 Onward we tread.
 We hear our Lord's command,
 We grasp each shining brand,
 And, like a banner grand,
 Hope waves o'erhead.

3 Thou blessed Prince of Peace!
 Give Thou our strength increase,
 Our courage raise;

And when our course is run,
 Warfare and labour done,
 To Thee our hearts in one
 Shall give the praise.

4 Soldiers of Christ are we;
 Light, Love, and Liberty
 Our battle call;
 Till truth shall win the day,
 Till right shall gain the sway
 Till sin is driven away,
 We fight or fall.

MR. DOGGED GETS A TWIST!

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO MALES AND TWO FEMALES.

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

SCENE I.—*Dogged and Mr. Luke talking in centre of platform.**Dogged (excitedly).*

It isn't any use you talking to me about your teetotalism and your Band of Hope, Mr. Luke; I like a glass of ale or toddy now and then, and you can't persuade me the stuff isn't good, for I know it is. And as to my becoming a drunkard, it's all nonsense, I tell you.

Mr. Luke. I begin to see there is little use in talking to you; you are Dogged by name and dogged by nature. I only hope you will never have to suffer through your doggedness, that's all.

D. I can't see what you mean! If I know how to take a glass and leave it—use and not abuse—which I pride myself I can do, where can come the danger? I hate drunkenness just as much as you do, Mr. L.; and it does seem to me you teetotalers have a notion everybody's wrong but yourselves, for you are always harping on the same string.

Mr. L. Not always, Dogged; but even if we were, we have sufficient reason for it. Can you point to one other thing which makes more misery and wretchedness than drink? Is there anything in the wide world that causes more crime, cruelty, poverty, murders, brawls, quarrellings, mischief, sin, than drink? It is the arch-destroyer of all that is good, and the compounder and instigator of all that is bad! Is there any wonder the teetotalers, many of whom have suffered through drink, should be so anxious for its complete annihilation?

D. Of course, of course; you can all talk hard enough. Every sin and every folly committed is laid to the charge of drink. I don't like wild and rash assertions, they always jar on my nerves, and do me harm. Drunkenness is a curse, I acknowledge, and drunkards are a nuisance; but I'm not speaking about them. What I say is this, that drink taken in moderation is good, it is only when it is abused that evil consequences follow. What is wanted is to teach men to act with self-restraint, and be moderate in all things.

Mr. L. Well, you are evidently determined to have your own way.

D. That I shall, till I see a better. Don't bother about me, my dear sir; I'm neither a woman nor a child that I can't take care of myself. Go and talk to the drunkard about signing the

pledge—he is the man who needs it most. Never mind spending your breath on such as I am—it is useless.

Mr. L. That I perceive, friend Dogged; so, good-day!

D. Good-day, sir! Don't bother about me, I shall be all right, never fear.

Mr. L. Time will show; time will show.

SCENE II.

(Mrs. Dogged sitting with bottle and glass on table, and partially intoxicated.)

Mrs. Dogged. (hastily putting bottle and glass away.) Why, there's Dogged coming home; those are his footsteps, I do declare. He mustn't see these things, or there'll be a shindy. Not that I care very much, what he says. We are not all constituted alike, and if he is content with a glass or two of brandy a day that doesn't say I must be content with the same. It does me good, and I shall take it when I like.

D. (entering and sniffing the air.) There's a strong smell of spirits, Maria. Has somebody been knocking the bottle over?

Mrs. D. Not that I know of; I can't smell spirits. What's brought you home so early? You frightened me out of my wits when I heard your step. Has something happened?

D. Yes; there's a breakdown at the mill; it will be a day or two before we can get going. (Again sniffing.) But I can't make out this smell. The bottle must be knocked over in the cupboard. I'll just see. (Goes towards cupboard.)

Mrs. D. (jumping up and stopping him.) It's nothing, I tell you. You've likely enough been having a glass of something on your way home and that's what you smell. Sit down and never mind the cupboard.

D. Why, what's up with you, Maria? You are all flushed and excited. There is something amiss. Have you knocked the bottle over and broken it? If you have, there's no need to be so queer about it; accidents will happen. (Looks in cupboard.) Why, the bottle isn't here! Where is it?

Mrs. D. How should I know? What have I got to do with the bottle? You are crazy to ask me such a question.

D. (staring.) What is amiss with you, Maria? We've been married a many years, but I never saw you act so strangely before. (Spies bottle and glass under the table.) What! The bottle and glass are under the table! You've been drinking!

Mrs. D. Well, if I have, what then? Can't I get a glass when I like? You take it when you want it, and you say it does you good; I take it when I want it and it does me good!

D. Oh, Maria! has it come to this?

Mrs. D. It's come to nothing, that I know of. Laws, what a bother you do make!

D. I may well, I may well; Mr. Luke told me, not an hour since, I should have to suffer through drink, and I begin to see he is right, too.

Mrs. D. Luke's a fool—a teetotal fool. He won't let his wife have a drop, nor his children either. I make nothing of such men as Luke. You are not such a screw as he is, Dogged; you like a glass, and you like your wife to have a glass, too, don't you?

D. Maria, you must be nearly drunk; I never heard you talk like this before. I'm afraid it's me that's been the fool and not Mr. Luke, for having the drink in the house at all.

Mrs. D. You are insulting me, Dogged! Me drunk! How can you forshame to say your wife is drunk?

D. (*picking up bottle.*) Why, this bottle was full last night, and now it's half empty. You have drunk nearly half-a-bottle of brandy to-day. I see, now, where the spirits have gone to lately. What a blind fool I must have been! You have been drinking every day, and I suppose slept off the effects before I came home at night. Maria! Maria! I'm ashamed of you!

Mrs. D. Be ashamed of yourself, Dogged, and not of me! What if I do take a few glasses every day? It does me good, I tell you. I never took the stuff before I knew you. It's you that told me it was good. I didn't want it, but you recommended me to try a glass.

D. Yes; but I didn't tell you to drink it as you are now doing! You never see me doing such a dangerous thing!

Mrs. D. Oh, you are not me, Dogged, not me. One glass doesn't do for me; I must have two or three before it does me good! Ah! ah! It's nice stuff, is brandy. But, I say, Dogged, why have you come home so early? you nearly—

D. I've told you already, but you are too muddled to remember. Goodness, what shall I do? Maria, Maria, you'll drive me mad if you become a drunkard! Do, for goodness sake, promise me you'll take no more! Your conduct has given me a regular twist. This drink is a curse!

Mrs. D. What! when it does me so much good!—when you say it does people good? Give it up, now that I like it! Not if I can get it, Dogged!

D. (*taking up bottle, and throwing it away.*) Then you shan't get it. No more drink shall come into this house with my consent. Maria, listen to me. I am afraid I am more to blame than you for your taking the drink. In my dogged pride, I thought I was proof against drink dam-

aging either me or mine, but I see plainly that wherever it comes it works mischief. Hear me, Maria, I'll never touch another drop as long as I live!

Mrs. D. That's a long time, Dogged. I'm afraid I cannot say that.

D. But you *must*, or you are a ruined woman and I am a ruined man. Think, Maria, what a terrible thing it will be if you don't cast it away at once? You will become a drunkard—a poor, helpless, fallen woman! It makes me shudder to think of it!

Mrs. D. And you make me shudder, too, Dogged. That would be awful, wouldn't it?

D. Awful! I'd sooner bury you to-morrow—I would indeed. Come, my lass, be a woman, and give me a promise to let drink alone in the future.

Mrs. D. (*weeping.*) I'll try, Dogged; I'll try. But oh, it *has* got a hold on me!

D. You must break away from it! I'll help you. Mr. and Mrs. Luke shall come to help you. We'll do anything to help you.

(*Knock; enter Mr. and Mrs. Luke.*)

Mr. L. Forgive me calling, Dogged, but I came to ask you to come and hear the Lecturer to-night on Teetotalism *versus* Moderate Drinking. I can't convince you you are wrong, but *he* may. Will you come?

D. Luke, I don't need any lecture to convince me which is best; I am decided.

Mr. L. But he'll convince you the other way.

D. God forbid! My dear friend, I am with you. Circumstances have transpired within the last half-hour which have shown me my folly, and now I am for Teetotalism!

Mrs. L. And Mrs. Dogged? Is she also going to be teetotal?

Mrs. D. If you will help me, Mrs. Luke.

Mrs. L. Gladly! I have always desired to get you on our side, Mrs. Dogged, but you were so determined that drink did you good, and never would listen to reason.

Mr. L. But how has it come about, Dogged?

D. Well, Mr. L., the least said and the better; but I have found out what you told me this afternoon, that drink would make me suffer. What a blind fool I must have been!

L. Well, well; we'll ask no more questions. I'm only too glad you see your error. What say you both to taking a walk with us? We can have a stroll round, and then call at my house and have a cup of tea, and afterwards go to the lecture.

Mrs. L. Yes; get your things on, Mrs. D.

Mrs. D. Shall we go, Dogged?

D. Certainly, Maria. (*Mrs. D. puts on bonnet and shawl.*) I'm ready.

Mrs. L. Come along, Mrs. Dogged; let the men follow. (*They exit, leaving D. and L. behind.*)

D. The cursed drink!

L. Ah! has it got to that, that you curse it?

D. Yes, my faithful friend. I only wish I had taken your advice years ago. I don't know that the drink has got any hold on me, but it has on Mrs. D. The truth came on me like a shock; I found her drinking, and got a regular twist.

L. Ah! is that so?

D. True, and it almost turned my brain.

L. You have been nursing the serpent and—

D. It has stung me!

L. Through your wife!

D. Yes; but I hope it isn't fatal.

L. I hope not; the poison may not have gone deep. We must give the antidote, Dogged, and kill the serpent! How many people have been deceived by strong drink! Ah, Dogged, sooner or later, often when too late, those who tamper with the intoxicating cup are sure to feel its blighting power. It is the wildest folly! Total abstinence is best, safest, wisest; it gains everything and loses nothing; out of it come peace and joy, comfort and pleasure! But come along, my friend, the ladies will get lost.

D. I hope Maria will be cured, Mr. Luke!

L. We'll cure her, if love, advice, and warning can do it. Yes, yes; come along, Dogged. Nothing like Total Abstinence; nothing in the world like it! (*They both retire.*)

LULU'S SPEECH.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

I AM a little Temperance girl
 Just five years old;
 I wouldn't drink a glass of wine
 If you'd fill the cup with gold.
 I have a little brother,
 We belong to the Band of Hope;
 I s'pect there'll be no drunken men
 When he and I grow up.
 For don't you see, the *little ones*
 Are all going to join the Band,
 And we'll soon be *great big Temperance folks*.
 Oh! won't that be so *grand*
 When there's not a drunkard to be seen;
 For, don't you think it's queer,
 The *first thing* drunkards learn to drink
 Is the *cider, wine, and beer!*
 And so we belong to the Band of Hope.
 And we mean to be *good and true*;
 And all the little boys and girls
 We shall ask to join us, too.

SUNLIGHT ALL THE WAY.

GOOD-BY, Jennie; the road is long,

And the moor is hard to cross,

But well you know there is danger

In the bogs and the marshy moss,

So keep in the foot-path, Jennie;

Let nothing tempt you to stray;

Then you'll get safely over it,

For there's sunlight all the way—

Sunlight all the way;

So never you fear,

Keep a good heart, dear,

For there's sunlight all the way."

The child went off with a blessing

And a kiss of mother-love;

The daisies were down at her feet

And the lark was singing above.

On in the narrow foot-path—

Nothing could tempt her to stray;

So the moor was passed at nightfall,

And she'd sunlight all the way—

Sunlight all the way;

And she, smiling, said,

As her bed was spread,

"I had sunlight all the way."

And I, who followed the maiden,

Kept thinking, as I went,

Over the perilous moor of life

What unwary feet are bent!

If they could only keep the foot-path,

And not in the marshes stray,

Then they would reach the end of life

Ere the night could shroud the way—

They'd have sunlight all the way.

But the marsh is wide,

And they turn aside,

And the night falls on the day.

Far better to keep the narrow path,

Nor turn to the left or right;

For if we loiter at morning,

What shall we do when the night

Falls black on our lonely journey,

And we mourn our vain delay?

Then steadily onward, friends, and we

Shall have sunlight all the way—

Sunlight all the way,

Till the journey's o'er,

And we reach the shore

Of a never-ending day.

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No. 220.—April, 1888.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



"FATHER SENT ME SIR!"

"FATHER SENT ME, SIR!"

MY boy, my boy, whoever sent you for that jug of beer?" exclaimed a gentleman on seeing an eight-year old youngster stepping from a public-house carrying in his hand a jug of the frothy compound called beer. "Whoever sent you *cannot* know what they are doing," continued the gentleman, a look of sorrow passing over his face.

The boy suddenly stopped and looked up at the stranger. The question was repeated—"Who sent you for the beer?"

"Father sent me, sir," the boy answered.

"I am sorry to hear your father has so little love for his child as to send him on such an errand," said the gentleman. "I hope *you* never taste the beer, my boy?"

"No, sir; father tells me he will beat me if I taste it, and I never do."

"Why does your father object to your tasting the beer, my boy?" enquired the gentleman.

"He says beer isn't good for little boys; it's only good for men. But I don't think it is good for men, do you, sir? It makes them tipsy!"

"Indeed I don't, my boy; it is neither good for boys nor men. It makes fathers unkind, and sometimes very cruel; and often little children are made to starve and go naked, because father drinks beer. Will you give me a promise, my boy?"

"What promise, sir?" asked the lad, smiling.

"Will you promise me *never* to taste beer, even when you are a grown man?"

The boy stood a moment or two as if thinking over the question, and then lifting his blue eyes to the strange gentleman, he said, earnestly, "I *never will* drink beer, sir. It

makes mother cry when father is tipsy; and it makes father foolish and say bad words. I never will drink it!"

"Thank you for the promise," said the gentleman, patting the boy's cheek. Now, see here, I've got a book—it is full of poetry and dialogues and little stories. I will give it to you, and I want you to read it, and learn the poems off by heart, and then recite them at home to your father. Will you do that?"

"Yes, sir!" said the boy, his eyes sparkling and his face all aglow, as the gentleman handed him a volume of "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER."

"Now," said the gentleman, "when you look at this book, remember your promise to me, that you will never taste strong drink as long as you live. Good-day, my boy, and God bless you!"

The gentleman walked away thinking, not without sadness, how selfish and thoughtless parents are who send their children to the public-house for beer. Often children sip the beer as they carry it home, and thus acquire a taste for that which in after years becomes a fatal passion and leads to ruin. Many a father and mother have been made to suffer in their old age because of their children's drunken and profligate conduct, and they have remembered, when too late, that they were the first to put strong-drink in the way of their children. Fathers and mothers, see to it, that you do not put temptation in the way of your children. Guard them from evil while you have the power, for when they pass from your care they will find enough sin to contend with in the world without having a legacy from their childhood of a craving for intoxicating drink!

DICKYBIRD.

AN IDYLL OF THE MANCHESTER SLUMS.

By W. E. A. A.

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DID you know Dickeybird, the paper-lad,
Who sold the *Evening News* in Market-
street?

The lad was lame, but had a merry heart,

Whistled and sang and hopp'd about the flags,
As though there were no sorrow in the world.
When they were waiting for the latest *News*,
His mates would post him up against a door,
And he would whistle them a merry lay,
Or in a clear and childish treble sing
Some song that in the Board School he had
learned.

The concert over, every boy would give
A helping hand unto their "Dickeybird,"
For so they named the wee, white, crippled lad,
And they all loved him in their own rough
way.

One night, the papers done, the Dickeybird
Stood selling matches at the Concert Hall,
And as he piped his sweet and childish song
A lady passing to her waiting brougham
Said to the footman, "Bring him here to me."
So John the footman, six feet high and more,
Picked up the Dickeybird—his crutch and
all—

And placed him in at the open carriage door.
"You have a merry heart, my little man :
I would that mine were half as glad to-night.
Here's something for yourself"—a coin—"and
this

Is for your song"—a kiss—"and this"—
She took a rose from out her raven hair,
And put in his little hand. Then John,
Mounted upon the box, remarked to Bob,
"Miss Hilda does some most owdacious things."
The Dickeybird stood speechless with surprise,
Until the carriage vanished from his sight,
Then turned and sought his home amidst the
slums,

And to his wondering mother told the tale
Of the bright lady, scented and be-gemmed,
Whose warm lips touched his own : whose
hand
Had placed in his a red coin and a rose.

"We must not tell your father now of this,
Or he will spend the money all in drink ;
We'll keep it secret, dear, and you shall have
Some clothes to keep you from the winter
cold."

She kissed the lad, and put him warm in bed ;
Shavings below, above him mended rags,
And close beside his face the red red rose ;
Then waited for her drunken lord's return.
He came too drunk to quarrel or to fight,
And so the household passed away to sleep.

In the dark night the Fever passed that way,
And touched the sleeping body of the child,
Touched him upon his eyes, and brow, and
limbs,

Till all was full of pain and heaviness.
And when his weary eyes were open wide
He saw the red rose in its beauty there.
He drew it forward to his little face,

Inhaling all its fragrance, and he thought,
"How sweet to live where the red roses grow,
Nor fear the force of drunken father's hand :
How sweet its scent," and so he fell asleep.

Then roused the father from his drunken rest,
And muttering curses staggered to his feet,
And sought for drink or money, but found
none.

At last he saw the rose in Dicky's hand :
"I'll get a glass for that at th' Angel there,"
And snatched it from the fever-stricken child,
Who still slept on low moaning in his sleep.
The mother, coming in from early toil,
Found Dickeybird awake. "My rose," he
cried,

"Oh ! who has stolen my red red rose from me ?
The flower the lady gave me. It is gone !
And all my head and limbs are full of pain."
She knew the thief who thus had robbed the
child :

But how denounce the father to his son ?
And still the boy moaned, "Oh, my red red
rose."

The Parish Doctor passing by the door,
She asked him in, and he saw Dickeybird,
And said, "The lad is doomed ; he has not
strength

To kill the fever that is killing him."
And still the boy moaned, "Oh ! my red red
rose."

Whilst they were talking thus the man re-
turned,
And with a cunning leer upon his face
Told him he'd "swapped the rose for two of
gin."

"You drunken wastrel," cried the doctor then,
"You've robbed the boy as he lay dying there,
And perhaps you've carried fever with the
rose."

And that same night the gaudy barmaid lay
Bound by the chain of fever's molten fire.
Poor Dickeybird grew worse, and death drew
nigh,

And still the boy moaned, "Oh ! my red red
rose,

The flower the lovely lady gave to me."
There was no help—poor Dickeybird must die.
And when his mother saw this, she arose,
And taking all the money that remained,
She sought for roses and the reddest bought,
And heeded not its costliness ; and then

Back to the squalid chamber where he lay,
His life quick floating on an ebbing tide.
She placed the flower within his puny hands,
And the soft fragrance reached the darkening
brain,

The heavy eyelids opened, and the soul
Looked forth in ecstasy. "My rose, my rose—
Oh, mother! I have found the rose again
The lovely lady gave me in the street;
It is so sweet; I'd like to live with you
Where the red roses grow." He spoke no more,
But holding fast the rose within his hand
Passed into sleep, and never woke again.

The barmaid died, and when the flaunting
hearse

Went down the miry street, somewhat behind
The lovely lady gave me in the street;
To his last nest within the graveyard cold.

The man still drinks, the woman still toils on,
And hopes that Death will quickly end her
care.

And Dickeybird is silent evermore,
Is silent with the silence of the grave:
Or in some land where care and death are not,
Amid red roses sings his joyous song.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FOE.

BY MARY J. DIGGENS.

OVER the land there marcheth a silent foe,
With stealthy, unswerving tread;
And his wake is followed by cries of woe
For the dying and the dead.
Through the watches of the night;
Through the hours of life and light,
Doth march this army dread.

It is fierce and cruel this mighty host,
And plunges the naked steel
Into hearts that love, adore it most,
And have given their joy, their wealth
For its friendship and its smile,
For its looks and words of guile,
They thought so true, so real.

Like a north-east wind on a wintry night,
It enters where'er it will,
And it slayeth its victims in mansions bright,
And in chambers dark and still.
And it laugheth at the tear,
At the home it maketh drear,
And crieth, "Onward, kill!"

It is found at birthday and solemn fêtes,
It lurks at the bridal board;
At the last sad rite of love it waits
With bare unsheathed sword:
Where the bright and sparkling eye
Marks the victim doomed to die
By his relentless lord.

And the one it pierces doth not alone
The pain and the anguish bear,
Like the Temple maids in the Incas' home,
His loved ones all must share
His sad punishment and shame;
His disgraced, dishonoured name,
And ruin, guilt, despair.

And it marcheth on to the silent tomb,
And standeth near heaven's gate,
There to mock its slaves who find no room
In the mansions high and great.
For no drunkards stand among
Heaven's white-robed angel throng,
Or on their Saviour wait.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S REPLY TO THE INVITATION OF A RECRUITING SERGEANT.

"**W**HO ye want to catch me, do ye?
Na! I don't much think ye wool,
Though your scarlet coat and feathers
Look so bright and beautiful;
Though you tell such famous stories,
Of the fortunes to be won,
Fightin' in the distant Ingies,
Underneath the burning sun.

"Spose I be a tight young feller,
Sound in limb and all that ere,
I can't see that that's a reason
Why the scarlet I should wear.
Fustian coat and corded trousers
Seem to suit me quite as well;
Think I doan't look badly in 'em,
Ax my Meary, she can tell!

"Sartinly I'd rather keep 'em,
These same limbs you talk about,
Covered up in cord and fustian,
Than I'd try to do without.
There's Bill Muggins left our village
Just as sound a man as I,
Now he goes about on crutches,
With a single arm and eye.

"To be sure he's got a medal
 And some twenty pounds a year,
 For his health, and strength, and sarvice,
 Government can't call that dear ;
 Not to reckon one leg shattered,
 Two ribs broken, one eye lost,
 Fore I went in such a venture,
 I should stop and count the cost.

"Lots o' glory ? lots o' gammon !
 Ax Bill Muggins about that,
 He will tell ye tain't by no means
 Sort o' stuff to make ye fat ;
 If it was, the private soger
 Gets o' it but precious little,
 Why, it's jest like bees a ketchen,
 With the sound of a brass kittle.

"Lots o' gold, and quick promotion ?
 Pshaw ! just look at William Green,
 He's been fourteen years a fightin',
 As they call it, for the Queen ;
 Now he comes home invalidated,
 With a sergeant's rank and pay,
 But that he's been made a captain,
 Or is rich, I ain't heard say.

"Lots o' fun and pleasant quarters,
 And a soger's merry life ;
 All the tradesmen's—farmer's daughters,
 Wantin' to become your wife ?
 Well, I think I'll take the shillin',
 Put the ribbins in my hat.
 Stop ! I'm but a country bumpkin,
 Yet not quite so green as that.

"Fun ? a knockin' fellow-creatures
 Down like ninepins, and that ere,
 Stickin' bagnets through and through 'em,
 Burnin', slayin' everywhere !
 Pleasant quarters ?—werry pleasant,
 Sleepin' on the field o' battle,
 Or in hospital, or barracks,
 Crammed together just like cattle.

"Strut away, then, master sergeant,
 Tell your lies as on ye go,
 Make your drummers rattle louder,
 And your pipers harder blow ;
 I shan't be a son of glory,
 But an honest working man ;
 With the strength that God has gave me
 Doin' all the good I can."

"MAMMA, ME LIKE WHISKEY !"

BY W. H. SAMPSON.

NOT long ago, when walking along one of the principal streets of a large manufacturing town, I met a woman who evidently had only just stepped outside of a public-house called the "Robin Hood," holding by the hand a little girl of not more than four years of age. The woman held in her hand a small bottle containing whiskey, and naturally the child wanted to taste the contents, so just as I was passing, she coaxingly said to her mother,—

"Mamma, *me* like whiskey !"

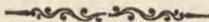
"*You* like whiskey ?" asked the mother, pretending to be surprised at the child's request, and in a tone loud enough for me to hear ; "*you* like whiskey ?"

"Yes, *me* like whiskey !" again answered the child, at the same time giving her mother a gentle hint that she would like a drink out of the bottle.

No wonder, surrounded by influences such as these, that children in later years become confirmed drunkards. A great responsibility rests upon parents in training the little ones entrusted to their care. Young people need no encouragement to take intoxicating drink ; they will soon enough take it themselves. Thousands of men and women, now steeped in every conceivable kind of wickedness and vice, attribute their degraded position in life to the example of unthoughtful and indulgent parents. Granting that the woman required a "wee drop" to put her straight after the previous Saturday night's debauch, there was no necessity for her to take the child to the public-house. Is it not to rescue these little helpless creatures that Bands of Hope are established and maintained ? Unless a Band of Hope check is brought to bear on that child's future career, it will become a recruit for the mighty drunken army of England ! To avert this, let Temperance boys and girls relax not their noble efforts until this foe—a foe to all that is lovely, pure, and good—is completely subdued. Parents, it were better to have a millstone hung round our necks, and cast into the sea, than one of these little ones through our thoughtlessness or misconduct should die a drunkard.

SEEK THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

A BAND OF HOPE SONG.



W. H. DOANE.

Go and seek the lit-tle wand'ers; From the crowded street, Give them shelter, food, and raiment,

KEY G.

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

Warm their weary feet; Few their comforts, few their pleasures, Life to them is dear,

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

CHORUS.

They could tell a tale of sor-row, You would weep to hear. Go and seek the lit-tle

CHORUS.

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

wand'ers, Take them by the hand, 'Give them shelter, food, and raiment,' 'Tis the Lord's command.

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

2 Go and seek the drunkards' children,
 Go from street to street;
 Give them shelter, food, and raiment,
 Warm their weary feet;
 None to please them, none to love them,
 None to soothe their fears,
 None to show them tender pity,
 None to dry their tears.

3 See the poor and friendless orphan,
 Hear their plaintive moan;
 Do not pass them by unheeded,
 Leave them not alone;

Chilled beneath the blast of winter,
 Mark that slender form;
 Can you still the voice that bids you,
 Shield it from the storm?

4 Go and seek the little wand'ers;
 Take them by the hand;
 Feed the hungry, clothe the naked,
 'Tis the Lord's command;
 He said, the poor remember,
 They are with you still;
 If you love the blessed Saviour,
 Go and do His will.

A FRIEND IN DEED.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO.

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

(Susan comes on to the platform singing, "Please give me a penny, sir," &c. While she is singing Robert enters, pauses to listen, and then accosts the girl.)

Robert.

S. It true you are in want, my girl—have you no money and nothing to eat?

Susan. Indeed, it is true, sir; I get nothing but what the people give me as they pass by and hear me singing.

R. And where is your father?

S. He is dead, sir!

R. Come, now, all such as you tell that tale. How long has he been dead?

S. About six months, sir.

R. What did he die of?

S. He died of *delirium tremens*, sir.

R. What, was he a drunkard, then?

S. Yes, sir; it was drink that killed him. He drank until he became raving mad.

R. He must have been a fool to do that; I don't believe in teetotalism, but I do think a man ought to have more sense than to make a beast and a fool of himself.

S. Ah, sir, my father wasn't a fool; if you had known him you wouldn't say that.

R. But he *must* have been or he wouldn't have drunk himself to death, girl! What else can a man be when he can't control himself?

S. But, sir, the drink had got hold of him, and he couldn't help it. I have heard mother say he would weep sometimes and wish he *could* resist the craving for drink when it came upon him. He wasn't always a drunkard, sir!

R. No, I don't expect he was. What business was your father engaged in?

S. He was a chemist and druggist. We had a large shop once, sir, and mother kept a servant, and we were quite well off, until father began to drink heavily and neglect his business; then things began to go wrong.

R. A chemist and druggist! Are you sure, girl? Come, now, I hope you are not trying to deceive me.

S. Why should I, sir? I have been taught always to speak the truth, and I would not deceive you, or anyone else.

R. Well, you certainly don't talk like a common beggar. And what was your father's name?

S. Sinclair—John Sinclair.

R. What! (*takes S. by the arm.*) Are you *sure* your father's name was John Sinclair?

S. Sir, you seem to think every word I speak is to be doubted. Surely I ought to know my own father's name.

R. Forgive me, girl; I thought—well, never mind what I thought. And where did you live when you had the shop?

S. In Launceston; my father and mother were well known there.

R. Girl! girl! You do not mean to tell me you are a child of my old friend, John Sinclair! It cannot be!

S. I am John Sinclair's daughter, sir; but as to your being my father's friend, I do not know.

R. Dear, dear! Why, my girl, I knew your father; we went to school together; we were companions as young men, and up to the time when I went away. I heard of your father's marriage, and had no idea but he was happy and prosperous. And here you tell me this sad, sad story. And where is your mother, my girl?

S. She is living in a room not far away. Oh, sir, my mother is sick—I fear she is dying, and it was to get her bread I came out into the street to sing.

R. But your friends—where are they?

S. We left Launceston—mother and I—after father was dead, and came here, thinking to begin some business. But mother was taken ill, and we could do nothing. Gradually we have sold all for food and to pay the rent of our room, and now we are quite destitute. Oh, sir, if father had but been a teetotaler, he would have now been living, and mother and I would have been happy.

R. But, my girl, I can't understand *how* your father should have become a drunkard! It is past my comprehension.

S. Perhaps it is. But, sir, anyone who begins to take drink is never safe. You say you don't believe in teetotalism, and so I suppose you take strong drink sometimes. Forgive me, sir, but I would never take any more. You don't know—you can't tell, what it may lead to. Look at father; he was moderate for years, but the habit grew and grew, until he was a complete slave. Oh, sir, I hope you may never know the misery, the torment he passed through; nor may you ever bring suffering on those dear to you, as mother and I have suffered.

R. (*brushing his eyes.*) My girl, my girl, stop—I can't bear to hear you; it wrings my heart. The thought that my old friend John should have come to such an ending is shocking—it makes me shudder. No, girl, I've done with the drink from now. If it could ruin such an intelligent, noble man as your father once was, none are safe who take it. I'll have no more of it! But, while we

are talking you and your mother are starving. Show me where you live—take me to your home. You shall no longer be in want, for I have plenty for all of us; and it shall never be said that Robert Homespun turned his back on the wife and child of his old comrade and friend.

S. Oh, sir, you are too kind!

R. Not a bit of it! What, too kind in doing what is but my duty! Nonsense, child; come along; lead the way to your mother!

S. This way, sir; and may He who is the father of the fatherless and the husband of the widow bless you for your help in our time of need. (*Exit Susan.*)

R. Well, who would have thought it! Poor John! To think he died a drunkard, and left his wife and child to suffer like this! Robert Homespun, you have said a lot against teetotalers and teetotalism in the past, but in the future you will be a teetotaler and you will defend teetotalism against all comers. But the girl's waiting! I'll away and try and make her and her mother happy once more. (*Exit.*)

THE MOTHER AND HER DYING CHILD.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

WHEY bore him to his mother, and he lay Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!

She had watched every breath, and kept her hand

Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon The dreamy languour of his listless eye, And she had laid back all his sunny curls, And kiss'd his delicate lip, and lifted him Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong— His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned Over him now, that she might catch the low Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned To love when he was slumbering at her side In his unconscious infancy—

“So still!

'Tis a soft sleep. How beautiful he lies, With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek! How could they say that he would die! Oh, God!

I could not lose him! I have treasured all His childhood in my heart, and even now, As he has slept, my memory has been there,

Counting like treasures all his winning ways— His unforgotten sweetness;—

“Yet so still!

How like the breathless slumber is to death!

I could believe that in his bosom now

There was no pulse—it beats so languidly!

I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!

Death would not be so very beautiful!

And that half smile—would death have left that there?

—And should I not have felt that he would die?

And have I not wept over him—and prayed Morning and night for him?—and could he die?—

No—God will keep him! He will be my pride

Many long years to come, and this fair hair

Will darken like his father's, and his eye

Be of a deeper blue when he is grown,

And he will be so tall, and I shall look

With such a pride upon him! *He to die!*”

And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,

And smiled, as 'twere mockery to think

That such fair things should perish—

—Suddenly

Her hand shrank from him, and the colour fled

From her fix'd lip, and her supporting knees Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touched

His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—

And it was cold—like clay! Slow, very slow,

Came the misgiving that her child was dead.

She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed

In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she took

His little hand and prest it earnestly—

And put her lips to his—and look'd again

Fearfully on him—and then, bending low,

She whisper'd in his ear “My son!—my son!”

And as the echo died, and not a sound

Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,

Montionless on her knee—the truth *would* come!

And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart

Were crushed, she lifted him and held him close

Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—

As if death had no power to touch him there!

ODE TO APRIL.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

RIGHT welcome, April; fitful month
Of sunshine, shade, and rain;
Now smiling, now in tears you come,
Like pleasure chasing pain.

Fair harbinger of spring-tide, how
Your soft, refreshing show'rs,
Entice the fragrant plants to bud,
And bloom in sunny bow'rs.

You smile, and nature quick assumes
Her carpet green and bright;
While nestling here and there we see,
King-cups and daisies white.

Your tears are such as cheer the heart,
Presaging as they do
Your coming smiles: oh! halcyon days
Of April, hail to you!

MASTER JOHNNY'S NEXT-DOOR
NEIGHBOUR.

BY BRET HARTE.

IT was Spring the first time that I saw her,
For her papa and mamma moved in
Next door, just as skating was over, and mar-
bles about to begin,
For the fence in our back-yard was broken,
and I saw as I peeped through the slat,
There were 'Johnny Jump-ups' all around her,
and I knew it was Spring just by that.

"I never knew whether she saw me—for she
didn't say anything to me,
But 'Ma! here's a slat in the fence broke, and
the boy that is next door can see.'
But the next day I climbed on our wood-shed,
as you know, mamma says I've a right,
And she calls out, 'Well, peekin is manners!'
and I answered her, 'Sass is perlite!'

"But I wasn't a bit mad, no, Papa, and to
prove it, the very next day,
When she ran past our fence in the morning
I happened to get in her way,
For you know I am 'chunkéd' and clumsy, as
she says are all boys of my size,
And she nearly upset me, she did, Pa, and
laughed till tears came in her eyes.

"And then we were friends from that moment,
for I knew that she told Kitty Sage,
And she wasn't a girl that would flatter, "that
she thought I was tall for my age.'
And I gave her four apples that evening, and
took her to ride on my sled,
And—"What am I telling you this for?' Why,
Papa, my neighbour is dead!

"You don't hear one-half I am saying—I
really do think it's too bad!
Why you might have seen crape on her door-
knob, and noticed to-day I've been sad.
And they've got her a coffin of rosewood, and
they say they have dressed her in white,
And I've never once looked through the fence,
Pa, since she died—at eleven last night.

"And Ma says it's decent and proper, as I was
her neighbour and friend,
That I should go there to the funeral, and she
thinks that you ought to attend;
But I am so clumsy and awkward, I know I
shall be in the way,
And suppose they should speak to me, Papa,
I wouldn't know just what to say.

"So I think I will get up quite early, I know
I sleep late, but I know
I'll be sure to wake up if our Bridget pulls the
string that I'll tie to my toe,
And I'll crawl through the fence and I'll gather
the 'Johnny Jump-ups' as they grew
Round her feet the first day that I saw her,
and, Papa, I'll give them to you.

"For you're a big man, and you know, Pa,
can come and go just where you choose,
And you'll take the flowers in to her, and
surely they'll never refuse;
But, Papa, don't say they're from Johnny;
they won't understand, don't you see?
But just lay them down on her bosom, and,
she'll know they're from Me."

The following, among many others, have just been
received by the Publishers (Brook and Chrystal) of
"EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER":—

"GREENFIELD, NEW TREDEGAR,

NR. CARDIFF, FEB. 28th, 1888.

"DEAR SIRS.—Your Dialogues and Recitations are
immensely taking in our Band of Hope Meetings.
Crowded rooms whenever one of your Dialogues are
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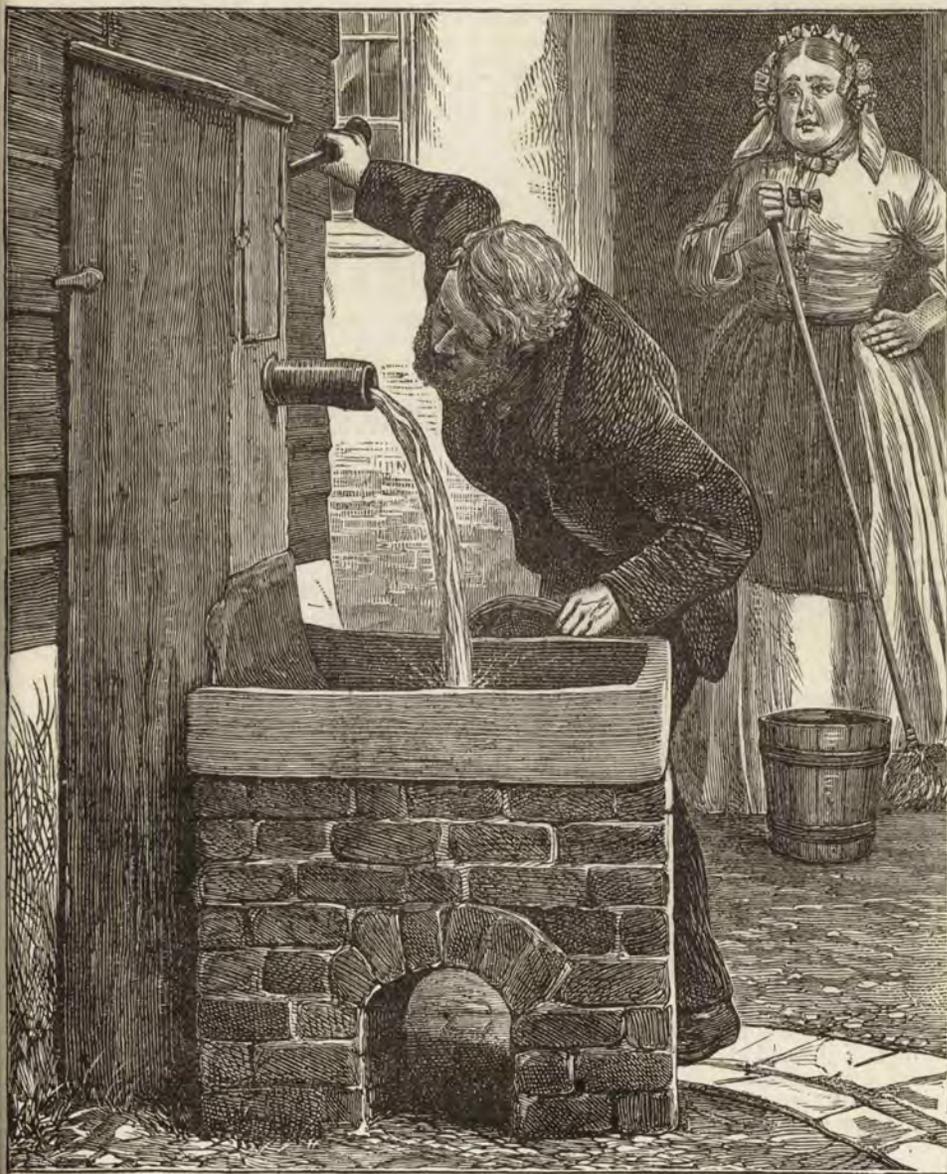
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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 221.—May, 1888.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



THE WEAVER AND THE PUMP.

THE WEAVER AND THE PUMP.

PUMP, give me a drink, wilt thou?" said a weaver one morning, as he came from the back door of a public-house, where the landlady, because he had asked her to trust him a pint of beer, had threatened to dash the mop in his face—though he had spent many a bright sovereign with her. He walked to the pump, grasped the handle, and said, "Well, pump, I have never spent a penny with thee, will *thou* give me a drop?" He raised the handle and brought it down again, and forth flowed the sweet, cool, sparkling water. Stooping, he put his parched, burning lips to the stream, and took a good drink. Feeling refreshed, he again raised the handle and brought it down, and had another draught. Then addressing the pump, as though it were a living being, he said, "Thank thee, Pump. And now hear me, Pump. By God's help, I will not enter a drinking-place again for the next seven years; and, Pump, thou art a witness."

The landlady stood with the mop in her hand, looking on, and listening to the man's words, a smile of incredulity on her face. She *knew* the man wouldn't keep to his word; she *knew* he was too fond of her beer to keep away

from it long; and with a derisive laugh, she turned round and walked into the house.

But the man kept to his word nevertheless, and not only never entered a drinking-place for seven years, but to the end of his life. From that hour he was a teetotaler, and in course of time he became a large manufacturer, employing many hands. He often said it was a grand thing for him that the landlady threatened to dash the mop in his face. There are many poor slaves to the intoxicating cup who fail to have their better nature aroused even by the gross insulting language and harsh treatment of the publican. How often do we see men and women thrust from the door of the public-house, the beer-shop, or the spirit-vault, where they have drunk to intoxication! When the money is spent they become a nuisance to the landlord, and are pushed into the street, regardless of what becomes of them. When will men learn wisdom, and instead of spending their hard-earned cash in that which curses, use it in purchasing those things which will be useful and beneficial to themselves and their families! The pump is a better friend to the poor working-man than the beer-barrel, the whiskey-keg, and the rum-bottle; therefore when thirsty patronise the pump!

PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

BY THOS. B. THOMPSON.

SUPPOSE that all the children
In every town and State
Should pledge themselves to never drink
What would intoxicate.

Suppose that all the children
Should say from henceforth on :
"We'll be united on this point,
Our minds shall be as one—
We will not take,
We will not make,
We'll neither sell nor buy ;
Abstainers we
Will always be,
Until in death we lie."

How many drunkards do you think
We'd have when they were men ?
How many cases on record
From the reporter's pen ?

How many drunks, assaults, arrests,
Directly traced to rum,
Would daily in our city courts
Before the judges come ?

How many bushels, do you think,
Of good and precious grain
Would go to make the poisoned cup
So many thousands drain ?

How many ill-clad, starving wives
Would long for clothes and bread ?
How many children to saloons
Be by their parent led ?

How many grocers deal in gin ?

How many deacons buy
Their bitters, brandy, wine, and beer,
And drink them on the sly ?

How many high and low saloons,
Think you, would there be then ?
In twenty years from now, you know,
The boys would all be men.

Be men, from beer and whiskey free,
Abstainers, true and strong ;
And now, I want to ask if you
Won't help the cause along ?

We ought to gather in the young
And pledge them while we may,
For danger, deadly, swift, and sure,
Is theirs if we delay.

—*Ohio Good Templar.*

THE GARLAND OF MAY.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

SPRING from thy couch, do not pause or
delay,
Gather wild flow'rs for the Garland of May ;
If thou wouldst hope to gain beauties new-
born,

Bathe in the mystical dew of this morn.

Quick, ere its magic the sun shall dispel,
Brush the bright dew-drops from heather and
dell ;

Thus shall Dame Nature her beauties bestow,
Exercise aiding with health's brilliant glow.

Search for May-flow'rs near the cool, sparkling
brook,

Each mossy woodland, and each shady nook :
Gather the treasures unfolded to view,
Gems for the garland, so brilliant in hue.

See ; 'midst the moss in yon fairy-like dell,
Decking its sheen, is the stately blue-bell ;
While in soft clusters around it there glows
The delicate tints of the gentle primrose.

Near to the bank in its cool, leafy bed,
Is the sweet violet drooping its head ;
Trying to hide from the world and its gaze,—
In vain—for its perfume its ambush betrays.

Come from your hiding-place, sweet little
flow'r,

May-day shall greet you in garden and bow'r,
Yes, little violet, you must away,
To grace with your presence the Garland of
May.

Buttercups yellow and daisies so white,
Wake from their slumber to gladden the sight :
Flowers we gather from hillside and dale,
Crimson and purple, and yellow and pale.

Cowslip and lily their colours shall blend—
Hawthorn its fragrance to May-day must
lend :—

Flora presiding in brilliant array—
Weave we our garland in flowers of May.

UGLY GREG.

THE best of prisons are gloomy, unlovely
places, and the sunshine which streams
over the walls and filters through the bars
seems cold and cheerless. The prisoners are
discouraged, and some of them desperate,
feeling as if every man's hand was against them,
and the keepers must be watchful, distant and
determined. Day comes, day goes, and some-
times the rugged walls, paved floors, and iron
bars so change the nature of a prisoner that
his mind loses all good thoughts. It used to
be thus in all prisons, but there are exceptions
now. At the Detroit House of Correction, a
year or so ago, the high whitewashed walls of
the corridors were furnished with brackets and
flower-pots to relieve the monotony and take
away some of the gloom. One would scarcely
think that the rough-looking, wicked men sent
there for robbery, burglary, arson and graver
crimes, would have cared for the change, yet
they gladly welcomed it. A rose, or geranium,
or tulip, or pink, seemed to bring liberty and
sunshine a little nearer, and to drive the evil
out of their hearts, and it was a strange sight
to see hardened criminals watering and
nourishing the tender plants and watching
their daily growth.

Two or three months before the brackets
were hung up a prisoner came from one of the
Territories—an old, sullen-looking, bad-tem-
pered man, convicted of robbing the mails.
They called him "Greg," as short for Gregory,
and it wasn't long before they made it "Ugly

Greg." He was ugly. He refused to work, cared nothing for rules and regulations, and twenty-eight days of his first month were spent in the "solitary" for bad behaviour. He was expostulated with, threatened and punished, but he had a will as hard as iron. He hadn't a friend in the prison, and the knowledge of it seemed to make him more ugly and desperate. When the brackets were hung up there was one to spare, and it was placed near the door of Ugly Greg's cell until another spot could be found. No one had any hope that the old man's heart could be softened, and some said he would dash the flower-pot to the floor.

When he came in from the shops his face expressed surprise at the sight of the little green rose bush so close to the door of his cell. He scented it, carefully placed it back, and it was noticed that the hard lines melted out of his face for a time. No one said anything to him, but the next morning before he went to work he carefully watered the rose, and his eyes lost something of their sullen look. Would you believe that the little rose bush proved more powerful than all the arguments and threats of the keepers? It did, strangely enough. As the days went by the old man lost his obstinacy and his gloominess, and he obeyed orders as well and cheerfully as the best man in prison. His face took on a new look, his whole bearing changed, and the keepers looked at him and wondered if he could be the man Greg of four or five months before. He watched the rose as a mother would watch a child, and it came to be understood that it was his. While some of the other flowers died from want of care, the rose tree grew and thrived and made the old man proud. He carried it into his cell at night and replaced it in the morning, and sometimes he would talk to it as if it were a human being. Its presence opened his lonesome heart and planted good seed there, and from the day the bracket was hung up no keeper had the least trouble with Ugly Greg.

A few weeks ago he was taken sick, and when he went to the hospital the rose tree went with him, and was placed where the warm sun could give it the nourishment it needed. After a day or two it was hoped that the old man would get better, but he kept

sinking and growing feebler. So long as his eyes were open he would watch the rose, and when he slept he seemed to dream of it. One day when the nurse found an opening bud he rejoiced as heartily as if his pardon papers had arrived. The bud was larger next day, and the rose could be seen bursting through. The flower pot was placed on the bed, near the old man's face, that he might watch the bud blossom into a rose, and he was so quiet that the nurse did not approach him again for hours. The warm spring sun glided in through the bars and kissed the opening bud, and then fell off in showers over the old man's pale face, erasing every line of guilt and ugliness which had ever been raised.

At noon the nurse saw that the rose had blossomed, and she went over and whispered in the old man's ear:

"Greg—Greg—the rose has blossomed—wake up."

He did not move. She felt his cheek, and it was cold. Ugly Greg was dead!

One hand rested under his grey locks while the other clasped the flower-pot, and the newborn rose bent down until it almost touched his cold face. His life had gone out just when his weeks of weary watching for a blossom were to be repaid; but the rose tree's mission was accomplished.—*Sparks of Wit & Humour.*

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

BY JOHN GODFREY FOXE.

COME listen awhile to me, my lad;
 Come listen to me for a spell;
 Let the terrible drum
 For a moment be dumb,
 For your uncle is going to tell
 What befell,
 A youth who loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad;
 And with beauty uncommonly blest,
 Ere with brandy and wine
 He began to decline,
 And behave like a person possessed;
 I protest,
 The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad ;
 He went to a tavern one night,
 And drinking too much
 Rum, brandy, and punch,
 The chap got exceedingly "tight,"
 And was quite,
 What your aunt would entitle "a fright."

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad ;
 'Tis a horrible slumber he takes ;
 He trembles with fear
 And acts very queer ;
 My eyes ! how he shivers and shakes
 When he wakes,
 And raves about horrid great snakes.

'Tis a warning to you and to me, my lad ;
 A particular caution to all ;
 Though no one can see
 The vipers but he—
 To hear the poor lunatic bawl—
 "How they crawl
 All over the floor and the wall."

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad ;
 Next morning he took to his bed :
 And he never got up
 To dine or to sup,
 Though properly physicked and bled ;
 And I read
 Next day, the poor fellow was dead.

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my
 lad ;
 Of the viper concealed in the grass ;
 But now you must know,
 Man's deadliest foe
 Is a snake of a different class,
 Alas !
 'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass.

THE DISENTHRALLED.

BY J. C. WHITTIER.

HE had bowed down to drunkenness,
 An abject worshipper,
 The pulse of manhood's pride had grown
 Too faint and cold to stir :
 And he had given his spirit up
 Unto the evil thrall ;
 And bowing to the poisoned cup
 He gloried in his fall. (*a pause*).

There came a change—the cloud rolled off,
 And light fell on his brain,
 And like the passing of a dream,
 That cometh not again,
 The shadow of his spirit fled :
 He saw the gulf before ;
 He shuddered at the waste behind,
 And was a man once more—

He shook the serpent folds away,
 That gathered round his heart ;
 As shakes the wind-swept forest oak,
 Its poison vine apart ;
 He stood erect ; returning pride,
 Grew terrible within,
 And conscience sat in judgment on
 His most familiar sin.

The light of intellect again,
 Along his pathway shone,
 And reason like a monarch sat
 Upon its olden throne ;
 The honoured and the wise once more,
 Within his presence came ;
 And lingered now on lovely lips,
 His once forbidden name.

There may be glory in the might,
 That treadeth nations down—
 Wreaths for the crimson warrior,
 Pride for the kingly crown ;
 More glorious is the victory won,
 O'er self-indulgent lust ;
 The triumph of a brave resolve,
 That treads a vice in dust.

The following, among many others, have just been
 received by the Publishers (Brook and Chrystal) of
 "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER"—

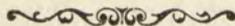
"GREENFIELD, NEW TREDEGAR,
 NR. CARDIFF, FEB. 28th, 1888.

"DEAR SIRS,—Your Dialogues and Recitations are
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 Crowded rooms whenever one of your Dialogues are
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"We gave an Entertainment on Feb. 21st to about
 350 persons, and it was so much liked that we had to
 repeat it on the 28th, when there was again a crowded
 school-room. Many enquiries were made as to when
 we should again give another, for they never hear any-
 thing like your Dialogues. We are getting a good,
 strong Society."—GEORGE UNDERWOOD, *Barrow-on-*
Soar.

Over a Million Copies Sold. List on Application to
 Brook & Chrystal, 11, Market Street, Manchester.

THE TEMPERANCE BEACON.



Music by G. F. Root.
Andantino.

Words by R. S. CHRYSTAL.

We are sail - ing o'er life's ocean, On a rough and stormy sea, But true temp'rance is our

KEY F.

{	s ₁ . s ₁ d :-s ₁ : d r	m : d : m . f	s :-l : s . m	s :-d . d	d' :-d' : t . l	
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bea-con, And our life-buoy it shall be. When the night is dark and win-dy, And the bil-lows dash and

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CHORUS.

roar, Then we keep in sight our bea-con, For it guides us safe to shore, Come and help in the Band

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

of Hope, More strong arms we need to pull, Drowning men we have yet to save Be-fore all our boats are full.

{ s : m : m . m s :-: r : r . s m :-: d . d d' :-: t : d ! l s : m : d . r m :-: d : m . r d :-:
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In the Band of Hope, our life boat,
 We've a hearty happy crew,
 And manned she is by girls and boys
 Who are constant, firm and true ;
 All on deck can well assure us,
 Of the tempests she has braved,
 Many ship-wrecked mariners tell
 Of the thousands she has saved.
 Come and join, &c.

Come and join a crew so noble,
 Men who scorn the deadly drink ;
 Come and point to all the beacon,
 Come and save them ere they sink.
 Fathers, mothers, save your children,
 To them throw the Temp'rance rope,
 There is safety for our nation,
 When they join the Band of Hope.
 Come and help, &c.

F E T T E R S .

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE MALES AND TWO FEMALES.

CHARACTERS.

TOM, Non-Abstainer, but a good-hearted fellow; DICK, Abstainer; HARRY, undecided; MARY, Tom's Sister; JENNY, Dick's Sister.

Tom meets Harry, who is reading.

WELL, Harry, you look very sober, what is the matter with you?

Harry. I'm all right; you can't expect a fellow to be always on the grin.

T. No, but there's a great difference between your serious face and a grin. However, we'll let that pass; what is that you are reading—a "penny dreadful," I suppose?

H. Don't insult me; I have given up that sort of stuff long since, and never intend to begin again. This is a periodical (*handing it to Tom*) for Bands of Hope, and is one of the best half-penny papers I have seen. You may look at it if you like.

T. (*sneeringly.*) Do you mean to tell me you have joined a Band of Hope?

H. Well, not exactly. But I am thinking of joining some kind of temperance society. I have consented to become a Sunday-school teacher, and think that all teachers ought to set the best example to their scholars.

T. (*returning paper.*) It seems a very good periodical of the sort. I would not prevent anyone doing what he thought right, but for my part I do not take much interest in Sunday-school or temperance work. I like what some farmers call "horse religion," which means "rest all Sunday."

H. I used to be like you, Tom; but since I became a Christian my religion has taught me self-denial.

T. Oh, you are going to be religious, are you? Well, then, you will have to sign the pledge whether you want or not, so you had better do it at once; but I make no profession of religion, so I shall please myself.

H. Yes, I would sign at once, for nearly all Christian workers are now abstainers, but there is a difficulty in the way.

T. You should not let difficulties stop you. It is as I say, you are bound to fetter your conscience with a pledge, or else other religious folk will look upon you with suspicion. Perhaps you might tell me what the difficulty is.

H. You have just referred to it, and I have heard from others as well as you, that the pledge fetters one's conscience, and until that matter is settled, I don't feel free to come out on the side of total abstinence.

T. Of course you must settle the question

yourself. It is not my place to dictate to you. But if I were thinking of becoming a Christian worker I should feel bound to be a strict total abstainer, because so much is said now-a-days about self-denial.

H. It is not the self-denial that I object to, but the idea that by signing the pledge I am parting with my liberty, and becoming a slave. But I see I must go (*looking at his watch*). No doubt we shall meet again some time.

T. Yes, and I hope you will be over the line by then—I mean the temperance line, you know. (*They retire, and Dick and Jenny enter.*)

Jenny. Have you met Harry?

Dick. No; does he want me?

J. Yes, he has been asking for you, and wished to speak to you very particularly.

D. If he comes again bring him in. Do you know what he wanted to see me about?

J. I think it is on temperance matters. He has been talking to Tom for some time. (*Dick sits down and reads. Harry knocks.*)

J. Oh, is it you, Harry! Come in, my brother is waiting for you.

D. (*shakes hands.*) How are you, old fellow? I have not seen you for an age. Take this chair, it is as cheap sitting as standing.

J. I will go, so you may tell secrets to your hearts' content. I know you will feel more free if girls are absent. (*Retires.*)

D. Now, then, what's the good news?

H. Not much good news, I think. But if you will allow me I will ask you a few questions. What would you say if some one told you that by being a teetotaler you were in reality a slave, and that the pledge was the fetter which bound your conscience?

D. I should soon tell him he was very much mistaken, and had a good deal to learn about his conscience and mine. I would take some trouble to show him that *he* is the slave in reality, though he may not feel his chains.

H. I wish I could talk like you, but somehow all my convictions leave me when a sneering moderate drinker asks a difficult question, and I begin to think we are in the wrong after all.

D. Convictions, did you say? I thought you had not signed yet?

H. No, I haven't.

D. Well, then, don't talk about your convictions, for it is very plain you have none, or you would have signed long ago. The fact is, you are like a weathercock, blown about by everybody's opinion. Make up your mind, bind yourself by the pledge, and *then* you may talk of your convictions without fear of being turned.

H. You don't quite understand me. I have my convictions, and mean to act upon them as soon as the difficulties are removed. But when you hear Christian people say that the pledge fetters your conscience, it makes you hesitate.

D. Ah, I see the point, and I sympathise with you; but I will see you again on the subject. *(They retire. Jenny and Mary enter.)*

Jenny. Have you heard anything of the conversation between my brother and Harry?

Mary. Yes, I have heard a little, but I want to know the truth.

J. Well, it seems Tom has been frightening him by telling him if he signs the pledge he will be a slave.

M. *(sneeringly.)* That is my opinion, too. I don't know who is a greater slave than an abstainer. He can't do as he likes. He does not care to speak to anyone who has not a blue ribbon in his coat, and would not be seen standing within ten yards of a public-house for the world, lest someone should ask him to go in. And as for parties and public dinners, a teetotaler is always considered the black sheep, and is a target for others to shoot jokes at. I can't tell why anyone should bind himself to go contrary to others; why not be free, and leave others to do as they please?

J. I agree with your last remark—we ought to please ourselves. If we wish to abstain we are pleasing ourselves, but we are not fettered as you seem to suppose. But there is another side to the question. An abstainer is not usually asked to drink twice; you would be, and you would not like to refuse, in public or private. *(Dick and Tom enter.)* And your brother being a moderate drinker would feel obliged to have a glass of something in a public-house or in a friend's house almost every time he was asked, and being a slave to fashion would be in great danger of becoming a drunkard.

Dick. Well done, Jenny! You will be a stump orator yet.

Jenny *(turning to Dick.)* Oh, you are here! It's time somebody came to my rescue. I should not have had this argument to myself had I known you were near.

D. I don't intend you should have it to yourself, so may I ask a few questions? Do not all drunkards come from the army of moderate drinkers?

Mary. I suppose so.

D. Well, then, do you think a drunkard is a fair sample of a free man when he is in the hands of the police or in prison? Yet no sooner is he liberated than he goes back to his old ways, and may be seen in the gutter singing "Britons never

shall be slaves." And although under the influence of drink men are often guilty of crimes which they do not remember when sober, they imagine themselves free to give it up at any time, but that time seldom comes. If handcuffs, and prisons, and empty purses, and wretched homes are signs of liberty, then I prefer being bound.

T. It's very evident you know your lesson. Who taught you all this?

D. My parents chiefly, but I have studied the subject for myself. Are my views right or wrong?

T. I admit there is a deal of truth in your argument.

M. *(turning to Dick.)* Perhaps if we had been brought up in your home, we should think as you do.

D. Yes, I cannot be too thankful for my training and surroundings.

J. *(turning to Harry.)* What do you think of the matter now?

H. *(thoughtfully.)* I would rather wear a teetotaler's fetters than enjoy the supposed freedom of the moderate drinker. I would rather be a slave to my conscience than a slave to evil habit.

J. I have a pledge card, will you sign it?

D. Stay, let him go home and sign when alone, so that he can ask God's blessing on what he is about to do, because it is a duty to God as well as to himself. *(They retire.)*

THE ORPHANS.

MY chaise the village inn had gained,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipped with refulgent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time to supper to beguile
In moralising o'er the dead
That mouldered round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave showed
Where want, and pain, and toil did rest;
And many a flattering stone I viewed
O'er those who once had wealth possessed.

A faded beech its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seemed inclined to take;
And yet they looked so much a prey
To want, the sight made my heart ache.

"My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear,
And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread which many a one might cheer?"

The little boy in accents sweet,
Replied, while tears each other chased :
"Lady, we've not enough to eat—
Ah ! if we had we should not waste.

But sister Mary's naughty grown,
And will not eat, whate'er I say ;
Though sure I am the bread's her own,
For she has tasted none to-day."

"Indeed," the wan, starved Mary said,
"Till Henry eat I'll eat no more ;
For yesterday I got some bread,
He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though deprived of speech ;
Silent I sat upon the grave,
And clasped the clay-cold hand of each.

With looks of woe too sadly true,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shivering boy then nearer drew,
And did his simple tale impart :

"Before my father went away,
Enticed by bad men o'er the sea,
Sister and I did nought but play—
We lived beside yon great ash-tree.

But then poor mother did so cry,
And looked so changed, I cannot tell ;
She told us that she soon would die,
And bade us love each other well.

She said that, when the war was o'er,
Perhaps we might our father see ;
But if we never saw him more,
That God our Father then would be !

She kissed us both and then she died,
And we no more a mother have :
Here many a day we've sat and cried
Together at poor mother's grave.

But when my father came not here,
I thought if we could find the sea,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again might happy be.

We hand in hand went many a mile,
And asked our way of all we met ;
And some did sigh, and some did smile,
And we of some did victuals get.

But when we reached the sea and found
'Twas one great water round us spread,
We thought that father must be drowned,
And cried, and wished we both were dead.

So we returned to mother's grave,
And only long with her to be ;
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said father died beyond the sea.

Then since no parent we have here,
We'll go and search for God around ;
Lady, pray can you tell us where
That God, our Father, may be found ?

He lives in heaven, mother said,
And Goody says that mother's there ;
So, if she knows we want His aid,
I think perhaps she'll send Him here."

I clasped the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, "Come both and live with me ;
I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,
And will a second mother be.

And God shall be your Father still ;
'Twas He in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey His will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

THE LITTLE BOY'S SONG.

KADIES 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 five 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.

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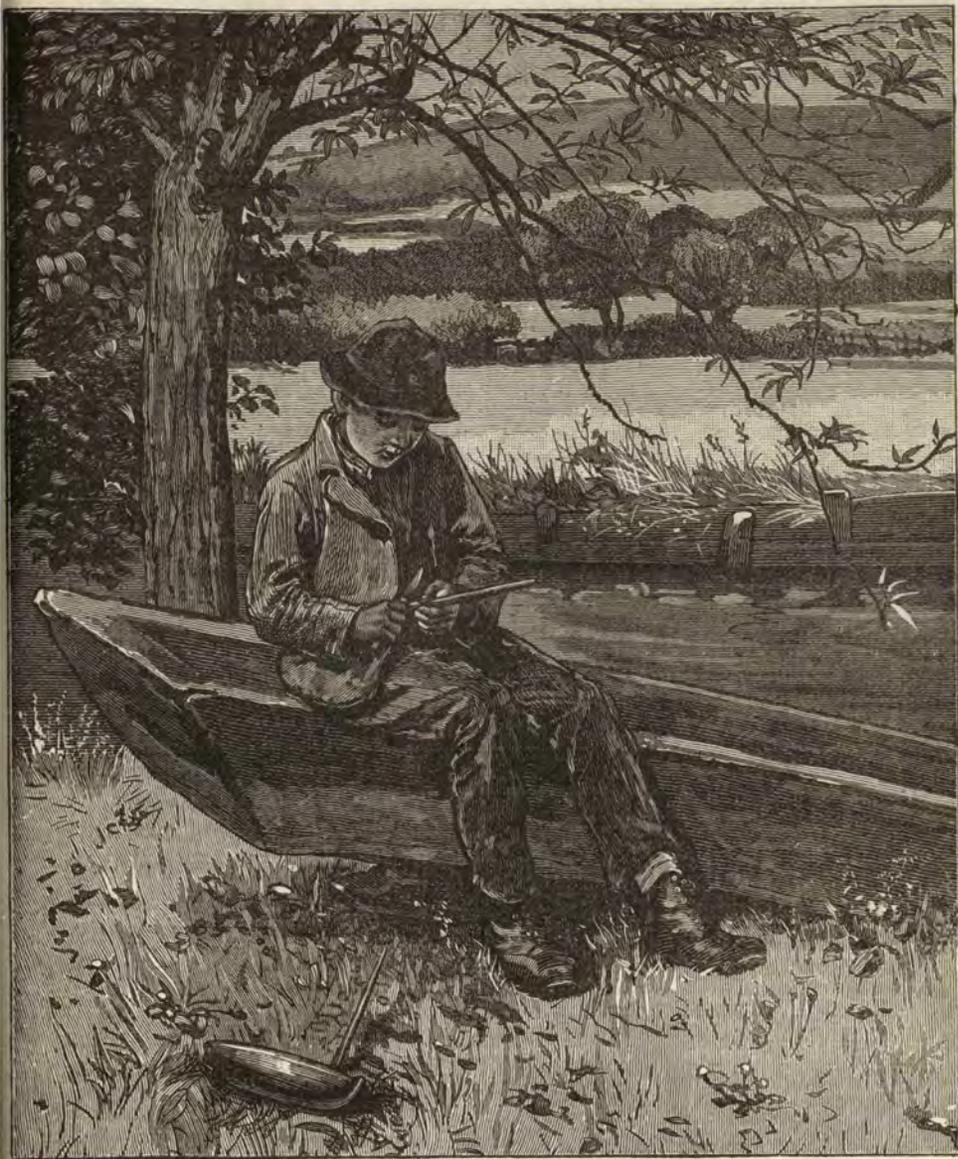
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No. 222.—June, 1888.]

NEW SERIES.

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A LOVELY SCENE.

A LOVELY SCENE.

THOUSANDS of our boy and girl-readers, looking at our illustration this month, will have their imagination and anticipation quickened. The artist has sketched a lovely scene of country life in summer. In the foreground a boy is sitting on an old boat industriously at work with his pocket-knife, shaping a mast for his miniature boat. The branches of a tree, rich in foliage, hang over and shade him from the hot rays of the sun, while his feet press the long grass, the bright yellow ranunculus, and the beautiful pink-eyed daisy. Flowing by is the clear stream, and beyond are fields and trees and hills! As we look at the picture we can almost hear the song of the lark and thrush, the hum of bees, and the buzz of insects dancing out a brief existence in the sun, the cooling "swish, swish" of the water flowing by, and the deep bay of a watch-dog at a distant farm-house nestling amid rich foliage. We scent the hawthorn and honeysuckle, wild-rose and clover, violet and hyacinth.

Our wish is that all our readers could be sure, during the season, of spending a few days

amid the beauties of the country, where God once more has lavishly scattered gems from His treasury in a thousand varieties of color and form. We know, however, our little monthly falls into the hands of some who never enjoy such delights, and the secret of this is, they are too poor, for "father drinks." God pity them! Because "father drinks" thousands of poor children are debarred the sweet pleasures of childhood. We have seen ragged, forlorn-looking creatures staring with open, wondering eyes at the bright flowers exposed for sale in the London markets, and it has seemed to us as if they yearned to behold the "land afar off" from whence such marvellous beauty came. Were it not for "drink" many of these neglected ones would enjoy their annual holiday, and be able, like their more fortunate fellow-creatures, to roll and tumble among the grass and flowers of the health-imparting country. There is, we hope, "a good time coming" for children—a time when parents no longer will spend their money on that which degrades and impoverishes, but in providing for themselves and their little ones pleasures at home and abroad.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

LISTEN ye—listen ye—fishermen brave—
down to the harbour press!

Is it the wail of the seas I hear—or the cry
from a ship in distress?

Listen ye—listen again—for again that piercing
shriek I hear;

And there—ah yes! 'tis the minute-gun booms
forth on the startled ear!

Hasten ye—hasten ye—heart's of oak—souls
of the true and the brave:

Battle ye—battle the tempest wild—dear life
on the ocean to save!

Launch ye the life-boat—breast ye the foam—
speed ye—oh! gallant crew,

Prove to the world what the brave can dare—
what the sons of Britain can do!

The life-boat is launched on the angry sea, and
the roaring waves defied,

By men we may boast are our bulwarks true,
of our nation the glory and pride:

Speed ye—oh! speed ye—near and more near
—ah, joy! for the vessel at last

Is reached—and a hundred souls are saved
from a grave in the ocean vast!

The coast is neared—and the work is done—
three cheers for the gallant crew,

Who risked their lives dear life to save—oh!
give them the glory due

To deeds such as theirs: and enrol their names
on the glowing scroll of fame,

For surely they, and the life-boat too, are the
honour of England's name.

THE OLD MAN, HIS SON, AND THE ASS.

BY W. RUTHERFORD BENN.

NOW once in a country whose name I don't know,

A man with a donkey to market did go,
And by him there trotted his own little boy,
The three of them merry and brimful of joy.

Some people who passed them looked on with surprise.

"Good gracious," they said, "who'd believe his own eyes

That stupid old donkey has nothing to do,
I'd put that wee boy on his back, wouldn't you?"

The father all anxious the people to please,
And set all the faultfinders quite at their ease,
Took up the wee laddie with "Come along, Jack,"

And lifted him on to the donkey's broad back.

Not far had they gone when a crowd gathered round,

And what do you think was the fault that they found?

They blamed little Jacky for taking his ride
And letting his father walk there alongside.

Jack jumped off the donkey, he did, in a trice,
With "Come along, father, we'll take their advice:

Get up on the donkey, and soon we shall see
That we and the people are sure to agree."

But no such good fortune this couple did find,
Some other folks grumbled "It's very unkind
To let the wee laddie walk there on the road,
The donkey could carry them both in one load."

"Just jump up in front," said the father to Jack,
And Jacky so nimble jumped right on his back—

"Oh, shocking! oh, dreadful!" some other folks screamed.

To them the big load was too heavy it seemed.

The old man and boy then jumped off the poor beast,

And thought thus to stop all the grumbling at least;

To carry the donkey they foolishly tried
And rather than ride him they gave him a ride.

The donkey was restless and kicked a good bit,
He didn't like riding, it didn't seem fit;
In crossing a river that ran by the road
He slipped in the water and there he abode.

So you see that in trying to please all the world,

The poor little beast in the water was hurled;
The man lost his living, and so did the lad,
For that little donkey was all that they had.

And so all good people who hear this sad tale,
Don't try to please everyone else—you will fail;
Just stick to your duty, and do what is right,
Or else you will often get into a plight.

—*The Family Circle.*

"JOHNNY" GOES TO SEE THE CIRCUS.

A SMALL boy and girl, with beaming faces, led by a neatly dressed woman who bore a look of untold anxiety, as if she had already passed through deep waters in getting them as far as the door, entered the Winter Circus yesterday. As they approached the ticket-chopper the boy broke out into a shrill yell: "We passed the place where we pay, ma. Come over here. How much have we to pay? Let me buy!"

She nudged him to keep quiet, and pulled him along, but he would not be put off, and had just broken out: "Ma, you can't get in for nothing," when she passed in her tickets (complimentary ones) and hurried them through with a gasp of relief, and something resembling a smile on her tired face.

"Ma, how'd you get in for nothing?"

"Hush, can't you? Look at that man in the tank."

"What's he doing, taking a bath?"

"That's the diver."

"What's a diver? What does he do it for? What's his name? Could you do that? Could my dog do that? He can swim. You told me that you went in a tank when you were baptized. Is he a Baptist?"

"Do be quiet and listen to what the man says."

The diver shows the watch which he takes down with him uninjured by immersion, and says it must be a "Waterbury."

"What does he call it a Waterbury for,

ma? "Tain't a Warterbury at all. Pop's got a real Water——"

"Will you hush, sir?"

"Why?"

"If you don't, I'll take you right home."

"What's that man in a dress for?"

"That's a woman with a beard."

"Whee-o-o, ain't she ugly? Why don't she shave?"

"She makes her living by showing it."

"Why don't you do that?"

"I haven't got a beard."

"It might grow after a while."

"If you don't hush this minute, you little torment, I'll get your pa to whip you this night."

"Why, I ain't doing nothing. Hooray! see the elephants. Why ain't they all got trunks? Count 'em, ma; one, two, three, four, fi—what makes them bob their heads all the time?"

"I don't know. I suppose it amuses them."

"How?"

"I don't know, I say. That's the baby elephant."

"How old is it? Has it got its teeth yet? What makes its skin so loose? Was it fatter when it was born and got thin?"

"Oh, do stop your horrid questions, and come along."

"What's that little thing?"

"That's the gnu baby."

"Where's the old one?"

"I mean the g-n-u, the animal. That's its mother in the cage."

"Where's its father?"

Again a gasp from the mother, and another push forward. Just then the gong warned all to take their seats for the ring performance. Away she went, the boy dragging her on before, the girl holding on behind. Several times she tried tempting short cuts, and as many times she was turned back, but at last, almost in tears, settled them on their seats, well in front. They really sat silent for a few minutes—the boy spell-bound. Not until the champion kicker failed to kick as high as his mark, did he open his mouth. Then, in a very loud voice:

"See how red his face is. He feels disgraced."

This remark, being perfectly audible to the C. K., did not make him any paler.

When the slack-wire woman began her antics, he inquired:

"What's she want the long pole for?"

"That's a bal——"

"Oh, yes! I know. Pa tells us about the ballet." By this time the mother had sunk into a kind of "Oh don't-please-don't" state of helplessness.

"When will the snake-man come wiggling out, ma, like on the bills?"

"Here he comes now."

"Pshaw! He ain't no snake-man. I don't believe he's even a professor. Is he a professor? Why ain't I limber like that?"

"I suppose it runs in his family."

When the "Twin Sisters, Queens of the Equestrian Ring," came out, the boy explained:

"They're twins, you know, because they're nearly the same age. The prettiest isn't so good as the other. That's why she's fixed the nicest, so that she can make it up by showing off.

Just here the little girl, who had not uttered a word since she entered the building, burst into a roar of crying, followed by a scream of "Oh, he's dead! He's dead!" as she gazed, with horror in her two big eyes, on "Johnnie Purvis and his two trick donkeys." In vain the mother tried to reassure her, and not until the donkeys were brought to life by their master's kiss could she check the stormy sobs. The boy rose in genuine disgust at his sister's weakness.

"I told you not to bring her," he said. "I knew she'd make a nuisance of herself, and bother the life out of you. Let's go home. The show's over anyway."

—*New York Tribune.*

PUBLIC-HOUSES.

BY WM. COWPER.

PASS where we may, through city or
 through town,
 Village or hamlet, of this merry land,
 Though lean and beggared, every twentieth
 pace
 Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff

Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
That law has licensed, as makes temperance
reel.

There sit, involved and lost in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey, and the groom; the craftsmen
there

Takes a Lethæan leave of all his toil;
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
All learnèd, and all drunk. The fiddle screams
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wailed,
Its wasted tones and harmony unheard.

Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme; while
she,

Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
Perch'd on the sign-post, holds with even hand
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
A weight of ignorance, in that, of pride;
And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.

Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound,
The cheek-distending oath, not to be praised
As ornamental, musical, polite,
Like those which modern senators employ,
Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for
fame.

Behold the schools in which plebeian minds,
Once simple, are initiated in arts
Which some may practise with politer grace,
But none with readier skill! 'Tis here they
learn

The road that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her encumber'd lap, and cast them out.
But censure profits little; vain the attempt
To advertise in verse a public pest.

The excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas' fingers of the State,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink and be mad then; 'tis your country
bids;

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call;
Her cause demands the assistance of your
throats

Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.
Would I had fall'n upon those happier days
That poets celebrate; those golden times
And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings,
And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.

Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had
hearts

That felt their virtues: Innocence, it seems,
From courts dismissed, found shelter in the
groves.

The footsteps of Simplicity, impressed
Upon the yielding herbage (so they sing)
Then were not all effaced: then speech pro-
fane,

And manners profligate, were rarely found,
Observed as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd.
Vain wish! those days were never: airy
dreams

Sat for the picture, and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.

A HERO.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

AM a hero!
No! I'm not chaffing;
I mean what I say,
So please stop your laughing.

I carry no musket,
I've not been to battle,
Where great shells explode
And big cannons rattle.

I can show you no deep scars,
And tell you no story
Of fierce, bloody fights
That crowned me with glory.

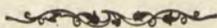
Yet I am a hero,
Without any joking;
For I have declared war
Against drinking and smoking,

And chewing and gaming:
The boys all abused me,
Called me "spoony" and "soft,"
Laughed at and misused me.

But I cared not a farthing,
I obeyed my heart's teaching,
Put those things below me,
And kept reaching, and reaching

To great truths, and precepts
That lead to salvation;
So I am a hero,
In this mighty nation.

WINE IS A MOCKER.



Words by E. R. LATTA.

Music by W. A. OGDEN.

That wine is a mock-er, the Scriptures declare, And who does not know it is true? Its pleasures

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are fleeting, and lead to despair, It sparkles but 'tis to un-do. The heart may a sea-son re-

{	d'		d':t:l		s:s:s		s:-s		l:d':d'		t:d':r'		d':-:-:-		d'		r':r':r'		r':d':r'
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voice and be glad, But shame and dejection it brings: It passeth away, and the heart groweth sad; At

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

last like an ad-der it stings. Oh, look not up - on it, but time - ly be -
Oh, look not up on it, Oh, look not upon it, Oh, look not upon it, but

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

ware, For wine is a mock - er, The Scrip - tures de - clare.
timely beware, For wine is a mocker, yes, wine is a mocker, yes, wine is a mocker, the Scriptures de-clare.

t : - : - : t | d' : - : - : r' : m' | r' : - : - : m' : f' | m' : - : - : r' : t | d' : - : - : - :
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 s : s : s | s : - : s | m : m : m | m : m : d | f : f : f | f : m : r | s : s : s | s : s : s | d : d : d : d : - :

2 Yes, wine is a mocker of youth and of age;
Oh, would that its mockings were vain!
Not fruitless the conflict the spoiler doth wage,
It thousands of thousands hath slain.

Oh, let not the mocker induce thee to taste,
Or fearful and fatal the cost,
But when it confronts thee, oh, fly thee in haste;
Delay not or thou may'st be lost

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ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES
ANOTHER.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO MALES AND THREE FEMALES.

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

CHARACTERS.

Mary Tolson.....An anxious Wife.
 George Tolson.....An erring Husband.
 Mr. Poiser.....A Teetotaler.
 Mrs. Poiser.....A "Little-drop" Wife.
 Jane.....Servant to Mrs. Tolson.

SCENE:—*Sitting-room. George and Mary at Breakfast.**Mary.*

GEORGE, you came home in the old condition last night, although you have promised me again and again you never would get intoxicated. I am losing faith in your promises.

George. For goodness sake don't begin nagging again, Mary. My head is simply fit to split; I feel out of sorts altogether, and I am suffering enough without you adding to the *sum totum* of my difficulties. Let me alone, do.

M. I won't let you alone, George. As to your head-ache and your lowness of spirits, they are your own bringing on, and though I am sorry for you, I think you richly deserve all you get. It is really disgraceful that a man holding your respectable position should come reeling home at nearly twelve o'clock at night; making noise enough to rouse the whole neighbourhood, your hat crushed over your head, and your clothes all bedaubed with mud! And yet you say, "let me alone!" Do you think I should be doing my duty if I were to let you alone? Must I let you go on drinking until you disgrace yourself, your wife and your children, and, likely enough, bring us all to beggary and the workhouse? Should I be acting a wife's part and a mother's duty? I am astonished at you, George!

G. Oh, for goodness sake, Mary, don't pile on the agony so! I'm not all that fool to let the drink make a complete beast of me! Surely, if a fellow is now and again a little elevated, because a friend invites him to his house to spend a social hour or two, that doesn't say he is going to ruin! You go to extremes, Mary!

M. Of course, of course, your wife is all wrong and you are all right. I wish you could see yourself as others see you when you are a little elevated, as you call it. I don't think you were much elevated when it took Jane and myself to drag you into the sitting-room from the front door. You

didn't look very elevated when you slipped off the chair on which we placed you, and lay sprawling on the carpet like a sick dog. I'll tell you what it is, George, if I see you very often in such an elevated condition as you were last night, I shall begin to lose all respect for you. It was disgraceful—shocking—unmanly!

G. Will you let me eat my breakfast in quietness, Mary! You have said quite enough to last for a month! I am getting weary of your talk!

M. George! George! You are speaking to your wife! Getting weary of your wife's good counsel—weary because she wants you to do right! Forshame of you! I do declare—

G. That will do, Mary; not another word, or I shall lose my temper. You have been at it now for an hour or two. You were talking at least an hour and a-half before I got up, and though I pretended to be asleep, you almost burst my head open by your constant murmurings. Here, as soon as I sit down to breakfast, you are at it again!

M. But, George—

G. I tell you I won't have any more.

M. But, George—

G. Now I tell you. Not another word!

M. But—

G. (*jumping up and seizing his hat*). Confound it, a woman's tongue can't keep still. I'll go to my office where I can get a bit of quietness (*rushes out in a tantrum*).

M. (*rising and lifting up her hands*). Well, I never could believe George would get into such a temper and rush from the house like that! It is disgraceful to treat me in that way. Not even to say good morning! Just because I wanted to advise him for the best, and to let him know what a pitiable sight he was last night. But men can't bear the mirror holding up when it reflects their follies. (*Enter Jane*.) Well, Jane, what's the matter?

Jane. Please, ma'am, Mrs. Poiser from the next house has just run into the kitchen and says she *must* see you.

M. What does she want to see me for? She is a woman I have never yet spoken to, though a near neighbour, for I always think she is a rather vulgar person. Did she say what she wanted, Jane?

J. No, ma'am, only she *must* see you, and she seemed excited.

M. Well, show her in here. I will see what she wants.

J. (*leaving room*). Yes, ma'am.

M. I can't tell what this Mrs. Poiser can want with me; perhaps she is in some trouble and seeks

neighbourly advice, if so I cannot refuse it. (*Knock.*) Come in. (*Enter Jane and Mrs. P.*)

J. This is the lady who wishes to see you, ma'am.

M. Thank you, Jane, now you may retire. (*Exit J.*) Good morning, Mrs. Poiser—this visit is unexpected!

Mrs. Poiser. You'll excuse me, Mrs. Tolson, making so bold as to come in this way, but I really couldn't help it. I saw your husband tearing down the road in such haste, and looking so wild, and talking to himself, I said, Bless me, something's wrong; either Mr. Tolson's going mad, or Mrs. Tolson's ill, or one of the children's had an accident, or something dreadful has occurred in some way to someone; for Mr. Tolson always walks calmly, and looks so pleasant and cheerful, and seems so happy! What is amiss, Mrs. Tolson?

M. There is nothing particularly the matter, thank you, Mrs. Poiser. My husband was *not* quite so well as usual this morning, and that may have made him appear to you a little different.

Mrs. P. Oh, I'm as glad as if someone had given me a valuable present! You wouldn't believe how relieved I am, for I always think what a nice man Mr. Tolson is and how happy you must be in this house. I wish many a time I was as happy as you must be, Mrs. Tolson.

M. Are you not happy? I am sorry to hear it.

Mrs. P. Well, you see, Mr. Poiser is a very strict man; and he is, what I call, a very parsimonious man. He objects to this, and he objects to that; he is not satisfied with this, he is not satisfied with that; and so we are constantly having quarrels.

M. Is your husband unreasonable?

Mrs. P. Well, I call him unreasonable. For instance, one of our biggest bones of contention is this: Mr. Poiser is a staunch teetotaler; indeed he is a very prominent man among the teetotalers. But, you see, he wants to compel *me* to be a teetotaler too, and he can't, because I think a drop now and again does both a man or a woman good. Well, in order to get it I have to practise a little deception, for Mr. Poiser some time since refused to give me above a certain amount weekly to keep house, but he pays my bills, if there isn't anything objectionable in them. So what do I do? The grocer where I purchase my things deals in wines, beer, and spirits, so I get a regular supply from him—on the quiet, you know.

M. But your husband will see it down on the bill!

Mrs. P. Bless your innocence, no; it is put down as butter and sugar and tea, and the like. It is what I call an honest way of bamboozling a niggardly man.

M. But to me, Mrs. Poiser, it seems shocking! If I deceived my husband in that way I should feel very miserable. I am sure it is very wrong.

Mrs. P. I don't think it wrong. What right has Poiser to say I shan't have a glass of beer now and then, or a little wine or whiskey when I feel weak and fretful? It is wrong in him to deprive me of it, and so I circumvent him as best I can. I will own that now and then I've taken a little too much, but not often.

M. Oh, Mrs. Poiser, I don't like to hear you talk in that way. I have a perfect horror of this drink, and I fear if you go on taking it on the sly, as you seem to be doing, it will one day cause you and your family much sorrow and suffering. I only wish *my* husband were a teetotaler like yours. I should not quarrel with him about it, I assure you, but rather rejoice. Drink is a dangerous thing to meddle with, for it has brought to ruin tens of thousands. Besides, look at your case—you say you must have a little, and because your husband objects to your taking it, you descend to deception. Now deception between man and wife is the surest way to bring misery. When once confidence is destroyed between man and wife there cannot be any true happiness. For a little drink you are willing to deceive your husband, and while you are deceiving him you are becoming enslaved to drink, which is worse than all. May I tell you *why* Mr. Tolson was looking so different this morning?

Mrs. P. There was a reason, then?—ah, I thought so; he is usually so bright and cheerful, I was *sure* there must be a cause for his changed looks.

M. Well, last night he was at a friend's house, and took too much wine, and this morning he had head-ache and felt altogether out of sorts. I spoke to him and he was irritated, and at last became angry and left the house. Now, Mrs. Poiser, don't you think it will be a cruel thing if Drink steps in between me and my husband and makes us both unhappy? We are happy but for these little tiffs, and we should never have them but for Drink.

Mrs. P. Dear Mrs. Tolson, if I had had a kind friend like you to talk to me as you are doing I should have been a happier woman to-day than I am. My husband is a good, steady, striving man, and I will own to you it has been all my fault we have lived unhappily together. I really shouldn't like you and Mr. Tolson to be made miserable in the same way, for though I have been foolish myself, when I have seen you and your husband so comfortable, I have felt very wretched. But I'll try and mend the whole matter.

M. That's right, and I'll help you, if I can. Come to me at any time and tell me your difficulties and I will do my best to tide you over them.

Mrs. P. Thank you. Just let me kiss you, Mrs. Tolson, for I feel already I love you. (*Kisses Mrs. T.*) There, I'll away home. Good-bye, for the present. (*Exit.*)

M. Poor woman, how foolish she has been. I am glad, however, she came to see me, for I feel certain good will come out of it. What a terrible evil this drink is! How it separates husbands and wives, breeds dissension, fosters deceit, causes quarrels, and changes the whole conditions of married life. It makes me sad to think of George ever becoming an inveterate drunkard! But it *must not be*; I will save him, somehow. Poor George, I did worry him too much this morning; and when he returns I will see if I cannot change my tactics and make him more comfortable. (*Voices are heard.*) Why, that is George's voice now, and someone is with him. What is amiss, I wonder. Perhaps George is ill!

(*Door opens, George and Mr. Poiser enter.*)

George. This way, neighbour. This is Mr. Poiser, our near neighbour, Mary.

M. (*shaking hands.*) Glad to see you, Mr. Poiser; please take a seat. And what has brought you home from the office at *this* time of the day, George? Not that I am not glad to see you, but it is so unusual.

G. Well, Mary, the fact is I left the house in such an unmannerly way this morning I could not be comfortable till I came back to you and apologised. On my way, I met Mr. Poiser, and it appears he saw me coming home last night in the disgraceful state I was, and, like a good fellow, he has been trying to persuade me to follow his example and be a teetotaler. I have consented on condition that you would sanction the course I am taking.

M. George! of course I shall be only too glad to know you have signed the pledge, and to be sure that in future we shall have no enemy coming between us, trying to destroy our love for each other. Nay, I will second you by signing myself.

Mr. Poiser. That is just as it ought to be, Mrs. Tolson. Many a man would be stronger to resist temptation if he were but supported by the example of his wife. Yes; and many a man would be happier if his wife were but teetotal.

G. Isn't your wife a teetotaler, Mr. Poiser?—excuse me asking, but I thought I detected a strain of sorrow in your voice just now.

Mr. P. My wife is *not* a teetotaler—I only wish she were. It is one of the greatest sorrows I have to bear.

M. I think, Mr. Poiser, your sorrow will soon turn into joy.

Mr. P. Why, what do you mean? Can it be that my wife is going to become a teetotaler? How do you know, ma'am!

(*Enter Jane, who whispers something to her mistress.*)

M. I am almost sure she will. It seems very strange, but while you and my husband were talking, your wife and myself were having a serious conversation on the same subject, and I am sure your wife has resolved to be wiser and act differently than she has done in the past.

Mr. P. (*springing up.*) Then it is the happiest day in my life. If I can only be sure that my wife is a staunch teetotaler I shall be the happiest man on earth. (*Enter Mrs. P. unnoticed.*) For, neighbours, I may say it to you, Mrs. Poiser is the best wife in the world, but for that one failing.

Mrs. P. (*coming in front to her husband.*) Then, my husband, the failing shall be mine no longer. I am convinced we shall be happier if I give up my little drop, which I mean to do from this time for ever.

M. Well said, Mrs. Poiser.

G. It is altogether a remarkable affair. My wife is made unhappy because I now and then took a little too much; our neighbour Poiser here is made unhappy because his wife is fond of a wee drop. I meet Mr. Poiser and he talks me over; Mrs. Tolson and Mrs. Poiser get together and Mrs. Poiser is talked over; isn't the whole a queer affair?

Mr. P. It's a case of "ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER," my friend. The best of all is, two homes will be made brighter, four hearts are made lighter, and our burdens grown slighter by this day's incident. Let us thank God for His goodness. (*They sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."*)

Mrs. P. I feel better.

M. I feel happier.

Mr. P. I can't exactly say how I feel, but there is a spirit of gladness running through me such as I have not experienced for a long time.

G. (*stepping to front and addressing audience.*) I am quite sure, dear friends, you will rejoice with us in the change which you have seen brought about in so short a time. We wish all men and women who are tampering with strong-drink could be so easily persuaded to give up that which at the best is a questionable good, but at the worst is one of the most terrible enemies the human race has in its midst. The best and safest motto for all, old and young, is "Touch not, taste not, handle not." May this be your motto. Farewell! (*Exit all.*)

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For Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Weakness in Knees, Ankles, &c. Afford uniform support without the trouble of lacing.



DIRECTIONS FOR MEASUREMENT IN INCHES. PRICE, POST FREE.

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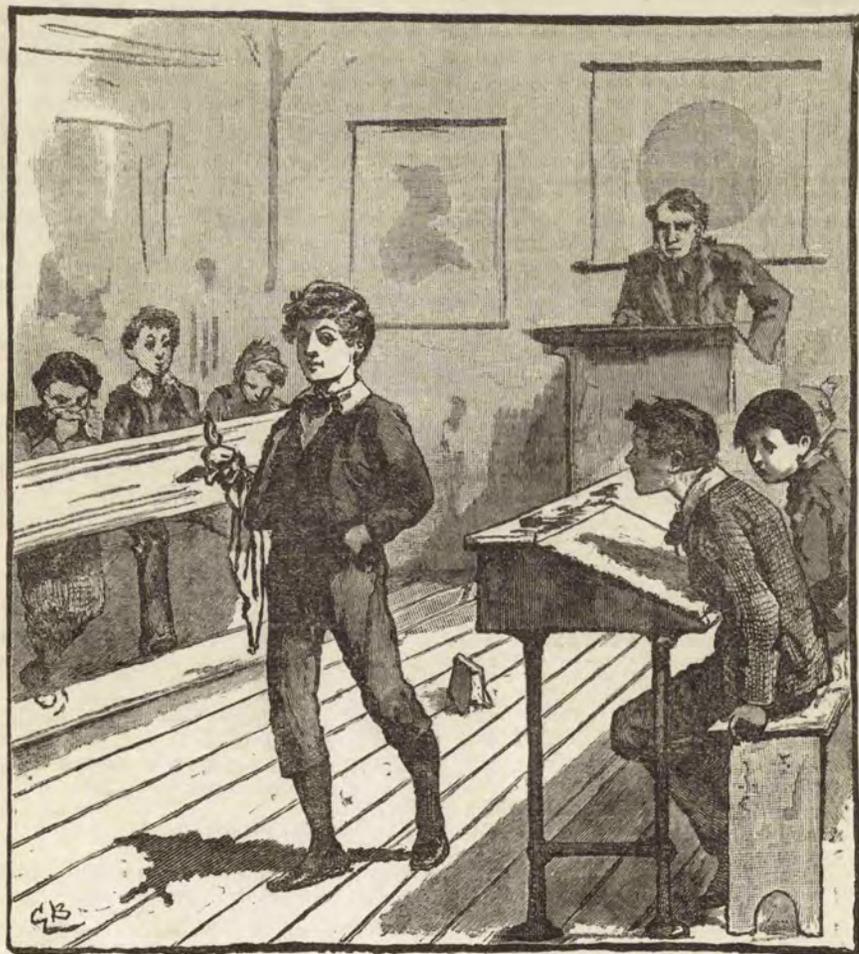
KAY BROTHERS,
OPERATIVE CHEMISTS, STOCKPORT.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 223.—July, 1888.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.

MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.

MOST boys love mischief. At home, in school, in the street, in the country, they are always ready for "a lark." Their minds seem brimming over with fun, and almost every object they see or person they meet suggests a means of gratifying their peculiar taste. Now, so long as the "fun" element is of an innocent character no harm is done. "Boys will be boys" you know; and a boy who is so tame as never to laugh heartily and who doesn't care to join in a good romping game is not the boy most generally admired, nor, as a rule, is he the boy to develop into a pushing, successful man of business. The only kind of mischievous boy we dislike to see is the one whose mischief descends to cruelty, or who by his conduct gives pain and annoyance to others.

Look at our illustration this month. Roger Payton is a clever boy, no doubt; he has passed his exams, up to the present with marked ability, and is quite a favourite with the other boys at school. But he is a constant source of trouble to his teachers. Scarcely a day passes but he disturbs the whole school by his mischievous actions. Now, this is

wrong. In school-hours work has to be done; but boys who "lark" in school waste many precious hours, and cause their teachers much sorrow. The artist has sketched a scene when the head master has told Roger Payton to go to his own room for the rest of the day as punishment for disobedience. But even as he walks down the room he has such a swaggering air, and casts such sly, comical looks at the boys as he passes along, that the whole school is in a titter; and instead of feeling sorry because of his wrong-doing, we fear he rather glories in it. A persistence in wrong-doing, however, brings its own punishment. Unless a change comes over Roger Payton's character, he will one day regret his boyish conduct, and wish he had been more amenable to law and order. Boys, in your fun, never give pain to others, or disregard that discipline which is exercised for your future good. We love to see boys, at the right time and in the right place, giving free vent to the enthusiasm of their youthful nature; and though we are now somewhat an "old boy," we are not too old, and we hope never shall be, to enter into the joyous pleasures—even the innocent mischiefs—of the young people.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY J. WRIGGLESWORTH.

I SAW a little mountain stream
Rise from its mossy bed,
And tinkle with a merry sound,
As on it gently sped.

It took its course amongst the rocks,
And down the mountain side,
And forward through a ravine deep
Where craggy steps abide.

I stood and watched it eddy on
In sweet tranquility;
Till every ripple sparkled bright,
And danced along with glee.

And, gazing fondly on the scene
Before my vision spread,
I thought how strange that from such
streams
The ocean deep is fed.

A mountain rill, though only small,
Its duty has to do;
And 'tis a lesson we should take,
And meditate it through:—

That we can lend a helping hand
To urge the cause along,
To beard the drink-fiend in his den,
To fight his legions strong.

Then up, dear friends of Temperance,
And fight with might and main,
And never let us rest until
The enemy is slain.

A WISE RESOLUTION.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I SAW a little girl with a half uncovered
 form,
 And wondered why she wandered thus amid
 the winter storm ;
 They said her mother drank of that which
 took her sense away,
 And so she let her children go, hungry and
 cold all day.

I saw them lead a man away to prison for his
 crime,
 Where solitude and punishment and toil
 divide the time ;
 And as they forced him through its gate un-
 willingly along,
 They told me 'twas intemperance that made
 him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weeping, as if her heart would
 break ;
 They said her husband drank too much of
 what he should not take.

I saw an unfrequented mound where weeds
 and brambles wave,
 They said no tear had fallen on it—it was a
 drunkard's grave.

They said these were not all the risks that th'
 intemperate run,
 For there was danger lest the soul be fear-
 fully undone :
 Since water, then, is pure and sweet, and
 beautiful to see,
 And since it cannot do us harm it is the
 drink for me.

WATER.

WATER ! water ! cries the bird,
 With his singing, gentle note :
 And the liquid sound is heard
 Pouring from his little throat ;
 Water ! water ! clear and sweet !
 Te-weet ! te-weet !

Water ! water ! roars the ox,
 While it rushes at his side,
 Down among the mossy rocks
 Rippling with its crystal tide ;
 Water ! water ! pure and true !
 Moo ! moo !

Water ! water ! said the tree,
 With its branches spreading high ;
 Water ! water ! rustled he,
 For his leaves were very dry ;
 Water ! water for the tree,
 Pure and free.

Water ! water ! said the flower,
 Whispering with its perfumed breath ;
 Let me have it in an hour,
 Ere I, thirsting, droop in death !
 Water ! water ! soft and still,
 Is my will.

Water ! water ! said the grain,
 With its yellow head on high ;
 And the spreading, fertile plain,
 Ripening, joined the swelling cry ;
 Water for the grains of gold !
 Wealth untold !

Water ! water ! sparkling, pure,
 Giveth Nature everywhere—
 If you drink it, I am sure
 It will never prove a snare.
 Water is the thing for me—
 Yes, and thee.

Water ! water ! young and old
 Drink it, crystal-like and sweet ;
 Never heed the tempter bold—
 Smash him underneath your feet !
 Water ! water ! Youth, for thee—
 Thee and me.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

NOW touching is this tribute of Hon.
 Thomas H. Benton : " My mother asked
 me never to use tobacco ; I have never touched
 it from that time to the present day ! She
 asked me never to gamble, and I never
 gambled ; I cannot tell who is losing in games
 that are being played. She admonished me,
 too, against hard drinking ; and whatever
 capacity for endurance I have at present, and
 whatever usefulness I have, I attribute to
 having complied with her pious and correct
 wishes. When I was seven years of age she
 asked me not to drink, and then I made a
 resolution of total abstinence ; and that I have
 adhered to it through all time I owe to my
 mother."

A COLD-STREAM GUARD RECRUIT.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR.

SCENE—*Johnnie, a dying boy, cushioned in chair.*

THE evening shadows fall; the day is gone,
Oh, mother! let me look once more upon
The glory of the setting sun. To-morrow night
Thy child will be where God Himself doth light
The fair country of heaven, and kneeling down
At Jesus's feet. He will not chide or frown
As father does when May runs forth to meet
Him at the door, but with a blessing sweet
Will crown my head with stars, and take me in
His arms. And I will kiss the hands my sin
And pride have pierced. I shall not be afraid—
For all up there in heart are children made.
And soon with May and father you will come
To join poor Johnnie in his heavenly home.
For sister dear and I have prayed the Lord
To lead poor dad, and He will keep His word,
Though I would wish that dad were with us now
To say good-night and press once more my brow,
Like he was wont to do before drink came
To drown his love and make poor Johnnie lame.
But tell him when he comes that I shall wait
With Christ to meet him close by heaven's gate.
And now the sun hath fled,—the room is dark—
So dark I cannot see your face—yet, hark!
I hear sweet singing,—look, dear mother, look;
Jesus is here, and my name in His book,—
His book of wounds is traced with iron pen:
In hands and feet and side I see it, when
He turns and smiles; and there it speaks of love—
Such love no heart can grasp till, safe above,
The sinner meets his Saviour face to face,
Washed, sanctified, forgiven by His grace.

Johnnie's mother.

He's dead! my child is dead! Slain by the hand
Of his own father, who first with iron band
And buckle hard did strike his son, because
He cried for bread to him, then would not pause
In his mad course when crippled lay the boy,
Who once had been his hope, his crown, his joy,
But drank, drank, drank, his very life-blood drank,
Until for lack of it his victim shrank
Into a skeleton, and now is dead.

May, Johnnie's sister.

No! no!

What we call death is life, dear mother. Know
Ye not that Jesus died that we might live;
Hungered, and suffered thirst, that He might give
Life's bread, life's water, free to all? Does He
Upbraid! When wandering far from Him, we

Pierce His side afresh, and make the life-blood
flow

In crimson drops from out His thorned, crowned
brow.

No, He doth draw us with a look, a smile.
And we, dear father, in a little while
May likewise draw to love again his home,
But now I go to see where he doth roam.

*May retires. Scene, Public-House. May enters and
is accosted by one of the drinking men.*

Hallo, here comes a little maid! We all
Have sung a song, and have a right to call
On whom we will. Drink this, my child;
Then sing to us a ditty, meek and mild,
Ha! ha!

May.

Father, Johnnie home is gone.

Father.

Where you should be; but as you're here, sing on.

May.

My father, may I sing the Cold-stream Guard?

Father.

Yes, if he does not hit his enemies too hard.

May.

I cannot sing the song and chorus too.

Father.

Oh, we will sing the chorus, child, for you.

May.

THE COLD-STREAM GUARD.

Oh, I'm a Cold-stream Guard, sir,
And wear a medal bright;
A Cold-stream Guard is steady,
And tries to do the right;
And, like his captain, he is brave,
Fears danger not on land or wave—
Oh, I'm a Cold-stream Guard, sir,
And fight my land to save.

Oh, I'm a Cold-stream Guard, sir,
And war with blood-red foes;
A Cold-stream Guard loves mercy,
And weeps o'er children's woes,
And nobly takes their part when low
They feebly fall 'neath giant's blow—
Oh, I'm a Cold-stream Guard, sir,
To fight with wrong I go.

Oh, I'm a Cold-stream Guard, sir,
And drink no stronger draught,
Than God's cold stream of water,
By road, by moorland, quaffed.

I fight with wine, with spirits strong,
With beer and self the whole day long—
Oh, I'm a Cold-stream Guard, sir,
And fight for right 'gainst wrong.

Father.

Enough of that. Come home. Good night, my friends;

To-morrow we meet, if fortune sends me work.

May (outside).

My father, now we are alone,
I tell you once again, poor Johnnie's gone.

Father.

You told me that before. What do you mean?

May.

That while you've stayed away, the Lord hath
been

And taken Johnnie home to dwell with Him,
Where there is no more pain, and no more sin.

Father.

He surely is not dead!

May.

Yes, father, now asleep
In Christ, therefore we will not cry or weep,
But try to follow in his steps.

Father (at home).

And thou

Art gone, and vain remorse is now.

No love—no act of mine the life can call
Back to thy weary crippled frame, and all
The tears of earth can make me other than
A murderer like Cain, yet no,—a man—
He slew his fellow-man, but I have slain
My child, and on my hands the crimson stain
Of his own blood is stamped. Oh, Johnnie lad,
Thy smiling, pure-white face will drive me mad.

Mother.

You're right, for once, remorse is now too late.

May.

Yet, father, Johnnie said that he would wait
Close by the gate of heaven, for he knew well
That you would turn from drink and path to hell
And follow him.

Father.

Nay, nay, my child, I cannot go
Where he is gone. No murderers or drunkards show
Their face in heaven.

May.

But, father, was not Jesus murdered by
The priests and men who shouted crucify
Him, just as much as by the men who nailed
Him to the tree? and yet when they bewailed
Their sins upon the day of Pentecost,
The Holy Spirit fell—they were not lost.

Father.

But I'm a drunkard, child, as well,

May.

Nay! nay!

A Cold-Stream Guard, my father, from this day,
For Johnnie's sake I know another glass
Of stronger drink than water will not pass
Your lips.

Father.

Thou canst not know how I do crave
For it.

May.

Then, father, think of Johnnie's grave.
And think how disappointed he would be
Were he to wait, wait, wait in vain to see
Your face. Oh grieve not him in heaven again,—
He suffered on this earth enough of pain.
See, here is pen and paper. Will you write
Your name upon that line in Johnnie's sight?
And promise solemnly no more to take
Strong drink of any kind for his dear sake?

Father (having signed his name).

'Tis done! the pledge is signed and witnessed by
An angel bright of heaven.

May.

Who on high

Before the throne with thousands more rejoice,
And praise their God for this with grateful voice.

STREET CRIES.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"GLASS, glass put in, windows to mend!"

The glazier cries, as he plods along.
His brittle burden makes him bend.
We know his wish and aim and end
Is not to charm us with his song,
Or please the outside gaping throng.
This way and that he turns his head;
That is the way he asks for bread."

"Tin-ware to mend!" the tinker cries,
With open mouth and grating tone,
And smutty face and watery eyes,
Till Echo to his cry replies
From her unseen and airy throne,
Scaring the sparrows with the tone.
The watch-dog howls with lifted head
When the bronzed tinker calls for bread.

Mr. S. KNOWLES has just issued a new SERVICE OF SONG, entitled, "JOE AND THE SQUIRE." It ought to be popular. Sample copy, post free, 4d.; 50 copies and upwards, half-price. Manchester: Brook & Chrystal.

13.—Praise the Lord in Song.

W. F. SHERWIN.

W. F. SHERWIN.

Praise the Lord in song and with glad ac-claim, Glo - ri - fy Him now and

KEY A. B.

{	: m ., r	d : l	s : m ., r	d : l	s : d ., r	m : l	s : m
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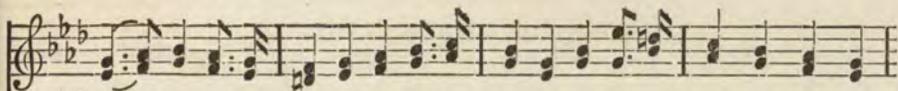
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ne - ver. Let the white robed host of the realms a - bove Strike their harps in ad - o -

E_b t.

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ra - tion, While the choirs of earth to Re - deem-ing love Give the praise of their sal -

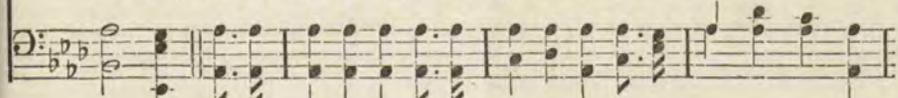


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CHORUS.

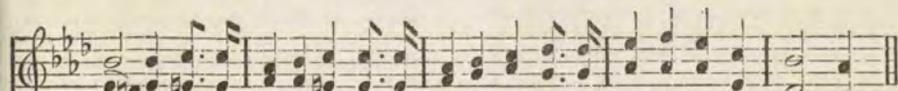


- va - tion, Praise the Lord in song and with glad ac-claim glo - ri - fy Him now and



f. Ab.

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e - ver Laud and hon-our be to His ho - ly name, For His mer - cy fail , eth ne - ver.



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2 Hallelujahs swell from the old and young,
 Little child and patriarchs hoary ;
 And enraptured be every human tongue,
 When we tell the old sweet story,
 How the Saviour came from the heavenly throne
 To a world in darkness lying,
 How He bore our sins on the Cross alone,
 To redeem our souls from dying.

3 Yet again in song be His name adored,
 For the beams of life and healing.
 In the light that shines from the Holy Word,
 All a Father's love revealing ;
 Ere we reach the home of the pure and blest,
 And the soul's eternal leisure,
 If we come to Christ He will give us rest,
 And the peace that knows no measure.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

A NOBLE DEED.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO MALES.

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

SCENE—*Jim, in rage, talking aloud to himself.*

I'M in a nice kettle of fish anyhow. Shakespeare says "The world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players, and each man in his time plays many parts." I've played my part badly, goodness knows, and the sooner I shuffle off this mortal coil all the better for the stage, at any rate. What a wretched, miserable outcast I am! Out at elbows, out at toes, a broken-down fellow whom nobody knows. 'Pon my word, as I passed the big shop with the mirror I didn't even know myself, I stood looking, and as I looked I said, "That ain't you, Jim Moreton! That ragged, dirty, red-nosed, blob-eyed, blackguard fellow ain't you!" I winked at the fellow, and he winked at the same time. Then I bowed my head at him an' he bowed. Then I felt at my nose, and blest if he didn't do the same. I was that mad I felt inclined to push my fist into his face, but just then a policeman came up an' said, "Move on there; what are you after?" "All right," I said; "but look here, Mr. Policeman, tell me if that fellow in the mirror is anything like me." "None of your impudence," he says, "or I'll put you where they'll wash your dirty face for you; you are after no good I can see, and many a nicer looking scamp than you has been hung. Come, move on!" I moved on, and here I am. "Not a friend in all the world have I"; so the best thing will be to find out a quiet spot where there is as much water as will cover me, and there bury myself.

Robin. Nonsense, man!

Jim. (*startled*). Who's that? (*Turns and sees Robin*). You frightened me terribly, sir. Was it me you were addressing?

R. Of course it was you. Look here, young man, I have heard what you have to say about yourself, and all that, and the conclusion you have come to, and all that, and I say it's nonsense.

J. (*shaking his head*). It's no nonsense, sir. Look at me and tell me if I'm not a disgrace to humanity.

R. Well, you don't look very handsome. But then, my friend, you are not alone in that.

J. Look at my clothes!

R. They ain't very respectable, but I suppose they are as good as you've got!

J. And I've no money!

R. No more have thousands besides you.

J. And I've no character.

R. You are the only person I ever came across without one.

J. You know what I mean; I have a character, but it's a bad one.

R. Ah, there, that's it, is it? Well, I've known lots of folk in my time who had nothing to boast of in that respect; but they managed to exchange their bad character for a good one.

J. It's kind of you to talk that way, but, sir, I've no friends.

R. Tut, nonsense, I'm your friend. Yourself may be your own friend. I know another friend, too, who loves you not a little, and He'll help you if you'll only let Him.

J. But look here, sir; you don't know all.

R. No, but I can guess. Now, listen, and see if I'm not right. You are the son of respectable parents, who gave you a pretty good education; you had fair prospects of success in life and making a man of yourself; your parents loved you and your friends respected you, and you were looked upon as a promising young man. I daresay you had a sweetheart—most young fellows have—and you intended one day to have a home of your own and sail along quite comfortably. But you had one failing, you liked company and you were not a teetotaler. The company you mixed with loved "the social glass." For a long time there seemed to be no harm in the "social glass," but now and again you got "over the line," as we say, and went home drunk. Your father warned you; your mother pleaded with you, not with words only, but with tears; your best friends tried to wean you from your jovial associates; and the girl who loved you and whom you professed to love, used all her persuasive arts to get you to sign the pledge. But no; you would have your own way. You were wiser than everybody else, and you would not be dictated to. Gradually you drank more and worked less, and I don't need to proceed further, only to say you went on, and on, and down and down, till here you are!

J. Who are you, sir, that you should know my history? I don't ever remember seeing you before.

R. I dare say not; I know I have never seen you before.

J. Then how do you know so much about me? If you had known all my career you couldn't have described it more truthfully.

R. Likely not. You see, my friend, I am older than you, and have seen a few things in my time, and being a bit of a philosopher I have put two and two together. When I see a young man in your condition, I know that *drink* has brought him

to it, and the way drink does its work is much the same in nineteen cases out of twenty. Subtle, slow, but terribly sure if tampered with. I've seen scores—nay hundreds—of young men brought to your condition by the cursed drink. But there's hope of better things, young man!

J. For me!

R. Certainly. I think you have got to see what a fool you have been to sacrifice so much for so little; and instead of being a bigger fool by drowning yourself you are going to retrace your steps and win back the position you have lost. Come now, what say you?

J. But how, sir? No one cares for me, and I've no money and no friends.

R. Now look here, young man; I care for you, God cares for you. If you'll do as I want you you will soon have both money and friends. I've got a little book here containing pledges, and here is a pen and ink. Now this pledge says, "I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, of whatever kind and by whatsoever name called, and in God's strength I mean to become an honourable man." Do you agree to this?

J. I do, sir; but I fear to sign it, lest I should break so solemn a pledge.

R. Sign, my friend, and I don't fear but you will have resolution to keep it. (*J. signs.*) There, now, come along with me to my house, and I'll give you a fair start on the upward journey, and will do all I can to obtain you a situation and to enable you to become once more a respectable member of society. It will be a longish process, but by God's help and your own perseverance you will come off victorious.

J. (*grasping R's hand.*) Is it a dream? Oh, sir, your kindness has conquered me. Rather than break my pledge I will stand every bone in my body breaking. God bless you, sir.

R. Come along, my friend; I am but trying, in my humble way, to follow in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. Come home with me, and you shall receive a welcome as one who has erred from the fold, but like a wise man determined to forsake the evil and cleave to the good. (*Both exit.*)

ADRIFT.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

ADRIFT upon the wide and mighty ocean,
Without a rudder, storm and tempest-tossed;
With wild affright, and varying emotion,
With straining eyes she searches for the coast.

No spot of land in view, too far she's drifted;
In all that broad expanse no trace of shore,
Her voice in wild appeal for help is lifted,
No help is near, no hope, and late the hour.

No help! yet farther still the tide doth carry
Across the sea, the frail unfettered bark:
No help! no hope! alone she cannot parry
Despair's keen thrusts—lost! lost! 'tis grow-
ing dark!

She calls again! the echo vibrates loudly—
Alas! no friendly voice doth answer back!
Each crested wave is dancing near her proudly,
Still, still of help no sign, of land no speck!

The daylight fades and leaves the maiden
drifting,
Upon the waters helpless and alone;
Where will she be when night, its mantle
lifting,
Ushers o'er land and sea the rosy dawn?

'Tis night! 'Tis dark! no more we see the
maiden!

'Tis night! and all the world is now at rest!
All but one stricken heart with sorrow laden—
All but one drifting soul by grief oppress'd!

The night is past—the light of day is cheering
Each heart with sunny rays of Nature's gift.
Where now is that lone bark—and whither
steering?

Where now is that lone maiden, cast adrift?
Perchance the winds of Heav'n are round her
raging,
As o'er the billows swift her shallop's tossed:
Perchance she still, her lonely warfare waging,
Drifts hither, thither; ever-ever lost!

THE POOR MAN AND THE FIEND.

REV. MR. MACLELLAN.

AFIEND once met a humble man
At night, in the cold dark street,
And led him into a palace fair,
Where music circled sweet;
And light and warmth cheer'd the wanderer's
heart,
From frost and darkness screened,
Till his brain grew mad beneath the joy,
And he worshipped before the Fiend.

Ah ! well if he ne'er had knelt to that Fiend,

For a taskmaster grim was he ;
And he said, " One half of thy life on earth,
I enjoy thee to yield to me ;
And when, from rising till set of sun,
Thou hast toiled in the heat or snow,
Let thy gains on mine altar an offering be ;"
And the poor man ne'er said " No !"

This poor man had health, more dear than
gold ;

Stout bone and muscle strong,
That neither faint nor weary grew,
To toil the June day long ;
And the Fiend, his god, cried hoarse and loud,
" Thy strength thou must forego,
Or thou no worshipper art of mine ;"
And the poor man ne'er said " No !"

Three children blest the poor man's home—

Stray angels dropped on earth—
The Fiend beheld their sweet blue eyes,
And laughed in fearful mirth :
" Bring forth thy little ones," quoth he,
" My godhead wills it so !"

I want an evening sacrifice ;"
And the poor man ne'er said " No !"

A young wife sat by the poor man's fire,
Who, since she blushed a bride,
Had gilded his sorrow, and brightened his
joys,

His guardian, friend, and guide.
Foul fell the Fiend ! he gave command,
" Come, mix the cup of woe,
Bid thy young wife drain it to the dregs :"
And the poor man ne'er said " No !"

Oh ! misery now for this poor man !
Oh ! deepest of misery !

Next the Fiend his godlike Reason took,
And amongst the beasts fed he ;
And when the sentinel Mind was gone,
He pilfered his Soul also ;
And—marvel of marvels !—he murmured not :
The poor man ne'er said " No !"

Now men and matrons in your prime,
Children and grandsires old,
Come listen, with soul as well as ear,
This saying whilst I unfold ;
Oh, listen ! till your brain whirls round,
And your heart is sick to think,
That in England's isle all this befel,
And the name of the Fiend was—DRINK !

THE GOOD BROTHER.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

DON'T sit so quiet, sister,
And look so very sad ;
Come out and hear the sweet birds sing,
The larks and robins on the wing,
I'm sure 'twill make you glad !

I know we're orphans, Mary,
Without a parent's care ;
But then we have a brother, dear,
Who tries to make us happy here—
A friend beyond compare !

He works that we, dear sister,
Shall never want for bread ;
And then, which ought to give us joy,
He is a thorough temperance boy,
So wine won't turn *his* head.

He says he means to ever
Fight wrong with all his might ;
And then as he's almost a man
We'll help him in his blessed plan,
And keep the hearthstone bright.

Then cheer up, darling sister,
Don't look so very sad,
And sit with downcast eyelids shut ;
When God has been so good to us
We surely should be glad.

DRINK COLD WATER.

WHEN Adam dwelt in Paradise
He drank from sparkling fountains ;
Then why not I, when streams arise
From cloud-capped hills and mountains ?

Lo ! in the barren wilderness
God sent His people water ;
It flowed the aged sire to bless,
And cheer each son and daughter ?

Bold Samson was the strongest man
That ever lived in story ;
He firmly kept the temperance plan,
And gained renown and glory.

Brave Daniel won a lasting fame
The monarch's wine refusing ;
And holy John the Baptist came
No wine or strong drink using.

The great apostle Paul denied
Himself to save another ;
Then let us still in truth abide,
And help each fallen brother.

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No. 224.—August, 1888.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



TOTTIE AND HER GRANDMA.

TOTTIE AND HER GRANDMA.

AN aged grandmother sits in a two-armed chair knitting; leaning her chubby arms on grandmother's knee, and looking up into grandmother's wrinkled but sweetly pleasant face, is little Tottie, grandmother's pet grandchild. Tottie is only just turned four, but she is a bonny, round-faced, intelligent child, with large full eyes, which look out in wonder as her grandma tells her of the time when *she* was a little girl, and what she used to do *then*. Tottie, as she listens, tries to bring grandma's wrinkled face down to a child's face, and to fancy her with rosy cheeks like her own, and soft dimpled hands such as she possesses. It all seems so funny to Tottie that Grandma should once have been a little girl! And she asks grandma about her frilled cap and her spectacles, about her hair, her eyes, and nose, and how it is her hands are brown and wrinkled; and grandma answers all her questions as well as she is able; little Tottie is delighted, and grandma's heart is full of tender love for the bonny child standing at her knee.

Only a few years and Tottie will be a woman; again a few years and Tottie will, if God spare her life, be like grandma! It seems all so strange! To childhood the future seems a long, long journey; to the aged the past seems as a dream, so rapidly have the years gone by. To the child, life is filled with *beauty*; the aged look back and see that life is made up of *duty*. And only as we do our duty day by day, do it faithfully and well, can we expect in old age to look back on our lives with pleasure, and wait with calm serenity for the near future when life shall close and eternity be entered upon.

It is a sweet picture the artist has given us this month, and from it we may gather many precious truths and many a pleasing lesson. We hope our young readers will look at it carefully and study, especially, the contrast between the expression on the child-face of Tottie and that of her grandmother. From such study the girl or boy may, if an imaginative nature, build up many a wonderful story, and secure many a valuable hint for their future guidance through life!

ONE WAY.

COME, neighbour, stop awhile—you might as well

As hurrying up to that old "Heather Bell";
Come, sit you down by our old apple-tree
And have a quiet chat along with me;
And though the tale's about myself, I think
You'd like to hear why 'tis I never drink.

Some years ago, when I was young and spry,
I went a-courting pretty Mary Fry,
And thought if I could get her for a wife
I'd scarcely know a sorrow all my life.

Well, we were wed, and home I brought my
bride

To this same cottage with uncommon pride—
The neatest, brightest little wife was she,
And blithe and busy as a honeybee.

And weren't I proud of her? I praised her so
I fairly tired the folks out; and, do you know,

They tell me now they used, behind my
back,
'Account of this to call me "Bragging Jack."

Well, all went merry as a marriage-bell
Till some one built that public—sad to tell.
Yes, there they built it in us workmen's way—
We had to go right by it every day.

And one would say, "Here, mate, you won't
pass by";
And then another, "Jack, you must be dry."
And then 'twould be, "Come now and have a
drop,
And sit and chat a bit; now do 'ee stop."

And so they coaxed and coaxed, and I said
"no"

Till I was tired, and then I took to go;
And Polly waiting at the garden gate,
Would wonder "How could be Jack was so
late."

She soon found out—I need not tell you how ;
And then you'll say we must have had a row.
Ah ! no, with gentle words she tried to win,
And begged me to give up this dreadful sin.

But all in vain. I'd promise safe enough
I'd never touch again the tempting stuff !
But still the "Heather Bell" I had to pass,
And just turned in to have "one single
glass"—

You know what that do mean. Thus every
day

I sank a little lower in the way.

One night my mates and I had left the shop
And crowded to the "Bell" to have a drop.
And in I stumbled like a lumbering bear,
But once inside could only stand and stare ;
I never was so dumb-struck in my life,
For sitting right before me was my wife.

Yes, there she sat, my tidy modest lass,
Right in amongst the men, with brimming
glass ;

She gave me just a nod and took a drain,
And handed up her glass to fill again,
I gave one look, then slammed the door and
left,

And hurried home like one of sense bereft.
I hadn't waited long 'fore in she came.
"Ah ! where've you been ?" cried I. "For
shame ! for shame !

You drinking in a common public there
With those rough men ! I wonder that you
dare

To show your face to me ! What made you
go ?

I never thought you would disgrace us so !

"Oh ! fie upon"— "Now, Jack, just stop
awhile,"

She said to me with her own quiet smile,
"As I sat lonely here, night after night,
And I thought of you, I couldn't feel 'twas
right

That you should stay up there with one and
t'other,

And me down here ! And then I thought of
mother,

When I was yet unmarried, used to say
That man and wife, must always go one way.
You won't go mine, alas ! I've found that's
true,

And so my mind's made up : I'll go with you."

O mate ! those words struck to my very heart,
And seemed to linger there with dreadful
smart ;

I looked around my tidy home and thought
How soon to rack and ruin 'twould be brought
If Polly took to drinking. Would she grow
Like ragged Nan, who lived but just below ?

I thought of her sweet looks and gentle ways,
And what I used to be in earlier days,
And in a flash I seemed to see it all—
What home would be if both of us should
fall !

And up I jumped- "I will ; I'll give it up ;
I'll never taste again a single cup !"
And, through God's helping me, I've kept my
word,

Though my mates chaffed me finely when
they heard ;

But since that day together we have trod
A better way—the way that leads to God.

GO, STAND WHERE I HAVE STOOD.

BY JOHN WRIGGLESWORTH.

GO ye, and stand where I have stood,
And view the wrecks that drink has
Go, view the rivers deep of blood [made ;—
Wrung from the hearts of those, now laid
Beneath the churchyard's verdant sod ;—
Wrung from the hearts of mothers, wives,
Sisters and children, friends ; oh, God !
The sight of wrecked and ruined lives
Is awful :—oh, drink-fiend of woe,
Thou art of everyone the foe.

Oh, you who traffic in strong drink,
How can you lay your heads at night
Upon your pillows, if you think
Of all the curse, and shame, and blight
Wrought by this thing—this thing you love,
And cherish in your inmost heart ?
You say 'tis given from above :
'Tis false. Beware its fatal dart,
For, like an adder, it can sting,
And slay—your loved, but deadly thing.

How can you rest at night, you men
Who build your fortunes on the wreck
Of drunkard's homes and lives ? Oh, when
Will your hard hearts grow soft ? You deck
Your palaces with gilded pride :
You dress your wives in raiment fine :—

All that you have has been supplied
By those whose kith in sorrow pine :
You gain your wealth, as roll on years,
Through deepest grief and bitterest tears.

You flourish like a green bay tree ;
The fat of all the land you eat ;—
'Tis true that your prosperity
Is what should be the drunkard's meat ;—
'Twill not be always thus ; the day
Will come when all your pride shall fall.
Then will the people rise, and say,
"You must be scattered, one and all,
Like chaff before the wind,"—you must,
At last, fall down and bite the dust.

HOLD ON, BOYS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

MOLD on, boys, when *self* jars the family
shrine,
And stick to "*Respect parents*" from that Voice
divine.

Hold on, boys, when reverence fails for the
old ;

You too must have white hairs when years
o'er you have rolled.

Hold on, boys, to feet when, unheeding true
rule,

They are lifted to run you away from the
school.

Hold on, boys, to tongue when just ready to
swear,

Or to adjective coarsely to use anywhere.

Hold on, boys, to pride, when by their coaxing
wile

You are tempted to "splurge" with associates
vile.

Hold on, boys, to right when it's no matter
what

Tries to lead you from honour's own priceless
high spot.

Hold on, boys, when tempted to play with
rum's bowl ;

It may plunge to hell-wreck when grown up
to *man's* soul.

Hold on, boys, to truth ; for it only can be
Moveless rock for your feet in time, eternity.

MAKING THE GARDEN.

WE suppose there is a time that comes to every man when he feels he should like to have a garden. If he takes such a notion, he will tell his wife of it. This is the first mistake he makes : and the ground thus lost is never fully recovered. She draws her chair up to his, and lays one hand on his knee, and purses up her lips into a whistle of expectation, and tells about her mother's garden, and how nice it is to have vegetables fresh from the vines every morning ; and she will go right out and plan the whole thing herself. And so she does. He takes his spade, and works himself into perspiration ; and she tramps around under a frightful sun-bonnet, and gets under his feet, and shrieks at the worms, and loses her shoe, and makes him, first vexed, and then mad, and then ferocious. After the garden is spaded, he gets the seed, and finds she has been thoughtful enough to open the papers, and empty thirteen varieties of different vegetables into one dish. This leads him to step out doors, where he communes with Nature alone for a moment. Then he takes up the seed, and a hoe, and a line, and two pegs, and starts for the garden. And then she puts on that awful bonnet, and brings up the rear with a long-handled rake, and a pocketful of beans, and petunia-seed, and dahlia-bulbs. While he is planting the corn, she stands on the cucumber hills and rakes over the seed-pan. Then she puts the rake-handle over her shoulder, and the-rake teeth into his hair, and walks over the other beds. He don't find the quash seed until she moves ; and then he digs them out of the earth with his thumb. She plants the beet-seed herself, putting about two feet of earth and sod upon them. Then she takes advantage of his absorption in other matters, and puts down the petunia-seed in one spot ; and afterwards digs them up, and puts them down in another place. The beans she conceals in the earth wherever she can find a place, and puts the bulbs in the cucumber-hills. Then she tips over the seed-pan again, and apologizes ; and steps on two of the best tomato-plants, and says "Oh, my !" which in no way resembles what he says. About this time she discovers a better place for the petunia-seed ; but having forgotten where she last put them, she proceeds to find them, and within an

incredibly brief space of time, succeeds in unearthing pretty much everything that has been put down. After confusing things so there is no earthly possibility of ever unravelling them again, she says the sun is killing her, and goes over to the fence, where she stands four hours, telling the woman next door about an aunt of hers who was confined to her bed for eleven years, and had eight doctors from the city; but nothing would give her any relief until an old lady— But you have heard it before. The next day a man comes to his office to get the pay for a patent seed-sower which his wife has ordered; and he no more than gets away, before the patentee of a new lawn mower comes in with an order for ten dollars; and he, in turn, is followed by the corn-sheller man; and the miserable gardener starts for home to head off the robbers, and finds his wife at the gate with his own hat on, and just about to close a bargain with a smooth-faced individual for a two-hundred dollar mowing-machine, and a pearl-handled, ivory-mounted hay-cutter. He first knocks the agricultural implement agent on the head, and then drags the miserable woman into the house, and, locking the door, gives himself up to his emotions.—*Mr. Miggs of Danbury.*

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,
Out gushed the streams at God's command
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.

HAIL TO THE BRAVE.

ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

HAIL to the brave who Fate's arrows defy—
ing,
Toils at the foot of the ladder of fame;
Toils for renown with an ardour undying,
Though the cold world never lists to his
claim:

Many a soul which by Genius is lighted,
Fate's stern decree dooms to perish unknown;
Many a being sinks crushed and benighted,
No one to heed the heart's desolate moan!

Hail to the brave! e'en tho' vain his en-
deavour—

Though he no glory, no honour e'er finds—
Though 'neath the ladder he struggle for ever—
Thrust to its foot by the world's gaping
hinds.

Honour the heart which all bruised in assailing
Fortune and Fate—sinks in anguish and
pain;

Sinks, but to rise with a courage unfailing,
Rises, to face the stern contest again.

Hail to the fearless—though never he reaches
Unto the acme of wordly success:

'Tis a hard lesson the world ever teaches—
"Those are most crushed whom kind Genius
doth bless."

Honour the mind whose grand store of wealth's
shrouded, [cree;

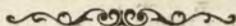
Aye from the world by the world's own de-
Honour the Genius detraction hath clouded—
Honour the soul which still dares to be free!

Honour! in justice, oh! honour the toiler,
Though ne'er his foot on the first rung place
he; [spoiler,

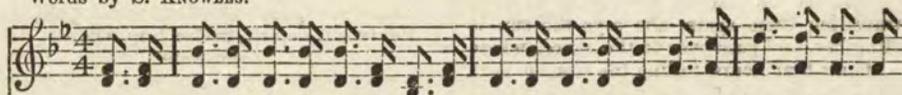
Crushed, and condemned by the hand of the
Aye at the foot of the ladder to be. [ing—

Honour the brave, who each obstacle crush-
Rises from failure and turns to the fray,
Honour the soul towards victory rushing—
Honour the Genius who loses the day!

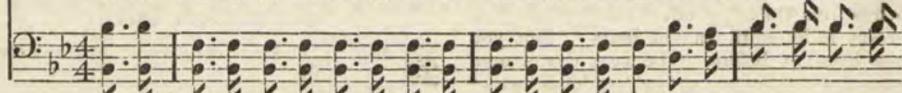
WE ARE COMING.



Words by S. KNOWLES.



We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We are com-ing one and all, To the place of friend-ly



KEY B \flat .

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greet-ing, To our Temperance Meet-ing Hall; Where the word of coun-sel's giv-en, And the



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song of joy is sung, Where the gleam of health is beam-ing On the cheeks of old and young.



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MY PIPES AND TOBACCO.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO.

Robbie.

G RANDPA, what does it mean, "my pipes and tobacco"?

Grandpa. What, my son? What about pipes and tobacco?

R. Why, grandpa, the other day, when you threw something that you bought for grandma into her lap, you said, "Pipes and tobacco," and it was those beautiful pictures of the angels. And another time, when the expressman brought the—statuary, do you call it, those funny checker-players that I always laugh so at?—you said: "Here, mother, pipes and tobacco"; and sometimes you go into the garden to enjoy your pipes and tobacco, and you never smoke. What does it mean, grandpa?

G. Come here, my little boy. I am glad to answer the question that I hoped you would ask me some day. How old are you, my son?

R. Most seven.

G. When I was no older than you, I wanted to smoke like my Uncle Robert, and mamma said: "Well, papa, we will let him smoke if he wants to"; so they prepared the pipe for me. At first the smoke would not come as it did for Uncle Robert; but by and by it curled out of the pipe in beautiful rings, and I felt very much like a man as they circled around my face. Soon I began to grow sick. All the day I could not play, and when the night came how my head ached! I wished such a thing as tobacco had never been heard of. The next morning I was better, and mamma said, "You do not like tobacco, my son?" "No, mamma," I replied. "But," she said, "it will not make you so sick the next time. Do you remember what I told you the other day about the conscience, that after a few times if we neglected to obey its voice it would leave us? It is very much the case with any evil of the body. It ceases after a little to give such warnings as we can understand. It will not make you so sick again, and by and by you can smoke just as Uncle Robert does. Will you not like to try it again?" "After two or three times, mamma, will it not hurt me?" I asked. "What did I tell you about the conscience?" she replied. "After it ceased to warn you, did the sin do you any harm?" Then I remembered how the heart grew harder and harder and was ready for and enjoyed wicked ways and people. But I asked what harm the smoking would do after it ceased to make me sick, and she told me what it did sometimes to the teeth, how it often made cancers on the lips, and how it affected the breath and made the whole person offensive to

many people, besides being an expensive habit; for with the money that you will spend for tobacco you can buy a great many useful and elegant things. Then I asked what God made it for. She told me "that it was first found in America, and that a famous Englishman, Sir Walter Raleigh, learned to smoke, and taught the habit to his countrymen, but that she supposed God made it for medicine." Do you know the man that works at Squire Devol's?

R. Yes, sir; you mean the one they call Sam.

G. Well, Sam and I were boys together. He bought pipes and tobacco, and I books and pencils. As we grew up he put his money more and more into such things, while I spent mine for what would benefit me or some one else. Which man would you rather be like, Sam with his stooping, shiftless gait and poor living, or your grandpa with your good grandma, and pleasant home with its pictures and statuary and music?

R. Oh! you, grandpa, and grandma, and everything. You, you!

G. And you will not use tobacco?

R. No, no, I will not learn to smoke at all.

G. Not if the boys call you a white-faced baby and tied to your grandmother's apron strings?

R. No, no! I can say to myself, as grandma taught me the other day: "Our Father, who art in heaven, lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil."

G. That's right, my boy. May you always keep yourself from drinking and smoking, and then I know you will grow to be a useful, godly, and contented man.

RALLYING-CRY OF THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

WE are marshalling the forces
Of an army true and strong;
We are marching to the music
Of a ringing temperance song;
We are going forth to battle
With a hydra-headed wrong,
Till one grand, triumphant chorus
Shall the victors' shout prolong.

Where the bugle calls to battle,
If heaven that call repeat,
If right and duty lead us,
There alone the path is sweet.
Though the proud may deem this service
Both for us and them unmeet,
Unheeding scorn or frowning,
We will go with fearless feet.

We are pledged to guard each other,
 And all those we love the best,
 From the poisoned darts and arrows
 Of a fell destroyer's quest.
 And our battle cry is "Onward!
 No faltering and no rest
 Till his flaunting, mocking ensign
 In dishonoured dust is pressed."

With hearts aglow with pity
 For the tempted ones who fall,
 And with arms outstretched to rescue
 Wounded friend or foe, and all,
 We are pledged to do our utmost
 To break down this tyrant's thrall;
 Ne'er "Am I my brother's keeper?"
 Be our answer to God's call.

See, bright from many a hill-top
 New camp-fires flash and glow;
 From rank and file and tented field
 Hear songs of victory go!
 Shout answers shout; a wave of sound
 Breaks in impetuous flow—
 "All hail!" "What cheer?" "'Tis morn-
 ing;
 We are conquering the foe."

THE TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

Alfred.—O, Harry Lee!
 Pray come with me,
 And let us take a walk;
 I've much to say,
 So come this way,
 And we will have a talk.

Last night I went—
 You knew my intent—
 To the grand new Temperance Hall,
 When I heard such tales,
 My memory fails
 The whole of them to recall.

But I'll tell you some,
 And when I have done
 I think you'll agree with me,
 That for a boy or man
 'Tis a capital plan
 From drink and its ills to be free.

Harry.—I wished, it is true,
 To go with you,
 But I could not leave work in time;
 We're so busy indeed,
 That, with all my speed,
 I had only just finished at nine.

But I long to hear
 The arguments clear
 Which clever abstainers use,
 So that you and I
 Together may try
 The teetotal plan, if we choose.

Alfred.—The clergyman there,
 Who took the chair,
 First opened the meeting, you know;
 Then told some sad tales
 Of the sin which prevails
 Through strong drink, our country's great
 foe.

He said: "O my friends!
 What can e'er make amends
 For the ruin and waste which is here?
 Many millions, 'tis known,
 In our own land alone,
 Are spent for the drink every year."

Harry.—Indeed 'tis a shame
 Our country's fair name
 Should be tarnished by such a sad blot;
 Alas! must we say
 She let drink bear the sway,
 And her God and her Bible forgot?

Alfred.—Next a speaker appeared
 Who was loudly cheered;
 He said: "Facts are stubborn things,
 And I'll show you to-night,
 In black and in white,
 The advantage temperance brings.

"Is there any one here
 Who can say that in beer
 He only spends five cents a day?
 Yet, if 'twere no more,
 What a nice little store
 Might be saved that is now thrown away!

"For in one year alone
 The result would be shown
 To be in dollars near twenty;
 And if you should live
 To be seventy-five,
 What a snug little fortune 'twould be!

"There's the interest, too,
Which is fairly your due,
And is well worth a little trouble;
If invested in land,
Or the bank, understand,
'Twould certainly be worth more than
double."

Harry.—Well, Alfred, 'tis clear
Those must give up their beer
Who wish in their lives to succeed;
Let us choose the right way
And both sign to-day.
If you will, I will.

Alfred.—I'm agreed!

LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

JOEY was a country boy,
Father's help and mother's joy.
In the morning he rose early—
That's what made his hair so curly;
Early went to bed at night—
That's what made his eyes so bright.
Ruddy as a red-cheeked apple,
Playful as his pony Dapple;
Even the nature of the rose
Wasn't quite as sweet as Joe's.

Charley was a city boy,
Father's pet and mother's joy;
Always lay in bed till late—
That's what made his hair so straight;
Late he sat up every night—
That's what made his cheeks so white;
Always had whate'er he wanted,
He but asked and mother granted;
Cakes and comforts made him snarley,
Sweets but soured this poor Charley.

Charley, dressed quite like a beau,
Went one day to visit Joe.
"Come," said Joey, "let's go walking;
As we wander we'll be talking;
And besides, there's something growing
In the garden worth your knowing."
"Ha!" said Charley, "I'm your guest,
Therefore I must have the best.
All the *inner* part I choose,
And the *outer* you can use."

Joey gave a little laugh.
"Let's," said he, "go half and half."

"No, you don't!" was Charley's answer;
"I look out for number one, sir!"
But when they arrived, behold,
On the tree a peach of gold,
All without fair, ripe, and yellow,
Fragrant, juicy, tempting mellow,
And within a gnarly stone.
"There," said Joey, "that's your own;
As you choose by right of guest,
Keep your choice—I'll eat the rest."

Charley looked as black as thunder,
Scarce could keep his temper under.
"Twas too bad, I think," said Joe.
"Through the corn-field let us go;
Something there perhaps we'll see
That will suit you to a T."
"Yes," said Charles, with accent nipping;
"Twice you will not catch me tripping.
Since I lost the fruit before,
You but owe me ten times more;
Now the *outer* part I choose,
And the *inner* you can use."

Joey gave another laugh.
"Better call it half and half."
"No, indeed," was Charley's answer;
"I look out for number one, sir!
"Well I know what I'm about—
For you what's in, for me what's out!"
On they went, and on a slope
Lay a luscious cantalope,
Rich and rare, with all the rays
From the August suns that blaze;
Quite *within* its sweets you find,
And *without* the rugged rind.

Charley gazed in blank despair,
Deeply vexed and shamed his air.
"Well," said Joey, "since you would
Choose the bad and leave the good—
Since you claimed the *outer* part,
And disdained the juicy heart—
Your's the rind, and mind the rest;
But as you are my friend and guest,
Charley, man, cheer up, and laugh,
And we'll share it half and half;
Looking out for number one
Doesn't always bring the fun."

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No. 225.—September, 1888.]

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[One Halfpenny.



A DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY!

A DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY!



HERE never was a pleasanter holiday than that which Mrs. Walters and her children had during the month of August this year. Mr. Walter, instead of taking his family to the sea-side, as had been his custom for the past year or two, selected a small farm-house right away in the heart of the country; here he and his wife and children spent a most enjoyable holiday. The old farmer and his wife were models of health and sweetness and cleanliness; the farm-house was a delightful place for the children, and the farm-yard with its poultry and cattle, horses and pigs, were a never-ending source of instruction and amusement to the children. One of the farmer's men had a couple of donkeys—real beauties—which for a small sum were lent to Mr. Walters for the children's use, and

while Henry scampered down the lane on the back of "Jenny," "Peter" walked steadily along under the care of the farmer's boy, with panniers slung over his back, in one of which little Tizzie was comfortably seated, with Mamma walking by her side. Mr. Walters was on in front with an eye to Henry's safety, for "Jenny" was a bit of a kicker, and Henry was a bit wild in the exuberance of his delight at having a real live donkey to ride on. The flowers, the hedge-rows, the fields of corn and potatoes, the sounds of country life, the fresh butter and new-laid eggs, the sweet air—all these conducted to give pleasure, and now the family are returned home it is with pleasant remembrances, and the hope that, if God spare their lives until next year, they may again enjoy such another season of change and rest as they have enjoyed this year.

"MY PEOPLE SHALL BE FREE!"

—REV. W. R. FITCH.

HEARD ye not the voice from heaven,
Sounding out o'er land and sea,
"Let the tyrant's chain be riven,
Let my people now go free!"
'Twas the Lord of hosts who said it,
As to Pharaoh long ago,
And the Rum Fiend, when he heard it,
Said, "I will not let them go."

Saw you not an angel walking
To and fro among us then,
Stopping here and there, and talking
Often with the sons of men?
In his hand a live coal burning,
From God's altar snatched away,
And with tender heart and yearning,
Touched he oft their lips of clay.

Come there now these men anointed,
Flaming heralds of the right,
And the ones by God appointed
To arouse us for the fight!
'Tis to us a gracious token,
From the rivers to the sea,
That Jehovah now hath spoken,
And His children shall be free.

They are coming from the valleys,
From the village, farm, and town,
From the busy streets and alleys,
Where the throng goes up and down;
And they're shouting to each other
From the mountains to the main,
"We will save our fallen brothers,
We will break the tyrant's chain!"

Do you see the temperance banners
Waving clearly now in view?
Do you hear the loud hosannas?
Do you see the badge of blue?
'Tis the temperance host advancing
With a firm and martial tread;
With the sunlight 'round them dancing,
And the "red cross" overhead!

The Rum Fiend sees, and affrighted
Goes back to his native hell,
To the place where souls benighted
With devils incarnate dwell;
And he summons his friends together
In council many an hour,
And asks of his subjects, whether
They'll help him to keep his power.

Then a thousand grog-shops answer,
 And tavern, and bar, and still,
 And they shout aloud, "We can, sir;
 We'll help you, of course we will."
 "Up with our black flag," they shout now,
 "Maddened with rum be each brain,
 The temperance band we will rout now,
 And their children shall be slain!"

Oh, the conflict fiercely rages,
 'Tis a hard and desperate fight,
 But our temperance army wages
 This battle for the right;
 And the Rum power must be broken,
 Its reign no longer shall be;
 Jehovah himself hath spoken,
 "My people shall be free!"

THE TERRIBLE CHILD.

HOW THE DREADFUL INFANT TALKED ON
 THE CARS.

[This amusing article is excellent for a reading, but requires to be well read.]

IT was in the cars. Two ladies were sitting together, busily engaged in conversation. On the seat facing them sat a little five-year-old boy. He had been looking out of the window, apparently absorbed in the moving panorama of the outside world. Suddenly he turned from the window; he began searching about the car, exclaiming in a high, piping voice:

"Mamma, what makes that man look so funny?"

"Sh!" cautioned the mother, but the boy was not to be hushed.

"I don't see the man with a bald head and funny red nose."

The "sh" was repeated. By this time the car was in a titter, save and excepting one elderly gentleman with a very bald head and a red nose. His eyes were riveted upon his paper with a fixedness that was quite frightful. Again the boy:

"Oh! now I see him! Ho! what a bright nose! What makes it so red, mamma?"

"Georgie!" shouted his mother in a stage-whisper. But Georgie was not to be stopped.

"Mamma," he continued, "what made you say he had a lighthouse on his face? I don't see any lighthouse."

Again "Georgie!" and this time with a light shake.

Once more the piping voice, the bald-headed passenger glaring at his paper more fiercely than ever, and growing redder every moment:

"Mamma, I don't think his head looks like the State-House dome. It's shiny like it, but it isn't so yaller."

While the titter went round again, Georgie's mother whispered rapidly to the boy, and gave her hopeful a box on the ear, which seemed to partly divert his attention from the bald-headed passenger, but not entirely. He cried once more through his tears:

"You said his nose was as red as a beet, mamma; I didn't say nothing."

Strange to say, the bald-headed passenger didn't take part in the suppressed laughter that followed, but he put on his hat and hid his nose in his paper, over which he glared at the boy as if he wanted to eat him. And yet where was the boy to blame?—*Boston Transcript.*

A WATER-DRINKER'S EXPERIENCE.

I'VE worked in the heat and I've worked in the cold,

I've worked with the young and I've worked with the old,

I've worked late at night and I've worked up to noon,

I've worked by the sun and I've worked by the moon;

But I'm sure I can tell you without any fear
 I can work very well without any beer.

I've worked far from home and I've worked rather nigh,

I've worked in the wet and I've worked in the dry,

I've worked amongst corn and I've worked amongst hay,

I've worked by the piece and I've worked by the day,

And I'm sure I can tell you without any fear
 I can work very well without any beer.

I've worked amongst lime and I've worked amongst chalk,

I've worked amongst still folks and those that could talk,

I've worked amongst iron and I've worked
amongst wood,

I've worked amongst bad and I've worked
amongst good;

But wherever I go there's nothing I fear
So much as the foolish made foolish by beer.

I've written and read, I've summed and I've
talked,

I've been out on pleasure with friends, and
I've walked;

But never, no, never, the use could I see
Of taking strong drink, so hurtful to me;
Thus I'm sure I can tell you, without any fear,
These things can be managed without any beer.

HOW A WOMAN MAKES A BED.

SHE'S washed the dishes, cleared off the
table, swept out the sitting-room, and
she stands in the bed-room door for a moment
arms akimbo, and surveys the bed.

The pillows are skewed around, the quilts
rolled up in a heap, one end of the sheet down
almost to the floor, and she wonders how
"them young ones" managed to tumble up
the bed so.

She approaches the bed, seizes the pillows
and deposits them on a chair, hauls the quilts
off and drops them in the door-way, draws the
sheets over the stand, and she finds the feather-
tick full of lumps and dents and hills and
hollows. She makes a lunge for it, rolls it to
the foot of the bed, and dives down among
the straw.

Her hands are lost to sight, and she bends
over until it seems as if her back would break.
The straw is pulled this way, pushed that,
dragged around and torn apart, and her fingers
reach clean to the bottom and into each corner.

"There! ha!" she says, as she straightens
up to rest her back; and after a moment she
grabs the feather tick, yanks it around, gives
it a flop, and rolls it against the head-board
that she may get into the foot of the straw
tick. She dives into the straw once more and
her face gets as red as paint as her nose almost
touches the tick. The straw is finally stirred
enough, and she rests her back, looks up to
the ceiling, and wonders where she can borrow
a white-wash brush. Then it would do your
heart good to see her grab the feather-bed.

She hauls it around, flings it up, mauls great
dents in it with her fists, jams it against the
wall, and finally flattens it out. Then she
seizes the foot, shakes the feathers toward the
head, smooths them along further with her
hand, and each corner is patted down and
made to stand out distinctly. That hollow in
the centre is patted out of existence, and at
last the bed is a true slant from head to foot.
The top sheet is switched off the stand, held
up before her until she sees the seam, then she
flies it across the bed. It settles down just as
true and square as a rule, and after the front
side has been tucked down behind the rail the
other sheet follows.

The pillows are then grabbed up, mauled
and beaten and cuffed around until they swell
with indignation, and they are dropped on to
the bed so gently that they don't make a dent,
but seem to float in the air above the sheets.
The ends where the cases button are placed to
go outside, according to long-established rule,
and the quilts are swung over, tucked behind
the rail, pulled down at the foot, smoothed at
the head, and she stands back and says:

"There! those children will sleep like tops
to-night!"

A few weeks ago, as I stood in the post-
office, I heard one female say to another:

"Did you hear about poor Mrs. Gleason?"

"No—sick?" was the query.

"Poor thing—died last night."

"Is that so?" was the exclamation. "Well,
I'm sorry, though she's better off. She was a
good wife, but she could never make up a bed
as it ought to be made."—*Sparks of Wit and
Humour.*

PEACE.

ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

JOY in each cottage, and peace o'er the
earth:

Hear you the echoes of innocent mirth?
Meadow and pasture reflect Nature's face,
Brilliant with hues which her hands deftly
trace:

Busy bees humming from flower to flower,
Gathering honey from garden and bower;
Shepherds are tending their flock with delight,
Gaze on the scene, it will gladden the sight.

Notes of the wild bird fill the soft air,
 List to the songster, 'twill banish your care.
 Wives are preparing for partners in meal,
 Home as they hie to their evening meal;
 Peace and prosperity furnish the fare,
 Love and contentment double the share:
 Cradled near by in its bower of bliss,
 Is an infant—its parent salutes with a kiss—
 Crows then the child with true infantile joy,
 While the proud father embraces his boy.
 Each little cottage throughout the sweet vale,
 Tells o'er again the same happy tale,
 Paints the same picture of glad peasant life,
 Far from the world with its toil and its strife.

Turn now thine eye to the woods and the fields,
 Share the delight which there Nature reveals;
 Over the green sward with hearts light and gay,
 Hither and thither skip children at play:
 Now they join hands in a frolicsome ring,
 While a refrain they half chant and half sing;
 Forming a circle of mischievous fays,
 Happy and joyous as summer's bright days:
 Dancing like young mountain elves in their
 glee; [they flee,
 Through the woods, up and down, quickly
 Till, the fun over, the fading daylight
 Warns them to part, and to whisper—"Good-
 night!"

Draw a soft veil ere their mirthful tones cease,
 Over the world, blessed with plenty and peace!

INDEPENDENCE.

CHARACTERS.—*Susie and Nellie.*

Susie.

WHEN you would really wish to deprive all young men of a social glass of wine, and bind them down to the contracted limits of a temperance pledge?

Nellie. I do wish to see all our young men and women become pledged to total abstinence. I do not think any one safe while indulging even in wine-drinking. I know many who drank good wine a few years ago that now drink poor whiskey.

S. Oh! I have no patience with whiskey-drinkers, but I do like to see young men independent, and *dare* to take a glass of wine when they wish to. What would the eagle say to having his wings clipped?

N. I saw one of your independent young men this morning; but, with all his independence, he was unable to arise from the gutter (into which he had fallen) without assistance.

S. That was shocking! He was no doubt a miserable drunkard, which is altogether different from merely taking a glass of wine. You know that wine has been used by all, or nearly all, of our best men, the greatest names in our country's history. You recollect what the poet says,

"Drink till the moon goes down."

N. I think it would be an improvement to say, Drink till themselves go down.

S. Oh! I see this temperance whirlwind has turned your brain; you will come to your senses by-and-by, and learn that a young man is something less than a murderer if he does drink a glass of wine now and then. There is but a small chance of your ever getting a husband, if harmless wine-drinking is to prove an obstacle.

N. Neither do I wish to get one with the first step taken to the drunkard's grave. Would you cross the Atlantic if you were told the noble ship in which you were to sail was known to be a little leaky, but might carry you safely to the United States or to Canada? Would you not prefer to always stay at home rather than trust your life to a treacherous craft that might, before you had half reached your journey's end, sink you beneath the boiling wave? No, never will I unite my destiny with one who is in the habit of drinking wine. Total abstinence or no husband is my motto.

S. I am sure I do not want a drunkard for a husband; and if I thought that he would ever drink anything stronger than wine, I would use all my influence to induce him to sign the pledge, and keep it too.

N. Oh! do use your influence in persuading all to join the Cause; there is no safety elsewhere. Show by your example that your heart is in the cause, and that wine-bibbing finds no favour in your eyes.

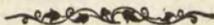
S. But you really do not think I am in danger? I never drank a glass of wine in my life. Would you have me join the Cause, and mix my name with the low and degraded?

N. No false pride should prevent us from doing our duty, neither should we refuse to aid a reforming movement simply because it will not benefit us. Let us use all our influence, speak boldly and fearlessly when occasion requires us to do so. Our brothers are in danger; our dear friends are in danger; and we are in danger. Let us not deal with the arrows of death, lest those arrows pierce our own hearts at last.

S. Why, you alarm me; everything seems to be intoxicated that I look at; every post, pillar, man, and beast has a zigzag motion. I will fly into the ark of safety, join your Cause, and adopt your motto.

FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE,

A BAND OF HOPE RALLYING SONG.



Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

GEO. F. ROOT.

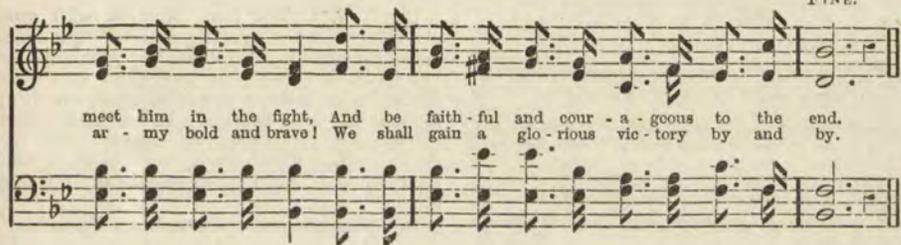
Friends of Temperance, quick to arms, We must struggle for the right, And our

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no - ble cause with vig - our we'll de - fend, See the foe is gain - ing ground, We must
D.C. ty - rant shall be slave, To our

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FINE.

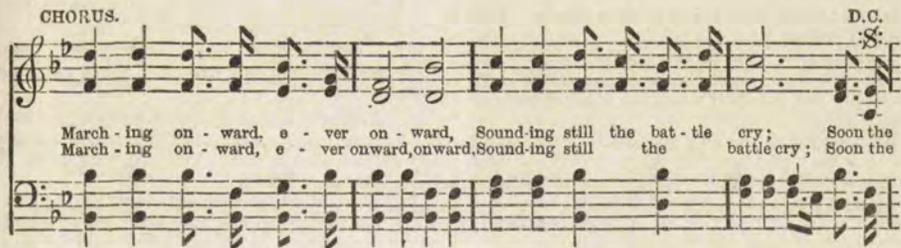


meet him in the fight, And be faith-ful and cour-a-geous to the end.
ar-my bold and brave! We shall gain a glo-rious vic-tory by and by.

FINE.

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CHORUS.



March-ing on-ward, e-ver on-ward, Sound-ing still the bat-tle cry; Soon the
March-ing on-ward, e-ver onward, onward, Sound-ing still the bat-tle cry; Soon the

D.C.

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D.C.

2 Like the fatal wind that sweeps
O'er the desert's burning plain,
Is the deep and deadly poison of his breath;
While the aged and the young,
He is binding with a chain,
That will lead them on by thousands down
to death. Marching, &c.

3 Throw our banner to the breeze,
Let the wrongs that claim redress,
Be our signal and our watchword as we go;

Like the veterans of the past,
We will never, never rest,
Till our weapons deal destruction to the foe.
Marching, &c.

4 Friends of Temperance, quick to arms,
We must struggle for the right;
And our noble cause with vigour we'll defend;
See the foe is gaining ground,
We must meet him in the fight,—
And be faithful and courageous to the end.
Marching, &c.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

NO MORE WINE!

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

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

SCENE:—*Clara and Maude, each with a large doll, sitting in low rocking-chairs. Both girls and dolls to be well-dressed.*

Clara.

WHAT is your dolly's name, Maudie?

Maude. Arabella Matilda. What do you call yours?

C. Miss Victoria Beatrice!

M. Oh, Clara, that is a high-sounding name!

C. Well, if it is, I don't see any harm in it.

M. Oh, certainly not; it is very nice indeed.

How old is your dolly, Clara?

C. Just turned five; she had a party on her birthday, and it was a grand affair. You were away from home or you and Arabella Matilda would have been invited.

M. I *should* have liked it very much. Who had you present?

C. Oh, lots. There was Dottie Lee and her dolly; and Susan Grey and her dolly; and Kate Freestone and her dolly; and Mary Jones and her dolly—

M. Mary Jones? Did you invite her? Why she is a poor girl, and her dolly is only an ugly wax one, with big puffy cheeks and a battered nose, and its clothes are common things that I wouldn't put on my Arabella Matilda—would I, little dear? (*Tosses doll up and hugs it.*)

C. Yes, we invited Mary Jones, and though she is only a poor girl, she is so nice both I and mamma love her very much. We don't despise people because they are just poor, Maudie; that is very wrong.

M. Yes; of course; but my mamma doesn't care about my mixing with poor children, and I don't think I should invite Mary Jones if I gave a doll's party. And what did you have to eat and drink at your party, Clara?

C. Oh, everything, nice! We had cake, and tart, and fruit, and sweets, and I can't tell what besides.

M. Had you no wine? I do like wine! And this dear little dolly likes a little too, don't you, my little pet? (*Fondles doll.*)

C. Yes; we had wine; but when we have another party we shall have no wine at that!

M. Why? Don't you like it? Perhaps it wasn't the best?

C. Oh, yes; it was the best. But we shan't have any more.

M. How funny! Why won't you have any more?

C. Well, I'll tell you. Mamma put a wine-glass before each of us and poured wine into them. When she came to Mary Jones the poor child put her hand over her glass and burst into tears. Mamma could not tell why Mary cried, and we all thought she must be sick. At last mamma said, "What are you crying for, Mary? Tell me, dear!" Then Mary sobbed, "Oh, please, I don't want any wine, and I'm so sorry me and my dolly came!"

M. That was very unkind of her, I'm sure.

C. No, it wasn't unkind, Maude; please let me tell you. Mamma asked her why she wished she had not come to the Dolly's Party, and then the poor child said, "Because you have wine, and it was wine killed papa and made mamma so poor, and makes her weep because she can't buy me and dolly nice clothes same as other young ladies have!" Then we all remembered how poor Mary's father was once well off, but he drank wine till he was always intoxicated, and then he died, and Mary and her mamma were left poor!

M. That is very sad, Clara dear; I didn't know Mary was once well off, like us. What did your mamma do?

C. First she kissed Mary, and wiped the tears from her eyes and cheeks, and then she took every one of the glasses away, and we had water to drink instead of wine!

M. What did the other girls say to that?

C. All except Minnie Ray were glad; Minnie said it was a shame we should all be without wine, because Mary cried. But we didn't notice what she said; she is not a nice girl at all. And, you know, her father is a wine-merchant, so mamma said we must excuse her saying what she did.

M. Of course; but it was selfish to speak so. Poor Mary; I didn't know she was such a nice girl. I shall love her very much now; and I'll tell mamma her story, and I don't think I'll ever have any more wine, and I'm sure dolly shan't. Wouldn't it be awful if *my* papa or yours were to take wine till they died, and we were to become poor, like Mary? No, I won't have any more, and I'll try and coax papa not to take any more, too!

C. That will be nice; my papa has signed a pledge not to touch any more wine, nor any other of those drinks that make people silly; and I hope yours may too, Maudie!

M. I'll ask him; and he loves me so much I'm sure he won't say no!

C. Wouldn't it be nice if we called a meeting of dollies and their mammas and got them all to be teetotal!

M. Oh, that *would* be nice; let us do it!

C. Very well; bring Arabella Matilda into the next room, and we'll ask mamma which will be the best way to begin!

M. (*rising.*) Yes, yes; come along, little pet; you shan't have any more wine, and we'll try and get all the other dollies' mammas to promise not to give them any! Come along, dear! (*Follows Clara, fondling doll all the way off platform.*)

C. (*returning.*) Mamma says it is just the thing, and she is going to help us; and someday we will have a Dolly's Party, and when we do we will invite everyone of you to it (*waving her hand to audience*). Won't that be nice? And you shall have cakes, and tarts, and sweets, and everything, but no wine! (*Runs away laughing.*)

DOWN WITH THE TRAFFIC.

BY REV. E. F. HATFIELD.

SOME, throw up your caps, with a right merry shout,
And let the good people, boys, see that you're out;

The vendors are trembling,
The tipplers assembling,
For fear that you'll give them a teetotal rout.

The Maine Legislature the secret first found
To make their whole State thorough temperance ground;

They've banished the liquor
In every particular,
And on the whole traffic have terribly frowned.

Three cheers for Down East, and three more
for Neal Dow,
The chieftain so valiant, who told them all
how

To accomplish the matter,
Without any clatter,
And make all the people teetotalers now!

Ay, ay, my brave boys! make the firmament
ring.

"No traffic; no traffic!"—that's just the right
thing;

The vendor, importer,
And maker no quarter
Shall have, till the temperance triumph we
sing.

The prisons we'll empty, the poor-houses
close,

And substitute smiles and caresses for blows;
We'll save the whole nation

From intoxication,
And rescue the land from unspeakable woes.

Then gird for the conflict, to God look away;
With Him for a leader we'll carry the day;

Intemperance we'll banish,
The demon shall vanish,
And thanks never-ending to God we will pay.

I WILL NOT DRINK.

BY J. HARMS.

I WILL not drink of that which brings
Disgrace and poverty and woe;
I will not drink of that which stings
More sharp than any other foe.

I will not drink of that which makes
Kind husbands worse than any brute;
I will not drink of that which takes
Away respect and good repute.

I will not drink of that which tempts
So many from the narrow way;
I will not drink of that which empt's
Men's pockets of their hard-earn'd pay.

I will not drink of that which makes
Orphans and widows every day;
I will not drink of that which takes
All joy and happiness away.

I will not drink of that which fills
Asylums, workhouses, and jails;
I will not drink of that which kills
And fills our land with mournful wails.

I will not drink of that which tends
To ruin the bravest of the brave;
I will not drink of that which sends
So many to a drunkard's grave.

I will not drink, but always pray
That I may to my pledge be true;
I will not drink, but every day
Ask God my frail strength to renew.

I will not drink! I will not drink!
Whilst breath within my body lie;
I will not drink! I will not drink!
Lest I should a poor drunkard die.

THE MODERN GOLIATH—ALCOHOL.

"And David said, What have I now done? Is there not a cause?"—1 SAM. xvii. 29.

MULL forty days Philistia's host defiant
By Elah's vale filled Israel with dismay,
As, overawed by Gath's ungainly giant,
Saul and the Hebrew bands all trembling
lay.

A shepherd "stripling" heard the challenge
And straight with holy indignation stung,
At grim Goliath's haughty mien undaunted,
Back on the scornful foe defiance flung;
And meekly, ere to that dread strife he draws,
His brother's taunt he answers: "*Is there not
a cause?*"

A giant demon now abroad is walking,
Who frowns defiance on the Christian host;
And whilst before their ranks that foe is
stalking,

Alas! of dire destruction he can boast.
Say, ye who serve your Lord and love His laws,
For deeds of faith and venture "*Is there not a
cause?*"

What if for comrades' fall your eyes be tearful?
The weak against the strong can still prevail.
If other hearts of this assault be fearful,
No warrior of Christ should ever quail.
Not seeking human aid or man's applause
To arm him for the fray: he knows *there is a
cause.*

Great Captain, Thou Thine own hast not forsaken,

But with our host still goest forth to fight;
Our languid faith revive, our soul awaken,
Thou Lord of power and Giver of all might;
While from the field each craven heart with-
draws,

That we, like men should quit us: "*Is there
[not a cause?]*"

SCIENTIFIC TRUTHS.

THEY who abstain from strong drinks of all kinds are not only amongst the most industrious and useful, but are also amongst the healthiest and the happiest of mankind.

That abstainers are amongst the happiest of mankind is proved by the fact that they are amongst those who are least afflicted with crime and poverty, that they quarrel little, despair little, and, of all the members of the community, yield fewest inmates to the jails, the hospitals, the workhouses, and the asylums for the insane.—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

SONG OF THE WATER.

YOU may find me in the mountain,
In the little gurgling rills;
I am gushing from the fountain,
And coursing down the hills.
I am rolling in the billows,
And on the breakers ride;
My home is with the mariner
Out on the ocean wide.

You may find me in the dew-drop
That is glistening on the flowers;
I come to drooping nature
In cool, refreshing showers.
I am glancing in the sunbeams
From my cloud-spangled house on high,
And I come in dewy sadness,
With tears that never dry.

You may find me in the river,
Rushing on with ceaseless roar,
Until it meets its comrade
By some far-off distant shore.
I am found in misty ether,
Hanging, quivering o'er the earth,
And gathered up like pearl-drops,
Ere the clouds have given me birth.

And I come in fleecy whiteness,
Drifting, drifting lightly down,
Covering hill and vale and meadow
With a pure and spotless gown—
An emblem of the beauty
And the purity above,
Where the angels shine in glory
In yonder world of love.

I bring health, and joy, and gladness
Where'er I am used aright;
I sometimes chase the shadows,
And make all faces bright.
Then fill each costly goblet,
As you gather round the board,
With pure and sparkling water
Brought from nature's choicest hoard.

Nos. 37, 38, 39 of "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER" are now ready, and may be had through the Booksellers. No. 40 will be ready at end of month.

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No. 226.—October, 1888.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



CHILDISH INNOCENCE.

CHILDISH INNOCENCE.

WHAT is more beautiful than to see a mother fondling her chubby, bright-eyed, laughing child? What tenderness, what undying love beams on her happy face as she clasps him to her breast and presses her soft lips on his rosy cheeks; how her heart bounds with joy as he utters, in half-articulate sounds, the word which sends a thrill of pleasure through every mother's being when first lisped; how she blesses him with winsome word and soft caress! His very feebleness, his innocence, appeals to her best nature, and the consciousness that the child is her own, to love, to watch over, to train, to provide for, is ecstasy which a mother alone knows. But sometimes there comes a wistful look on her face, and the thought flashes through her brain, "What will my darling become in the future?" Alas, often the innocence of childhood passes away as years roll on; the world, with its mad wickedness and subtle illusions, woos the soul to destruction; and the mother, who looked upon her child with such rapturous emotions, when that child becomes a man, is bent with sorrow because of his waywardness and transgressions! Perhaps no evil agency that blights and curses has done more to pierce loving hearts than Strong Drink. Mothers and fathers have grown prematurely old, and the once happy smile has vanished forever, because of the drunkenness of sons and, it may be, daughters.

We were returning home one night after addressing a meeting: it was turned eleven o'clock when we neared home; the public-houses were closed, and as we passed by several we heard the landlord counting up his cash—the result of his day's traffic in drink. Passing a beer-shop we saw a woman and child peering around. The woman accosted us with the question "Have you heard any row, sir, as

you came along the street?" We replied we had not, why did she ask? With her hand pressed to her side, as if to keep down its pain, she said, "My lad—oh! my lad! They tell me he has been fighting and has got stabbed!" and the poor creature burst into a flood of tears, which made her child cry also. "I can't keep him from the beer-house," sobbed the mother; "he is being ruined by bad companions, and our home is made miserable by his wicked conduct. He has had a good education, and has a good trade, but it is the drink, the drink! I've wished a thousand times I had buried him when he was a child!"

Yes; that has been the wish of many mothers with drunken, ungodly sons and daughters. It is "the drink—the drink," that is causing untold misery! What are we doing to destroy its baneful influence? Are we merely teetotal? That is not enough; we must be active; we must get others to forsake the cup that curses; we must work among the children as well as the grown-up men and women. Wherever we are, we must speak a word for the cause we love. In this way only can we hope to lessen the evils resulting from alcohol. Oh, that we could fire the hearts of our young men and young women with an enthusiasm which will never rest till some poor drunkard is rescued, or some poor mother's heart is made glad again by seeing her son a total abstainer! Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season will come the harvest—the glad time when the sale of intoxicating drinks will be forbidden by law, and the law-breaker be punished for his crime. The conscience of the nation is every year becoming more sensitive on this important question; when once it feels the shame and revulsion sincerely, the days of the Drink Traffic are numbered. May the arousing be speedy and the remedy effective!

MOTHER'S WAY.

SOFT within our little cottage as the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly one sweet face upon the wall,

Do we gather close together, and in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness for the wrong that each has done.

Should you wonder why this custom at the
 ending of the day,
 Eye and voice would quickly answer, "It was
 once our mother's way."
 If our home be bright and cheery, if it hold
 a welcome true,
 Opening wide its door of greeting to the many,
 not the few ;
 If we share our Father's bounty with the needy,
 day by day,
 'Tis because our hearts remember this was ever
 mother's way.
 Sometimes, when our hands grow weary or
 our tasks seem very long ;
 When our burdens look too heavy, and we
 deem the right all wrong,
 Then we gain a new fresh courage, as we rise
 to proudly say ;
 "Let us do our duty bravely, this was our dear
 mother's way."
 Thus we keep her memory precious, while we
 never cease to pray
 That at last, when lengthening shadows mark
 the evening of the day,
 They may find us waiting calmly to go home
 our mother's way !

THE ARMADA.

BY E. HAMMOND HILLS.

OH ! Uprouse ye ! Uprouse ye ! Britannia !
 To Arms !
 To Arms and to Action, the foe is advancing :
 Brave hearts—guard your country—proclaim
 war's alarms,
 For launched on the waters, their weapons
 all glancing
 A hundred and thirty proud galleons behold,
 Manned with soldiers and seamen and
 galley-slaves—mounted
 With cannon two thousand three hundred, all
 told,
 An "Armada Invincible" such 'tis accounted.
 And the Spaniard in triumph ap-
 proaches us fast—
 And his newly blessed banner* is
 nailed to the mast—

*When the King of Spain resolved to invade Eng-
 land, he was presented by the Pope with a consecrated
 banner ; with bulls for excommunicating Elizabeth,
 and absolving her subjects from the oath of allegiance.

And boldly the war-trump announces
 his claim
 To our sea-girted shores—to old Eng-
 land's proud name.

Quick ! To Arms ! Quick ! To Arms ! The
 Armada is near !
 List ! the war-note again its proud challenge
 is flinging.
 Britannia, where art thou ?—Britannia is
 here !
 Britannia is ready—Britannia is winging
 A broadside to Philip—the Lion's on guard—
 List ! List ! how he bellows, his giant form
 rearing :
 The foe shrinks in terror, our fleet bear down
 hard
 On the galleons : Hurrah ! Bold Drake,
 Howard, are nearing
 That extensive and self-dubbed "invin-
 cible" crew,
 And are proving what Britons for
 Britain can do.
 Oh ! for aye with their names shall the
 glory abide,
 That the boast of the Spaniard lies
 crushed in its pride.

Oh ! the bulwarks of England stand firm in
 their might,
 As Britannia sails swiftly—proud Queen of
 the water,
 While the storm-clouds burst forth in the
 darkness of night,
 And slaughter the host prepared only to
 slaughter.
 And the war-trump which late so triumphantly
 pealed
 Is silent—the guns are unspiked and forsaken,
 The blade of the Spaniard is raised not—the
 shield
 Of the leader is trampled—his courage is
 shaken.
 And the banner of freedom is torn from
 the mast,
 And is scattered in shreds by the rock-
 beating blast ;
 O'er the halyards it trails—fitting em-
 blem of state,
 To bewail the "Invincible Armament's" fate !

THE BANQUET.

BY R. C.

A BROWN sharp leaf fallen off before its time, which had been flying, dancing, whirling, somersaulting, and whisking in the wind for three or four days, got shifted again by the wind from a quiet position where for several hours it had lain. It set him twirling round on the tip of the small stalk which the tree had allowed him to carry away as his own.

A Banquet was to be held for the trees, flowers, grasses, leaves, etc., in a plantation close by, and he wanted to be moving. The wind moved briskly to carry news of the Banquet to all around. The leaf gave a sudden jump, and on the strength of the wind rushed out from amongst the grasses—sailed upwards and downwards on his way to the field-hedge, where he met a Daisy and Violet preparing for the Banquet.

"Hallo! Daisy! hallo! Violet! Oh-o-o, oh, my eye; can hardly think of it, ha! ha! We're going to have a Banquet! Grasses for knives! Butter-cups for spoons! Flowers for dishes! Blue-bells for glasses! Those that are used dine after. Wine! oh, jolly! Wine, Daisy; you'll get your nose turned as red as the setting sun! You will, and no mistake. Ha! ha! Violet, it will turn your blue eyes black. I know; whoop!" and he whisked, twirled, and somersaulted in a circle. "I know! I see a thing or two! You stay at home on water and air till you don't know what's what."

"Wine!" said Daisy, "why what is that?"

"Why, don't you know? It's the same stuff as them human beings—as I calls 'em—drink. Oh my eye! you should see 'em bend and roll, and stop and go. They have red noses, comical eyes and funny voices. I've been round where they live this last day or two. It will alter us, you see if it don't."

Poor listening Daisy, the tears streamed down from beneath her golden lashes and rolled over her white pinafore as she said—"It is not my nature; I've been having softest dews, and rains, and cool night airs; this is funny; I don't like it"—and again the feeling drops trickled.

Violet looked up to the sky with her deep eyes and said—while the blue cells filled slowly—"I can't drink it; if it did not kill us out-

right it would take our graces away, and then what should we be, and how give joy to human hearts? We flowers can see into human hearts, for they do not mind us looking there. In them we often see sorrow caused by wine. We will not have it in our law, and this Banquet has been formed by some old dead sticks. Wine does not do everything bad, but it does so much that it shall never come into the life of flowers. A youth gathers us sometimes; he is thoughtful and kind; he loves us; his heart is as open to us as our faces are to the sun, and he allows us to see its most hidden recesses in which are impressions like these: 'God has created a life for flowers perfect without wine. He has given life to man with the virtue of rising—and failing that, the shame of falling. One thing he falls by is drink. They maintain it is right taken moderately, but it mocks them by slaying among them thousands. If it makes new men of them, it is but to make new sorrow. Man's ideal is moderation, yet moderate drinking societies do not exist. The Temperance motto—'without it'—holds to-day the palm.' If it kills men, what will it do to us?" said Violet.

"Well done! Vi," said the brown leaf, "you're right and I'm wrong."

Then, in sweet consciousness, Violet settled her drooping blue head among her green broad leaves, with a desire for nothing but a drink of crystal rain or pearly dew, with the merry voices of the children. Glad Daisy looked brighter and lifted her round face. The silent trees nodded a graceful approval to Violet's words.

Brown leaf bustled into the plantation to see that no Banquet should be held. He flustered about the dead sticks who were cowering at the words borne on the wind, also the influence they felt that all that was natural was against them. A gentle rain descended, all the flowers breathed their thanks in sweetest perfume, with songs to the most subtle and silent music—

No wine! no wine! oh no, no!
 No wine, no wine for us;
 'Tis rain-drops on our stems, O!
 Use wine! 'tis all a fuss!
 Our wild, wild bells so pure, O!
 Dear children, ring to you,
 To Bands of Hope be true, O!
 And you'll be pure too.

OUR FOLKS.

ETHEL LYNN.

"**H**! Harry! halt a breath, and tell a comrade just a thing or two;
You've been on furlough? been to see how all the folks in Jersey do?—
It's long ago since I was there,—I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks:—
When you were home, old comrade, say, did you see any of 'our folks?'

You did? shake hands. That warms my heart; for, if I do look grim and rough, I've got some feeling! People think a soldier's heart is nought but tough;
But, Harry, when the bullets fly, and hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
While whole battalions lie a-field, one's apt to think about his 'folks.'

"And so you saw them—when? and where?
The old Man—is he hearty yet?
And Mother—does she fade at all? or does she seem to pine and fret
For me? And Sis—has she grown tall? And did you see her friend—you know—that Annie Moss—How this pipe chokes!—
Where did you see her? Tell me, Hal, a lot of news about 'our folks.'

"You saw them in the church, you say; it's likely, for they're always there.
Not Sunday? No?—A funeral? Who, Harry?
—How you shake and stare!
All well, you say, and all were out—What ails you, Hal? Is this a hoax?
Why don't you tell me, like a man, what is the matter with 'our folks?'"

"I said all well, old comrade—true; I say all well; For He knows best
Who takes the young ones in His arms before the sun goes to the west.
Death deals at random, right and left, and flowers fall as well as oaks:
And so—fair Annie blooms no more! and that's the matter with your 'folks.'

"But see, this curl was kept for you; and this white blossom from her breast;
And look, your sister Bessie wrote this letter, telling all the rest.

Bear up, old friend!" . . . Nobody speaks;
only the old camp-raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper:—"Boys, be still; there's some bad news from Grainger's 'folks.'"

He turns his back—the only foe that ever saw it—on this grief,
And, as men will, keeps down the tears kind Nature sends to Woe's relief;
Then answers:—"Thank you, Hal, I'll try;
but in my throat there's something chokes,
Because, you see, I've thought so long to count her in among 'our folks.'

"I daresay she is happier now; but still I can't help thinking, too,
I might have kept all trouble off, by being tender, kind, and true—
But maybe not . . . She's safe up there! and, when God's hand deals other strokes,
She'll stand by Heaven's gate, I know, and wait to welcome in 'our folks.'"

LUCK AND LABOUR.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"**L**UCK" is ever a-watching and waiting
For something in life to turn up,
Though his children go ragged and shoeless
With scarcely a bite or a sup
For the day.

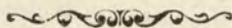
While "Labour" with strength and with daring
Goes forth in the world's mighty field,
And turns up that something with purpose
And vigour that never will yield
To the day.

"Luck" lies in his bed hoping ever,
Awaiting the postman's sharp cry,
Bringing news of a legacy left him,
Or some other form of supply
For his need.

While "Labour" is up with the song-bird,
And out with the dusk and the dew,
Well knowing that sowing will bring him
Good reaping, with failures but few.
Honest meed!

"Luck" often forms dissolute habits,
And goes to the grave in disgrace;
While "Labour" is on the great high-road
To riches, with name and a place.
Wealth, indeed!

STRIKE THE LYRE OF TEMPERANCE.



Words by S. KNOWLES.

Strike the lyre of Temp'rance, wake the joyful lay, Spread the blissful tidings far a -

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way; Lo! the day is com-ing, when our land shall be, From the bondage of Strong Drink set

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

CHORUS.

free. Glo-ry! glo-ry! let the chil-dren sing, Glo-ry! glo-ry!

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

let the e-cho ring! Strike the lyre of Temp'rance, wake the joy-ful lay,

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

Spread the bliss-ful tid-ings far a-way, far away, Spread the blissful tid-ings far a-way.

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

Strike the lyre of Temp'rance, wake the joyful lay;
 See the hosts returning from the fray;
 Fierce has been the conflict, Alcohol's no more;
 Praise for ever, shout from shore to shore!
 Glory! glory! &c.

Strike the lyre of Temp'rance, wives no longer sigh;
 Mothers in their anguish no more cry;
 Children once forsaken dance for very joy;
 Glad hosannas now all lips employ!
 Glory! glory! &c.

Strike the lyre of Temp'rance, do not lay it down;
 Your's has been the conflict, your's the victor's crown;
 Right o'er wrong will conquer, spite of every foe,
 And for ever Strong Drink be laid low!
 Glory! glory! &c.

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VENTPEG AND HIS WIFE GET CONVERTED.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR.

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

CHARACTERS: Ventpeg (publican); Mrs. Ventpeg (his wife); Stinger (a drinker); Drythroat (reformed drunkard).

SCENE:—Public-house; Ventpeg talking to himself.

Landlord.

CONFOUND those Teetotalers and Bands of Hope, they are bringing ruin to my trade. I used to laugh and make fun of them, but it's getting to be no laughing matter. Dash my buttons, something will have to be done to stop their little game. Bill Drythroat has been converted now, and Bill was one of the best customers I had. They say his little girl joined the Band of Hope, and she kept pestering her father to give up his beer, and now they tell me he's a teetotaler, and goes about speaking against his old friends. Not that I believe he'll stand; a few months and I shall have him here again. But it's a loss in the meantime, and all through them meddling Teetotalers! (*Enter Mrs. Ventpeg.*) What say you, Sarah?

Mrs. V. What are you maundering about now? Is something else gone crooked?

Mr. V. I was just saying to myself when you came in, those Teetotalers will be the ruin of us before long. It's a great shame, when we pay our license, we can't be protected from insult and injury. Why don't the authorities stop the prating, meddling busybodies who go about speaking against the drink we sell?

Mrs. V. How should I know? It's you men ought to look after that! I know what I'd do with the Teetotalers if I had my way. I'd stitch 'em all up in sacks and send 'em out on ships to the middle of the ocean and drown 'em!—that's what I'd do.

Mr. V. Serve 'em right, too! Has Drinkhard been to-night?

Mrs. V. No; nor was he here last night. I do believe Drythroat has got hold of him.

Mr. V. I shouldn't wonder; he'll rob us of every customer we have before he's done. I wish I could get at him.

Mrs. V. What for? Don't begin fighting with him; he'd soon knock you over, Tom.

Mr. V. Oh, I'll not begin fighting! I do believe the fellow is only foxing, and getting all he can out o' them teetotal chaps. He's a rumun, he is! If I could only get him here, I know he

wouldn't refuse to take a glass on the cheap, and I'd get him fairly drunk an' then turn him out into the street. We should soon have old times back again, when the news spread.

Mrs. V. So we should. Well, get him here; there's Stinger in the vault—he's the chap to 'tice Drythroat if anybody can. They were great cronies before Drythroat signed the pledge.

Mr. V. Call him in here, Sarah. Do it quietly, or them other chaps will wonder what's up.

Mrs. V. All right. (*Exit, and returns directly bringing Stinger, a red-nosed, ragged man.*)

Stinger. What do you want, Mester Ventpeg?
Mr. V. (*Handing him a glass.*) Here, drink that, an' I'll tell thee—go on, it's cheap.

S. It's first glass iver you gav me, Mester Ventpeg, so here's wishing you long life; good-luck, Mrs V., may you alus look as young as yo' do now. (*He drinks.*)

Mr. V. Now, Stinger, thou knows Drythroat?

S. I should think so! Him an' me's had mony a good spree together—we have that! Bur he's joined th' Cold-waater army!

Mr. V. So they say. But do you think he's a teetotaler, Stinger? Come, now, do you think he is?

S. Well, I cannot say—it looks like it. When I axed him for th' price o' a pint 'tother day he shook his yed an' said he'd given o'er giving his brass for drink. He said publicans were a lazy set o' chaps, an' their wives were decked out wi' fools' money—that's what he said.

Mrs. V. He's plenty of impudence, at any rate.

S. Well, I'm on'y telling yo', Mrs. Ventpeg, don't be offended at me. As to his impudence—he alus had lots o' cheek.

Mr. V. Now, look here, Stinger, I'll stand you a pint of the best rum if you'll get him inside this place—do you hear?—a pint of rum!

S. (*Chuckling and rubbing his hands.*) What a spree I could have wi' a pint o' rum! But how mun I do to get him here?—that's the poser!

Mrs. V. Tell him I want to see him particular, Stinger—he's sure to come.

S. Well, I'll try him. He made me promise to meet him to-need; he sed he'd tak' me to some sort o' meeting, where they sing an' recite an enjoy theirsels.

Mr. V. That's just the ticket! When you meet him tell him Mrs. V. wants to see him. If he says he won't come, tell him he's afraid to meet his old friends—make him feel like a coward, and we have him as nice as ninepence.

S. What time is it?

Mr. V. Just 7-30; what time have you to meet him?

S. That's the time, half-seven. I'll go an' try what I can do, for I shouldn't like to miss that pint o' rum, Mester Ventpeg. (*Exit.*)

Mr. V. It works nicely. Now, when he comes, make a great fuss of him, Sarah; we'll get the fellow as drunk as a lord, and then his teetotal friends will give him the cold shoulder. Go and don up a bit, lass!

Mrs. V. All right, Tom. (*Exit.*)

Mr. V. I fairly hate them Teetotalers, and if I can only put a spoke in their wheel—well, I'll stand a quart of rum instead of a pint! (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Stinger followed by Drythroat, a well-dressed man.*)

S. This way, old friend. I know you don't like to come into a pub, now, but it's a matter o' great importance. To tell the truth, I do believe both Mester Ventpeg and Mistress Ventpeg want to talk to you about teetotalism. I shouldn't wonder if they both signed the pledge.

Drythroat. All right, Stinger; we shall see what we shall see. It will only give me the greater pleasure if what you say is true.

S. They don't seem to be here. Sit yo' down a minute, an' I'll goo an' tell 'em you've come!

D. I'll stand. Be quick, or we shall miss the meeting. (*Exit S.*) I don't know what all this means; I rather fear it's a trap; but I'm wide-awake for all the publicans in the world. Ah, here comes Ventpeg; I've spent many a bright sovereign with him.

Mr. V. (*bustling in and holding out his hand.*) Ah, ah, Drythroat, is that you? Well, dash my buttons, I shouldn't have known you! How thin you have gone and how pale you look! Been away, I hear!

D. Not so far—removed out of the little, dirty back street into a better neighbourhood and a bigger house.

Mr. V. So, so; that shows you are getting on in the world, at any rate. But sit down, old friend, and make yourself comfortable. Glad to see you, I'm sure. Ah, here's Mrs. V., she'll be glad to see you too, aren't you, Sarah?

Mrs. V. Who is it, Tom? I seem to recollect the face.

Mr. V. Why, it's Drythroat! I didn't know him at first, he's gone so thin and pale.

Mrs. V. Dear, dear, how changed you are, Drythroat! I'm glad to see you, nevertheless. And how is your wife?

D. She's hearty, thank you.

Mrs. V. And the children—how I should like to see them. I remember the little girl who used to come here sometimes for a half-pint—a bonny little thing she was, too; I loved that child! But

sit down, Mr. Drythroat, and make yourself at home. What will you take—at my expense, of course?

D. I've no time to sit, even if I were inclined, which I am not. As to my taking anything at your expense, that is out of the question, as I am a Teetotaler.

Mrs. V. A Teetotaler! Well, I never! No wonder you look so thin and pale—that accounts for it!

Mr. V. You'll soon be in the grave if you keep on that foolish game. Take a glass for old lang syne—no one will be the wiser, and I am sure it will do you good.

Mrs. V. (*offering glass.*) Do, now; I feel quite concerned about your health. We'll not tell anybody you've broken teetotal—not we. Take one glass.

D. (*taking glass from Mrs. V., at which she and her husband exchange knowing winks.*) Well, lend me the glass. You say it will do me good and you won't tell anybody!

Mr. & Mrs. V. We are sure it will do you good, and we won't tell!

D. Before I drink it, listen to me a minute. Twelve months since, I used to spend nearly all my wages on this good stuff. I was then fat and bloated; with dirty, ragged clothes on my back and old shoes on my feet, I was a disgrace to mankind. I lived in a wretched house in a back street, and my wife and children were half-poisoned and half-starved. I used, when I had a lot of this good stuff, to beat my wife and turn her and my children out into the street, it didn't matter how wet it was or how cold. My little girl—the one you loved so much, Mrs. V., hadn't a pair of shoes to her poor feet, and she used to sit and cry, and one night I caught her kneeling down in a corner asking God to make her cruel, drunken father a good and sober man. We all slept on the floor on dirty rags; we never had a comfortable word from January to January. But I was induced by my little girl—who is a Band of Hope girl—to sign the pledge, to take no more of the good stuff you have given me in this glass to drink. I began to work in earnest, to buy new things for the house and for myself, my wife, and my children. We all went to chapel on a Sunday, and we said our prayers night and morning at home. My wife soon looked a different woman, and my children were happy as the days were long because "father didn't drink." We got disgusted with the dirty street, and we removed into a larger house in a decent neighbourhood, and we all begun to feel respectable. People trusted us and said "good-morning" to us. Now, look here. You have given me this glass of

liquor. If I drink it I shall go back again to the old miserable condition. All will soon be again as it once was. Shall I do it, Mrs. Ventpeg? Shall I, Landlord? For the sake of a little present gain will you ruin me and my family, and take the responsibility on your own souls? Will you? Here goes! (*Raises glass as if to drink.*)

Mrs. V. (*grasping his hand.*) Don't drink it! Don't, don't! I can't stand it! It's a cursed thing. Oh, that I had never had anything to do with it! (*Bursts into weeping.*)

Mr. V. Dash my buttons, but this is getting serious. Can't stand it! Never felt so cowardly before, 'pon my word! I'll give up this cursed trade and break stones in the street, if I can get nothing else to do. Sarah!

Mrs. V. What, Tom!

Mr. V. You are willing?

Mrs. V. Yes; we'll get out of this!

Mr. V. We will! Throw that stuff away, Drythroat, and come and help me to clear out of this. I'll have no more of it. Come along, Sarah! (*Both exit.*)

D. Ah, thank God for the courage to resist the temptation and to speak the truth. What a victory! I feel almost mad with joy! Hurrah! (*Exit.*)

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

BY MRS. LA COSTE.

INTO a ward of the whitewash'd halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-vein'd brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know:

Somebody's hand had rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best; he has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafed his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he march'd away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to their heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,—
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

THE ENGLISH SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.

THE Second Reading of this Bill has been deferred to the Autumn Session, when a special day will be given for its discussion. In view of the strenuous efforts put forth by the Licensed Victuallers to make it appear that Public Opinion is with them, because 252,000 persons have signed their petitions, it should be remembered that in the year 1883 no less than 6,767 petitions, with 1,808,773 signatures were presented in favour of the total Sunday Closing of Public Houses. In addition it should be stated, that by means of the canvass papers left at the homes of upwards of a Million of the Householdors of England, Seven to One have expressed themselves in writing in favour of Sunday Closing.

This important fact, viz., that an overwhelming majority of the people of England desire the passing of this Measure, should be kept before Members of Parliament and other Public Men. Friends of the Movement who are able to render valuable aid by promoting Petitions to Parliament, whether adopted at Meetings by Public Bodies, or signed by the General Public, can obtain Written Petitions, and all necessary information, on application to the Secretary of the Sunday Closing Association, 14, Brown-st., Manchester.

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| <p>Cue Cement.—For Tipping Billiard Cues.</p> | <p>8d. each,
Post free, 4d.</p> |
| <p>Kay's Tubes, for Feeding Bottles, with Patent glass valve. Fit all bottles, and prevent children sucking air.</p> | <p>Post free,</p> |
| <p>Kay's Respirators.—GOLD PLATED, 2/6 and 5/6.</p> | <p>2s. 8d. and 5s. 8d.</p> |
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No. 27.—November, 1888.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



"GOOD CHRISTIAN JIM."

"GOOD CHRISTIAN JIM."

BY S. KNOWLES.

Author of "Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter," &c., &c.

UP and down, through the town, wanders
the boy,
Ragged and hungry, a stranger to joy ;
Weary and footsore is poor little Jim—
No downy pallet is waiting for him !
When sinks the sun, and the night is far
spent,
Down by the river his footsteps are bent ;
Reaching a corner, to him so well known,
There, in the shadow, he sits all alone ;
Crossing his hands on his knees for a rest,
Soon he is sleeping the sleep of the blest.

The church clock strikes one, and footsteps draw
nigh ;

'Tis B 48, with flaming "bull's eye" ;
Flashing the light into corners and nooks,
Nothing escapes his keen eye as he looks—
Trying the padlocks and pushing the doors,
Whistling so softly a ditty of Moore's—
Telling as plainly, as anything can,
B 48 has the heart of a man ;
Where there is danger he fears not to go,
Yet always tender to suffer'ing and woe.

"What's this!" he cries, as he sees sleeping
Jim—

"Poor little fellow, my heart aches for him—
Why, the lad's naked—his legs are all bare—
Oh, 'tis a pity—just look at his hair !
Someone has owned him, although I'm afraid
Friends have all left him, or mayhap are dead !
How shall I serve him ? Well, duty is plain—
Wake up the lad, send him roaming again !
No, no, that won't do ; I'll leave him alone—
Go ask the 'missis' to find him a home."

Now, having seen locks and doors were all right,
Tramped through the neighbourhood all the
long night,

He comes back to Jim, who still is asleep,
His face on his hands and crossed his bare feet,
And gently touching the lad on the head—
"Wake up ! wake up, little fellow !" he said.
Jim starts, rubs his eyes, then shivers with
fright,
Not knowing he's slept in peace through the
night ;

"Bobby" stands smiling—strange this to Jim,
Bobbies, in gen'ral, don't smile upon him.

"Get up now, youngster, and come home with me,
You're hungry, and cold, and naked, I see ;
I'll just get the 'missis,' at least, if I can,
To give you some food and clothes, little man ;
'Taint nice for youngsters to go with limbs bare,
Nor sleep out o' doors and feed on cold air.
Have you no mother ? She's dead ? Ah, that's
sad !

Where is your father ? What, gone to the bad !
Poor little fellow ! Well, come right along,
I'll do what I can to set right the wrong !"

So Jim, in the "Bobby," found a friend true ;
"Missis," good soul, a mother proved too ;
And in after years Jim did what he could,
Easing the burdens of people so good.
Now Jim is a "Bobby" ; when on his round,
Some poor little laddie sleeping is found,
He takes off his cape and covers him up—
Carries him home for a "bite" and a "sup" ;
And many a lad, with eyes wet and dim,
Blesses the kindness of "Good Christian Jim."

TRAINING UP A BOY.

HAVE you a boy from five to eight years
old ! If so it is a matter of the greatest
importance that you train him up right. Teach
him from the start that he can't run across the
floor, whoop, chase a round of the back-yard
or use up a few nails and boards to make carts
or boats. If you let him chase around he'll

wear out shoes and clothes, and nails and
boards cost money.

Train him to control his appetite. Give him
the smallest piece of pie ; the bone end of the
steak ; the small potato, and keep the butter-
dish out of his reach. By teaching him to
curb his appetite you can keep him in good
humour. Boys are always good humoured

when hunger gnaws at their stomachs. If he happens to break a dish, thrash him for it; that will mend the dish and teach him a lesson at the same time.

If you happen to notice that your boy's shoes are wearing out, take down the rod and give him a peeling. Those shoes were purchased only ten months ago, and though you have worn out two pairs of boots during that time the boy has no business to be so hard on shoes. By giving him a sound thrashing you will prevent the shoes from wearing out.

When you want your boy to go of an errand you should state it, and add:

"Now go as quick as you can, and if you are gone over five minutes I'll cut the hide off your back!"

He will recognise the necessity of haste, and he will hurry up. You could not do the errand yourself inside fifteen minutes, but he is not to know that. If you want him to pile wood, the way to address him is thusly:

"Now, see here, Henry; I want every stick of that wood piled up before noon. If I come home and find you haven't done it, I'll lick you till you can't stand up!"

It is more than a boy of his size ought to do in a whole day, but you are not to blame that he is not thirteen years old instead of eight.

If you hear that any one in the neighbourhood has broken a window, stolen fruit or unhinged a gate, be sure that it is your boy. If he denies it, take down the rod and tell him that you will thrash him to death if he doesn't "own up," but that you will spare him if he does. He will own up to a lie to get rid of the thrashing, and then you can talk to him about the fate of liars and bad boys, and end up by saying:

"Go to bed now, and in the morning I'll attend to your case."

If you take him to church and he looks around, kicks the seat or smiles at some boy acquaintance, thrash him the moment you get home. He ought to have been listening to the sermon. If he sees all the other boys going to the circus, and wants fifteen cents to take him in, tell him what awful wicked things circuses are; how they demoralize boys; how he ought to be thrashed for even seeing a procession go by; and then when he's sound asleep do you sneak off, pay half-a-dollar to

go in, and come home astonished at the menagerie and pleased with the wonderful gymnastic feats.

Keep your boy steady at school, have work for him every holiday; thrash him if he wants to go fishing or nutting; restrain his desire for skates, kites and marbles; rout him out at daylight, cold or hot; cuff his ears for asking questions; make his clothes out of your cast-off garments, and you'll have the satisfaction, when old and grey-headed, of knowing that you would have trained up a useful member of society had he not died just as he was getting well broken in.—*Sparks of Wit and Humour.*

TWO MEN AND TWO HOMES.

BY J. HARMS.

IT WAS Saturday—a lovely summer's day;
Two men had just received their weekly
pay

Of thirty shillings each, a goodly sum
To take every week when their work was done.

They now are wishing each other good-day,
As their homes lie quite in a different way.
Having said "farewell," one hurries along
To wife and children in his happy home.

At length arrived, they welcome him there
With smiles and kisses—he has a good share;
Then thanking the Giver, they sit down to tea,
No family than this could happier be.

This home is enough to make one rejoice,
To see the bright smiles, to hear the glad voice.
No murmur is heard, but peace reigneth here,
As also contentment and godly fear.

Each room in the house is a treat to see,
Well furnished and clean as any could be.
Though humble and plain this working-man's
home,
He's happier by far than kings on the throne.

The meal now ended, the husband hands o'er
The cash to his wife to get in the store
Of food for the morrow and following days,
And lay it out in many other ways.

There's firing to buy, the rent to be paid,
And flour to be fetched for making the bread;
Yet after providing for every one,
She finds she has left a nice little sum.

Of this she takes care and puts it away
In the savings' bank for a rainy day ;
For food may be dear, and sickness may come,
And old age appear when work can't be done.

The shopping now done, I'd have you to know,
They prepare for the Temperance Hall to go ;
For meetings are held each Saturday night
To urge everyone to choose for the right.

This man and his wife, and family too,
Have long signed the pledge and put on the blue,
And now are trying to do what they can
To win to the cause every working man.

As Sunday comes round to church they repair,
For 'tis their delight to worship God there ;
In hearing His Word and joining in praise
May they thus continue the rest of their days.

* * * * *

The other man had not gone very far
Before he stood at the public-house bar ;
For he is a *drinker*, 'tis sad to say,
On liquors he spends quite half of his pay.

At the close of the week he runs a score,
'Tis written on the slate behind the door ;
He takes out his purse and pays what is due,
And the landlord says, "I'm glad to see you."

He calls for a pint of bitter and stout,
And having drank this is now walking out,
But meeting a *friend* he comes back with him,
And calls for a gill of the very best gin.

He now starts for home, but on his way there
He has to pass another drinking snare ;
His brain now excited, he craves for more,
And having arrived he stops at the door.

He enters, and there stands another *old friend*,
Who soon asks, "What are you going to
spend ?"

And so more money was squandered away
Upon that which is the curse of our day.

At length he gets home in a drunken state,
His wife meekly asks, "Why are you so late ?
Your tea is quite cold, your food overdone,
You're enough to drive your wife from her
home."

He answered her with oaths unfit to hear,
The children cling round their mother with
fear ;

And now he goes to the dramshop again,
More intoxicating drink to obtain.

His wife begs of him to come back again,
She pleads and pleads, but her pleading is vain ;
And soon he is treating his mates once more,
While she has no cash to get in the store.

Poor thing ! she has tried to keep out of debt,
But has had to part with this thing and that
To feed and to clothe the children and him,
Because he has spent his wages on gin.

If he thus continues in this dreadful way,
Of spending each week the half of his pay,
He'll ruin himself and his family too,
And to the workhouse they'll all have to go.

A few years ago this man and his wife
Had promised to love each other for life,
But strong drink has severed their marriage
vow,
For there's scarce any love on his side now.

'Tis only a year since he first began
To drink too much of that which degrades man ;
A *moderate drinker* he was before,
But as time passed on he craved more and more.

* * * * *

O terrible drink ! thou treacherous foe !
Thou leadest men on to sin and to woe ;
Were it not for thee this once happy pair
Would now be as happy as ever they were.

Aye ! and many thousands more owe to thee
Their fall from happiness to misery—
From homes of plenty to homes of distress,
From homes of prayer to homes of wickedness.

" * * * * *

Dear friends, I would ask, in which home are
you,—
The home of the *drinker*, or Temperance true ?
If the former, oh ! no longer remain,
But come sign the pledge and for ever abstain.

ONLY A DROP!

BY JOHN WRIGGLESWORTH.

WAS only a drop that he took at first,
 In one unthoughtful hour,
 But through his soul a passion burst,
 That nipped the tender flower
 Of innocence, just budded forth to bloom,
 And dragged him down and hurled him to his
 doom.

Yea, dragged him down from his life's fair
 morning,
 Into a sinful sea,
 From the path he was adorning
 With grace and chastity;
 But no sweet virtue could in him be found,
 When in that sea his manliness was drowned.

Mocked and degraded;—cast upon the world—
 Forsaken and forlorn;
 Whilst men their lips in contempt curled,
 And on him looked with scorn;
 Abhorred by those who should have been his
 friends;
 Poor succour's gained, when one on such
 depends.

In tattered garments through the streets he
 went,
 Upon his face a frown,
 Unheedful of the life he spent,
 Or insult on him thrown;
 He cared not for the contempt and disdain
 Heaped on him, if the drink he could but
 gain.

Only a drop! but ere three years were past,
 A bell in solemn tone
 Told that his soul had gone at last
 Up to the judgment throne
 To meet its God,—that Judge so full of love,
 Whose mercy drops so sweetly from above.

Only a drop! but in that drop there lies
 A deadly tendency,
 Which causes men to sacrifice
 Their moral purity;
 Of that one drop young men and maids be-
 ware,
 Escape the dangers of its blighting snare.

OUR GIRLS.

BY W. A. EATON.

WHAT shall we do with our girls?
 We gaze on them now with surprise
 As they toss back their clustering curls
 With a womanly gleam in their eyes.
 What shall we do with our girls?
 They are putting their dolls on one side;
 They smile till their teeth gleam like pearls,
 And they walk with a statelier stride.

The shuttlecock no longer flies,
 They do not spend hours on a swing;
 They are learning to paint fields and skies,
 They are learning to play and to sing.
 It seems such a short time ago
 They were romping about with the boys;
 Bowling hoops, with their cheeks all aglow,
 And filling the house with their noise.

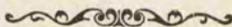
Now they have womanly grown,
 Quiet, and queenly, and tall;
 But we wish, ah! sometimes when alone
 They still were "our girls" young and small,
 When they came for a "good-night" caress
 Ere their tiny feet pattered upstairs,
 And we listened and heard their "God bless
 Dear papa!" in their childish prayers.

Ah! yes, they have womanly grown.
 We tremble to think that ere long
 They'll be seeking for homes of their own,
 And ours will be empty of song.
 What shall we do with our girls?
 Shall we teach them to chatter and smile,
 To toss back their glistening curls
 And study men's hearts to beguile?

Ah! no, we will tell them that love
 Is a treasure of infinite worth;
 A blessing sent down from above
 To gladden the children of earth.
 We will tell them their place is the home—
 There pleasure can always be found;
 In vain they will eagerly roam—
 "The world" swings in one giddy round.

We will tell them to help the distressed,
 To succour the faint in the race,
 Is better than being caressed
 And praised for a beautiful face!
 What shall we do with our girls
 To save them from life's bitter cares?
 Shall we deck them with rubies and pearls?
 Ah! no, we'll endow them with prayers!

A BETTER DAY IS COMING.



R. LOWRY.

A bet-ter day is com-ing, A morn-ing promised long, When gird-ed Right, with ho-ly Might, Will

KEY G

{	$s_1 s_1 .d : d ,r$	$m .m :-m$	$m .s : d ,r$	$m :-m$	$m .r : r .r$	$r .d : d .d$
	$s_1 s_1 .s_1 : s_1 ,s_1$	$d .d :-d$	$d .d : s_1 ,s_1$	$d :-d$	$d .t_1 : t_1 .t_1$	$s_1 : s_1 : s_1 .s_1$
	$m m .m : m ,f$	$s .s :-s$	$s .m : m ,f$	$s :-s$	$s .f : f .f$	$f .m : m .m$
	$d d .d : d ,d$	$d .d :-d$	$d .d : d ,d$	$d :-d$	$s_1 .s_1 : s_1 .s_1$	$s_1 .s_1 : s_1 .s_1$

o-ver-throw the Wrong; When God the Lord will lis-ten To ev-ry plain-tive sigh, And stretch His hand o'er

{	$d .t_1 : t_1 .d$	$r :-s_1$	$s_1 .d : d ,r$	$m .m -m$	$m .s : d ,r$	$m :-m$	$s .f : m .r$
	$s_1 .s_1 : s_1 .s_1$	$t_1 :-s_1$	$s_1 .s_1 : s_1 ,s_1$	$d .d -d$	$d .d : s_1 ,s_1$	$d :-d$	$m .r : d .t_1$
	$m .r : r .m$	$s :-f$	$m .m : m ,f$	$s .s -s$	$s .m : m ,f$	$s :-s$	$s .s : s .s$
	$s_1 .s_1 : s_1 .s_1$	$s_1 :-s_1$	$d .d : d ,d$	$d .d -d$	$d .d : d ,d$	$d :-d$	$s_1 .s_1 : s_1 .s_1$

REFRAIN.

every land, With justice by and bye. Coming by and bye, Coming by and bye! The better day is coming, The

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

morning draweth nigh ; Coming by and bye, coming by and bye! The welcome dawn will hasten on, 'Tis coming by and bye,

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

The boast of haughty Error
 No more will fill the air,
 But Age and Youth will love the Truth,
 And spread it everywhere;
 No more from Want and Sorrow
 Will come the hopeless cry;
 And strife will cease, and perfect Peace
 Will flourish by and by.
 Coming by and bye, &c.

Oh ! for that holy dawning
 We watch, and wait, and pray,
 Till o'er the height the morning light
 Shall drive the gloom away;
 And when the heav'nly glory
 Shall flood the earth and sky,
 We'll bless the Lord for all His word,
 And praise Him by and by.
 Coming by and bye, &c.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

A TRUE HERO.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO GIRLS.

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

CHARACTERS—*Lucy and May*—*Lucy to be older than May.**May.*

H, Lucy, I saw such a funny sight as I came from school this afternoon. An old woman, dressed in rags and with no bonnet on, was dancing in the street, surrounded by a lot of children, who were quite enjoying the fun!

Lucy. Was the poor woman out of her mind or what?

M. No, I don't think so. One of the girls who was laughing at her told me the silly woman was drunk. She said she was often drunk, and they had lots of fun out of her! I saw one of the boys give the old woman a push, and she toppled over on to the ground, and she had hard work to get on to her feet again. I could not help laughing at the way she kept toppling over—first one side, then the other—it was so comical!

L. And what became of the poor creature at last?

M. Why, you know Roger Bacon—that big, clumsy boy who comes to school?

L. Yes; I know Roger very well.

M. Well, he came and spoiled all the fun.

L. Indeed? How did he do that?

M. Why, he suddenly sprang through the crowd of boys and girls, went up to the drunken woman, and lifting her on to her feet looked round and shouted—"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, making fun of a poor, drunken woman. Off you go, or I'll thrash every one of you!" and he looked it, too, Lucy!

L. Bravo, Roger! What a hero he must be! Next time I meet him I'll shake him by the hand!

M. Of course, you mean you'll do nothing of the kind, Lucy. The lubberly fellow quite frightened us all, and we ran away as fast as we could. What right had he to interfere and spoil the fun?

L. May, I never felt nearer being ashamed of you than I do at this moment. I didn't think you had such a hard heart, and were so callous at the sight of suffering and misery. That lubberly fellow, as you call him, is worth a score of you!

M. Oh, hity-tity! how unconventional we are, to-be-sure! What do you mean by putting that big, rough boy in comparison with me?

L. I mean this, Lucy. You saw this poor old

woman, who was made foolish by drink, the laughing-stock and butt of the boys and girls, and even you yourself seem to have entered into the "fun," as you call it—you saw all this without feeling a pang of sorrow for the poor creature's condition, or experiencing one blush of shame. Now, here was Roger Bacon—whom you call clumsy and rude—brave enough and tender enough to take the helpless woman's part, his conduct no doubt prompted by a feeling of sorrow and shame at seeing anyone under the influence of strong drink. Roger, whatever his outward appearance, has the heart of a true gentleman; he is a boy who will grow into a good, kindly-hearted man; he is one of those boys who become either great missionaries, great preachers, or great philanthropists. I shouldn't wonder if, some-day, in years to come, we hear of Roger Bacon again.

M. Well, you are quite eloquent about Roger, and his noble qualities. If you had seen his eyes flash and his hand grip when he looked round at us, while holding up the drunken woman, I think you would say someday he will become a great prize-fighter, or something equally disgusting.

L. May, I fear you will not acknowledge that Roger's conduct was right and your conduct was wrong. Is it not a sad thing to see a woman under the influence of intoxicating drink? She is somebody's mother, or has relatives of some kind—ragged and poor though she be. She was once a young girl, like you and me, and she may have been as respectable as we consider ourselves. How people can laugh and make fun when they see poor creatures—men and women—drunk, is past my comprehension. If I see anyone tipsy I always feel sorrowful; it seems so awful that human beings should drink what takes away their reason and produces so much misery. You know, May, what drink has done in your home. You know how your brother Charley was killed by it! You—

L. (*interrupting.*) Don't, please don't, Lucy. It was very thoughtless of me to laugh at the poor creature this afternoon. I didn't *think*—that was it. My heart is, I hope, not so callous as you seem to imagine.

M. I am glad to hear you say that, dear. Of all the horrible besetments drink seems to be the worst. Women forget their sex—forget they *are* women when under its influence; men become brutal and selfish, and lose all affection for everybody and everything but drink. Indeed, were it not for this great curse, our world would soon become a much more happy place to dwell in than it is now. Sin always destroys happiness.

M. Of course it does; I am with you in all

you say, and detest drink as much as anyone; and I am glad, Lucy, that Roger Bacon frightened us away.

L. Then you begin to see Roger in his true character, May! Depend upon it, he is a genuinely good lad—would we had more like him!

M. But he is so clumsy!

L. Well, he is certainly a bit clumsy, but bye-and-bye he will grow out of that. We must not always judge people by their outward appearance, May. Many a brave heart and sweet spirit lies under a rough exterior. Acts—deeds—these are what we must judge by. A brave boy shows his bravery when it is needed, and that was what Roger did. But I must away. (*Taking out watch.*) Why, dear me, I shall be late at our meeting. Will you come with me?

M. Yes, if you care to have such a thoughtless companion.

L. Of course I shall, because I now see the evil you fell into was wrought by want of thought and not by want of heart. Come along, dear. (*Exit.*)

M. (*staying behind.*) What a dear, good thing Lucy is! She is always putting us foolish girls right. It was wicked of me to stand and enjoy seeing the poor drunken woman's silly antics and to laugh when the mischievous boy pushed her down; but I'll be more careful in future. And as to Roger Bacon—well, he's a clumsy, lubbering, good-hearted, kind boy, and I never admired him more than when I saw him take the poor woman's part. As Lucy says, Roger Bacon is a True Hero. But Lucy is calling and I must go. Good-bye; may we all try and imitate Roger when we see the weak or foolish being abused by those who think themselves wise and strong. Let us all, in act, thought, and word be True Heroes.

NO DRINKING—NO DRUNKEN- NESS.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY J. HARMS.

CHARACTERS—*Publican and his former customer.*

SCENE—*Publican standing at his door.*

Publican.

HOW do, old friend? just step inside,
And taste my mild and bitter;
'Tis lately tapped, and sparkling bright,
No money could buy better.
'Tis very long since you were here;
To me you are a stranger.

Former Customer.

Yes, friend, I am, because I feel
That in your house there's danger.
I used to come and spend my time
And money in your house, sir;
And talk, and smoke, and drink with you,
And sometimes drink too much, sir.
But now I've learnt a wiser plan—
Perhaps you think it funny;
But on your drink I never will
Again lay out my money.

Publican.

I'm sure it grieves me very much
To hear you talk so serious;
That now you will not come inside
Seems to me quite mysterious.
You say there's danger in my house!
Beware of what you state, sir,
For, if you cannot prove your words,
For libel you shall pay, sir.
Remember, I a license have
To sell upon these premises
My wines and spirits, ales and stout,
And 'tis the best of businesses.
And while this business I conduct
With decency and order,
Not you, nor any other man
Can my permission alter.

Former Customer.

My friend, I'm very well aware
To sell you have permission;
But soon there'll be another law
To alter that decision.
'Tis known, alas! how many men
Are ruined by this drinking,—
Yes, some whom you and I know well—
'Twas this that set me thinking.
I know that many who have drank
With me inside your house, sir,
Have gone down to a drunkard's grave,
With little hope of heaven, sir.
And so I cannot run the risk
Of drinking any longer,
Of that which kills the body here,
Destroys the soul hereafter.
I think I've said enough to show
That in your house there's danger;
Then can you wonder if henceforth
To you I am a stranger.

Publican.

I must admit that what you say
To some extent is true, sir;
But only foolish men get drunk,
And not the likes of you, sir.

And so I cannot see the harm
Of drink in moderation;
If men would only keep to that,
There'd be no dissipation.
I have no patience with those men
Who say our trade is bad, sir,
And go about and try to do
Us all the harm they can, sir.
We never interfere with them,
Nor with their business either;
Then why can't they let us alone
To sell our ales and cider?

Former Customer.

You say 'tis only foolish men
That drink beer to excess, sir;
But if you will a moment think
You'll find out your mistake, sir.
For high and low, and rich and poor,
The wisest of our nation,
Are known to be amongst the ranks
Of drinkdom's degradation.
The more I think, the more I'm sure
There is but one safe way, sir,
Of keeping from a drunkard's grave,
And that is never drink, sir;
For drunkards are not made at once,
But first in moderation:
They take their glass, but soon they sink
In drunken dissipation.
Then can you wonder if men seek
To close the public-houses,
And to intreat their fellow-men
To keep outside these places?
For if they never do begin
To taste of this strong drink, sir,
'Tis very certain they will not
A drunkard e're become, sir.

Publican.

You've put the matter very clear,—
I don't know what to say, sir,
Except that you have made me feel
So very ill at ease, sir.
I'm sure I do not wish to sell
Of that which harms so many;
I'll close my house, and go and work,
As others, for my money.

THE BOYS WE NEED.

HERE'S to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who is
A man at heart I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this,
"Right always wins the day."

—*Golden Days.*

A BAND OF HOPE SONG.

BY ELLA M. TRUESDELL.

NOBACCO is the weed of weeds;
The using of it surely breeds
Of vice and ruin true the seeds.
Red, white, and blue our colours are;
We're soldiers in the temperance war.

While swearing is a habit low,
And wicked, too, as you well know,
Slang is of pure speech the foe,
Red, white, and blue our colours are;
We're soldiers in the temperance war.

The ruby wine, the ale and beer,
Bring sorrow's sigh and moan and tear;
But joy we drink in the water clear.
Red, white, and blue our colours are;
We're soldiers in the temperance war.

NOTICE.

"Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter," by S. KNOWLES, of which 40 Nos. at 1d. each are already issued, is having a large sale. Mr. James Cheetham, Band of Hope Secretary, of Upholland, Wigan, Oct. 10th, writes: "We have given several Recitations and Dialogues out of your Reciter, . . . in fact, it is the best book for reciters I have ever seen"; while on Oct. 12th Mr. Jas. Lord, Wheatley, Halifax, says, "I may say that none of the *Testimonials* speak too highly of the *Dialogues* in the 'Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter.'" Full lists sent on application to Publishers of "Treasury."

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 228.—December, 1888.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



WINTER AGAIN.

WINTER AGAIN.

WINTER, with its bleak days and long nights, is again upon us, and the ground will soon be covered with snow and the ponds with ice.

Sliding, skating, snow-balling will be the order of the day during play-hours, while the long evenings will be made pleasant by glowing fires and cosy firesides, story-books, pictures, drawing and painting, with now and then a game of chess or draughts. The Bands of Hope are already in full swing; dialogues and recitations, songs and speeches, yield pleasure and profit weekly to thousands of young people. Winter has its duties and charms as well as summer. The lessons learnt in woods and fields, on hills and in valleys; the voices that speak to us from bird and flower and rippling brook, from rushing torrent and restless sea, during the summer months—these are all made useful in the classroom and lecture-room during winter. They are voices and pictures stored in the mind for use when the reality has passed away; they are delicious food upon which we ourselves feed—like the stored-away honey of the bee and sweet nuts of the squirrel—and which we give to others of our fellow-creatures who may not have had the opportunity, or the capacity, to lay in a store for themselves.

Our artist has given us this month a picture of how our cousins in America enjoy themselves

during the season of snow. The youngsters are evidently having a merry time sleighing. Warmly muffled up they laugh at the cold winds, and their merry shouts, as they come down the hill of snow, tell how thoroughly they are enjoying themselves.

There is, however, another side to the picture of winter which we must not forget to remember. There are thousands of children to whom frost and snow and piercing winds mean aching limbs and untold suffering. The poor children of the drunkards have no warm clothing, no plentiful supply of nourishing food, no comfortable homes, no glowing fires, no downy beds; theirs is a hard lot—a lot of which the children of well-to-do godly parents know nothing. For these poor creatures let our young readers cherish a tender pity, and when opportunity presents, give them such aid as they can. One kind action, one gentle word, one tender bit of sacrifice, daily rendered to another less fortunately situated than ourselves, will make our own lives brighter and our own hearts lighter. Above all let us help forward the time when intemperance—the cause of so much suffering to children—shall cease; the time when men and women, free from drink's bondage, shall earnestly and faithfully seek their own and their children's highest welfare.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY MARY J. DIGGINS.

BLESSED songs of peace and glory
 Burst from lips of angels bright,
 As they tell their wondrous story
 In the stillness of the night :—
 Tell of peace and justice meeting,
 Kissing o'er a manger wild ;
 Truth and mercy, sinners greeting,
 In a little, helpless Child.

“Glory to God”—they sing on high ;
 Swells o'er the earth the strain :
 Glory to God our lips reply,
 The Prince of Peace doth reign.

And though bare that manger lowly ;
 Poor the Babe who therein lies ;
 Will ye find a spot more holy,
 Or a greater 'neath the skies ?
 Grace and truth together blending
 Crown the brow so soon to wear,
 For our sins the chaplet rending,
 With its thorns that flesh so fair.

Glory to God, who comes to die,
 To be for sinners slain ;
 Glory to God, our home is nigh,
 The Prince of Peace doth reign.

Starlit heavens the wise have guided
 Here to find the Greater Sun ;
 Man and angels' light provided,
 Ere had sin's dark night begun.
 Low before His cradle bending,
 Costly gifts they humbly bring ;
 Gold and precious incense tending
 To Emanuel, their king.

Glory to God, with joy they cry ;
 Angels repeat the strain :
 Glory to God our lips reply,
 The Prince of Peace doth reign.

Join, ye men of every nation,
 Blend your praise with theirs to-day ;
 Fall in grateful adoration,
 Christ has come on earth to stay :
 Come to scatter joy and blessing,
 Healing give to sick and blind,
 And His life to all confessing
 His dear name unto mankind.

Glory to God ; ye choirs on high
 Sing forth the glad refrain ;
 Glory to God we sinners cry,
 The Prince of Peace doth reign.

WORKERS IN ONE VINEYARD.

WE are workers in one vineyard ;
 Some are strong and some are weak ;
 But the smiling of the vintage
 Is the common joy we seek.
 Some must train the vine and prune it ;
 Some must stoop to dress the mould ;
 But the few can pluck the clusters
 In the autumn's haze and gold.

We are builders, and the temple
 Rises slowly day by day ;
 Some must lay the polished corners,
 Some the brick of heavy clay.
 Only one can place the cap-stone
 On the summit, grand and high,
 While the shout of " Grace unto it "
 Rises to the vaulted sky.

We are fighting in the battle,
 But we cannot all command ;
 Most of us must march at orders—
 Forward like a soldier band.

Fame is not the hero's blessing,
 But the sense of duty done ;
 Life and treasure—all are ventured
 Ere the victory is won.

Golden prizes lie before us,
 And the race is open now ;
 Not the swift alone are victors,
 Wearing crowns upon their brow ;
 For the lame and halt-ones running
 God has promised each a goal ;
 O my poor and sorrowing brother !
 Thou shalt be a victor soul.

Let the blessed kingdom hasten,
 When the will of God shall be
 Evermore the law and pleasure
 Of his people glad and free.
 Would we strive to be the greatest,
 Let us then be servants all ;
 God has crowns and jewels waiting
 For the lowly and the small.

A BOY'S SPEECH.

WHOL'L step within a grog-shop
 A harmless glass to try
 Of lemonade or soda ?
 Not I, oh ! no, not I.
 I'll go to better places
 When I've some pence to spend,
 Or when I seek for pleasure,
 Or wish to meet a friend.

His meat or bread or clothing
 Or school-books who will buy
 From any liquor bondsman ?
 Not I, indeed, not I.
 I'd rather help my neighbour
 Who comes with you and me
 To fight the liquor traffic
 And set the country free.

And when we boys are voters
 (We shall be by and by),
 Who'll vote for liquor taxes
 Or license laws ? Not I.
 I'll go for prohibition
 And home protection strong ;
 I'll give my time and money
 To help the cause along.

REFRAIN.

They come! they come! they come! they come! They

{	:s	d' :-: :-:	:m						
	:s	m :-: :-:	:d						
	:s	s :-: :-:	:ta						
	:s	d :-: :-:	:d						

come! they come! the Fairies come! They come! the Fairies come!

{	f :-:s	l :-:s	l :-:t	d' :-:d'	d' :-:d'	t:l:t	d' :-: -:-
	d :-:d	d :-:m	f :-:r	m :-:f	s :-:s	f :-:f	m :-: -:-
	l :-:s	l :-:d'	d' :-:se	d' :-:r'	m' :-:m'	r':d':r'	d' :-: -:-
	d :-:m	f :-:d	f :-:fe	l :-:l	s :-:s	s :-:s	d :-: -:-

- 2 They come, they come, to cheer and bless,
With thoughts of goodness to impress;
To tell of holy actions done—
The souls for Jesus nobly won.
They come! &c.
- 3 They come, they come, the Fairies come,
Let music swell, let gladness run!
Such faithful subjects bless our days,
And make our realm a song of praise!
They come! &c.
- 4 They come, they come, the Fairies come!
'Mid bowers and flowers to find a home!
On love's soft wings they now return,
To rest on couch of moss and fern.
They come! &c.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

A SUDDEN TURNING.

A DIALOGUE FOR SIX.

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

SCENE: *Jack, in rags, standing shivering.**Jack.*

THE bells are ringing merrily from the old church towers, and everybody passing by looks cheerful and warm—going to church, I reckon. After church they'll go home and enjoy a good Christmas dinner, while I (*shivers*) am shivering in the cold, with empty pockets and empty stomach. Well, I reckon it's my luck to be poor while others have plenty. All I want is plenty of drink; give me *that*, and folks may have their turkeys and geese and plum puddings. But a fellow can't get drink without money; at least I can't. My credit is gone long since—and everything else is nearly gone too. Uh! how cold it is! Wonder if the gent coming this way will give me a copper or two; I'll ask him. (*Mr. Squire comes towards Jack.*) He seems a proper swell, and is sure to give me something. It's Christmas morning, and folks are always generous then, if at no other time. (*Touching his hat, as Mr. S. draws near.*) Can you assist a poor man, sir? I'm starving—had nothing to eat this morning. It's hard to starve on Christmas Day, when everybody else is happy and has plenty to eat and drink. Have pity, sir!

Mr. Squire (stopping and looking at Jack through his eye-glass). Humph! I think I've seen you before, my man!

J. No, sir; I only came into the village last night, sir. I walked from Dansbury yesterday. I'm seeking work, but can't get any to do, sir.

S. Humph! yes, *now* I'm sure I've seen you before—*certain* of it; can't be mistaken. So you are hungry, are you?

J. Yes, sir; yes, sir; very hungry.

S. Not *thirsty*—no, *not* thirsty, I suppose?

J. (*sheepishly*). Well, sir, I do feel a bit dry—that's a fact; you'll give me a copper or two, sir, to buy a bit of bread and cheese with, and—

S. A quart of beer—no, a gallon of beer! That's it, isn't it? A quart would be too little for you—it wouldn't wash down the cheese and bread, would it?

J. You are making fun of a poor starving man, sir. If you was in my place, sir, you'd—

S. I'd what?—beg by the road-side?—stand shivering in the cold like a whipped cur?—wear

clothes such as yours—torn and dirty? Is that what I'd do?

J. If you was poor—

S. But I'm *not* poor, and *you* wouldn't be poor if you weren't a miserable, unmanly, suction sponge,—a poor, flabby, spiritless beer-bibber! 'Pon my word, I feel as if I could give you a good horse-whipping; it would do you a fine sight more good than coppers.

J. Who are you, to talk this way to me?

S. Never mind who I am; I know who *you* are. You are Jack Worrall, of Tenterden, and you've drank away houses and land and money, and happiness and love and friendship; you broke your widowed mother's heart and disgraced your family all round. You deserve to be poor, and I'll be hanged if I'll give you a single copper, Christmas Day as it is! Such fellows as you *ought* to starve, while steady and sober and industrious people have plenty and enjoy themselves! (*He marches indignantly away.*)

J. (*staring after S.*) Well, confound that old gent's impudence. I don't know the fellow, but he seems to know me, at any rate. If he'd only a dropped a copper or two I wouldn't mind, but the shabby fellow has left me as he found me, though he gave me a good rating. But here comes a lady; happen she'll be more generous—ladies are generally tender towards suffering humanity. I'll put on my mournful look—that'll fetch her. (*He stands with head bowed and hands clasped.*) Beg pardon, ma'am.

Miss Mobbs. Oh, go away! go away! You want to rob or murder me, you wicked man. If you don't run away I'll scream for help!

J. Beg pardon, ma'am, but I'm not a thief or a murderer, I'm only a poor fellow starving for want of a copper or two!

Miss M. I don't believe you—you are a bad, wicked man, I can see it in your face. Don't come near me! Go away, I tell you! I won't give you anything. How dare you stop me on the Queen's highway! Oh, I'll send a policeman after you; I'll have you arrested! (*Trudges away quickly.*)

J. Well, that's a caution! What a timid old lady she is! 'Pon my word, I must look a terrible fright to scare folks like that. Ah, here's a young gent a-coming. I'll try my hand on him. Please, young gent!

Mr. Pompous. What do you want, fellow?

J. I'm sure a kind, handsome, wealthy young gent like you will stop a minute while I explain my sad condition. I haven't a friend in the world, and I'm actually starving for want of

bread. Will you, sir, help me with a few coppers— a few coppers such as you will never miss.

Mr. P. What's brought you to this condition, eh?

J. Short of work, sir—can't get any nowhere.

Mr. P. I should say, looking at your nose, it is because you are too fond of drink that you are so poor! Isn't that it, eh?

J. No, sir, not at all; I ain't a teetotaler, but I ain't a drunkard, sir. It's Christmas Day, and I haven't broken my fast this blessed morning yet. Take pity on me, sir.

Mr. P. Well, here's a shilling, go and get a good dinner.

J. (*taking shilling*). Thank you, sir—thank you. May you never know what it is to want a shilling, sir!

Mr. P. All right. Good-day.

J. Good-day, sir! Ah, that's one of the right sort, that is; now I'll go and have a quart of beer! Bother the meat, give me the drink! Nothing like beer! Who's this a-coming, I wonder! Seems like a parson—I'll go in for another copper or two. (*Mr. Wright approaching with little girl.*) Can you assist a poor, hungry man, sir? Haven't tasted food to-day, sir?

Mr. Wright. Poor fellow! If what you say is true you are to be pitied. It is Christmas Day—the day on which the Saviour was born—the Saviour who never turned a deaf ear to the cry of the poor and the hungry; and as one of His humble followers I ask you to come with me to my house and you shall have food to eat, and I'll see if I can't find you better and warmer clothes than those you are now wearing. Come along, my friend!

J. But—but—you are too kind, sir; I am not fit to walk alongside you and the little girl.

Mr. W. That is nothing; I am not ashamed to know you are wanting food. Come along, sir!

J. Sir, sir! Who calls me sir. I have lost the right to be kindly treated; I am a drunkard and a deceiver! Pray pass on and leave me!

Mr. W. Poor fellow! I cannot leave you; if you are a drunkard there is more reason why I should not leave you; if you are a deceiver, then I want to show you the error of your way.

Susie (*taking J.'s hand*). Come with grandpa! Come and have some dinner.

J. (*putting away Susie's hand*). Don't touch me, child! I am not fit to come near such a sweet flower as you.

S. But I love you; grandpa loves you; he loves everybody.

J. (*groaning*). Oh, how strange is all this! Do

you know, sir, the moment I heard your voice I seemed to hear the voice of my father speaking to me from the grave. You might be he! I am all of a tremble.

Mr. W. Let the voice speak to you with effect, sir. I can see by your appearance you have drunk the cup of sin to its dregs; are you not weary of the life you have led? This is Christmas Day! the day of peace and goodwill; shall it be peace and goodwill to you? Come, sir, to my house; tell me your life, and I will point you to a better.

J. I cannot resist; I am weary, and anxious to begin a nobler, better life. Lead on, sir, I will follow! (*Aside.*) What power is this? I seem a new man already! May God help me to do the right! (*Follows Mr. W. and Susie.*)

DROPS OF DRINK.

BY JOHN WRIGGLESWORTH.

DROPS of Drink! What do they lead to?
Do they lead to noble ends?
Do they bring a flow of pleasure,
Happiness, and steadfast friends?
Do they bring sweet hours of comfort,—
Rest from weary toil and care,
Peace and blessings without number,
And each grief and trouble share?
Let the voice of wisdom answer
With a truthful tongue and fair.

Drops of drink! They lead to ruin—
Lead to an untimely end;
While they mar the flow of pleasure,
And drive from you every friend.
Ah! they bring sad hours of sorrow;—
Comfort, bliss, and peace are rare;—
In the homestead where the drink's found
There are strife and carking care;
Woful scenes of vice and misery
Are too often witnessed there.

Drops of drink! O, young men! shun them
As you would a viper's nest;
They can sting, and they can venom,
And plant demons in your breast
That will goad you on to madness,
And drag down your soul to death.
Touch not, then, the drops of liquor,
Keep ye from the scorching heath
Of the drink-fiend; then your future
May be crowned by virtue's wreath.

QUIET WAYS ARE BEST.

WHAT'S the use in worrying,
Of hurrying
And scurrying,

Everybody flurrying,
And breaking up their rest,
When every one is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us,
To settle down and end the fuss,

For quiet ways are best?
The rain that trickles down in showers
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers,
Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup.
And gentle zephyrs gather up
There's ruin in the tempest's path;
There's ruin in a voice of wrath;

And they alone are best
Who early learn to dominate
Themselves, their violence abate,
And prove, by their serene estate,
That quiet ways are best.

Nothing's gained by worrying,
By hurrying,
And scurrying;
With fretting and with flurrying,
The temper's often lost;
And in pursuit of some small prize
We rush ahead and are not wise,
And find the unwonted exercise
A fearful price has cost.

'Tis better far to join the throng
That do their duty right along;
Reluctant they to raise a fuss,
Or make themselves ridiculous.
Calm and serene in heart and nerve,
Their strength is always in reserve,
And nobly stand the test;
And every day and all about,
By scenes within and scenes without,
We can discern, with ne'er a doubt,
That quiet ways are best.

—New York "Evangelist."

HOW DRUNKARDS ARE MADE.

IF you want to know how drunkards are made and how children begin to drink beer just read the following, which appeared in the New York Herald:

"Now, you watch those children. They'll drink half that beer before they get home, and their mother will scold me for not giving a good pint, and I've given nearly a quart," said

the bartender of a down-town saloon yesterday referring to two little girls of six and eight, thinly clad, who came in for a pint of beer. The reporter did watch the young ones. They had scarcely got outside the saloon-door when the one that carried the tin pail lifted it to her lips and took a draught. Then her companion enjoyed a few swallows. A little further on they entered a tenement-house hallway, and both again took a sip. 'I have lots of such customers,' said the bartender when the reporter returned to the saloon to light his cigar. 'Girls and boys and women form half our trade. We call it family trade. It pays our expenses. Our profits come from the drinkers at the bar. But I tell you what, half the children who come here drink. That's how drunkards are made. Their mothers and fathers send 'em for beer. They see the old folks tipple and begin to taste the beer for themselves.

"Few of the children who come in here for beer or ale carry a full pint home. Sometimes two or three come in together, and if you'll watch 'em you'll hear one begging the one who carries the pail for a sip. We must sell it however, when their parents send for it. We are bound to do so. Business is business. We don't keep a temperance shop."

NOTICE OF BOOKS.

A *New and Enlarged Edition of HOYLE'S HYMNS AND SONGS* has recently been issued. The books now contain 275 gems of song and are the most useful and popular published. No Band of Hope is really abreast with the times unless HOYLE'S HYMN BOOK and HOYLE'S MUSIC BOOK enter into its meetings. Mr. Hoyle is universally known as the earnest and able song-poet of the Temperance and Band of Hope movements, with which movements he has been identified for a considerable number of years, and his pieces are immensely popular. Not only are they sung at the great Crystal Palace Festivals, but at almost every Festival held throughout the country. In America, Australia, at the Cape, wherever the Temperance movement has spread, Mr. Hoyle's stirring music, adapted to equally inspiring words, is sung. Those who have not seen the books, or those who are forming a Band of Hope, Temperance Society, or Good Templar Lodge, should write to the Publishers of this magazine for copies of HOYLE'S HYMNS AND SONGS before adopting any other. They are also equally valuable for use in the home circle.

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1889.



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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 229.—January, 1889.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!



Of course, we wish all our readers a Happy New Year. To the very little ones, whose eyes are bright as jewels, and whose hearts are innocent of the many evils which make older people sometimes thoughtful and sad; to the boys and girls of larger growth, who have lessons to learn at school and duties to perform at home, and who sometimes make the mistake of thinking they are wiser than their parents and cleverer than their teachers; to those who have entered upon the active duties of life—who go to the workshop, the factory, the office, or the mill, and who are beginning to realize that "life is real, life is earnest"; to those who are engaged in the battle against evil in its many hideous forms—especially against the evil of intemperance; and also to those "aged ones," who take up our little *Treasury*—and, while reading, wish us "God speed"; to all and every one we send a hearty greeting.

We welcome the New Year with out-spread arms, as the little fellow in our illustration is

welcoming the flood of sunshine which greets his awaking. We have just been looking over the record of our last year's work, and though we detect some flaws, yet on the whole there is cause for abundant thankfulness. The pages of our *Treasury* have been devoted to what is pure, what is true, and what is of good report. Our readers have received no advice, no suggestion, no information but of an elevating and purifying nature; while the Temperance worker has been provided with a supply of material which must have been useful. In the new year we shall continue to do our best, and shall be glad to receive help from any who possess the ability to write original poems and dialogues suitable for our pages. We enter upon the work of another year joyfully and hopefully, yet with humility. Whatever the days and weeks and months may have in store for us, we know if duty is done, in the right spirit, the Hand that guides and rules will lead us aright, and give the blessing on our labours.

"JUST AS I AM."

BY I. EDGAR JONES.

"JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee;
O Lamb of God, I come."

'Twas thus a drunkard tried to pray
While bending o'er his baby's clay;
His trembling fingers, anguished, grasped
The little hand that death had clasped,
But failed to change the sunny smile
That rested on the face the while.

"Just as I am"—I yield the strife—
The record of my ruined life;
The curse that made my mind a wreck;
That neither prayer nor pride could check;
No other place have I to flee—
'Oh! let me hide myself in Thee.'

"Just as I am"—weak, weary, worn,
The relic of a hope forlorn;
A thing whose worthless actions tend
To every weak and wicked end;
Whose faltering footsteps daily trace
The path of pain and deep disgrace.

"Just as I am"—a weary soul
O'er which temptation's billows roll;
The demon forms that round me creep,
The horrid dreams that banish sleep,
The craving fiends that o'er me ride,
With calls that will not be denied.

"Just as I am"—remembering well
The wife that by my fury fell;
The little lips that daily cried
For bread their father's curse denied,
And daily begged—with weary feet
That marked with blood the frozen street.

"Just as I am"—O Saviour! come
And save me from the rage of rum;

By memories of this little form,
That Thou hast taken from the storm,
By all the hopes Thy Scriptures give,
Support my vows and let me live."

The clouds were rent, the darkness fled
And fell upon the burdened bed
A ray of sunshine, soft and warm,
That glorified the little form,
And shone in promise fondly there,
As if in answer to his prayer.

And ever since his feet have trod
In light and life and love of God,
Devoting ceaseless work to win
The wandering ones from ways of sin.
"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me"—
These the grand words with which he came.
Go, weary one, do thou the same.

EACH MAN SHOULD DO HIS DUTY.

BY GEORGE PARKER.

NOT by shuffling from the battle,
Not by hanging in the rear ;
Not by shirking urgent duty,
Shall we bring the victory near.

He that runneth from the conflict,
He that lets his weapon rust,
Can not wave the palm of triumph,
Can not glory with the just.

In God's universal system
None fall back or slip aside ;
Each of all the mighty forces
Serve with dignity and pride.

Brethren, each must do his duty,
Each must struggle with the wrong,
Each must bear the cross and burden ;
Only thus shall we be strong.

There are evils we must strangle,
There are enemies to fight ;
Cruel foes most fierce and active,
Keeping back the good and right.

We must all be up and at them,
Meet them here, and meet them there ;
Consecrate our vote and influence
With the energy of prayer.

WANTED.

BY JOHN WRIGGLESWORTH.

WANTED, men of sterling worth, and
true,
To sign the pledge and keep it all life through ;
To spread more love, and help to lessen strife ;
To leave the bad, and lead a better life ;
To speak a word to those deep down in sin,
And shew them how the ways of truth to
win ;—

To lure them from the path that leads to death,
And point them where the soft and balmy
breath

Of Temperance sheds ambrosial sweets around,
Where discord reigns not ; where no mournful
sound

Is heard of mothers, with sad hearts and drear,
Bewailing their beloved one's stained career ;—
But where the welcome note of joy is heard,
Where every soul with kindly love is stirred.
Yes, wanted now in city, town, and plain—
Yea, even on the mighty, surging main—
Clear-headed men, strong in God's strength,
and brave,

To help to break the fetters of the slave
Entangled in the fierce relentless power
Of that foul monster drink, whose only dower
Is shame and death, and loss of heaven besides,
To those who follow where he madly rides.
Yes, men to wage a war against the drink,
And never rest until, with mighty clink,
The chain's last coupling is asunder snapped,
And every soul in soberness is wrapped,—
Till Temperance and Religion, hand in hand,
Spread forth their blessings over every land.

A NEW YEAR.

BY S. D. TIFFANY.

NOW we bid the *Old Year* farewell,
And its bright joys and sorrows tell,
Its friendships sweet, we still retain ;
A Happy New Year may we gain.
May noble thought, and kindly deed,
Still prompt our hearts to those in need,
So living, loving, doing good,
Blessing all others as we should ;
In grateful hearts may love abound,
And to our God may praise resound,
For the rich blessings He bestows,
Each day His goodness freely flows.

JAMES ALLEN.

BY AN A. P. C.

"It is a long time since we have seen you at church," said a lady, addressing a fellow parishioner one cold day in November.

"I know it is, ma'am; for having to work all the week I do not feel inclined to turn out on Sundays," said Mr. Allen, the person spoken to.

"Have you had many night engagements lately?" inquired the lady.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have not done as much this season as I formerly did, for I do not see the force of risking the breaking of one's neck for a master who would turn my wife out on the Saturday, were I to be killed on the Monday."

"Still, your earthly master's behaviour to you does not exempt you from paying the debt of gratitude you owe to his and your Heavenly One. It was the latter, not the former, who instituted divine service for our benefit and His pleasure. You will come again, if not on Sundays, on Wednesday evenings?"

"I will think about it," replied the man, turning round as they parted.

"Do, and I shall expect to see you in your old place on Sunday," was the answer.

"It is all very well for the likes of her to go to church. She has a good home, good clothes, and plenty of decent food to eat. What should I find to thank God for if I went?—a drunken wife, a cheerless home, un-mended clothes, and spoilt, unwholesome food. But, there, it was my own fault; I have made my bed and must lie on it, however lumpy and hard it be," groaned James Allen, as he continued his journey.

Lost in meditation he sauntered along, un-mindful of cold or passers by, until two rabbits, suddenly emerging from a thicket, crossed his path. Bang, bang, went his gun, and the two small animals lay dead. Picking them up he altered his course and made his way to a tiny cottage where dwelt a poor woman who managed to subsist on her parish pay and what she earned by two half-days' washing a week.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wells. Here are two rabbits I have just knocked over. Perhaps they will do for your dinner, as I do not

want the trouble of carrying them about with me for the next few hours."

"Thank God," replied the woman with such deep earnestness that Mr. Allen was struck by it and asked her what she had to thank God for.

"What have I to thank Him for?" echoed she, looking with astonishment at her visitor.

"Yes, what have you? it seems to me nothing."

"Is it nothing to be fed day by day as well as your Master was; to have a roof to cover you and a bed to sleep upon when He had none? Is it nothing to possess a Father who will supply every want and not only forgive, but receive us into His family and give us the privileges of first-born children? Nothing to be fellow heirs with His Son of a never-fading heritage? Ah, if it is nothing, I prefer it before the something which it is in the power of this world to give," answered the woman.

"That may be true, but I have not the gift of seeing things in your light, so I will say good morning," said Mr. Allen, once more resuming his journey, and making a rough calculation of how many rabbits had been shot to feed the foxes that year.

"Thankful for a three-hundredth part of what those destructive animals have devoured since last Christmas," ejaculated he at last, having put two and two together, as he called working out an arithmetical problem, and adding, "It is past my comprehension, I cannot understand it! One thing I can understand, however, and that is, that I am very cold and that a glass of hot whiskey and water will warm me, so I will pay a short visit to the 'Rose and Crown.'"

James Allen went into the public house designated thus, called for his glass, drank it, and went about his business.

A week later, going home to his dinner one day he found the fire out, his wife sitting on a rocking chair before the empty grate, and the chops he had brought home the night before lying on the shelf in the larder uncooked.

"No dinner ready, Peggy," said he.

No answer came. Peggy Allen was wont to have fits of sullen temper after unusual drinking, and she was in one now. Indeed

she had not spoken to her husband for three days.

"For better for worse. I have decidedly got the worst," muttered James, as he once more entered the larder to take a couple of the chops down from the shelf and transfer them to his coat pocket before leaving his cheerless abode until the evening. Crossing a field on his right brought him to Farmer Bates's back door, where he encountered the comfortable-looking mistress of the farm, who exclaimed on seeing him,

"And it's Mr. Allen, is it? Come away in. We are just going to have a bit of dinner, and my good man will be downright glad if you will stay and have a bit with us. We were only talking about you this morning and saying how long it was since we had caught sight of you."

"I did not come to eat your dinner," answered James, looking at the clock and thinking it seemed very like sponging to pay a visit so near meal time. "I came to ask you if you would cook me these chops."

"Never mind the chops; those will stand over till to-morrow. Draw up your chair to the fire while I try the potatoes and take up the beefsteak pudding. George is very fond of beefsteak pudding, although he says it satiates him before he has had enough. Is Peggy sadly again?"

In answer James Allen shook his head, looking very sorry for himself and his wife too.

"Call your master, Jane, and draw up your chair, Mr. Allen. George does not like to wait. Here, sonny, let me tie that bib on you, or a fine state your clothes will be in," said Mrs. Bates, pushing her youngest child's high-chair to the table.

Scarcely was all arranged as the farmer liked to see it, when the door opened and he walked in, giving a hearty greeting as he did so to their guest.

(To be continued.)

STICK TOGETHER.

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 the 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.

SOMETHING WHICH MAY BE LOST.

ANON.

A WEE little maid, with a bright little
face,
Climbed up on the railing one day,
Which guarded the pansies; a slip and a fall,
And down 'mid the blossoms she lay.

No very bad bruises were found on her knees,
And very few tears in her eyes.
"The child lost her balance," her grandma
declared;
May listened in wondering surprise.

They missed her, and down in the pansies she
knelt,
Now peering first this way and that;
"Tis gone, some one stole it!" she calmly
announced,
Looking up from the depths of her hat.

"And what did you drop?" asked her mamma,
surprised,
And kissing the cheeks all aglow;
Then laughed at her answer, and kissed her
again;
"My balance; I lost it, you know."

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU



Words and Music by R. L.

Come, welcome the New Year with an them of joy, In hymns of thanksgiving our voi-ces em - ploy;

KEY E ^b	{	<u>m.f</u> s : s : m f : l : f m : s : m r : - : m f : l : f m : s : m r : t : l s :
		<u>d.r</u> m : m : d d : d : d d : m : d t : - : d d : d : d d : m : d t : r : d t : -
		s s : s : s l : f : l s : s : s s : - : s l : f : l s : s : s s : s : f e s :
		d d : d : d f : f : f d : d : d s : - : d f : f : f d : d : d r : r : r s : -

And min-gle our tri-bute of gra-ti-tude here, To Him who has bless'd us with a "Happy New Year."

{	<u>m.f</u> s : s : m f : l : f m : s : m r : - : <u>m.f</u> s : d' : m f : l : d . r m : f : r d : -
	<u>d.r</u> m : m : d d : d : d d : m : d t : - : <u>d.r</u> m : m : d d : d : d . d d : r : t d :
	s d' : d' : s l : d' : l s : d' : s s : - : s d' : s : s l : d' : s . l s : s : f m :
	d d : d : d f : f : f d : d : d s : - : d d : d : d f : f : m . f s : s : s d : -

CHORUS.

"Happy New Year" to you! "Happy New Year" to you! Dear friends and companions, "Happy New Year" to you!

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

With voi-ces of gladness and hearts full of cheer, We wish you—we wish you a "Happy New Year!"

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

At each year's returning may joy be thy guest,
 Till life's fading sunshine shall sleep in the west;
 And when at the Judgment we all shall appear,
 Oh! then may we greet you with a "Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year" to you, &c.

A SOCIAL EVENING AND HOW IT ENDED.

A DIALOGUE FOR TEN. BY JOHN B. WINTERBOTTOM.

SCENE: *Miss Wiseacre's drawing room nicely furnished.*

Miss Wiseacre enters.

WELL, I think it's almost time my guests began to arrive. Let me see (*takes out her watch*) it's now half-past four, and my friends promised to be here about five. But I wonder where that Maria is; I gave her orders half-an-hour ago to get the tea ready, and here it is half-past four o'clock and she has not even got a single cup out yet. I wonder what ever she can be doing; I should not be surprised to find her talking, either to the policeman or the postman, or the pork-butcher, or some such person, for she has almost a word for every one that passes by. (*Remains silent a few moments.*) What ever in the world can she be doing all this time! she must be either asleep or something; but if she is I'll soon awaken her. (*Rings the bell.*) I never saw such work in all my life,—this is what I call down-right impudence. (*A loud knock is heard at the door.*) Here she is, all in a bustle and hurry I expect. Come in.

(*Enter Maria, out of breath and rather flurried.*)

Miss W. What ever on earth have you been doing? Here it is a quarter to five and not a tea thing ready,—make haste and set the table while I go and have my glass of port. (*Miss W. retires.*)

Maria. (*bustling about.*) Botheration to the parties; I'm about sick of them. What with tea parties, and birth-day parties, and balls, and visitors, and I don't know what, it's enough to drive one mad. (*After spreading a cloth on table exits. In a few moments she re-enters with a tray full of cups and saucers, plates of bread and butter, etc., which she sets in their proper places.*) There, I wonder if that will suit. Let me see, bread and butter, cakes, sugar, cream; yes, I think that's the lot, so I wish them good luck. (*Retires.*)

Miss W. (*entering and looking at the table.*) There, that looks something like. I begin to think Maria will make a useful woman after all; but it's about time my friends began to arrive, if they intend coming to-day. (*Sits down. Loud knock is heard at the door.*)

Miss W. Come in, please.

Maria. Please, ma'am, four of the young ladies have just arrived.

Miss W. Show them into the cloak-room, and then bring them forward. (*Maria exits, after being away a few moments returns with Nellie,*

Lizzie, Mary, and Polly, then retires.) Good afternoon, friends. (*Rises to shake hands.*) I trust you have come in good spirits and prepared for a good evening's enjoyment. (*Another knock is heard.*) Come in. (*Maria ushers in four others.*) Now, Maria, I think you had better bring in the tea, please. (*Maria retires; soon returns with tea-pot. Exits.*) I think at a party like this we ought by all means to sing grace. So if Mary will read grace we will sing it.

Mary.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee.

(*They all sing, then sit down and begin tea.*)

Miss W. Now, friends, if you have any suggestions to make that will tend to make this evening's gathering enjoyable, I should be most glad to hear them.

Fanny. Well, I thought if we chose a certain subject, and each one gave our different opinions upon it, then sing or recite, and so on, it would be very enjoyable.

Catherine. I think if we adopt that method, it would be very interesting. And I was thinking if we took the subject of Temperance, which so many fanatics are raging about, it would be a very good plan.

Nellie. Yes; and there are some fanatics here to defend and uphold that noble cause.

Miss W. Perhaps, then, we had better make Temperance the subject for discussion; but before we start, let us sing grace, then the table shall be cleared. (*They sing. Maria clears table. They then sit in half circle, Miss W. in the centre. Catherine, Fanny, Polly, and Susie on one side, the rest on the other.*) Now for the discussion. Of course we can't put old heads on young shoulders; but although we are young no doubt we shall all have something to say. I will ask Catherine to begin.

C. In opening this debate, I must say I get more disgusted every day with the silly, ignorant, bigoted teetotalers. To hear their wishy-washy talk about strong drink is sickening. And they even cram their nonsense down the throats of children. But they may say what they wish; I like a drink of beer or spirits, and it does me good.

N. Can that be good, friends, which curses, and blights, and ruins body and soul? I say no! Can that be good which we dare not lift our eyes to heaven and ask God's blessing upon? I say no! Can that be good which makes life a burden? which injures health and squanders wealth? No! And as for Catherine calling

teetotalers silly, ignorant, and bigoted, I must say she surprises me. What is there silly in rescuing and saving a poor drunkard? and where does the ignorance come in? And as to being bigoted, do you call a man bigoted when he will stoop down and help his fallen comrade out of the gutter,—help him to regain his manliness? Truthfully and honourably we cannot say so. But let me advise you, Catherine, to leave the accursed glass alone. For at last it biteth like an adder and stingeth like a scorpion.

F. Well, after hearing those few remarks, I'm almost inclined to think, friends, we are on the wrong side. But what I can't understand is, why so many professors of religion take drink, if it is wrong. And again, does not the Bible tell us that Jesus turned water into wine? then why should it be wrong to drink wine?

Lizzie. Yes, Fanny, the Bible does tell us Jesus turned water into wine, but it does not tell us He put any of that deadly poison, alcohol, into it. The wine our Saviour made was made from pure water, and that is far different to the stuff they call wine now-a-days. And as to professors of religion, I cannot judge them; but we are aware that this great demon is robbing our churches and schools of some of their brightest gems; and not only so, but it is preventing thousands from entering the church. I trust you will take Nellie's advice, and have nothing to do with the unclean thing.

Polly. I must say that my views differ from your views very much, Lizzie. I have heard my father say what good a glass of hot whiskey and water does him these cold mornings before he goes out. Besides, we have the doctors on our side, and surely they ought to know what is good for the body better than we do. I think it is nonsense for girls like you to set yourselves up to know more than they do.

M. (*jumping up*.) Not quite so fast, Polly. You seem to think you have all the doctors on your side, but I wish to say you are wrong there. Some of the most learned and clever doctors of the land denounce the use of intoxicating liquors. And as for your father saying whiskey does him good, I fear he is a little deceived; and instead of doing him good I think he will find out in time that it is doing him harm. A young man asked his physician one day for a glass of whiskey to stimulate and warm him, and do you know what the physician's reply was?

P. No, that I don't.

M. He took a stick and put it on the fire. "Do you see that stick?" said the physician. "Yes," said the young man, "the stick is getting hot and

burning away." "Then," said the physician, "that's just what whiskey will do for you. It will warm you, but at the same time it will burn the vital parts of your body; and if you still go on taking it, ultimately it will burn those parts away." And, Polly, I think it is doing the same for your father.

Susie. We often see in our papers and often hear the question asked, "What is port wine or spirits good for?" and often an answer comes, "Good for nothing." I used to think what ignorant people there were in this world to say such things. But I am convinced, from what I have heard, it is myself that has been deceived. I have not taken drink because it has done me good—I have not taken it because it has done our family good; far from it; for it has robbed our home of its brightest gems; it has crushed and blighted the happiness there. The reason I have taken drink is because I like it; but from this time I will, by Divine help, never touch the accursed stuff again.

Amj. Yes, friends, and if Fanny and Catherine, and Polly also, look round in their homes, they will find what mischief this great demon has wrought; and in thousands of homes in this land it has left its deadly sting. It has brought thousands to the grave long before their appointed time. Look, for instance, at poor Jones. It was his drunken son Jack's ways that brought his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. There are hundreds of mothers at this present time wringing their hands in agony over a reckless son; thousands of children are crying over a fireless grate. "Why?" do I hear some one ask? Because the one who ought to feed, and clothe, and protect, and guide them squanders his wages at the 'Bell and the Dragon.' From thousands of homes there comes the cry, "Would to God drink were no more." Oh, may God hasten that day. (*Miss W. rising*.)

C. I should just like to say before you give the verdict that I am convinced with Susie that I've been defending the wrong cause. I'm sure that our friends have been equal to their word; they have defended their cause faithfully; and I am determined from this time, after what I have heard, to do all that lays in my power to further this noble work.

F. Without making any lengthy address, suffice it to say, what I have heard has changed my views. I'm determined to fight against this great evil.

P. And so will I.

Miss W. Now for the verdict. Without any comment on the various remarks which have been

made, I must say our Temperance friends are on the right and winning side. I used to think how silly and ignorant Temperance people were, but I am convinced they are doing a grand and noble work, and I intend, by God's help, to do what I can to help them.

N. I must say I'm much pleased to see that our labours have not been in vain. But you must excuse Lizzie and myself, as we promised to sing to-night at the Band of Hope meeting.

P. And pray what are you going to sing?

L. We were thinking of singing an old favourite of mine, "Dare to be a Daniel," and if any of you would like to join us we shall most heartily welcome you.

S. I shall be glad to become a member; but before we go, suppose you oblige us by singing a couple of verses.

L. So we will; but you all must join in the chorus. (*Nellie and Lizzie sing.*)

Standing by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honour them the faithful few—
All hail to Daniel's band.
Dare to be a Daniel, &c.

Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand;
Who for God had been a host,
By joining Daniel's band.
Dare to be a Daniel, &c.

M. Now, we will all go to the Band of Hope Meeting.

All together. All right, so we'll go and get ready. (*Exit.*)

THE LICENSE SYSTEM.

BY COWPER.

PASS where you may, through city or through town,
Village or hamlet of this merry land,
Though lean and beggared, every twentieth pace,

Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch forth-issuing from THE STYES
THAT LAW HAS LICENSED, as makes Temperance reel.

There sit involved and lost in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey, and the groom. The craftsman there,

Takes leathean leave of all his toil;
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough, all loud alike,
All learned and all drunk. The fiddle screams,

Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wailed
Its wasted tunes and harmony unheard.

Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound
The cheek-distending oath. 'Tis here they learn

The road that leads from competence and peace

To indigence and repine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her encumbered lap, and casts them out.

But Censure profits little; vain the attempt
To advertise in verse A PUBLIC PEST,
That, like the filth with which the peasant feeds

His hungry acres, stink, and is of use.
The excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot. The ten thousand casks,
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the State,
Bled gold, for Parliament to vote away.
Drink and be mad, then; 'tis your country bids;

Gloriously drunk—obey the important call;
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats;

Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

NOTICE OF BOOKS.

"From Generation to Generation; or, the Rise and Progress of Temperance. By Emily Foster. Price 3s. 6d. Manchester: Brook and Chrystal. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.; National Temperance Publication Depot.

Miss Foster is rendering good service to the cause of Temperance by her books. "From Generation to Generation" is a cleverly written story, with an object. The characters are well drawn and natural; and with the story is blended much exact information which will be useful and interesting to the Temperance worker, as well as to readers generally. The book is well printed, the binding artistic and elaborate, and will make a suitable gift for the season. We heartily recommend it.

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No. 230.—February, 1889.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.]



"BE CAREFUL!"

"BE CAREFUL!"



SWEET-FACED young mother is leaving her cottage to make some purchases at the village store. On her left arm she carries "baby," while with her right hand she is thoughtfully helping "wee Willie" down the somewhat rough steps leading from the cottage door to the road. "Be careful, my darling," his mother is saying; "one more step, and then you will be all right." Willie heeds the caution, and soon mother, baby and he are merrily skipping along the country lane towards the store.

How many a mother, with tears in her eyes, has said to her son when first leaving home to begin life, "Be careful, my boy!" and the boy has answered in a cheery voice, "All right, mother, I'll be careful, never fear!" The mother *knows* the dangers and temptations to wrong her boy will have to encounter, and her words express the anxiety of her loving heart. The boy *does not know* the snares set to entangle the unwary and the subtle influences at work to turn his buoyant steps into the path of evil. He cannot understand the deep meaning of his mother's earnest caution, nor fathom the look of anxiety on her face. "Be careful!" Of course he'll be careful! Why make so much fuss? He knows what he is about! But it is not till after years,

when experience has taught him many a lesson, and he has grown wiser, that he realises the meaning of his mother's words; it is then he is able somewhat to fathom the depth of anxious love that moved her, when he was entering the battle-field of life, lest his feet should slip, and he should be wounded, perhaps unto death.

Boys and girls need the repeated caution; they need line upon line, precept upon precept. Were there no Sunday-schools, no Bands of Hope and kindred institutions to supplement the kindly home influences, our young people would be poorly equipped to encounter the evils that are in the world. Even with the good agencies that are at work many are led astray and fall victims to drunkenness and other vices; but many are kept from falling. We believe there is a good time coming. If we can only remove the temptations which strong drink presents, a large part of our task will be accomplished. The work of the teacher will be made easy, and truth will rapidly win its way.

In the meantime, let one who knows much of the dark and seamy side of human nature, and has seen many a human ship-wreck on life's tempestuous sea, say to you, boys and girls, with all sincerity, "Be careful!" Let this caution be your watchword.

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

BY C. F. ADAMS.

MINE gracious! Mine gracious! shust look here and see

A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.
Der beoples all dink dot no prains I haf got,
Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas queer;

Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass off beer,
Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a schpeck,
A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,

Und his leedle pink toes mit der rest all combine
To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby was von of der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise;
He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English,
too,
Says "mamma," and "bapa," and sometimes
"ah—goo!"

You don't find a baby den dimes out off nine
Dot vos quite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloer ofer und drows dings
about,
Und poots efryding he can find in his mout;

He dumbles der shtairs down, and falls vrom
his chair,
Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible skare;
Mine hair shtands like squills on a mat bor-
cubine
Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby of
mine.
Der vas someding, you pet, I don't likes pooty
vell,
To hear in der night dimes dot young Deutscher
yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es
While der chills down der shpine off mine pack
quickly goes;
Dose leedle shimnastic dricks vasn't so fine,
Dot I cuts oop at night mit dot baby off mine.
Vell, dese leedle schafers vas goin' to pe men,
Und all of dese droubles vill peen ofer den;
Dey vill veer a white shirt vront inshtead off
a bib,
Und wouldn't got tucked oop at night in deir
crib.
Vell! Vell! ven I'm feeble und in life's
decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered py dot baby off
mine.

JAMES ALLEN.

BY AN A. P. C.

"**M**ALLO! what is the matter with you,
little man?" said he, noticing that the
occupant of the high chair did not eat the
pudding he gave him.

"He has got the toothache, and I have
given him my farthing," answered Jimmy, his
brother.

"No, I haven't; I have got two toothaches,"
said the little one, ready to cry.

"Never mind, it will soon be better," replied
the farmer, soothingly. "Eat up your dinner
now."

"Father, look here," said the child, when
the meat had been cleared away. "Here is
Britannia sitting on a saucepan lid, holding a
toasting fork in her hand with a bottle behind
her."

"Hand it over, Sonny, and let me look at it."

"It is uncommonly like what he says," ex-
claimed the farmer, taking the warm half-worn

farthing from the child and placing it in front
of James Allen.

"It is! Would that the shield were turned
a little more to the back," said James.

"Well, you can help to turn it round by
becoming a teetotaler.

"I a teetotaler! What should I do in cold
weather without a glass to warm me? It is all
very well for you who have a good hot dinner
every day and tea when you come home."

"Well, come again to-morrow, and your
chops will be ready for you and a good hot
cup of coffee," said Mr. Bates, shaking hands
with him on his departure.

"Poor fellow," sighed Farmer Bates, watch-
ing the stooping figure open the garden gate.
"How different he is to what James Allen
was ten years ago. He will soon be as bad as
Peggy."

"You don't say so, George; James does not
drink," whispered Mrs. Bates that the children
might not hear.

"He does not get drunk, but he has an even
worse habit, and that is taking little nips at all
hours of the day. Nothing in this world will
ruin a man quicker than that," answered her
husband.

"Oh, George, we ought to save them! If
we cannot do it no one else can; you and he
were playmates, and he trusts you above all
others."

"You might go and look up his wife this
afternoon and put his place in order; I don't
see what I can do," answered her husband.

"I will, as soon as we have cleared up a bit
here."

George Bates smiled and looked round on
the clean tidy kitchen, with its shining chairs,
spotless window curtains, and white tables;
then to use his own expression, took himself
off. And later on, while he was superintending
the labours on his farm, his wife, arrayed in
her afternoon costume, paid a visit to Peggy
Allen. She found her as James had found
her earlier in the day, seated on the rocking
chair before the empty grate.

"Good afternoon, Peggy, I am sorry to find
you are not well," said Mrs. Bates, not know-
ing what to say.

"I am well enough. Who told you I was
ill?" was the surly answer.

"No one; I only thought it," said Mrs. Bates gently.

"I suppose James has been to your house complaining? It is all very well for him to talk. How would you like to be left alone for hours?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"I don't think he would leave you so much alone were you to have a good fire and a cheerful home ready for him. These things are necessary to men, and if they don't get them in one place they will go to another where they can. Come, Peggy, let us put the house a little shipshape, and then James will not want to go out."

"All very well for you to say so. James is not like George."

"But perhaps George would become like James if I did not take the trouble to please him. It is wonderful what a lot of attention and love men require; but there, it is a pleasure to serve them when they are as kind as my George is," said Mrs. Bates, preparing to light the fire.

"Leave those sticks alone. I knew how to light a fire before you were born," exclaimed Peggy, starting up and taking sticks and paper from Mrs. Bates' hand.

"Yes, you were always a clever girl," replied the farmer's wife, letting go the sticks, and watching her companion's dexterous fingers arrange them in the grate. "You have taught me many a thing, and I should like to help you now."

"There is one thing, I never taught you to flatter, Mrs. Bates."

"No more you did," replied the farmer's wife, laughing.

Crackle, crackle, went the sticks, and soon a bright fire was burning on the hearth. Disregarding her friend's offer to help, Peggy tidied up the place a little and then sat down again, and Mrs. Bates seeing there was nothing more for her to do, and that Peggy would evidently prefer her room to her company, wished her friend good-day and left, consoling herself with the thought that at all events James would have a fire to welcome him that evening. Alas, for human plans and purposes, James Allen did not return home at his usual time that November night. Thinking that the same dreary spectacle would await him that he had met in the morning, he turned

into the "Rose and Crown," and Peggy sat on her rocking chair in the lonely house until the embers died in the grate, and the bottle of whiskey in the cupboard was finished. Then, with her head on her breast, she nodded, and nodded, and sank into a profound slumber, until she was awakened by her husband's entrance at ten o'clock. Taking up the guttered candle, the husband and wife with unsteady steps mounted the staircase, and went to bed to sleep a heavy unrefreshing sleep.

That night the poachers were at work, but James Allen knew it not. Leaving the "Rose and Crown" soon after himself, they watched him home, saw the light extinguished in the house, and then set to work. Aided by the fog and darkness they managed to secure more than they had captured for years, and would have carried off their booty had they not been intercepted by Farmer Bates and his men, who had heard the shots and gone forth in search of the robbers. Grappling with his foe, George Bates received a blow which lamed him for many months; but he did not give in until his assailant was safely handcuffed by the police. And through it all James Allen slept, and awoke late the next morning with a severe headache. Rising, he put his head in a basin of cold water and went downstairs. There was no time to get a cup of tea, so he opened another whiskey bottle and took a glass, then left the house and his sleeping wife.

Of course the first person he met told him of the adventures of the night, and heartily ashamed of himself was he that he had had no share in the business.

(To be continued.)

THE SHIP BOY'S LETTER.

HERE'S a letter from Robin, father,
A letter from over the sea;
I was sure that the spark in the wick last night
Meant there was one for me;
And I laugh'd to see the postman's face
Look in at the dairy park,
For you said it was so womanlike
To put my trust in a spark.

"Dear father and mother, and granny,
I write on the breech of a gun,
And think, as I sit at the port hole
And look at the setting sun,

Father's chatting away beside you,
While you 'holy stone' the porch,
Or you are getting clean rigging ready,
For to-morrow's cruise to church.

"You mustn't be hard on the writing,
For what with ropes and with tar,
My fingers won't crook as they ought to,
And spelling is harder far;
And every minute a lurch comes
And spoils the look of my i's;
And I blot 'em instead of dot 'em,
And I can't get my words of a size.

"Tell Bessie I don't forget her,
But every Saturday night,
When we're talking of home in the twilight,
Or our lamps are all alight,
And I'm asked to tell of the lass I love,
I name sweet Bessie Green."
(O father, to think of his doing that,
And the monkey scarce fifteen!)

"And, granny, the yarns you spin all day,
In the corner off the door,
Won't be half so long and so tough as mine,
When I see you all ashore.
You maybe won't swallow flying fish,
But I'll bring you one or two,
And some Maltese lace for topsail gear,
And a fan for you know who.

"Then good-bye to each dear face at home,
Till I press them with my lips,
While you pray each night for 'ships at sea,
And 'God speed all sea ships!'
I smile as I rock in my hammock,
Though storms may shriek and strain,
For I feel when we pray for each other
We're sure to meet again."

ARTHUR'S SERMON.

BY IDA M. BUXTON.

I'M going to preach a sermon,
So I'll have to take a text.
I will quote it from the Scripture,
And give my version next.
I have searched all through the Bible
To select the very best,
And "Look not thou upon the wine"
Pleased more than all the rest.

Now, if we all obeyed these words,
How glad the world would be!

Homes now cheerless would be happy,
Not a drunkard should we see;
Little children would be cared for,
Would have nice good food to eat;
They wouldn't run around in rags,
But have clothing warm and neat.

The prisons would all be empty,
For there'd be no crime nor sin;
A smile would be on every face,
For the good and true would win.
Wouldn't you like to have it thus,
Just so happy, pure, and free,
Peace reigning over all the earth?
How glorious that would be!

Dear friends, it lies within your power
To do all I have told;
If all the people in the world
Would come forth true and bold,
Uniting in this noble cause,
The temperance pledge to sign,
Agreeing never in their lives
To look upon the wine. —*Good Times.*

THE RIPPLING RILL.

BY ALCYNTHUS.

NOT from the cask or hogshead,
Nor from the steaming still,
Bursts out in sparkling beauty
The pure, the rippling rill.

But gushing from the mountain,
Where farmers never till,
Where birds their matins warble,
Starts out the rippling rill.

Or from the fields of beauty,
That lie upon the hill,
Springs out the gurgling fountain,
The laughing, rippling rill.

Or welling from the valley,
Where cattle drink their fill,
And running through the meadows
Flows on the rippling rill.

And onward, downward flowing,
It turns the clattering mill,
And shows both use and beauty,
The bright, the rippling rill.

Not like the fiery fountains
Made poison by man's skill,
But pure as God created,
Is found the rippling rill.

IF WE TRY.

We can learn a use-ful les-son from a sin-gle drop of dew, For it spark-les to re-

KEY E_b

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mind us How to make our whole life true; We should ne-ver waste our mo-ments; They are pass-

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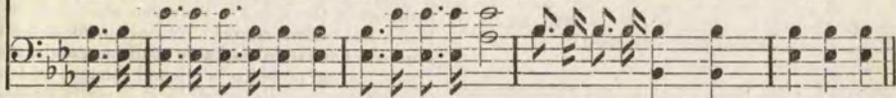
ing quick-ly by; To im-prove them is a du-ty-We can do it, if we try.

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CHORUS.



Then be ac-tive and be car-nest ; up! and let us try ; There is work around us all the day ;



a - round us all the day ;

{	m.,s	s .,l	s .,m	s : m	d .,t	l .,s	l : -	r .,r	r .,m	f .,f	l .,s	m : -	- : -
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For the world is full of sin, but the right is sure to win, And we can re-mo-ve it, *if we try.*



{	m.,r	d .,d	d .,r	m : m .,s	s .,s	d',t	l : t .,t	d : s	s .,f	m .,r	d : -	- : -
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Let us drop a gentle warning
 By the wayside, as we go,
 And, perhaps, the germ of kindness
 In a careless heart may grow ;
 Let our seed be sown at morning,
 For the night is drawing nigh ;
 There's a harvest for the faithful—
 We may share it, *if we try.*
 Then be active, &c.

As the bee is never idle,
 And the brook is never still,
 In the pleasant field of labour
 There's a place we all may fill ;
 Let us try to save the drunkard
 And his children, ere they die ;
 They have homes so sad and gloomy,
 We can change them, *if we try.*
 Then be active, &c.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

"I WON'T BELIEVE IT!"

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS.

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

May.

COME, Effie, dear, let us go and visit poor Mrs. Jones, I hear she is in deep trouble.

Effie. What's amiss, May? She was at chapel on Sunday, for I saw her there.

M. Yes, and I saw her, too; but I thought something was wrong, she looked so sorrowful. I have been told her husband has again been drinking, and in one of his drunken fights has so injured another man that he is not expected to recover. Jones has been arrested, and is now in prison.

E. How shocking! No wonder poor Mrs. Jones is in deep trouble. She is such a good soul, and is so respectable always, the disgrace must be doubly heavy on her heart.

M. Oh, this drink, this drink! Can you wonder, Effie, that really good men and women hate it, and are so desirous of getting laws passed to curtail its sale? For my part, I cannot understand how our members of Parliament and responsible legislators can pretend to seek the genuine welfare and prosperity of the people, and yet remain lukewarm or altogether indifferent to the evil resulting from the sale of Intoxicating Drink.

(Enter Annie during M.'s remarks.)

Annie. That shows your understanding is at fault, May!

M. Oh, how you startled us, Annie! Where have you sprung from?

A. The usual place, my dear! I came straight from home to here, and want you to go with me to see the Entertainment at the circus to-night. It isn't horse-riding and clowns, but a beautiful Diorama and good singing and dancing. Don't say "No!" for I really *shall* be disappointed if you refuse.

E. We were just going out to see a poor woman who is in trouble on account of her husband. He has been drinking and fighting, and is now in prison.

M. Why, surely, you don't need to bother about such persons! Drunken people are not worth troubling about. I suppose the man's wife is as bad as the man himself?

M. Oh, no! Mrs. Jones is a really nice person.

A. You never know these low people. They can pretend to be nice, I know, but for my part, I don't care to be mixed up in their affairs. It only leads to vexation, and what's the use?

E. Well, as regards Mrs. Jones, we know her

to be genuine. Her husband is a drunkard and we feel sorry for her, and intend to go and see her. If it wasn't for the nasty drink, she would not have to suffer so.

A. You two girls are always speaking evil things of the drink! Why you should do it I'm at a loss to understand. We have drink at home—*always* have it on the table at dinner, and I assure you instead of being a wicked demon, as I have heard you sometimes call it, it is really a pleasant and useful friend. You make a great mistake. You blame the drink, whereas you ought to blame the weak-minded people who abuse what otherwise is sent by God to do mankind good.

M. Oh, Annie! How can you say drink is sent by God? It is shocking!

A. Shocking or not, I mean what I say. All good things come from God—that we often hear repeated in church.

E. Yes, Annie, good things, but drink is not good. If drink were good we should see benefit arising from its universal use. But instead, the larger the consumption the greater the curse.

M. I don't care to argue with you, Annie, on the subject from such a point of view. You must be either very blind, or very stupid, or very bigoted, or very much given to opposition for its own sake, or you wouldn't care to defend the taking of intoxicating drink—especially in *that* way.

A. That's strong language you have just used, May, but I won't be offended. I know you are strong on the subject, and some allowance must be made. Nevertheless, I think the moderate use of drink is both beneficial and needful. If people would *use* and not *abuse* the drink there would be no need of so much random talk, and there would be no silly drunkards.

M. But people *do* abuse the drink, and there is something in it, the very nature of which encourages and ultimately compels them to abuse it. The fact is there, tens of thousands abuse drink; tens of thousands have died through abusing it; the army of drunkards is being constantly recruited from the ranks of those who set out *not* to abuse it. Our country groans under a bondage so terrible that good men at times almost despair.

A. You are growing quite eloquent, May. How is it my father never gets drunk? He takes his wine every day, and a glass or two of whiskey before going to bed every night.

E. Are you quite sure, Annie, your father never *does* get drunk?

A. How dare you insinuate such a thing? If you mention it in reference to my father you will make me very angry, Effie.

M. But why shouldn't Effie mention it, if it is fact that your father does sometimes overstep the bounds of strict moderation?

A. He never does!

M. Don't be so positive, Annie. Perhaps you have never seen what others have seen. It is a fact that on two occasions I know of, your father has been intoxicated! I saw him both times myself—there!

A. You must have been deceived; I won't believe it! If I thought such a thing possible I should lose all respect for my father.

M. Now, Annie, you go to extremes. I did not mention the matter either to give you pain or to glory in it; but simply to show you how dangerous it is to take intoxicating drink. I have heard it said, and I can quite believe it, those who take drink at all are *certain*, at some time or other, to take too much. When they are in company, or at some social gathering or public festival, they overstep the usual "glass or two," and get intoxicated; and this shows that only in total abstinence is there perfect safety.

A. You have shocked me, May and Effie. My strong belief in drink has been engendered by what I have seen at home. If what you say about my father is true, then my whole theory is false, and I will acknowledge my error. I know many abuse the drink to their great hurt, but I have always thought them weak persons. If my father has been intoxicated—overcome by it, then I am sure it will overcome anybody, for he is a strong-willed man, and rarely lets anything get the upper-hand of him.

M. Annie, neither fathers nor mothers, sisters nor brothers are ever sure to be kept from falling if they indulge in drink at all. What sad, sad cases we continually see and hear about—cases of suicide, of wife-beatings, of desertion, of failures in business, of children neglected, homes deserted, and all through drink! It is terrible; and worse than all, this misery might all be avoided. Men and women who live without the drink are healthy, happy, and contented. Drink is useless in every way. Even as a medicine, which some people plead, it is not absolutely necessary—other drugs are on the doctors' shelves which can be used in its place. There is no need for it at all; so that the ocean of misery is all self-inflicted!

E. I think you are astonished, Annie, at May's eloquence in advocating the cause of Total Abstinence.

A. I am indeed! You are both in earnest, and perhaps you are right. I don't think I'll go to the circus now, for I am anxious to reach home and ask my mother a few questions. Your hint

about father has opened my eyes to a few things which have seemed mysterious. If father *has* got a fondness for intoxicating drink I shall be very much grieved, and will try and wean him from his besetment. Good-bye, dears.

M. Good-bye, Annie. You will soon be one of us, I see.

E. Of course she will!

A. Perhaps you are right; for the present, good-bye. (*Exit.*)

E. Poor Annie; how sad she will be when she learns the truth!

M. Yes; I'm almost sorry I said anything about her father. The truth about his drunkenness seems to have been kept from her. Let us hope good may come out of evil. Now for our visit to Mrs. Jones.

E. Eh, I'm ready, come along, May, dear! (*Both exit.*)

"YOU CONQUER ME! ME CONQUER YOU!"

BY S. P. H. GUILD.

THERE was an old Indian escaped from a bear;

He afterward found him asleep in his lair.

"Yo! ho!" said the Indian, "how do you do?
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

He raised his tomahawk high in the air,
And bringing it down, laid Bruin's brain bare,
"Yo! ho!" said the Indian, "how will that
do?"

You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

The Indian went to the city one night,
Where he became exceedingly tight.

"Yo! ho!" said the Indian, "this will not
do,

You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

So to put in an entering wedge,
He signed the total abstinence pledge.

"Yo! ho!" said the Indian, "this will I do,
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

Some fellows, the Indian's temper to try,
A whisky jug placed where he would pass by,
"Yo! ho!" said the Indian, "know you me
do,

You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

He raised his tomahawk high in the air,
And bringing it down on the crockery ware,
"Yo! ho!" said the Indian, "guess that will
do,

You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

TIE ON THE RED RIBBON.

BY G. D. HILL.

THE maid of Orleans, with her little white hand,
Waved on the French Legions to drive from the land

The proud English Knights, who fled in dismay ;

So the little Red Ribbon drives whisky away.

Tie on the Red Ribbon ! let it gleam in the sun !

Proclaim to the world that your victory's won ;

Your wife will be happy, your children with glee

Will shout "Hallelujah ! our father is free !"

Tie on the Red Ribbon ! and "Dare to do right,"

Just over your heart in full, open sight.

Oh ! be not ashamed to break loose from the chain

That distorted your body and clouded your brain.

Tie on the Red Ribbon ! let joy fill all hearts ;
Your children will bless you when whisky departs.

The honour that's due you will then be received

From those who smiled coldly, but inwardly grieved.

Tie on the Red Ribbon ! your manhood arouse.
Young men who have joined in the midnight carouse,

It is never too late to repent of a wrong,
Let your mothers behold what they've prayed for so long.

Tie on the Red Ribbon ! remember your wife ;
Oh ! turn into joy her sad, desolate life ;

Let her see that the husband she chose for a mate

Has redeemed the dark past ere forever too late.

Tie on the Red Ribbon, all ! let it remain,
And swear by your Maker, that you will abstain,

And forever refrain from the cup that enslaves,
And digs for its minions deep, dishonoured graves.

REV. CHARLES GARRETT'S PRISON VISIT.

THE week before last I went into Manchester Gaol. We have got a new and magnificent one, and as long as you license drunkard-makers you will have to build prisons to hold the drunkards they make. I went into that prison, and I stood on one spot where, with one glance, I could command 1,000 cells. Picture those 1,000 cells, and every one tenanted ! I went from door to door down these terrible aisles with a warder and a chaplain, and as door after door was opened I put the question, "How came you here ?" The answer that met me in almost every case was "DRINK !" On, on we went down the gloomy aisle, and it came like a funeral knell, DRINK ! DRINK ! DRINK ! The Protestant, the Catholic, the educated, the uneducated, the young, and the old, till my heart ached and my brain seemed on fire. The chaplain said, "You have had enough, let us go to the treadmill." I went, and shall never forget it. Before me were perhaps fifty men with the dismal yellow covering and with black squares upon them. There was the everlasting tread, tread, tread, nothing before them but the wall, and nothing to do but tread the gloomy wheel. I spoke to one of them and asked him,—

"Are you a Protestant ?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, apparently glad of being relieved from treadmill toil.

"What place of worship did you attend ?"
I had two clergymen with me, and imagine how they looked at me when the man replied,—

"Gravel Lane Chapel."

"That is my own chapel," I said. "Have you been in any Sunday School ?"

"Yes, sir, twelve years."

"Have you any family ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are they ?"

"Don't know, sir."

"What has brought you here ?"

"DRINK, sir."

"Why," exclaimed a tourist, "a donkey couldn't climb that hill"; and then he added, "and I'm not going to try it."

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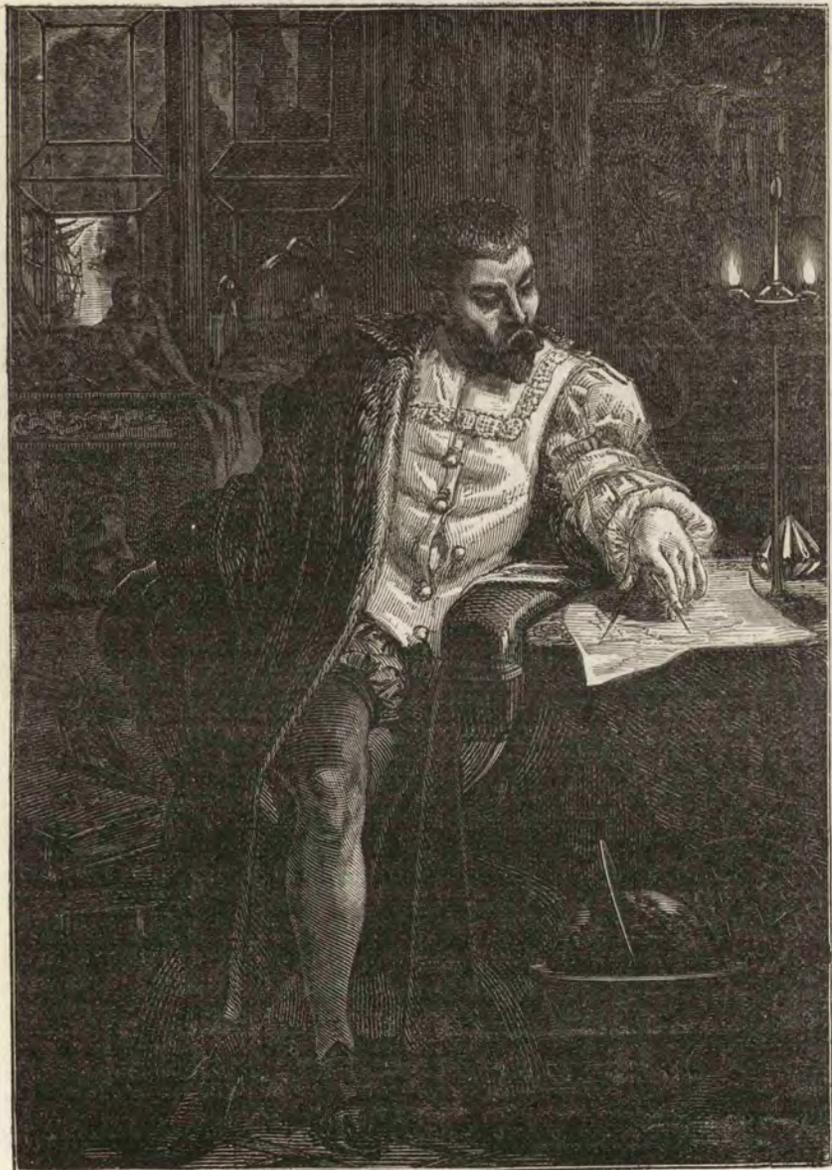
Works and Laboratory: ST. PETERSGATE, STOCKPORT.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 231.—March, 1889.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



A GREAT NAVIGATOR.

A GREAT NAVIGATOR.

WE have this month a picture of Columbus engaged in studying, by the light of a midnight lamp, the great problem which ultimately led him to discover the New World. The life of Columbus should be read by every one. It is a record of wonderful adventure, and indomitable perseverance. When no one dreamed of such a thing, the brain of this great man was busy, devising a plan of demonstrating to his unbelieving fellows that there was a land in the then unexplored West. Men scouted his idea as the dream of a madman. But he persistently persevered, and ultimately, after years of weary waiting, the King of Spain was induced to fit out a small expedition, and in August, 1492, Columbus, with three vessels, started on his voyage. The sailors who accompanied him had no faith in the expedition, and more than once were on the point of mutiny, but the brave man persevered, and in October

sighted the Bahamas, and soon after discovered the West Indian Islands. On a second expedition he came upon the Caribbee Islands, &c., and on a third found Trinidad and the mainland of South America. The King, who became enriched by the discovery of this immense territory, treated Columbus with base ingratitude. But the indignation of the Spanish people was so great that King Ferdinand was obliged to profess ignorance of the indignities which had been put upon the navigator. Columbus made still another voyage after this, and then returned to Spain, where he died in poverty at Valladolid, in 1506. The King gave an imposing funeral to the man he had so basely neglected and wronged in life. Columbus was the greatest navigator of the modern world, and his courage and perseverance form a lesson for all time. Our young readers should read the life of this truly wonderful man.

OUR BANDS OF HOPE.

BY ALEXANDER B. DUFF.

FLOW the trumpet! beat the drum!
Smiling Hope's bright armies come,
Joined in one heroic band,
Marching onward through the land.
Children's rosy faces shine
All along the martial line;
Youthful voices, pure and sweet,
Sing to steady tramp of feet,
While each arm is raised to slay
Drink, the dragon in the way.
Blow the trumpet! beat the drum!
Onward Hope's bright armies come!

Spread the banner! swell the song!
Right shall triumph over wrong.
See the mighty sword of truth
In the valiant hand of youth,
While his willing feet are shod
With the swiftness sent from God.

Unto him remains the prize,
Seen but with prophetic eyes
By those noble pioneers
Who had faced the storms of years.
Blow the trumpet! beat the drum!
Onward Hope's bright armies come!

Yes! they come, no laggards they—
Purity shall lead the way.
Not to David was it given
To erect a shrine to heaven—
Unpolluted lips must raise
Songs of triumph and of praise.
Not the Egypt-rescued band
Entered on the Promised Land;
But the sons and daughters there,
They possess their fathers' share.
So our Bands of Hope shall be
Free-born—freest of the free.
Blow the trumpet! beat the drum!
Countless myriads, on they come!

—The Youth's Temperance Banner.

JAMES ALLEN.

BY AN A. P. C.

"I SUPPOSE you were watching elsewhere, and had not time to come up, until the affray was over," said his informer.

"I was elsewhere," answered James, moodily; and the man, thinking that he was in the woods, walked off whistling, and left him to wend his way to the farmer's, where he found his friend in bed.

"This is a sorry business, and lucky you were to be out of it. The doctor tells me I shall be a prisoner for the next two months," said the farmer.

"I wish it had been myself who had received the blow instead of you," answered James, watching the twitchings of the patient's mouth.

"I don't know about that, old fellow; perhaps you would not have been so well cared for as I shall be. By-the-bye, where were you last night? I said to my missis, when I heard the guns, that you were on the look out far away, and would be finely vexed to miss the sport."

"No, I was not," replied James Allen. "To tell you the truth, I went to the Rose and Crown for a little while last evening, and took rather more than was good for me. I did not feel the effects whilst I was in the warm parlour, but when I got out in the open air, I found out I was not perfectly sober. On reaching home about ten o'clock I went straight to bed, and knew nothing till this morning."

"Then the fire and tea were of no use? My wife went across to Peggy yesterday afternoon, and together they made a bright fire, and tidied up the house for your reception."

"I wish I had known it. I stood at the white gate when I left off work, and contemplated what I should do. Conscience told me I ought to go home, but my cowardly heart shrunk from the cold and wretchedness. Oh, George, you don't know what it is to have a sulky wife!"

"Do you ever try to please Peggy?" asked George.

"Not now; I have given that up long ago."

"Well, I would advise you to try again. You have both been in the wrong. She by nature is reserved and cold, and you are warm

and impulsive. Try to recollect that fact and do not expect too much. Now say nothing about your absence to anyone. All know how much you have formerly done, and I will easily settle that matter for you with the police and your master."

"Father, the doctor has come to mend your leg," cried little Alfie, opening the door.

"Then I will say good-bye," said James, rising.

"Good-bye," echoed the sick man; adding, "You will execute my little commissions for me?"

"Aye, that I will. God bless you," said James, leaving.

"I wonder if I had better come for my chops to-day? Mrs. Bates did not say anything about them; but, then, she was with the doctor," thought the keeper, as he proceeded to go through the usual morning's routine of work before starting for the town to procure what the farmer wanted. And wondering, James Allen came to the conclusion that, in her anxiety for her husband, Mrs. Bates would forget all about them.

Mrs. Bates, however, did not forget all about them. Whilst James was trudging along, cold and hungry, to the town four miles away, two hot dinners awaited him—one at the farmer's, the other at home.

The clock struck two, when, having completed his purchases, he turned into a public-house and ordered the mid-day meal.

"It will not be ready for half an hour. All the meat in the house is consumed, and the fire is low," said the landlord.

"Then I will go without," answered James.

"You will do nothing of the kind. There is a good fire in the parlour, and there you can sit and smoke to your heart's content. I will come in presently, and have a glass of the cratur with you."

The offer was too tempting, and James Allen yielded. Not one glass alone did he drink before dinner, but three, and when the meat came on the table he had no appetite to enjoy it. Pushing it aside, he called for another glass, dozed awhile, then left the house—to find his way home through the dense fog that was growing blacker every hour.

Staggering through the streets, he left the town, with its tall chimneys and lurid lights,

behind him, and entered the lonely country road. Not a glimmer of light shone to guide him on his perilous course. Blackness above, blackness below, and darkness that might be felt, encompassed him, as hour after hour he groped about, wearied in head and limb, and then he stumbled and fell—where, he did not know or care. In the middle of the turnpike road he lay and slept, and no voice came to wake him, no arm to drag him out of danger. Two carts passed by, but he heard them not. A third drew near, but he never moved, and no one told him that death was at hand. It was the work of minute—the passing of a wheel over James Allen's throat—and the driver little thought as he surmounted the obstacle that he had sent a soul into eternity. Continuing to chat with his companion he drove on, and left the dead man in the road. Half an hour later, Farmer Bates's waggons were about to turn into the farm gates, when one of the men with a lantern spied a black object lying a little distance in front.

"Hie!—whoa, Dobbin!" called out the man to his horses, as he left them to find out what the object was, and holding up the lantern he saw the swollen, distorted face of his neighbour.

"What is it, Jim?" said the other waggoner, attracted to the spot by Jim's cry of horror.

"Look!" said the man, pointing to the ghastly spectacle.

The man looked, then exclaimed, "Jim, it is Maister Allen. Run and call the other men, and bring a hurdle back with you. We will lay him in the barn for to-night. The missis had better be told and the police."

Jim departed, and soon returned with the men and the hurdle.

"Does the missis know?" inquired the man who had been left behind.

"Aye," said Jim; "she is going across to tell the poor wife. But she says we aren't to let the maister hear aught about it in case it upsets him; he is mighty bad to-night."

"There, he will lie as comfortably in the shed as he will in his own bed," remarked the second waggoner, locking the door on the lifeless form. "James Allen has made his bed lumpy or smooth forever, and nothing we can do will alter it now."

Four days later the keeper's body was consigned to the grave, after a verdict of

accidental death was pronounced by coroner and jury at the Rose and Crown. Was it accidental death? Or was it the deliberate destruction of a slave by the mocker?

(Concluded.)

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

AMID a ruined hut there sat
A mother, wan and pale;
And through the broken casement swept,
The loud and whistling gale.
Low on the damp and chilling ground
Three little children lay,
They did not talk in childish glee,
Nor laugh in merry play.

There was no bloom upon their cheeks,
No light was in their eye;
A load of grief and sorrow seem'd
On their young hearts to lie.
The smallest on his mother's knee,
Lay down his heavy head,
Then looked up with his pale thin face,
And sobbing cried for bread.

The mother spoke not—but her tears
Fell fast upon his brow;
And hushed is now his feeble voice,
In moanings faint and low.
"Oh! I am weary of this place,"
Spoke the eldest little one,
"It is so cold and very dark,
I want the pleasant sun."

"And I am hungry, mother dear,
When will our father come?
For here we have no food to eat,
Will he not bring us some?
Where is the cow you milked, mother,
Down by the bright green wood?
Oh! if you had it now, I'm sure
The milk would do us good."

"Why did we leave our pleasant home,
The fields and rivers clear,
And come to this dark dismal place,
So lonely, cold, and drear?
You never smile upon us now,
Oh! mother tell us why?
You never sing, as once you did,
But all day long you cry."

"Why is our father not the same,
Oh, mother, do you know?"

He never takes us on his knee
 As he did long ago.
 Where did our little brothers go,
 Soon after we came here?
 Did they return to our old home?
 Now tell us, mother dear!"

"They're gone, my child, to a happy home,
 Where all is bright and fair,
 God to His rest has taken them,
 And blessed are they there.
 That land where hunger is not felt,
 Nor poverty, nor woe."
 Then cried the children in a breath—
 "Oh! mother, let us go."

The mother's heart, with anguish sore
 Was filled—she could not speak;
 Her bitter tears rolled fast and thick
 Down on her child's pale cheek.
 "I would that I could sleep, mother,"
 Said the little one again,
 "For then I think I should not feel,
 My hunger nor my pain."

"I have no soft and warm bed now,
 But straw upon the floor,
 The cold wind blows upon my feet,
 All through the broken door.
 But I will try and sleep, mother,
 And you must sit by me;
 And I will dream of that lov'd home,
 Where once we used to be."

The children slept—but not the fresh
 Pure childhood's happy sleep;
 Beside the cold hard bed of straw,
 This mother sat to weep.
 She watched them in their feverish sleep,
 Broken with frequent start,
 And a heavy load of sorrow then,
 Oppressed the mother's heart.

She leans her head upon her hand,
 And fast her hot tears flow;
 "Oh! husband, thou hast brought us down
 To poverty and woe.
 How canst thou see thy little ones
 Dying with hunger here;
 Oh! are the children of thy heart
 No longer to thee dear?"

"It was not thus when first we lived
 In our sweet pleasant cot,
 All then was love and peace within,
 And plenty blessed our lot.

Wilt thou not hear my earnest prayer,
 Oh, husband of my youth?
 And thou wert once so fond and good,
 So kind, so full of truth.

"But now, alas! how chang'd art thou,
 Thy heart is turned to stone,
 Thou wilt not hear thy wife's sad cries,
 Nor hear thy children's moan.
 Oh! husband, thou can'st hear them not,
 For thou art revelling now,
 And drowning in the drunkard's bowl
 Their piercing voice of woe."

All through the night the mother wept,
 With many a sigh and moan,
 The chilling wind came whistling loud
 Around the DRUNKARD'S HOME.

MAKING THINGS GO GOD'S WAY.

"I THINK 'twill be nice, dear mother,"
 Said gentle Maggie one night,
 "When we are dead, and cold, and still,
 And they have buried us out of sight,
 To be one of Christ's ministering spirits,
 Who serve Him night and day,
 And come sometimes to this dear old world,
 To make things go God's way."

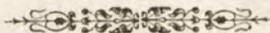
And, darling! with thoughts so tender,
 You need not wait till then;
 For the Lord has ministering service
 For even a child of ten.
 Before your hands are folded,
 And eyes shut out from the day,
 Before we cry, "Dear Maggie is dead!"
 You can make things go God's way.

Whenever you make the sunshine
 On a darkened face to break;
 Whenever a self-denial
 For-another's sake you make;
 Whene'er for the souls of the wandering,
 In Jesus' name you pray,
 You are being His ministering spirit,
 And making things go God's way.

The world is full of Christ's children,
 Who have never heard of His love;
 Can you nothing do to lead them
 To the better home above?
 With sad and darkened faces
 To some idol god they pray;
 O, tell them the story of Jesus,
 And make things go God's way.

[The Tonic Sol-Fa to following Music will be published in April No. of TREASURY.]

ENGLAND'S HOPE!



Music and Words by S. D. TIFFANY.

Boldly.

We are Eng-land's bright-est hope, Our stand-ard we'll main-tain, We will with the

mon-ster cope, Till free-dom we ob - tain; We will bat-tle for the right

As our fa-thers did of yore; Right shall con-quer in this fight, And drunk-ards

CHORUS.

be no more. Raise the fal - len, Save the drunk-ards, Kind - ly help the out - cast

Girls. close.

poor, For their safe - ty close the gin-shops. Boys. Close, close,

close,

close,

close,

close, close, close, close, close, close,

close the gin - shops Once for all, Once for all, for ev - er more.

2 Whilst this demon still survives,
By British laws allowed,
Thousands of most precious lives
Are lost, and sad hearts bowed;
From strong drink we all abstain,
Shun the glass that leads astray,
We shall not by it be slain,
We walk the safer way.
Chorus—Raise the fallen, &c.

3 We are firm and true at heart,
And by God's help we'll win,
We will nobly act our part
To stem the tide of sin;
We still raise our banner high,
Truth shall break all barriers down;
On our God we will rely,
And He our work will crown.
Chorus—Raise the fallen, &c.

A RAGGED COAT AND HONEST HEART.

A DIALOGUE FOR EIGHT. BY S. THOMAS, JUNR.

CHARACTERS:

Mr. Rodger, employer; Mrs. Rodger; Mr. Walters, a drunkard; Mrs. Walters and Child; Mr. Black, a thief; Ned, his accomplice, a rough-looking man; Mr. Brown, detective.

SCENE I.—*Mr. Rodger's house. Enter Mr. and Mrs. R.*

Mrs. Rodger (to her husband).

MY dear, we must do something to rescue Mr. Walters, or his wife will die of a broken heart. She is a good creature, and works hard to support herself and child; and oh, how she loves her husband; for although he is a drunkard, she still stands by him.

Mr. Rodger. Well, wife, I am very sorry to see him fall so low; he has gone the wrong way ever since I discharged him. The office was robbed, and my suspicions fell on him; he has done nothing but drink ever since; and now, at times, I think he was innocent.

Mrs. R. Well, my dear, I never thought he stole those notes, and you must give him another chance in the world.

Mr. R. We can only do good while we live; I will study the matter over, and now I must away to business. (*Shakes hands and bids her good morning.*)

Mrs. R. I must put on my bonnet at once, and go and see if I can do anything for the Walters. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—*A drunkard's home. Enter Mrs. Walters and daughter.*

Mrs. W. My child, I wonder what has got your father? He promised to be home before now, and I hope he will not be long.

Child. Mother, why does father drink? He always seems in trouble; will he ever be sober and happy again?

Mrs. W. I hope so, by God's help.

(*Walters enters.*)

Walters. And so do I, wife; if not here, yonder (*points up*). I have not a friend in the world, and the sooner I am out of it the better.

Child. But, father, does it not say in the Book that no drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven?

W. I believe that is true, and woe be unto the man that giveth his neighbour drink; but be a good girl, and let these things drop. I have tried again to-day, wife, but failed, as usual. The master eyed me over, and then said, "Where were

you last employed, and what was the reason you left?" My heart sank within me, and without a word I left the place. Oh, wife, what shall I do? It is more than I can bear.

Mrs. W. Bear up, dear, and always remember this, that where there's a will there's a way. Tomorrow the sun may be shining, although it is now cloudy. But listen here, where the weary can find rest—

"Mourner, wheresoe'er thou art,

At the Cross there's room;

Tell the burden of thy heart,

At the Cross there's room;

Tell it in thy Saviour's ear;

Cast away thine every fear;

Only speak and He will hear,

At the Cross there's room."

My dear husband, bear up a little longer, for I feel the day is not far distant when this dark cloud will roll away, and the sun will shine on us again.

W. Your words are like music in my ears; I will try for your sake. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. W. Oh, Thou good Shepherd, watch over Thy lost sheep, and bring him back to Thy fold.

(*Enter Mrs. Rodger.*)

Mrs. Rodger. My dear Mrs. Walters, I am in a great hurry, but I just called to see how you were. I think something will be done for your husband by and by. Here is a little money for you. I will see you again. Good-bye for the present. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. W. She is a good lady. My child, let us go and find your father, and tell him all about it. (*Puts on their clothes. Exit.*)

SCENE III.—*A scene in the street at night. Enter Walters.*

Walters. Who am I? or what am I? What am I doing? or where am I going? or what will be the end? I was once happy, but now miserable; once a Christian, but now a sinner.

"Depth of mercy! can there be

Mercy still reserved for me?

Can my God His wrath forbear!—

Me, the chief of sinners, spare?"

Oh, if I could have one more chance, I would prove that there is still some good left in Walters yet. No one seems to know me now, because I'm broken down. (*Enter Brown, the detective, and steps back to listen.*) Oh, how I have suffered since that night the notes were stolen; and though I was as innocent as a babe, I was discharged on suspicion of having stolen them. (*Walters steps aside. Enter Mr. Black, as a swell, with a rough-looking man, talking.*)

Black. I tell thee, Ned, we are as safe of the

coin as if we had it in our hands. Now, I want you to help me to do a light job to-night, and I will pay you well.

Ned. Come, open your mouth, and tell me what you want me to do?

B. Well, I want you to go with me to-night to Mr. Rodger's office. There is a lot of money, and you see I want it. I know just where it is; you must help me to get it; and if we only manage the job as well as we did before, I will see you have a good share. You see no suspicion will rest on me—being a respectable gentleman with such a good character. I suppose they will pick at Mr. Walters for the job!

N. I tell you, Black, I have felt sorry a thousand times for that poor fellow. He has suffered ever since we robbed the office.

B. Hush, Ned. I thought I heard some one. Now, let us settle the matter. Will you meet me at the office in two hours from now, and I will have all things ready?

N. I will. Good-bye, and don't forget.

(Enter Walters.)

Walters. Oh, what is this I hear? Can it be true that the mystery of all my sorrow has been made known to me this night? It is true, Lord, Thou moves in a mysterious way when Thou hast wondrous to perform. And so it was you, Mr. Black, was it, who robbed Mr. Rodger? Beware, I am on your track. I am weak, Lord, but Thou art strong; help me this night to defend the right, and show to the world that Walters is still an honest man! *(Exit.)*

(Enter Brown, the detective.)

Brown. And so it was you, Mr. Black, was it, that did that little job? A gentleman like you, with such a good character? I have had my eyes on him some time, and I hope before long to have my hands on him, and to introduce him to his master, not as a respectable man, but as a thief! Here's poor Walters. How shabby he looks, how low he has sunk; and yet I believe him to be an honest man, and will do my best to prove him such this very night. *(Exit.)*

SCENE IV.—*Mr. Rodger's office. Enter Black.*

Black. I wonder where Ned is? He is not here at the time appointed, so I must do it myself. Delays are dangerous. Now, if I can only get the cash-box, all will be well. I need it, and must have it. *(Enter office and is soon out with the box.)* I have soon done the job, but I must pick up my tools. *(Puts down the box at the office door, and goes in again. Enter Walters quickly, on*

tiptoe, seizes the box and puts it under his foot. Black re-appears, misses the box, looks around, and sees Walters with his foot on the treasure.)

Black. What does this mean?

Walters. It means that you are a villain in your heart. This night I heard you planning to rob this place. I followed you, and here we are face to face. You have been my downfall; you have robbed me of my character and my happiness, and made my life a burden. Now, sir, you are my prisoner!

B. Ha! ha! your prisoner, am I? Now, listen, Walters, if you don't give me the box and let me go, I will charge you with having stolen it, and who can deny it?

(Enter Brown, the detective.)

Brown. I can, Mr. Black. You are caught in your own trap; I have locked up Ned already, now I have come for you. I have sent for Mr. Rodger.

(Enter Mr. and Mrs. Rodger, and Mrs. Walters.)

Mr. Rodger. What is the meaning of all this? *(Turns to Brown.)* Please tell me all about it.

Brown (pointing to Black.) That is Mr. Black by name, and black by nature. He came here to-night, and entered your office, and would have carried off the cash-box, but he was prevented by Walters.

Mr. R. Is that true, Mr. Black?

Black. Yes, sir. I must tell you all the notes you lost some three years ago were taken by me, and not by Walters. Drink and bad company has been the cause of all this. And now, Mr. Brown, I am your prisoner. *(Detective slips on the handcuffs.)*

Mr. R. Oh, Mr. Walters, how can I reward you? I will give you gold if you will have it?

Walters. Take back your gold *(hands him the box)*, but give me back my character, that I may earn my bread by the sweat of my brow.

Mr. R. I will not only give back your character, but your old place in the office again.

W. Oh, thank you, sir. *(Takes his wife by the hand.)* Thank God, we shall be happy yet!

Mrs. Walters (to audience)—

“Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,

Feelings lie buried, that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Cords that were broken, will vibrate once more.”

W. Dear friends, never judge a man by his appearance; for beneath a ragged coat there often beats an honest heart.

(Exit.)

OLD FARMER GRAY GETS
PHOTOGRAPHED.

I WANT you to take a picter o' me and my old woman here,

Jest as we be, if you please sir,—wrinkles, grey hairs, and all ;

We never was vain at our best, and we're going on eighty year,

But we've got some boys to be proud of,—straight, an' handsome and tall.

They are coming home this summer, the nineteenth day of July,

Tom wrote me (Tom's a lawyer in Boston, since forty eight) ;

So we're going to try and surprise 'em, my old wife and I,—

Tom, Harry, Zay, and Elisha, and the two girls, Jenny and Kate.

I guess you've heern of Elisha, he preaches in Middletown.

I'm a Methody, myself, but he's 'Piscopal he says.

Don't s'pose it makes much difference, only he wears a gown ;

An' I couldn't abide (being old and set) what I call them Popish ways.

But he's good, for *I* brought him up ; and Tom and Harry 'n' Zay,

They're merchants down to the city, an' don't forget mother 'n' me.

They'd give us the fat of the land, If we'd only come that way.

And Jenny and Kate are hearty off, for they married rich, you see.

Well, lud, that's a curious fix, sir! Do you screw it into the head?

I've hearn o' this photography, and I reckon its scary work.

Do you take the picters by lightnin'?—La, yes ; so the neighbours said :

It's the sun that does it, old woman ; 'n' he never was known to shirk.

Wal, yes, I'll be readin' the Bible ; old woman, what'll you do?

Jest sit on the other side o' me 'n' I'll take hold o' your hand.

That's the way we courted, mister, if it's all the same to you ;

And that's the way we're a goin', please God, to the light o' the better land.

I never could look that thing in the face, if my eyes was as good as gold.

'Taint over ; Do say! What, the work is done? Old woman that beats the Dutch.

Jest think! we've got our picters took ; and nigh eighty year old ;

There ain't many couples in our town, of our age, that can say as much.

You see on the nineteenth of next July our Golden Wedding comes on,

For fifty year in the sun and rain, we've pulled at the same old cart.

We've never had any trouble to speak of, only our poor son John

Went wrong, an' I drove him off ; 'n' it about broke the old woman's heart.

There's a drop of bitter in every sweet. And my old woman and me

Will think of John when the rest come home. Would I forgive him, young sir?

He was a boy ; and I was a fool for bein' so hard you see :

If I could jist git him atween these arms, I'd stick to him like a burr.

And what's to pay for the sunshine that's painted my gray old phiz?

Nothin! That's cur'us! You don't work for the pleasure of working, hey?

Old woman, look here! there's Tom in that face—

—I'm blest if the chin isn't his!

Good God! she knows him—It's our son John, the boy that we drove away.

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No. 232.—April, 1889.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



BESSIE AND HER PARENTS.

BESSIE AND HER PARENTS.

"DON'T ye know her, John?" said Mrs. Bush to her aged husband, as that individual sat gazing in astonishment at a well-dressed young woman standing smiling before him with a child in her arms. John looked with a puzzled expression on his honest face, but did not seem to recognise the person before him. "Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Bush, "to think as you don't know your own daughter! It's our Bessie, John; don't you know her?" John was very deaf, but the word Bessie caught his dull ear, and then a beam of recognition and pleasure lit up his face, and Bessie stooped and kissed him, and held her mistress's baby for him to kiss; and as Bessie had come to spend the afternoon with her parents in their old yet cosy cottage, and had brought a fellow-servant with her, they were all soon chatting and laughing merrily.

Bessie had been away on the Continent with her mistress for more than three years, and she had many things to tell about the places visited and the wonderful sights she had seen, to which her aged mother and father, neither of whom had ever been more than a few miles from the village in which they were born, listened with astonished attention. Then Bessie blushing told her parents that a young English mechanic, whom she had met in Berlin, had asked her to become his wife, and she had promised on condition that her parents gave their consent to the marriage.

"And will you have to go and live among strangers in a foreign country, Bessie?" asked her mother, with some anxiety.

"No, mother; Robert is only fitting up some machinery there, and will soon be in Old England again."

"And is he a steady young man?"

"Yes; he bears an excellent character, mother. My mistress wrote to his master, for she said she didn't want me to make a mistake. The master replied, stating that Robert had been with him from being a boy, that he was a staunch teetotaler, and a member of the church to which he himself belonged, and that in a few years he hoped to see him holding the first place in the management of his business."

"Well, my dear," said Bessie's mother, kissing her, "you have our consent, and may God bless you, for you have always been a good daughter to us."

Bessie, in due time, was married to Robert Faulkner, and, as you may expect, the marriage is a truly happy one. Robert is now head manager in the works where he first commenced working as do-anything-you-are-told boy; he is a prominent advocate for Temperance, and holds many important offices in connection with the church and town in which he and Bessie reside. Robert often says he owes his rise to industry, Temperance, and religion; for though he may possess good natural abilities, they would have been of little value, had he not put them to a wise use, and had he not sought God's blessing on his efforts.

Bessie honoured her parents, and has the reward in a happy home, a loving and upright husband, and a good conscience. Her father is dead, but her mother now lives with her beloved daughter, and never tires extolling the goodness of Bessie and Robert, and helping to add to the comfort of her three grandchildren.

ONE OF THE HEROES.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

MARK,—through the wild night's darkness rings out a terrible cry,
And the woman shudders to hear it in the room
up close to the sky :

"Fire," in accents of terror, and voices the cry
repeat, [the stormy street.
And the fire-bells join in the clamour out in

"God grant we are safe, my darling," she says
to the child in her arms,
While the voices far down in the darkness add
to the bells' alarms ;

Then she thinks of the two little children who are sleeping peacefully near,
And "God pity the people in danger," she adds with a thrill of fear.

The voices ring louder and shriller. She hears the swift tread of feet

And the sound of engines rumbling below in the stormy street.

"It must be the fire is near us." She listens : a step on the stair,

Then the door is flung wide, and beyond it she sees the red flames' glare.

"Give me the child," cries the fireman.
"There's not a moment to spare,"

The flames like a glittering serpent are writhing up the stair.

"No, I will carry my baby," and then she points to the bed

Where the light from the hall shines brightly over a golden head.

One little head on the pillow—one only—the fireman sees,

With flossy curls stirring about it in the breath of the fiery breeze.

He lifts the child while the other is cuddled away from sight,

And springs down the stair where the flame-hounds snarl after their prey in its flight.

On, on, through the fire that leaps round him as a swimmer breasts the wave,

Scorched and blinded and breathless, to find escape—or a grave !

On through the fiery whirlpool till at last he gains the street,

Thank God ! and lays down his burden safe at the mother's feet.

"One, only one ?" she cries wildly. "You have left the other to die !"

Oh ! the terrible, terrible anguish that rings in the mother's cry.

"I will save you, my child, or die with you !" and maddened by love's despair

She puts her babe from her bosom, and springs toward the flame-wreathed stair.

"You shall not go," he tells her, and holds her back from death.

"I left your child—I will save it—if I can," then, catching his breath

For the terrible task before him, he leaps up the lurid way.

"God help him," the awed crowd whispers.
"He goes to his death," they say.

Moments that seem like ages go by, and he comes not back.

The flames leap higher and higher. The frail walls sway and crack.

"Oh, my lost little child !" cries the mother, forgetting her babes at the breast.

In this moment of awful anguish she loveth the lost one best.

Up from the crowd, all breathless with hope, and doubt, and fear,

Goes a cry, "Thank God, he's coming with the child !" and cheer on cheer

Rings through the night, blending strangely with the wind and the wild flames' roar,

As out of the tottering building the fireman springs once more.

Straight to the mother he staggers with the rescued child, and cries :

"I left him, and I have saved him !" and the hero looks out of his eyes.

Then he falls at her feet ; they crowd round him, and lift his drooping head.

"I—saved—the—child," he whispers ; a gasp, and the hero is dead.

—Housewife.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

THREE days ago, I accepted an invitation to dine yesterday with one whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly was an intimate acquaintance of my late uncle, with two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother, and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I for some time took private lessons of a professor who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance." Having, by this means, acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity ! but, alas ! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by

habitual practice ! As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery-servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw.

At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new learned bow to Lady Friendly ; but, unfortunately, in bringing my left foot to the third position, I trod upon Sir Thomas, who had followed close upon my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned to me can hardly be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress ; and of that description the number, I believe, is very small. The baronet's politeness, by degrees, dissipated my concern ; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to support his feelings, and appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness ; till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects.

The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, and observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of it) greatly excited my curiosity, I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him ; and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly ; but lo ! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm ; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet ; and, scarce knowing what I did, I attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up ; and I with joy perceived that the bell which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon my face had been continually burning like a firebrand ; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident re-kindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron ; but, recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants. I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distresses occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar ; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite." I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony—my eyes were starting from their sockets, until at last, in spite of my shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application ; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was the best to draw out fire ; and a glass was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness ; but, oh ! how shall I tell the sequel ? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which

I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered.

Totally unused to ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes, and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters, for the measure of my shame—and their diversion—was not yet complete.

To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated pocket-handkerchief which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered my face with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited. Thus without having deviated from the paths of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments from my misfortunes. The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations to the shame which I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned, unless, by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I suffered on the occasion, they will spare their revilings and have some pity for a bashful man.

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT GO TO BED.

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 thought-
fully cried.

"You shall have your request
Till you've learned that 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 ticks the clock,
With its dickory dock
(For his father insists he should keep wide-
awake),

Till quite humbly he said:
"May I please go to bed?
I've found you were right, and I made a mis-
take."

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.

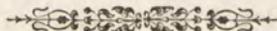
Now, boys, when you're told
That it's bed-time don't scold,
And say that you feel just like keeping awake.
Sitting up all the night
Isn't such a delight.
Just try it for once, and you'll own your mis-
take.

"T'WAS FATAL.

"**I** LIKE a little wine myself,"
I heard a doting mother say;
"I keep it always on the shelf,
And drink a little every day."

And so she reasoned of her sin,
And drank her wine day after day,
Nor dreamed a demon dwelt therein,
Her son to ruin and to slay.

ENGLAND'S HOPE!



[The Staff Notation of this Piece appeared in last month's (March) No.]

Music and Words by S. D. TIFFANY.

KEY C.	{	s :- s :- s :- <u>l : t</u> d' :- r' :- m' :- r' :- l :- r' :- t :- s :-
		m :- f :- s :- d :- m :- f :- s :- l :- l :- fe :- s :- f :-
		d' :- t :- d' :- d' :- l :- s :- s :- r :- r :- l :- r' :- r' :-
		d :- r :- m :- f :- m :- s :- d :- f :- f :- r :- s :- s :-
		We are Eng - land's bright - est hope, Our stand - ard we'll main -

{	d :- :- s :- s :- s :- <u>l : t</u> d' :- r' :- m' :- m' :- r' :- s :-
	m :- :- s :- f :- m :- d :- m :- f :- s :- t :- t :- s :-
	d' :- :- d :- t :- d :- d :- l :- s :- s :- d' :- r' :- t :-
	d :- :- m :- r :- d :- f :- m :- s :- d :- fe :- s :- r :-
	tain, We will with the mon - ster cope, Till free - dom

{	l :- t :- s :- :- d' :- s :- m :- m :- d' :- t :- l :- :-
	fe :- fe :- s :- <u>s : f</u> m :- m :- d :- d :- m :- s :- f :- :-
	d :- d :- t :- :- d' :- d' :- s :- s :- s :- d' :- d' :- :-
	r :- r :- s :- :- d :- d :- d :- d :- d :- m :- f :- :-
	we ob - tain; We will bat - tle for the right

{	l :- f :- r :- r :- l :- s :- m :- :- s :- d' :- m' :- <u>r' : d'</u>
	f :- r :- d :- r :- r :- r :- m :- :- m :- s :- s :- <u>f : m</u>
	d :- d :- d :- t :- t :- t :- d' :- :- s :- s :- d' :- <u>r' : m</u>
	f :- f :- s :- s :- s :- s :- d :- :- d :- m :- d :- s :-
	As our fa - thers did of yore; Right shall con - quer

CHORUS.

{	t :- d' :- r :- <u>d : r</u> m :- <u>t : d</u> r :- t :- d :- :- d' : s. m'
	r :- m :- f :- <u>m : f</u> s :- <u>r : m</u> f :- f :- m :- :- d' : s. m'
	r' :- d' :- t :- <u>m : r</u> d :- <u>r' : d'</u> t :- r' :- d :- :- d' : s. m
	s :- d :- s :- s :- d' :- s s :- s :- d :- :- d : s. m

in this fight, And drunk - ards be no more. Raise the fal-

{	d' :- l : d . l m :- l :- d' t :- r' d' :- m' r' : s . s l : t d : t . l s : : t :	<i>Girls.</i> Close,
	d' :- m : m . m m :- m :- m r :- f m :- s s : m . m f : r s : f . m s : s : :	
	d :- l : l . l si :- l :- l s :- s s :- d' t : d' . d' d' : r' r' : r' . d' s : s : s :	
	d :- l : l . l m :- l :- l s :- s d :- d d : d . d f : f d : r . r s : s : s :	<i>Boys.</i> close.

len, Save the drunkards, Kindly help the outcast poor, For their safety close the gin-shops.

	close,	close,	close,									
{	: d' : : r' : : m' : : f' : l : t . d' r : - l : - d'											
	s : : s : : s : : s : l : f : f . m s : - fe : - fe											
	s : d' : s : s : s : d' : s : d : d : s . s s : - r' : - r'											
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close, close, close, close, close, close the gin - shops Once for

{	t : - d' : - . m' r' : : : s' . f' m : r d : -
	s : - s : - . s f : : : s . l s : f m : -
	r' : - r' : - . d' t : : : d' d' : t' d' : -
	s : - d : - . d s : : : m . f s : s d : -

all, Once for all, for ev - er more.

2 Whilst this demon still survives,
By British laws allowed,
Thousands of most precious lives
Are lost, and sad hearts bowed;
From strong drink we all abstain,
Shun the glass that leads astray,
We shall not by it be slain,
We walk the safer way.
Chorus—Raise the fallen, &c.

3 We are firm and true at heart,
And by God's help we'll win,
We will nobly act our part
To stem the tide of sin;
We still raise our banner high,
Truth shall break all barriers down;
On our God we will rely,
And He our work will crown.
Chorus—Raise the fallen, &c.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

MODERATION IS BOTHER-
ATION.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO MALES AND ONE FEMALE.

BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF
HOPE BOY'S RECITER."SCENE:—Walter, walking about with his hands working
nervously behind his back.

Walter.

THIS is a terrible business—a terrible business. I cannot realise it altogether yet. My cousin Joe, the lad we all thought so much of and who was so clever; the lad his widowed mother doated upon and looked up to as her support and comfort in the future—he gone wrong, he given way to drink and evil companions! I should as soon have thought of our minister going wrong as Joe. His conduct is casting a shadow over us all, and his poor mother is simply breaking her heart. Oh Joe, Joe, how can you be so blind, so foolish, so heartless as to do this wicked thing! (*Enter Mary unsees.*) And we don't know the worst; he may continue his evil courses until all his prospects for the future are destroyed, and misery of the direst kind falls upon him and those who belong to him! Something must be done to save him, if possible.

Mary (*putting her hand on W.'s shoulder*). Yes, Walter, something *must* be done to save Joe, and I know of no one who can do this better than you yourself can.

W. What can I do, sister? If I thought I could save the lad, do you think I would not go at once and do it?

M. I am sure you would, Walter. But before you attempt Joe's salvation there is something you will have to do yourself. You cannot go to Joe as you are and say, "Joe, my lad, give up drinking."

W. Why not, Mary? Surely my interest in his reformation is genuine, and I have a right to appeal to him to abandon his evil courses!

M. Your interest in Joe is real, I know; but before we can conscientiously ask another to give up a thing, is it not reasonable we should be quite blameless, so far as we are able, ourselves?

W. I think I know what you mean, sister. We have had many arguments on the same subject, and you will persist in confounding moderation with drunkenness.

M. No, I don't do that; what I declare is this—moderation leads to drunkenness. Why, my dear brother, isn't Joe's case a painful instance of the truth I am anxious you should see. Our

cousin Joe used to be very moderate so far as drink is concerned. I remember at the party Aunt Clara gave three years ago, Joe had to be urged to take a glass of wine, as he said he preferred water. I remember aunt saying he was foolish in this respect, as she was sure a little wine would do him good. And I think, Walter, you urged him not to be so squeamish! What would Aunt Clara now give if her boy was a water-drinker?—and I think you, Walter, would rather see him squeamish than a drunkard.

W. Yes, I confess I would; but, Mary, on the lines of your argument, I ought by this time to be a drunkard like Joe!

M. No, no, brother; it is wrong of you to say such things.

W. But you say moderation leads to drunkenness, don't you? I have heard you say this many times.

M. Yes, and I repeat it. The first step is the step moderation. But I don't say that all who take drink in moderation go on to the other step of drunkenness; I was going to say, though it is a terrible thing to say, it would perhaps be better if they did. It is the respectable moderationist who covers up, as it were, the hideous pit into which drunkards are daily falling. You say, "I take a glass, but am no drunkard." Another young man says, "Why, there can't be any danger in taking a glass of wine or beer; there's Walter Sinclair takes it, and see what a fine, noble fellow he is. It is just a question of will and education and surroundings, I'll do as Walter does." But he can't do as you do, brother. He is not constituted the same. He is perhaps excitable, imaginative, fond of gaiety, easily controlled; and so wine and beer become a snare and a pit into which he falls.

W. Well, you are a clever little arguer, and I must acknowledge you have some points which are in your favour.

M. But there is the higher reason why you, Walter, should become teetotal. If you gain any pleasure from your little indulgence there is a grand opportunity for self-denial that the world may be benefited.

W. Yes, yes, I have thought of that often. Now, Mary, while we are talking, our Cousin Joe is forgotten.

M. No, no; *no, NO!* Walter, you must save him, by God's help. But before you go to him, you must *sign the pledge yourself*.

W. I am scarcely prepared to do that, Mary.

M. What! not if your doing so will help you to save Joe?

W. But how can my signing the pledge help to save our cousin?

M. Why, dear brother, just in this way. You go to him and say, "Joe, lad, I am sorry to hear you are giving way to bad habits. We all feel for you and wish you would turn round before it is too late. You are breaking your loving mother's heart, and ruining your prospects, and disgracing the name of your good father. Come, now, promise me to become a teetotaler, and I'll help you all I can to keep to your promise."

W. Well, could I not do all that without signing the pledge?

M. No, you couldn't, conscientiously. The very first words Joe would say to you would be, "Are you a teetotaler, Walter?" What would you say if you were not? Of course you would stammer out, "Well, not exactly, Joe; but, you see, I can take a little without going too far, but you can't." That, Walter, would destroy all your influence for good with Joe. But if you sign the pledge, and then go to Joe as a teetotaler, you will save him, I feel confident of it. Joe, although led away, has a lot of good in him; he is a fine fellow, but for the drink, and if you only go the right way you will be the instrument of his salvation.

(Enter Joe; grasps Mary's hand.)

Joe. Cousin Mary, I have been listening while you have been using arguments to persuade your brother to become teetotal. Your kind words about myself have done what no arguments could have done. I know I have been foolish, but, believe me, my conscience has never let me rest. When I have seen the suffering of my mother, it has made me miserable, and I have drunk to drown my thoughts. It was through seeing others take a glass that I learned to drink, but while most of them kept within the bounds of moderation, I began to like the drink so well that one glass didn't satisfy me. Then I found company whose nights are spent in drinking and revelry, and so I have been led on and on. But, my dear cousin, I came here to-day to ask for money to save me from disgrace. I entered the door from the garden and told the servant I would see you and Walter without being announced, as I feared had I sent in my name you would have refused to see me. When I entered, I saw you just coming in here. I listened to the conversation between yourself and Walter. It was Providence led me to come at this time. (Turning to Walter.) Walter, I have a favour to ask of you.

W. Ask it, Joe; if I can grant it you shall have it.

J. Sign the pledge with me.

W. That I will, Joe; and we'll help each other to keep it.

M. Oh, how glad I am. Here are pledges, pen and ink (reaches them from side-board). Now then, which shall sign first.

W. I'll sign first. And I'll tell you what, Joe—Mary—we'll both sign one pledge.

M. That can easily be managed; alter the letter "I" to "We" and then both sign the same pledge.

(W. signs, then Joe, they then grasp each other's hand, while Mary looks on.)

W. This is a life-compact, Joe; not only have we signed the pledge of Total-Abstinence, but the pledge of eternal friendship. We will help each other to be true, firm, manly, God-fearing. The past shall be a warning; the future shall be bright with good deeds and kindly words. Now, then, what is this money-difficulty you have?

J. I have a bill to pay; don't ask what for, for I am ashamed to tell you. The man has threatened to go to my master and "open his eyes," as he calls it, if I don't "stump-up" to-day. You may tell what sort of a character he is by the language I quote. Walter, if you will lend me this money, I will pay you back as soon as I can,

M. Joe, I will lend you the money. Don't say no, for it will be a pleasure to me to help you in any way.

J. Thank you, Mary. How unworthy I am of all this kindness. I have had an idea that all my friends were frowning on me, and here I find them brim-full of love and sympathy. But I want to go home and tell my dear mother what I have done. Will you come with me, Walter?

W. Certainly; come along, Joe, and we will take the pledge with us.

J. Ah, yes; the pledge will be evidence of my sincerity. How delighted my good mother will be! For, Walter, her faith in me has never failed; she always declared her prayers would be answered, sooner or later; little did she think how soon. (Exit.)

M. (to audience). Yes, I will go too. I feel so happy I can't stay here alone; I must be a witness of the great joy in Aunt Clara's home when she hears how Joe has signed the pledge, and has decided to change his life. Oh, there's nothing like Total-Abstinence. Moderation is botheration and leads to untold evil. Let me ask you, dear friends, one and all to sign the pledge to-night, so that when a poor drunkard needs saving, you can stretch out your hand and say to him, "Brother, be as I am, a Teetotaler, and then you will be safe and happy!" Good-bye, dear friends, and don't, don't forget to do what I have asked you, sign the pledge to-night. (Exit.)

PROVERBS FOR "OUR BANDS OF HOPE."

BY S. D. TIFFANY.

O ld birds are not to be caught with chaff.
 U se time as though you knew its value.
 R eckless youth makes rueful age.

B etter to live well than long.
 A void that which you blame in others.
 N o fear should deter us from doing good.
 D o nothing you would wish to conceal.
 S eek every opportunity to do good.

O ne vice is more expensive than ten virtues.
 F ear of God is the beginning of wisdom.

H e that wants health wants everything.
 O ne bad example spoils many good precepts.
 P erfection is the point at which all should aim.
 E vil beginnings have wretched endings.

THINK OF YOUR HEAD IN THE MORNING.

BY J. L. GANE.

WO-NIGHT the merry glass goes round,
 And cordial friends are greeting;
 The cheek is flushed and pleasures glow,
 And hearts are gaily beating.
*Yet, ere you drain the tempting cup,
 Oh! heed a word of warning:*
 It may excite a joy to-night,
 But headache in the morning.

To-night the ruddy wine will make
 The youthful eye grow brighter;
 Will loose the slow and stammering tongue
 And make the heart seem lighter.
 Yet ere you touch the siren cup,
 All counsel gaily scorning,
 Remember, artificial joy
 Will vanish in the morning.

To-night the song will leap from lips
 In merry tones of gladness;
 The sparkling jests will pass around
 And banish thoughts of sadness.
 Yet, still, beware! all wine-born mirth,
 Your genial talk adorning,
 May glad your gleesome heart to-night,
 But sting it in the morning.

To-night you may say words that you
 Would blush to say to-morrow,
 And do such deeds of sin as long
 Shall cause you shame and sorrow.
 You see no danger lurking near,
 And loudly laugh at warning;
 Beware! such mirth will surely cause
 The headache in the morning.

Then, if your heart still love the glass,
 Resolve the tie to sever;
 Arise in all your manhood's strength,
 Renounce it now—for ever;
 Defy your wary, deadly foe,
 His temptings wisely scorning;
 One short, sharp struggle, and you rise
 A victor in the morning.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

OH! tempt me no more to the wine-brim-
 ming bowl,
 Nor say 'twill arouse me to gladness;
 I have felt how it breaks the repose of the soul,
 And fires every frailty to madness.
 But fill me a cup where the bright waters flow,
 From *that* health and freshness I'll borrow:
 'Tis the purest of nectars that sparkle below,
 Since it brings neither sickness nor sorrow.

Oh, look not for me where the drunkard is
 found
 A stranger to virtue and quiet,
 Where the voice of affection and conscience is
 drowned,
 In fierce Bacchanalian riot;
 On the hearth of my home, a more tranquil
 retreat,
 My enjoyments are guiltless and cheering,
 Where the smile of my wife becomes daily
 more sweet
 And the kiss of my child more endearing.

Oh! turn thee, deluded one, turn and forsake
 Those haunts whose excitements enslave
 thee;
 Be firm in thy manhood, let reason awake,
 While pity is yearning to save thee;
 With me all unholy allurements are past—
 May I swerve from my rectitude never!
 No! rather than rush to perdition at last,
 One and all I abjure them for ever.

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No. 233.—May, 1889.]

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THE HAPPY TO-DAY.

FOR many years after marriage, Edward Suter spent his evenings at the public-house. He was not what is generally termed a drunkard, though occasionally he returned home to his wife intoxicated. It was not, however, the drink which was to him the great attraction; he had a passion for games of skill, such as card-playing, puff-and-dart, billiards, and the like. This love of play often swallowed up much of his earnings, so that his poor wife had a difficulty to keep clear from debt, a thing she had always been taught by her parents to avoid; indeed, had she not herself earned a little money by shirt-making, disaster would have soon come upon her little home. Suter was not unkind to his wife; that is, he neither ill-treated her nor spoke harshly to her; but his absence from home and reckless love of play was a great trouble to her, and the constant struggle to make ends meet began seriously to affect her health. Still, when her husband was at home, she tried to be cheerful and hide under a smile the gnawing at her heart, and the fact of her daily growing weakness.

When Suter entered his house late one night (he had been playing cards until closing time at the public-house) he found his wife lying back in her chair, a partly-made shirt on her knee, and the fire and candle nearly dying out. At first he thought her asleep, but touching her he found she was cold, and the colour in her face was that of death. A cry of terror escaped his lips, and he rushed to his next door neighbour—a kind-hearted widow—for help. After a little time Suter's wife began to show signs of returning consciousness, and when she opened her eyes she saw her husband kneeling beside her, his face full of anguish, and tears running down his

cheeks. Then there were explanations; the poor woman opened her heart to her husband, told him how his neglect was killing her, and how she felt the long hours of work she had imposed upon herself to earn a little money to keep the house together were more than she could bear, and how while sewing that night she had swooned away.

Edward Suter's eyes were opened to the selfishness of his conduct. He loved his wife, but his love of play had blinded him to the wrong he had been committing. There, on his knees beside his wife's chair, he made a vow never to go to the public-house again, never to yield again to the fascinating influences of "play" in any form, but to spend his leisure hours in his wife's company.

"Ask God's help, Edward," said his wife, her tears flowing in happy joy.

"I will," said Edward, earnestly; and there and then his vow was made strong by seeking divine assistance and blessing.

Mrs. Suter soon regained her lost health, and became a truly happy woman. Almost every Saturday afternoon in spring and summer and autumn, she and her husband wend their way to the railway station, and take tickets for some quiet country resort, where they ramble the lanes, the woods and copses, gathering plants and flowers, and inhaling the sweet country air. Edward is quite a clever botanist, and has built a small green-house, which is well-stocked with ferns and flowering plants, whose names, characteristics, and virtues he is never tired talking about. He often looks back and compares the exciting, health-destroying, soul-blighting pleasures in which he once delighted, with the calm, peaceful, healthful pleasures of the present, and thanks God for the happy to-day.

EVERY INCH A MAN.

SHE sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street,
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was a 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 hour of trouble,
 Hopeful and brave and strong—
 One of the hearts to lean on
 When we think all 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 ; [hearts,
 Earth's grandest hearts have been loving
 Since time and earth began ;
 And the boy who kisses his mother
 Is every inch a man ?

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE BEST ANGEL OF ALL.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

FROM the portals of Eden forth banished,
 our mother,
 Poor Eve, looking back where the lurid
 sword shone,
 Had doubtless a heartache so bitter, no other
 In all the world's annals such sorrow hath
 known.
 And yet, had she dreamed that what seemed
 so distressing
 Had comfort beneath it, and ease for the pain,
 I fancy, the tears at their fountain repressing,
 She had uttered thanksgiving at blessing for
 bane.

In the moment when Eden was barred from
 their vision,
 To Adam and Eve came a visitant high,
 With the light on his brow of a beauty Elysian,
 The grace in his port of a guest from the sky,
 And a hand in their hands laid he lightly ;
 and strong
 Was the voice of his greeting, compelling
 and glad,
 Till the pulse of their being upheaped like a
 song,
 And straight they forgot to be fearful and
 sad.

O daughter of Eve, would you know that
 divinest,
 That holiest comforter after the fall,
 That seraph whose mission forever is finest,
 The one, 'mid all angels, best angel of all ?—
 Not Peace, and not Faith, and not Love, and
 not Pardon—
 The angel we call when the mists gather
 mirk ;
 Nay, heaven itself stoops this angel to guerdon :
 His name let me whisper—"the Angel of
 Work."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

SCANDAL MONGERS.

NO you hear the scandal mongers
 Passing by,
 Breathing poison in a whisper,
 In a sigh ?
 Moving cautiously and slow,
 Smiling sweetly as they go,
 Never noisy—gliding smoothly as a snake ;
 Slipping here and sliding there,
 Through the meadow fresh and fair,
 Leaving subtle slime and poison in their wake.

Saw you not the scandal monger
 As she sat,
 Beaming brightly 'neath the roses
 On her hat ?
 In her dainty gloves and dress,
 Angel-like, and nothing less,
 Seemed she, casting smiles and pleasing words
 about.
 Once she shrugged and shook her head,
 Raised her eyes, and nothing said,
 When you spoke of friends, and yet it left a
 doubt.

Did you watch the scandal monger
 At the ball?
 Through the music, rhythm, beauty,
 Light and all,
 Moving here and moving there,
 With a whisper light as air,
 Casting shadows on a sister woman's fame—
 Just a whispered word or glance,
 As she floated through the dance,
 And a doubt forever hangs upon a name.

You will find the scandal mongers
 Everywhere;
 Sometimes men, but often women
 Young and fair;
 Yet their tongues drip foulest slime,
 As they spend their leisure time
 Casting mud on those who climb by work and
 worth!
 Shun them, shun them as you go—
 Shun them, whether high or low:
 They are but the cursèd serpents of the earth.

—*Boston Gazette.*

A DRUNKARD'S OBITUARY.

BY E. D. M.

BG. was born in the village of N., in the county of Norfolk. Taught to drink from infancy, it was no wonder he grew up fond of his glass. What should have been his schooldays were spent idling about the village, and, being an only child, the parents were ready with an excuse for him. At fourteen he was employed as stable boy by a resident lawyer, and for a time all promised well until tradesmen began to send in bills quite unexpected, his employer supposing the goods were paid for when purchased, and when questioned about it the boy was silent. He had appropriated his master's money to his own use, and forthwith was discharged. He then went on from bad to worse, until, at eighteen, nobody would employ him. He then enlisted in the army, where he spent the next eleven years of his life. At twenty-one he came home on a furlough, and spent most of his time at the public-house. One day he went home much the worse for drink; his mother spoke to him, and affectionately told him she would like a little more of his company, when *he raised his*

arm and struck her. Scarcely impressed by what he had done he left home again for a few months, when he was summoned to attend his mother's funeral. Then, with his regiment, he went to India, and little or nothing more was heard of him for seven years. At twenty-nine he returned to England, and, taking his furlough, was coming home to see his father unexpected, when in a state of drunkenness he got a ride (in a most dangerous position for one sober) on the shafts of a loaded wagon, and, just as he reached the bounds of his native village, in a dispute with the driver, he slipped off the shafts and fell, the wheels passing over his right shoulder, and *that arm* that seven years before was *raised to strike his mother* was almost severed from his body. He was conveyed to the West Norfolk Hospital, where amputation was successfully performed. He recovered, returned to his regiment to take his discharge, returned home, and was ordered to the workhouse, where he spent the remainder of his life and died November 29th, 1887, in the 50th year of his age. His was one of the most remarkable funerals ever witnessed in our quiet village. There were in attendance four bearers—one minister, one clerk, one mourner, and one spectator. Thus he lived unloved, died uncared for, and was buried unmourned. Surely "The way of transgressors is hard."

The above is an unadorned fact, the writer living in the village a greater part of the time. Particulars, dates, etc., necessary to this obituary were obtained from surviving relatives, for whose sake name and village is suppressed.

A LITTLE GIRL'S SPEECH.

WH O'LL make the brandy-peaches,
 Or brandy-flavoured pie,
 And help the liquor-traffic?
 Surely not I, not I.

Who wants in time of sickness
 A little ale to try,
 Or beer or wine to poison
 And make her worse? Not I.

Who likes a boy that tipples
 A little on the sly?

Or smokes cigars in private?
Not I, surely not I.

And when we girls are women
(We shall be by and by),
Who'll have a drinking husband?
Some *silly* girl; not I.

—Our State Union.

COMMON SENSE.

BY J. N. R.

A FEW shrewd friends one day were found
Exchanging sentiment around,
When one proposed a question rare,
Worthy of definition there:
"Who can explain, and yet condense,
In simple words, good common sense?"
Said Dick, "To me it's very clear;
It's buying cheap and selling dear."
But Tom expressed his firm belief,
"It's striving always to be chief."
"Nay," Harry said, "it's spending naught
But what you absolutely ought."
"Stop," said Jem Tipple; "don't you think
It's drowning care in quarts of drink?"
"Nay, never," Stephen says, and shows
His firm opinion by the blows
With which he strikes the vacant air,
As if all evil clustered there;
"Total *abstainers* are the kind
Of men to common sense inclined;
Who practise virtuous abstinence,
And with fermented drinks dispense
Because they everywhere produce
Disease and crime and sad abuse."
"I think you're right," said George; "I grant
That drink sets many off at rant;
But those who from strong drink refrain
Deserve respect and honour gain."
"And I," said Robert, "gladly say,
Hear, hear! and shout a loud hurrah!"
"Well, Mr. President, with you
Rests the decision prompt and true;
Pray tell us, without just offence,
What really is good common sense."
"Good common sense, my worthy friend,
As I its merits apprehend,
All other sense doth far transcend;
Two things are found therein to blend:
It's doing always with our might,
In the *best way*, the *thing that's right*."

SUNDAY CLOSING.

THE advocates of Sunday Closing must not halt in their onward march. They have scored a notable success in carrying the second reading of Mr. STEVENSON'S Bill by a majority of one hundred and seventy-nine to one hundred and fifty-seven. But, like that long, swift rush of the cavalry upon Cairo after the battle of Tel-el-Kebr, they must push their squadrons hastily forward till they have stormed the citadel. In December last they lost by seven votes mainly because some friends of the measure were in favour of leaving the decision in each district to the newly-formed County Councils. Now they have won a first engagement, but the final victory has to be through Committee and at the third reading. The triumph at these stages should be so signally marked by decisive majorities as to prevent all possibility of tampering with the measure in the House of Lords. We have every reason to expect favourable treatment for the cause in that Chamber, but there are peers, like Lord BRAMWELL, who will do their utmost to draw the sting from such an Act of Parliament, if they cannot reject it, and thus to render it futile. There must, therefore, be no hesitation—scarcely indeed a pause—for congratulation, but a close front, serried ranks, and a firm forward step. It is probable that the Bill will be in Committee after Whitsuntide, and then will be the hard tug of war. As it stands, the Bill is well. There are no exceptions: London and all the large towns are included. It is not, as in Ireland, shorn of much of its strength and marred of its chief usefulness by exceptions of places where it is most needed. We trust, too, there will be no shilly-shallying and weak admissions about the *bond fide* traveller, since this individual is for the most part neither a traveller nor a person of *bond fides*. The steady progress of opinion in the right direction affords every encouragement for persistence. Half-a-loaf is better than no bread, and if amendments be forced on in Committee, we must still not let the Bill go by the board. We must resist to the utmost, but not imperil the safety of the measure.—*The Rock*.

CHORUS.

Ev - er this the war - cry, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry; Ev - er this the war - cry, Vic - to - ry;

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

Write it on your ban - ners, waft it on the breeze, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry!

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

On to the conflict, deadly is the strife,
 All the prize we seek is to save the drunkard's life;
 Children will bless you, your reward will be,
 Victory, victory, victory.

Ever this the war-cry, &c.

Valiant and cheerful, marching right along,
 Every foe shall quit the field, tho' haughty and strong;
 Fear shall oppress them, truth shall make them flee;
 Victory, victory, victory.

Ever this the war-cry, &c.

Soon shall the warfare and the conflict cease,
 Soon shall dawn the welcome day of resting & peace;
 Foes all subdued, we'll raise the joyful cry,
 Victory, victory, victory.

Ever this the war-cry, &c.

POLLY'S TRUST.

A DIALOGUE FOR SEVEN.

BY MARY J. DIGGENS.

SCENE: *Polly waiting for her father.*

HOW short the candle grows! It will not last
Half long enough to light me through my
task,

Which I did promise faithfully should be
Performed to-morrow; and alas! the rich
Know not how hard it is to work when food
Is scarce, when chilblains ache, and eyes are weak
From lack of sleep, and grumble if we fail
To promptly satisfy their fancied wants.
Too well I know that if I do not take
These cuffs within the given time, I shall
Be told that others would have finished them,
And that I need apply no more for work,
Words simply meaning we must starve to death,
For father spends whate'er he earns in drink,
And all I get from him is what I find
In sundry pockets of his clothes cast on
The floor in one great heap when he comes home
At night from yonder public-house—a sum
Too small to pay the rent and taxes now—
Much less supply us with our food. Oh, were
I only free! far would I rush away
And leave this house—this place, and father too;
But I have promised mother, and I dare
Not break my word; for when she dying lay,

She called me her little blessing,
She kissed my lips and brow,

And gently my hand caressing,
Said, "You must be mother now;
And you must be true and brave, Polly;
You must be thoughtful, kind,
And your best must do to save, Polly,
Your father, so helpless, blind.

"Alone in this world, my dearest,
You are left to love him now,
And should you forsake—his nearest—
Deep will he fall, I trow.
But you will not cause to flow, Polly,
My tears in that land of love.
And for his and my sake will show, Polly,
Your father the way above."

I promised my darling mother;
I promised, here, ere she died,
That helped by our Elder Brother,
I would cleave to my father's side.
And she said, "I trust in you, Polly,
Good-bye, I am nearly home;
Be thoughtful, and brave, and true, Polly";
She sighed, and we were alone.

*(Falls asleep; clock strikes one, two.)**(Starts up.)*

What, two o'clock, and father not come back!
The door is locked, surely he hath not knocked
Whilst I was fast asleep, and hearing nought
Returned from whence he came! If that were so
There would be footprints in the snow, which long
Hath ceased to fall; I will unbolt the door
And look; and if he hath not been I will
Go forth to meet him, lest he lie upon
The snow all night and sleep to never wake
Again. *(Opens door.)*

No, no. The cat's footprints are here
And nothing more. Poor puss! How wet and cold
You are; yet do I wish I had a coat
As warm as yours, because my shawl has grown
Too thin to keep out wind and rain, and through
Its folds the bitter blast doth pierce my bones.
But shall I murmur if 'tis what the Lord
Hath sent? who, when His children suffer ill,
Doth always suffer too. Dear mother said
He led His sheep and bore the brunt of each
Hard blow before it fell on them. Was He
Not cold the night that Peter warmed himself?
And hungry in the wilderness? Tired too
With work and watching oft? A child, a youth,
A man below, He feels for children, youths,
And men above, and never leaves them, nor
Forsakes, unless they send Him right away.
He promised He would go with me to-night:
I take Him at His word, well knowing that
I should insult Him if I disbelieved;
And while He waits, put on my poor old shawl,
Prepare to follow whither He doth lead. *(Goes out.)*

White, white, all white! The dirty streets; the
dull
Dark walls; the smoky roofs are white, and o'er
A city fair the moon doth shine. How strange
It seems that God can change the earth within
So short a time! I often wondered why
He sent the snow; but now I think it is
To show us how our sins can hidden be,
E'en from His sight, beneath the pure white robe
That Jesus gives. Poor mother used to read
In the long letter telling us of Home,
Of friends, of God's own thoughts, and plans, and
works,
That He would make our sins as white as snow.
Still, I could never see how that could be
Until this great black, dirty town was clad
In purity.

(Wakes from a sleep.)

Lone, dark it is! The moon
Hath gone and all the lights are out; I must

Have passed the "Dragon" half-an-hour ago,
As every clock is striking three; asleep
And dreaming I was in my bed I have
Been wand'ring far away, and know not where
I am, and nought beside the fact that I
Must sleep again. (*Sinks on the ground.*)

Doctor. (*heard without.*)

Stop, coachman, stop; did you
Not hear a moan, and notice harder stuff
Than snow almost o'erturned the carriage. By
The light from your two lamps I see a heap—
The shape of some small grave, and greatly fear
A child is hurt.

(*Coachman enters, followed by doctor.*)

You do not say so, sir;

I had a little one myself, and for
Her wake would brighten, were it possible
The life of each small child, and bear its pain.

Doctor.

'Twas not your fault; had she escaped, you must
Have dashed into a house. 'Tis I who am
To blame for making this short cut, and yet
I did it with a good intent—aware
Your master could not sleep until you took
The medicine back to ease his pain.

Jones. Oh, sir,

The child is cold; please put on her my coat;
I well can do without it.

Doctor.

No, Jones, I

Will not. Think you that I could sit wrapped up
Within, whilst you outside did perish with
The cold? 'Tis mine the child shall have; now drive
Unto the hospital we pass along our way,
There good kind hands and watchful care will soon,
If all goes smooth, restore the roses to
Her cheeks.

Father. (*entering his house.*)

One, two, three. Ha! 'tis later than
I thought it was; I hope my lass has
Long since gone to bed. Yes, the light is out,
She has obeyed her dad for once. I wish
She always would, for oftentimes the thought
Of her doth spoil my sport; she looks so tired
And weary—like her mother did before
She died. I hope my little maid is well;
So clever hath she grown that she earns half
The living, helping in these cruel times
A father, who in better days was born
And bred, and ill prepared for poverty
And want. Poor mother little knows how hard
I have to work, how poorly I am lodged
And fed, though many times she told me what
Would happen if I married. I believe
It was her prophesying which made
My ill luck come; I warned her that it would.

Hallo! I'm croaking after all the fun
And merriment we've had to-night.
I'm sure I never laughed so much as when
Poor Tompkin's wife spake out her mind. I laugh
E'en now to think about it. Verily,
She would have used her fists as hard as she
Did use her tongue, had we not all combined
And turned her out. What names she called us,—

brutes,

Base cowards—sots—not worthy of the name
Of men, or fathers, all because our cheers
Awoke her precious boy. I own we were
Insane to think not of the walls so thin;
But still she had no right to make a row
In Bentley's house, and we did well to pay
Her out, though I am half afraid our poor
Old Tompkins fears the shrew he has not tamed.
And while I sit and laugh he quakes within
His shoes.

(*Polly standing in a nursery with a letter
and locket in her hand.*)

How swiftly time has flown! It seems
But yesterday I came to this great house
A little poor lame girl, heartbroken with
My grief, and weak from twelve months' pain.
Left quite

Alone amidst ten hundred thousand souls—
Around, whose love a brighter resting place
Had sought and found than my poor heart,
Unfit to work—unknown, my old home closed,
My father gone, my mother dead, alone,
And not alone, for who did lead me here
Save He who leaves not nor forsakes? Who sent
My mistress to my bed with words of hope
And love to cheer my night of pain in that
Great hospital? or caused to be so kind
The doctors and the nurses? prompted John
To teach me all he learnt himself and show
The love that he has now declared?

Dear John! kind, good and true art thou! (*kisses
portrait in locket.*)

(*Jane popping up behind.*)

Bravo!

How nicely I have caught the sly young puss,
Who always looks so shocked, and lectures when
I say I like men's company. No, no,
Don't make excuses, Miss, I saw you kiss
Them both,—the letter and the photo too.
Oh, shame!

Polly. But, Jane!

Jane. Yes, 'tis but Jane I think!

Poor Jane reproached for falling into love
Four times a year, and blamed for tumbling out
As often. See, 't'was only ten short days
Ago I bore a sound good scolding well
For simply walking out with James.

I wondered then if it were possible
To please your ladyship. I'm sure I've tried
A dozen lovers, not one of which has been
Acceptable to you.

Polly. Yes, Jane, you have
Too many, I have only one.

Jane. You goose,
I willingly would change my lot for one
Like yours, and some fine day I think I shall.
There is a glazier below, who worked here
In the spring when you were by the sea ;
He made advances then, which I repelled
Because he was so old. But now I see
That I was wrong. He said his home was dull,
His life was dreary, that he wanted a
Good wife to cheer him when he came from work,
And thinking only of myself and Tom's
Far better looks I bade him wait awhile.
He has done so and come again to hear
His fate this morning.

Polly. Which,—since Tom has failed
To keep his promise,—taking to himself
Another girl—will be a happy one
I hope.

Jane. Now don't be so unkind ; I came
Here to be praised for doing what you said
Was very noble on the part of our
Dear mistress, but instead you blame me, and
Impute bad selfish motives in my case.
I'll tell the glazier what you say. Oh, dear,
I quite forgot the broken window that
He sent me up to ask about, can he
Come in to mend it while the children are
Away ?

Polly. Yes, let him come at once.

*(Exit Jane, returns with glazier who commences
work.)*

This house
Is very bright and pleasant, Jane ; I am
Afraid my simple cot and lowly plot
Of ground will not content you after all
This splendour. Are you sure an old man like
Myself can make you happy ?

Jane. Yes, quite sure,
I told you so downstairs.

Glazier. You said you loved
Me, say it once again.

Jane. I love you, Ted. There
You have cut your finger ; I will fetch
Some linen rag and "poor man's friend," and bind
It up. *(Exit Jane.)*

(Returns—begins to tie up finger.)

Please do not look at me, or nervous I shall be.

Glazier. I cannot help it, Jane, so fair

A face as yours was never formed to bloom
Unseen.

Jane. You flatterer, I'm off.
(Enter Polly.)

Good morning, I am sorry you have hurt
Your hand.

Glazier. Whose voice is that I hear ?

Polly. The voice of one who left her home six
years

Ago to seek her father, Edward Dean.

Glazier. My loved, my long, lost child. By
night, by day

I've sought thee, found thee not, where hast thou
been

Through all these weary months and years? *(Em-
braces her.)*

(Enter Jane with tray.)

Hey, day!

I went down for a cooling drink and slight
Refreshment, knowing well your ribbon blue
Forbids all beer and wine. I see that I
Did wrong ; a warmer beverage you need
In which you may indulge, while John and I
Assuage our thirst with lemonade. Good-day.

Polly. Stay, Jane, you must not go. I want
you to

Rejoice with me o'er one who, while he is
Your lover is my father.

Jane. Surely, then,
I soon shall be your own step-mother, dear.

WE'LL LOOK NOT ON THE TEMPTING CUP.

WE'LL look not on the tempting cup
When the wine is gleaming ;
There is danger in its fatal draught,
Poison in its beaming.

From the merry, laughing rill,
As it glides along the hill,
We will drink and rejoice
At its sparkling glow,
And our merry song shall be,
Oh ! the cooling draught for me.

We'll taste it not, the ruby wine,
All our senses stealing ;
It chills the heart, destroys the brain,
Drowns each nobler feeling.

Say, would you wear the rose of health,
Brother, son, and daughter ?
Then shun the bright, deceptive bowl ;
Drink the pure, cold water.

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THE FRIGHTENED CHILD.



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When the new pony was bought, though it was much handsomer than the old one and could gallop much faster, the children did not take to it at first. This was perhaps because they were not sure whether "Prince" was as well-behaved and steady-going as "Roger," the dead pony, had been. Roger was quite a staid pony; he never kicked or showed signs of viciousness, but would let the children fondle and stroke him, and he would eat from their hands. Besides this he was quite obedient, and never galloped when requested to walk. Prince was younger and more lively; he would

now and again kick up his heels, shake his head, and didn't care for much petting. When one of the elder girls rode on his back he seemed to delight in going at full speed, to show, no doubt, how strong he was and how active he could be.

Gerty, the youngest of Mr. Stansfield's children, was at first afraid of Prince, and would not go near him if she could help it. Mr. Stansfield didn't like his child to appear cowardly, and sometimes he would lift her on to the pony's back and walk by her side, while James, the aged and faithful coachman, held the reins. At first Gerty was timid and would cry; but by and bye she was glad to mount the saddle on Prince's back, and would have neither James nor her father come near while she bravely scampered along the lanes.

THE DRUNKARD'S STORY.

IN a street of London city, leading towards the Fenchurch Station, I was walking one fine morning, in a serious meditation,

When I saw towards me coming, slow meandering on the side-walk,

First to kerb-stone, then to door-step, in a zigzag, crooked, wide walk,

Such a wretched, ragged fellow, steeped in misery and liquor,

That I dodged behind a lamp-post, so the man might pass me quicker.

But as I round him dodging, tried on t'other side to place me,

By a sudden lurch to leeward, right about he wheeled to face me, [decorum,

And with gravity of visage and an air of mock Said, "You're friendly and I know it. Now,

I want another jorum; [am willing,

To be drunk is to be happy; to be happy I And I'll get entirely jolly if you'll lend a friend a shilling.

"Oh! you needn't turn your nose up, or explode with indignation,

Nor commence a prosy lecture on my moral degradation—

I'm a little bit in liquor, I admit—but that's no matter—

I have no resource but spirits, thronging memories to scatter.

Yes! I am a wretched drunkard—I am sunk past sounding distance,

In a gulf of shame and horror—am a blot upon existence;

But when once I am in liquor, then a show of joy comes to me,

Then I lose the curse of mem'ry, with its pangs so sharp and gloomy.

"Ah! I once had friends and kinsfolk; I was held in estimation

By my neighbours and my townsmen as a pillar of the nation—

Yes, a staunch and trusty pillar, one whom people always call so,

For I had my 'fifty thousand,' and a splendid mansion also.

And I had possessions greater—wife and children—never fairer;

Ellen, patient, lovely, loving—why with whom might I compare her?

George, my boy, my darling prattler—Ellen, blue-eyed, like her mother—

These made up my happy household—could the world find such another?

"Oh! you think you have all firmness, that
my steps you ne'er will follow,
That your feet will never flounder in the mire
wherein I wallow—

So thought I, my haughty neighbour! had
some prophet as a victim,
To the brandy bottle doomed me, ten to one
but I had kicked him.

What! a slave to base indulgence! clothed in
tatters! spurned and spat at!

Such a coat as this upon me! crowned by such
a hat as *that* hat!

I'd have laugh'd at all such nonsense; yet
you see my situation;

And as I am *now*, you may be, though you
drink in moderation.

"Moderation? Ugh! what folly! Ask the
whirlwind to be quiet—

Speak of peace unto the tempest—but in
drinking never try it.

Rouse of appetite the lion, and though friends
and guards attend you,

From his lair the beast will leap out, when
you least expect, and rend you.

I was moderate in drinking, but my chain of
limit lengthened,

Feeding on its constant practice, day by day
the habit strengthened,

Fortune fled me, friends abandoned, darkened
all the skies above me:—

Save poor Ellen and her children, there was
no one left to love me.

"Oh! those years of maddest revel, when
good fellows sat beside me,

When with glowing words they fed me, when
with flattery they plied me,

Till I sank me deeper, deeper, in a vast abyss
unholy, [though slowly.

Never heeding that my darlings faded certainly
Do you blame me that I madly seek my Lethé
draught in liquor?

What care I that it may bring me to my dole-
ful end the quicker?

All my wealthy friends departed, none are left
to mourn my dying.

In the pauper's grave unheeded are my wife
and children lying.

"Men may talk about romances! if they want
a sharp sensation [degradation;

Let them get the real story of a drunkard's

Of the pangs that sober moments bring with
agony to fill him,

And the hearer gets a novel that will interest
and thrill him.

Had I time or had you patience, of such
terrible things I'd tell you,

That altho' you might despise me, yet to pity
'twould compel you:—

But I'd thank you for that shilling—while I
live I would be merry,

When I die, there's one more pauper for the
sober folks to bury."

Longer still, no doubt, his story, had I stayed
to listen to it,

But I gave the wretch his shilling, though
'twas doubtless wrong to do it;

Leaving him to seek the gin-shop, there to
drown his troublous thinking,

While I wondered would I ever, thro' my
moderate way of drinking,

Sink so low in my debasement as the wretch
from whom I'd parted,

Make my children suffer hunger, and my wife
die broken-hearted;

And, although his maudlin sermon seemed in
my case to be wasted,

Yet that day the glass of sherry to my dinner
went untasted.

Days and months since I had met him; stocks
and woollen yarns and cotton,

All combined to make my drunkard and his
tale of woe forgotten;

But this morning's daily paper, while events
domestic noting,

Told how some one on the Thames had found
a dead man's body floating;

In his age he seemed past forty—face and rags
the drunkard showing—

Yet within the wretch some angel kept a spark
of feeling glowing, [a lover,

For upon his clammy bosom, like the token of
Lay a single golden ringlet—"Ellen," written
on its cover.

THE LITTLE BOY'S SPEECH.

BY P. BURRIDGE.

I AM only a little boy,
You see I'm not so old,
You won't expect from me, I know,
A long speech, stiff and cold.

I belong to the Band of Hope,
And wish to tell you all,
That if you'd like to come and join,
They won't mind if you're small.

For you can come and sign your name,
And you must promise then,
From all such things as wine or beer,
To say you will abstain.

The little bee that flies about,
The little bird that sings,
All do their work, and never waste
Their time on wicked things.

But some big men that God has made,
Waste all their life on gin,
And never even stop to think,
What to their homes they bring.

Their little children see the drink,
And sometimes taste it, too;
But no one ever dreams, I'm sure,
What it may lead them to.

If little boys, like me, you know,
Taste drink when they are young,
Who knows when they are grown-up
men
The harm it may have done.

So now I think I'll end my speech,
As I've said all I can;
Excuse mistakes, and perhaps I may
Do better when a man.

INTEMPERANCE THE GREAT SOCIAL BATTLE OF THE AGE.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THIS is the great social battle of the age which we are fighting between the flesh and the spirit—between the animal and the man. We are living in a time when nothing can save us but moral principle in the individual. Our government is an equal government, as such. We have cast in our destiny on this great principle of popular government, and we must go up with it, or go down with it. It is for us to maintain our institutions, if they are maintained at all; and unless we can teach individuals and the masses self-respect and self-control, we are utterly ruined.

It is a mere matter of time. There is no salvation for institutions like ours except in the principle of self-control. And there is no single evil, social or political, that strikes more at the foundation of such institutions than the drinking habits of society. If you corrupt the working-class by drink; if you corrupt the middle-class by drink; if you corrupt the literary and wealthy classes by drink, you have destroyed the commonwealth beyond your power to save it. And we are making battle for the preservation of this moral principle. It is the great patriotic movement of the day. Therefore we must have clear heads; we must have right consciences; we must have all the manhood that is in men, or that can educate them to it. The good that is in society will not be a match for the evil that is continually pulling it down.

Now, young men, which side are you to take in this great struggle? Will you go for license? Will you go for passion? Will you go for corruption? Or will you range yourselves on the side of those who are attempting to lift men up toward spirituality; toward true reason; toward noble self-control? You can afford to go but one way. Every young man who has one impulse of heroism, one generous tendency in him, ought in the beginning to take his ground beyond all controversy, and say, "I work for those who work for the good and beautiful and true."

ANGRY WORDS.

ANGRY words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour,—
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep, insidious power;
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirr'd,
Oft are rent past human healing
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Working for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
 Friendship is too sacred far,
 For a moment's reckless folly,
 Thus to desolate and mar.
 Angry words are lightly spoken,—
 Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirr'd,
 Brightest links of earth are broken,
 By a single angry word.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY A. OBEAR.

THE light of the glad June morning
 Broke over the eastern skies,
 And the dewy earth sent back bright gleams
 Of the hues of Paradise.

Joy breathed from every quivering leaf,
 From every dancing rill,
 In hum of bee, in song of bird,
 Sent out in gladsome trill.

An old man rose from the pauper couch
 His weary limbs had pressed,
 A dull, dead pain in every limb,
 A dull weight on his breast.

All night had busy memory trod
 The chambers of the past,
 Whose floors were strewn with shattered hopes
 Whose walls dark shadows cast—

The shadows of his wasted years
 Writ there as on a scroll—
 Whose echoes told "*what might have been*"
 To stir his storm-tossed soul.

No glad June sunlight shone for him ;
 Behind him all was drear ;
 And darker grew the shades beyond,
 Peopled by shapes of fear.

Where was his wife, his children, home ?
 Alas ! alas ! alas !
 Dearer to him had been the light
 That sparkled in the glass—

The glass that *seemed* a priceless boon
 To buy with precious things,
 But *was* an adder in his path,
 And now, like adders, stings.

"Can death bring bitterest fruit to him
 Than this his hand has sown ?"

"Is there not rest within the grave ?"
 He'll seek it—it is done.

And Death, the solemn warder
 Whose hand alone unbars
 To saints the glorious city
 That shines beyond the stars,

Standing 'neath the mystic portal,
 Opened wide the unknown door ;
 So *wide* that his "works might follow !"
 Will they follow evermore ?

NONE WILL MISS THEE.

NEW will miss thee, friend, when thou
 For a month in dust hast lain.
 Skilful hand and anxious brow,
 Tongue of wisdom, busy brain—
 All thou wert shall be forgot,
 And thy place shall know thee not.

Shadows from the bending trees
 O'er thy lowly head may pass ;
 Sighs from every wandering breeze
 Stir the long, thick churchyard grass ;
 Wilt thou heed them ? No ; thy sleep
 Shall be dreamless, calm and deep.

Some sweet bird may sit and sing
 On the marble of thy tomb,
 Soon to flit on joyous wing
 From that place of death and gloom,
 On some bough to warble clear ;
 But these songs thou shalt not hear.

Some kind voice may sing thy praise,
 Passing near thy place of rest ;
 Fondly talk of "other days"—
 But no throb within thy breast
 Shall respond to words of praise,
 Or old thoughts of "other days."

Since so fleeting is thy name,
 Talent, beauty, power and wit,
 It were well that without shame
 Thou in God's great book were writ,
 There in golden words to be
 Graven or eternity.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

40.—No, Not Despairingly.

With expression.

W. F. WERSCHKAL.

No, not des-pair-ing-ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis-

KEY G.

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

trust-ing-ly Bend I the knee; Sin hath gone o-ver me, Yet this is

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

all my plea, Je-sus hath died for me, Je-sus hath died.

f : -m	r : -	d : -	m : s	s : -f	f : -	m : -	r : -d	d : -	- :
d : -d	t, : -	d : -	d : ta,	l, : -l,	l, : -	s, : -	f, : -m,	m, : -	- :
l : -s	s : -	m : -	s : m	f, : -d	d : -	d : -	s, : -s,	s, : -	- :
d : -d	s, : -	d : -	d : d	f, : -f,	f, : -	s, : -	s, : -d,	d, : -	- :

2 Lord, I confess to Thee
 Sadly my sin,
 Now tell I all to Thee,
 All I have been ;
 Purge Thou my sin away,
 Wash Thou my soul this day,
 Take Thou my sin away,
 Lord, make me clean.

3 Faithful and just art Thou,
 Forgiving all ;
 Loving and kind art Thou
 When sorrows fall ;
 Lord, let the cleansing blood,
 Let the dear healing flood,
 Blood of the Lamb of God,
 Pass o'er my soul.

60.—Jewels.

Words by REV. WM. O. CUSHING.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderate.

When He com-eth, when He com-eth to make up His jew-els, All His jew-els, pre-cious

KEY E.

{	d . r	m : m : m . f	s : s : l	m : m : r	d : d : d . r	m : m : m . f
	d . d	d : d : d . d	d : d : d	d : d : t,	d : d : d . d	d : d : d . d
	m . f	s : s : s . f	m : m : f	<u>d . m</u> : s : f	m : m : m . f	s : s : s . f
	d . d	d : d : d . d	d : d : f,	s ₁ : s ₁ : s ₁	d : d : d . d	d : d : d . d

CHORUS.

jew-els, His lov'd and His own. Like the stars of the morn-ing, His bright crowns a-

{	s : s : l	m : m : r	d : -	d' . t	l : l : d'	s : s : l, s	d : d : r
	d : d : d	d : d : t,	d : -	d . d	d : d : f	m : m : d	d : d : t,
	m : m : f	<u>d . m</u> : s : f	m : -	m . m	f : f : l	d' : d : m	m : m : s
	d : d : f	s ₁ : s ₁ : s ₁	d : -	d . d	f : f : f	d : d : d	l, l, s,

dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

{	m : s : d' . t	l : l : d'	s : s : l	s : d : r	d : -
	d : d : d . d	d : d : f	m : m : d	d : d : t,	d : -
	s : m . m . m	f : f : l	d' : d : f	m : m : f	m : -
	d : d : d . d	f : f : f	d : d : f,	s ₁ : s ₁ : s ₁	d : -

2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom ;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His lov'd and His own.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His lov'd and His own.

WHAT THE PUBLIC-HOUSE DOES.

A DIALOGUE FOR FIVE MALES.

BY P. BURRIDGE.

CHARACTERS—Dick, a Blacksmith; Tom, an Office Employé; Jack, George, and Harry, School Boys.

(Enter Dick and Tom; shake hands heartily.)

Tom.

HELLO, Dick! how are you? Why, you are almost a stranger.

Dick. Oh, I'm all right, thanks, Tom; but you are not looking so well as when I saw you last.

T. Do you think so? Well, the fact is, we have been rather overworked at the office, and I have not been able to get much exercise. How are you doing at your new shop?

D. Oh, it's better than serving drink at the "Three Stars"; I wish I had given up that wicked trade sooner.

T. You must excuse me giving my opinion, Dick, but I think you were very foolish giving up "the wicked trade" as you choose to call it. You know you were getting money as fast as hail, and it was much easier than blacksmithing. I expect you soon found the difference, didn't you?

D. I did at first, but I am getting used to a busier life, and I hope a more useful one.

T. Still, I can't imagine where your senses were.

D. If you had seen the misery caused by drink I saw, you would not wonder—the wretched homes, the starving children, made so by drink.

T. But if people choose to take drink, it had nothing to do with you. You only bought and sold like a grocer or baker, and I fail to see the blame on you.

D. Well, Tom, now you have given your opinion, I will try and explain why I gave up the business. Your argument seems fair, but I hope you will soon see you are wrong.

T. Oh, I don't know about that.

D. Take, for instance, the traveller. I might serve him with only a little of something to drink, and he would go on his journey. At the next public he came to, he would think, "Well, I feel rather dry, so I think I will stop here and have something to quench my thirst;" and at the next place, and the next, he would feel the same old thirst creep on him. He might not understand *why* it should be, but there it is—a craving which he can't seem to satisfy, try however he will, and by the time he has reached the end of his journey, he would be quite stupid and senseless, and yet he

might not seem to have taken much, perhaps a small quantity at each place. Well, I should, of course, feel that I had helped to deprive the man of his natural sense, by giving him that which is intoxicating, and I should in a measure be responsible for it.

T. You must have got very weak-hearted all at once, Dick. I suppose it is the Temperance people have turned your head with their old women's tales? Well, I did think you were a little firmer than that.

D. It is, of course, what I have seen and heard has made me think as I do now. If more of our men listened to the old women's tales, as you term them, it would be much better both for them and their country. As to being firm, just think what drink has done for some of the best men of the day.

T. I hope I didn't offend you in speaking as I did. We have been friends for many years, and this Temperance folly should not interfere with us in any way. We had better drop the subject, I think.

D. Oh, you needn't be afraid of offending me. I have heard a lot more than that, since I signed the pledge. Did you know the head gardener at Squire Martock's?—Jones, I think, his name was.

T. Oh, yes; I know him quite well. I don't think I ever met a better-natured fellow, always ready to do a good turn for anybody.

D. Then you have not heard the sad end he came to?

T. No, I have heard nothing. You don't mean to say he is dead, do you?

D. Yes, he is, poor man. He was found frozen to death about a week ago. He was drunk, and going home late at night he fell down, and, not being able to get up, lay there, and some workmen found him early in the morning dead.

T. I am sorry to hear that; but I always thought him a moderate drinker.

D. Yes, he was once; but his moderation ended the same as it ends with many others.

T. I remember hearing about his drinking at the time he left the Squire's; but thought it only idle gossip; for, you know, there is always someone who knows something bad about a person if he happens to leave his place.

D. That is quite true, Tom; but in this case there was some truth.

T. What about his wife and children—what is to become of them?

D. I'm sure I don't know. They can't have very much, for Jones had been drinking heavily of late; and, even before I gave up selling drink, I was helping him to a drunkard's grave. This is

enough to convince any sensible man he is doing wrong.

T. All very good, but why need you turn teetotaler? I suppose you could not trust yourself even?

D. Well, you know, I have always been a moderate drinker, but when I came to give it up altogether, I was much surprised at the hold it had upon me. I had such a craving, that sometimes I felt that I could not resist it. I can quite understand a drunkard's craving, after my own experience.

T. Dear me, you must have been almost a drunkard!

D. Yes; it is easy to say, "Only a Glass," but gradually the one glass gets to more.

T. Well, Dick, you put it plainly, and I see clearer what you mean; it is better to be on the safe side.

D. I'm glad to hear that, and I hope we shall soon see your name on our teetotaler's list. I am going to a Temperance meeting to-night, and should be pleased if you would come with me.

T. Oh, thanks, Dick. I shall be very pleased to go. No doubt the best side of a public-house is the outside. What time does the meeting begin?

D. At seven o'clock, and I'm sure you'll get a hearty welcome.

T. Then I'll come to your house a little before seven o'clock?

D. All right, Tom, I shall look out for you; and now, good-bye, for the present.

T. Good-bye, Dick. (*Shake hands and go different ways.*)

PART II.—*Enter Jack and George; Jack with skates under his arm.*

George. Hello, Jack! Where are you off in such a hurry?

Jack. I am going to the pond to skate. Some of the boys say it is frozen hard, so I'm going to try my luck. Won't you come with me?

G. How can I go? I have no skates and no money to buy a pair. I gave my pocket money to buy some things for the poor little Jones's, whose father was found frozen to death a few days ago.

J. (*puzzled.*) That's rather hard lines. (*Takes out money.*) I think I've enough to lend you to buy a pair.

G. It is kind of you, Jack; but I must not take it; father says we must never borrow.

J. Oh, take it (*again offers money*). Your father won't know unless you tell him. Pay me back when you can.

(*Enter Harry in rags; grabs at money in Jack's hand.*)

Harry. There—that's where father's money goes, into your and your father's pocket, instead of buying food and clothes for mother and us.

J. (*angrily.*) What do you mean talking to me like that? You had better be off.

H. Well, I will go when I've said what I want to. I was going to look for father to see if he had any money, for mother and poor little Bess are starving. I saw your money, and thought I'd just like to tell you that some of it, by right, belongs to us.

J. You had better not say that again; it is like saying I stole your father's money.

H. I don't say you stole it, but if it wasn't for your father's public, we should be better off than we are.

G. You are talking fast, I think.

J. He certainly is very free with his tongue. If your father comes to buy drink, his can't help it.

H. But don't you entice him to your house every evening, where he spends his money; and then comes home drunk and beats us all?

G. Jack, I think Harry is right, after all. I'm sure I should feel as he does if my father got tipsy. Do you know they have started a Band of Hope at the meeting-room, and teacher has been talking to us about it? I mean to go to the next meeting; and after what Harry has said about his father I think we all ought to sign the pledge.

J. (*very angrily.*) Go to the meetings, if you like, but I'll take good care I don't go. Good-bye; I'm off to the ice. (*Jack turns away, but comes back.*)

(*Enter Dick and Tom.*)

Dick. What is all the dispute about? I heard some loud talking and came to see what it meant.

All at once. { J. I was talking to George.
G. Jack and me were planning.
H. I saw Jack taking out his money.

D. (*putting his hands to his ears.*) Stop! One at a time, please. Now, George, as you are the eldest, perhaps you'll explain?

G. Well, sir, Jack offered to lend me money to buy a pair of skates, and Harry, seeing the money, told him some of it belonged to him, for his father spent all his money at the "Three Stars," the public-house Jack's father keeps.

D. Before we go further—I hope you do not mean to borrow money from Jack?

J. Oh, no, sir! I offered it to him, but he wouldn't take it; his father told him it was wrong to borrow.

D. Quite right, my boy; I hope you will

always be firm when tempted. Now, Harry, for your side of the story.

H. Yes, sir, I'll tell you all. My father never used to get tipsy, and then we had a very happy home. When the "Three Stars" was opened my father had to pass it every day, and he began to go in and buy drink.

D. Where was the harm in that, my boy?

H. There would have been no harm, sir, if father had taken no more than he did at first, but he went there so often, poor mother became alarmed. (*He falters and looks sad.*)

Tom. Go on, my boy; I should like to hear your story; perhaps I can help you in some way.

H. (*brightening up.*) Well, sir, father went there to drink, and came home late at night, and mother sat up for him. Sometimes he would beat her, because she had no money to buy food for us. Then the man who kept the public gave up, and people said he had saved a lot of money while keeping it. Mother and I were glad, because father wouldn't now be tempted.

D. Then, I suppose, you became happier?

H. Oh, yes, sir. Father spent his evenings at home, and our house soon looked quite smart again. Father often said he would drink no more. He kept his word until Jack's father re-opened the public-house, and father has scarcely been sober since. Last night he came home drunk, and beat mother, and to-day she is ill, and my little sister was crying for something to eat, so I came out to try and get something. When I saw Jack with so much money, I could not help saying what I did.

D. Your's is a very hard case, my boy. I am sorry to say I was the man who first opened the "Three Stars," and I gave it up because I saw the misery drink causes. I wish I had never taken the place.

T. I can see drink is a curse, even in this small place. Here, my boy, give this to your mother; it will help her a little. (*Gives Harry money.*)

H. Thank you, sir; mother will be so pleased.

D. I will come to your house first thing in the morning, and see what can be done. I am much to blame for bringing unhappiness to your home, but will try and make some amends.

H. Thank you, sir.

D. (*to George and Jack.*) I fear we have left you out of our conversation, but I hope you have learned something by listening.

J. I must say it is nothing very grand to be a publican's son; I do wish father didn't keep a public-house.

D. Wouldn't you like to join the Band of Hope?

J. Yes, sir, I should; and I hope before long father will see he is doing wrong, as you did, sir.

G. I should like to join, too.

D. That's right, my boy; and I hope if ever you do, you will stick to your pledge and try and get others to join; and Jack may in time persuade his father to give up the public-house.

T. Wouldn't you like to join, too, Harry?

H. Yes, sir, I should; but, you see, my clothes are so shabby.

D. Oh, never mind that. When I call to-morrow I will see what can be done for you. I hope you will all be at the meeting on Thursday next at seven o'clock.

T. I must say before you go it was only this morning in talking to my friend I began to see what misery drink is causing. I shall be at the meeting, and mean to sign the pledge, but I must now be going. (*The boys all say Good-day, and exit.*)

D. (*to Harry.*) Look out for me in the morning.

H. You may be sure of that, sir. (*Exit.*)

D. (*to Tom.*) You see, Tom, that is the fruit of my public-house keeping. I must go to that poor boy's home, and try and undo some of the mischief.

T. Let me go with you; perhaps I may be able to render help.

D. Oh, come by all means, Tom. I am sure you will be a useful worker in the cause.

T. I will try; and let me thank you for warning me of my great danger. Although I have been a moderate drinker, I expect it will cost an effort to give drink altogether; but I will do it, God helping me.

D. Yes, Tom, you will be given strength to conquer. (*Turning to the Band of Hope.*) Now, my young friends, are you not all glad there will be an addition to the Temperance ranks? (*The children answer, "Yes, sir."*)

T. Thank you for your hearty welcome.

D. Now, dear friends, we will wish you all good-night.

NOTICE.

THE Forty-second number of "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOYS RECITER," by S. KNOWLES, is just published, price 1d. It contains a Humorous Dialogue, entitled, "A Drunken Spree and What Came of It"; also a Dialogue for Three Girls, and several Recitations. This completes the Seventh Sixpenny Part, which is also announced as ready for sale. Detailed list of the Penny Nos., Volumes, and Parts will be sent to any address on application to the Publishers.

NOW READY. No. 42 of

Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter.

BY S. KNOWLES.

Contents.

A DRUNKEN SPREE AND WHAT CAME OF IT. A Humorous Dialogue for Nine.

RECITATIONS:—The Boy I Like; The Dying Girl's Vision; Don't Cry, My Bairn; Why does not Father Come! Plain Speaking.

"I WON'T BELIEVE IT!" A Dialogue for Three Girls. Mr. Jones' Little Mistake. (A Reading.)

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No. 235.—July, 1889.]

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UGLY TEMPER.

UGLY TEMPER.



If you will look at our illustration this month you will see something which, instead of rousing pleasure, will rather give pain. The country around is beautiful with grass and flower and stately tree; but amid all this beauty we see a little girl manifesting ugly temper, refusing to obey her auntie's requests, determined not to be restrained by a stronger will and arm than her own from running into danger. For just in front where the artist has depicted the girl and her aunt, there is, hidden by the grass, soft, pulpy, wet earth, into which the feet would sink, and perhaps the whole body. Here are toads, and askers (water-nets), great beetles, and other ugly creatures, which, though useful in God's economy, are unpleasant to look at and much more unplea-

sant to touch. Of course the little girl didn't know of this, but she had been told by her aunt to keep by her side and she would be safe. In spite of the injunction she wilfully disobeyed, and when caught, fought and struggled to get free, her face distorted with passion, and her heart made more hard by disobedience.

What a lesson children may learn from this picture! We could easily point out a moral, but would rather our young readers exercised their ingenuity and thoughtfulness and point one for themselves. We will say, however, that children should always willingly be guided by their parents and those who love them, for they may be sure parents and friends will never ask them to do anything but what is for their own advantage, or to go anywhere that will lead them into danger.

THE WAY OF THE RAIN.

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

H HEARD an old farmer talk one day,
 Telling his listeners how,
 In the wide, new country far away,
 The rainfall follows the plough:
 "As fast as they break it up, you see,
 And turn the earth to the sun,
 As they open the furrows deep and free,
 And the tillage is begun,
 "The earth grows mellow; and more and
 It holds and sends to the sky [more
 A moisture it never had before
 When its face was hard and dry.
 And so, wherever the ploughshares run,
 The clouds run overhead;
 And the soil that works and lets in the sun
 With water always is fed."
 I wonder if that old farmer knew
 The half of his simple word,
 Or guessed the message that, heavenly true,
 Within it was hidden and heard?
 It fell on my ear by chance that day;
 But the gladness lingers now,
 To think it is always God's dear way
 That the rainfall follows the plough.

STAND BOLDLY OUT.

BY W. A. EATON.

DO not mingle with the throng
 Who so boldly laugh and shout;
 Do not sing the giddy song,
 But stand boldly out.
 Though they may be friends you love,
 And no drunken, rabble rout;
 Raise your banner high above,
 And stand boldly out!
 When you're asked to take the drink
 Do not argue, as in doubt;
 Answer quick, stop not to think,
 But speak boldly out!
 Do not speak in whining tone,
 As if grieved to go without;
 Stand, if you must stand alone,
 And speak boldly out!
 There is nothing you need fear,
 Though the rest may sneer and shout;
 Let your principles shine clear,
 And stand boldly out!
 Though the right is crushed by wrong,
 Truth will conquer, never doubt;
 Soon shall sound the victor's song;
 Then stand boldly out!

Backward fling the tempter's scorn;
 Soon shall ring the victor's shout;
 We shall hail the glorious dawn
 When the curse is blotted out.

WE WILL STAND BY THE FLAG.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

An acting acrostic for twenty boys, who should each have a letter in the right hand. A sheet of card-board, with a large capital letter plainly printed on, will answer the purpose. As each boy comes out and recites his line, he should hold up the card containing the letter with which his line commences. When all have recited, the motto of the piece can be seen plainly by the letters. At the close, let them recite or sing the verse given below, to the tune of "*Jeannette and Jeannot*." To add to the effect, a large flag should be prettily draped; or they can hold a small flag in the left hand, and wave it as they sing.

W hat though the hill be rough and high,
 E xcelsior! shall be our cry.

W hat though the foe be firm and strong,
 I f we are right, and he is wrong,
 L et's nobly battle for the right;
 L et's win, or never cease to fight!

S hould drinkers frown and proud men sneer,
 T hen by our acts we'll show how dear
 A nd good our cause, by living down
 N eglect, abuse, and sneer, and frown—
 D efeat comes not, if we endure;

B ut victory by-and-by is sure;
 Y es, though the foe be linked with sin,

T hough thousands serve and worship him,
 H e yet shall fall and bite the dust;
 E arth shall be pure, for God is just.

F ear not, then, ye who work and pray!
 L ong coming, yet there comes a day—
 A day when drunkenness shall cease,
 G od glorified, and man at peace.

ALL SING.

(Tune—"Jeannette and Jeannot.")

A happy day is coming,
 When King Bacchus shall resign
 His throne to pure Queen Temperance,
 And water conquer wine;
 And the day will come the sooner,
 If you help the cause along,
 And join our band and not forget,
 The motto of our song.

ONE ACT OF A BRAVE BOY.

BY MARY E. DUSTIN.

EDDIE S— lives in one of the most beautiful cities of Ohio, but you will not find his home in one of its fashionable streets. Across the river, opposite a broad common, through a muddy yard, around to the back-door, and up some broken stairs to the second story of a frame house, does he go every night after his day's work at the railroad depot. Inside the door, however, extreme cleanliness and an air of comfort pervades the crowded rooms. The *Advocate* (a kind brother in the church sends it to his mother), the Bible, and Sunday-school lesson leaf lying on a table, the fine far-away look-out from the window, all combine to make it a not uninviting resting-place for any one. But there is a shadow over this home, to which its comparative poverty is but a speck in the summer air: the father is a drunkard. A few years ago he was able to keep his children in school, and support his family comfortably by the products of his labour as a blacksmith. The remembrance of the time when the father was always kind, as he is now when sober, makes the present sorrow and disgrace all the more painful for his wife and children. But to come to my story. On the last evening of February Eddie's mother thought she would like to go to prayer-meeting, so her husband went with her to the door of the Methodist church, of which she is a member, and said he would wait for her outside until the service was over. Alas! how suddenly divide the paths of the good and those who follow evil. The same electric light that cast its clear cut shadows on the graceful Gothic towers of the temple of prayer and praise made plain the way to a snare of Satan called a saloon. Hardly had the door closed upon his wife when the poor weak slave of appetite went over the street, inside the door, and called for a drink; but just as he laid his money on the counter there was an unexpected interruption to the transaction. Boys, what would you think if, when your father went out in the evening, you had to follow and watch his footsteps to keep him from getting drunk? Yet that was what this man's two sons did on that night of which I am speaking. So before the bar-keeper had

time to serve his customer Eddie stepped in and, standing by his father, said to the saloon-keeper: "Don't you dare to give him any liquor; if you do we will prosecute you to the extent of the law"; then, turning to a group of men seated in the room, said: "Gentlemen, you hear what I say. We have enough of this coming home drunk almost every night, and we are going to put a stop to it."

"It is none of my concern," said the bartender. "It is some of *my* concern, and I will make it some of your concern," answered Eddie. The father, yielding when not excited by drink, turned and went out, followed by his son, who stayed and waited with him, while his brother Robbie went home to attend to a younger child. This is what I call brave for a naturally shy boy of fifteen, who had always lived a very humble and retired life. He told his mother that he trembled all over when he was talking. How much better it would be for Eddie, his father, and all concerned if the liquor-saloons were all closed! Will you help to make a law that shall shut up all such places?

THE ROYAL GOBLET.

I HAVE read in some story olden,
I don't know when or where,
Of a goblet quaint and golden,
Most wond'rous rich and rare.

It was made by a royal order,
And wrought with a strange device,
And there sparkled on its border
Bright gems of costly price.

But the inside of this beaker
Was fashioned stranger still,
And startled many a drinker
Who quaffed from it his fill.

For there, at the bottom coiling,
Was the image of a snake;
A sight the rich draught spoiling,
Made some in terror shake.

So the goblet taught a lesson
That men are slow to learn;
Heedless of danger they press on,
Nor from sin's pathway turn.

They drink of the liquid madness
Their self-made thirst to slake,
But see not, in their wild excess,
The alcoholic snake.

For they will not heed the warning
Of Israel's ancient king,
And all wisdom's precepts scorning,
They feel the serpent's sting.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

THE King was sick. His cheek was red
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should
know,
And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their
heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble;
If they recovered they paid him well,
If they died their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up," roared the King in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran—
*The King will be well if he sleeps one night
In the Shirt of a Happy Man.*

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
And rich who thought they were poor,
And men who twisted their waists in stays,
And women that short hose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot ;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there ;
He whistled and sang and laughed and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay ;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you,
friend !
You seem to be happy to-day."

"O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad ;
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said ;
"Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black ;
"I would do it, God wot," and he roared with
the fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom ;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world and toiled
In his own appointed way ;
And the people blessed him, the land was
glad,
And the King was well and gay.

DONT.

DONT always be wishing for what you
can't get ;
For wishes are vain that cannot be met.

Don't always be moping because you feel blue ;
'Twill make you unhappy, and other folks too.

Don't always be fretting if something goes
wrong,
And not to your liking ; it won't be for long.

For though the sky cloudy to-day may appear,
To-morrow it may be all sunny and clear.

Don't always be grumbling because you have
not [lot.
All that you wish for ; be content with your

Don't envy a man because he has wealth ;
Though you have not riches, be thankful for
health.

Don't despise any man because he is poor ;
His heart may be better than one who has
more.

And he may be more willing to help his
friends
Than he whom wealth and good fortune
attends.

Don't miss any chances to do a good deed,
The naked to clothe and the hungry to feed.

For you never will be the loser thereby, [by.
And may be rewarded—who knows ?—by and

A MOTHER'S WORDS.

A GOOD mother, when her son was leaving
the home of his childhood and going
out into the great world, knowing that he was
ambitious, gave him this parting injunction :

"My son, remember that, though it is a
good thing to be a great man, it is a great
thing to be a good man."

No sounder, no truer words were ever spoken.
A great man may dazzle, but a good man is a
beacon shining afar, by whose beneficent light
a multitude are enabled to walk in safety.
The best success is very often achieved by the
humblest ; and an obscure life well spent is
better than a wicked renown.

SAVE THE FALLEN!



S. J. VAIL.

Lord, be-fore Thy ho-ly al-tar, Now, Thy bles-sing we im-plore,

KEY Ab.

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

Grant we may not faint or fal-ter 'Till our glo-rious work is o'er.

{	s ₁ :-d m . r : d . t ₁ l ₁ :- d :- r :-r r . d : t ₁ . l ₁ s ₁ :- - :-
	m ₁ :-m ₁ s ₁ . f ₁ : m ₁ . s ₁ f ₁ :- s ₁ :- fe ₁ :-fe ₁ fe ₁ . l ₁ : s ₁ . f ₁ s ₁ :- - :-
	d :-d d . d : d . d d :- d :- l ₁ :-l ₁ l ₁ . l ₁ : r . d . t ₁ :- - :-
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Sa-voir, help us; we are try-ing Souls im-mor-tal to re-claim;

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

Thro' intemp'rance they are dy - ing, Snatch them from its burn - ing flame.

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

CHORUS.

Save the fall - en, make them so - ber; May they feel their sins for - giv'n.

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

When this transient life is o - ver; Give them, Lord, a place in heaven.

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

2 Lo, the tempter now assailing
Hoary age and smiling youth,
Shall his cruel arts prevailing,
Stop the springs of hallowed truth!
Lord, forbid it! hear us pleading, —
Jesus, Thou hast died to save;
Let Thy mercy interceding,
Keep them from a drunkard's grave.

3 O'er the hearts that pine with anguish,
Pour Thy healing balm divine;
O'er the wasted forms that languish,
Let the beams of comfort shine;
In Thy strength, if still united,
We the erring may restore,
Then intemp'rance, crushed and blighted,
We will banish from our shore.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH AN INTERVIEWER.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO MALES.

SCENE:—*Mr. Dullard (a pompous man) reading. Servant enters, announcing Mr. Nervous, who follows at her heels. Mr. D. is taken by surprise at Mr. N.'s boldness, but at length shakes hands, requests him to be seated, and asks his business.*

Mr. Nervous.

HOPING it's no harm, I've come to interview you.

Mr. Dullard. Come to what?

Nervous you.

D. Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes.

(*Rises to refer to dictionary, but fails to find the word.*) How do you spell it?

N. Spell what?

D. Interview.

N. Oh, my goodness! what do you want to spell it for?

D. I don't want to spell it; I want to see what it means.

N. Well, this is astonishing, I must say. I can tell you what it means, if you—if you—

D. Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you, too.

N. I-n, in, t-e-r, ter, inter—

D. Then you spell it with an I!

N. Why, certainly!

D. Oh, that is what took me so long.

N. Why, my dear sir, what did you propose to spell it with?

D. Well, I—I—hardly know. I had the Unabridged, and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition.

N. Why, my friend, they wouldn't have a picture of it in even the latest e—. My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world, but you do not look as—as—intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm—I mean no harm at all.

D. Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes—yes; they always speak of it with rapture.

N. I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious.

D. Indeed, I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?

N. Ah, well—well—well—this is disheartening. It ought to be done with a club in some

cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?

D. Oh, with pleasure—with pleasure. I have a very bad memory, but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory—singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes in a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me.

N. Oh, it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can.

D. I will. I will put my whole mind on it.

N. Thanks. Are you ready to begin?

D. Ready.

N. How old are you?

D. Nineteen, in June.

N. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

D. In Missouri.

N. When did you begin to write?

D. In 1836.

N. Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?

D. I don't know. It does seem curious somehow.

N. It does, indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

D. Aaron Burr.

N. But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you are only nineteen years—

D. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

N. Well, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

D. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day, and he asked me to make less noise, and—

N. But, good gracious! if you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

D. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of man that way.

N. Still, I don't understand it all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead.

D. I didn't say he was dead.

N. But wasn't he dead?

D. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

N. What did you think?

D. Oh, it was none of my business! It wasn't any of my funeral.

N. Did you—? However, we can never get

this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?

D. Monday, October 31, 1693.

N. What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?

D. I don't account for it at all.

N. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

D. Why, have you noticed that? (*Shaking hands.*) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy, but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

N. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

D. Eh! I—I—I think so—yes—but I don't remember.

N. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard!

D. Why, what makes you think that?

N. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this a picture of on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?

D. Oh! yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it; that was a brother of mine. That's William—*Bill* we called him. Poor old Bill!

N. Why? Is he dead then?

D. Ah! well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

N. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

D. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

N. *Buried* him! *Buried* him, without knowing whether he was dead or not?

D. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

N. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead—

D. No! no! We only thought he was.

N. Oh, I see! He came to life again?

D. I bet he didn't.

N. Well, I never heard anything like this. *Somebody* was dead. *Somebody* was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

D. Ah! that's just it! That's it exactly. You see we were twins—defunct and I—and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill. Some think it was me.

N. Well, that is remarkable. What do you think?

D. Goodness knows! I would give whole

worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark—a large mole on the back of his left hand; that was *me*. *That child was the one that was drowned!*

N. Very well then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

D. You don't? Well, I do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But, 'sh—don't mention it where the family can hear of it. Goodness knows they have heart-breaking troubles enough without adding this.

N. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present, and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?

D. Oh! it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over, and the procession all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the scenery, and so he *got up and rode with the driver*.

N. That's enough; much obliged. Good morning, sir. (*Exit.*)

D. A nice young man that. Very pleasant company; sorry to see him go. Don't suppose he'll come round interviewing me in a hurry again. Ha! ha! (*Exit slowly.*)
—*Altered from Mark Twain.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY SEBA SMITH.

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,

And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night

A mother wander'd with her child:—
As through the drifting snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

But colder still the winds did blow,

And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew that drifting snow:

Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone;

"O God," she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripp'd her mantle from her breast
 And bared her bosom to the storm,
 Then round her child she wrapped the vest,
 And smiled to think her babe was warm,
 With one cold kiss one tear she shed,
 And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
 And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;
 The frost of death was in her eye,
 Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;
 He moved the robe from off the child,
 The babe look'd up and sweetly smiled.

THE MOUNTAIN-HOME.

MRS. HEMANS.

“**W**HY wouldst thou leave me, oh, gentle
 child?
 Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild—
 A straw-roof'd cabin with lowly wall!
 But mine is a fair and pillar'd hall,
 Where many an image of marble gleams,
 And the sunshine of pictures for ever streams!”

“Oh! green is the turf where my brothers
 play,
 Through the long bright hours of the summer-
 day;
 They find the red-cup moss where they climb,
 And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme;
 And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms
 they know!
 Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go.”

“Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell!
 Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
 Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
 Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
 And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
 Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains
 heard.”

“My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
 A song of the hills far more sweet than all!
 She sings it under our own green tree,
 To the babe half slumbering on her knee!
 I dreamt last night of that music low;—
 Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go.”

“Thy mother hath gone from her cares to rest,
 She hath taken her babe on her quiet breast.
 Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no
 more,
 Nor hear her song at the cabin-door!
 Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
 And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest
 dye!”

“Is my mother gone from her home away?—
 But I know that my brothers are there at
 play!
 I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
 And the long fern-leaves by the sparkling
 well;—
 Or they launch their boats where the blue
 streams flow!
 Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go.”

“Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
 They sport no more on the mountain's brow!
 They have left the fern by the spring's green
 side,
 And the streams where the fairy-barks were
 tied!
 Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
 For thy cabin home is a lonely spot!”

“Are they gone—all gone—from the sunny
 hill?—
 But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still,
 And the red deer bound in their gladness
 free,
 And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
 And the waters leap, and the fresh winds
 blow!
 Lady, sweet lady, oh! let me go.”

NOTICE.

SOME of our readers may feel interested in an announcement made in the June No. of GREAT THOUGHTS, offering Three Prizes of £4, £3, and £2 for the best Temperance Stories which shall show, in any way the writer cares to adopt, the evils caused by the use of Intoxicants. Full particulars as to conditions, time allowed for writing, space to be occupied, etc., are given, and it may prove an opportunity, to some of our young people, to exercise their talents for story writing. “Great Thoughts” is published at 132, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

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No. 236.—August, 1889.]

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ETHEL'S PAINFUL LESSON.

ETHEL'S PAINFUL LESSON.

T seemed a little cruel in Miss Mortimer to condemn Ethel to learn twenty lines of poetry after the other girls had been dismissed from their day's lessons, but Miss Mortimer was obliged to be strict, or the children under her care would not have progressed in their studies, and their mamma would have held the governess responsible. Ethel did not like the lessons, and often feigned being ill to avoid them. Miss Mortimer had found out this dangerous trait in her character and determined, if possible, to overcome it; hence she inflicted mild punishment, in the form of extra lessons, when she suspected Ethel had been neglectful.

But Ethel really was not well on this particular occasion; she had a severe headache and could not learn her lessons satisfactorily, though the governess suspected the headache was but an excuse, as it had often proved, for shirking duty, and inflicted the usual punishment. An hour after, Kitty, Ethel's eldest sister, went into the school-room and found Ethel lying on the form beside the desk moaning in pain. "Are you really ill, dear?" she asked, stooping down, for you see Ethel was suspected even by her sister. "Oh, yes, yes," moaned poor Ethel, "my head aches, and I can't do anything; please, Kitty, go and

tell Miss Mortimer I am not making-believe this time." Kitty bounded to Miss Mortimer and told her Ethel really was poorly, and the governess at once hurried to the school-room, lifted Ethel up in her arms, kissed her, and carried her to her own room, where she tried to comfort and ease the pain. Miss Mortimer was the kindest of governesses and loved her pupils very much, and she was truly sorry for Ethel. She said, while sitting beside the child, "You see, dear, when we do not always act openly, even those who love us are made suspicious, and very often we have to suffer when we are quite innocent. I don't think, my child, you will ever try to deceive me again, will you?" Ethel, who saw her past error, promised she would in future do her very best; and I am glad to say she kept her promise. Miss Mortimer trusted her implicitly, and was never after deceived. The lesson Ethel received, though a painful one, proved a blessing both to her, the governess, and all the family. I hope it may also be a lesson to any of my young readers who are guilty of simulating to avoid duty. Deception, even in what are ignorantly called "small things" is sure to bring sorrow. Always be open and truthful; then even if you err you will be forgiven and trusted.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

BY A. M. S.

[Let thirteen very little folks have a small banner, with their letter, concealed behind them, and raise it as they name their letter. If they all hold them at same height, it will be readily seen that the letters form the motto, "Dare to do right."]

- First*—The motto that we wish to show
Begins with *D*, as you must know.
- Second*—Now I will show with greatest ease
A, first of all the *A B C*'s.
- Third*—My letter *E* I'll bring this way
And hold it up next after *A*.
- Fourth*—And now I'll try and do my share
To show you our first word is
"Dare."

Fifth—Our second word begins with *T*;
I'll hold it up where all can see.

Sixth—I'll show my letter *O* to you,
And help my neighbour here spell
"To."

Seventh—And now, my friends, next after *O*
The second letter *D* will show.

Eighth—Another *O* we need to spell
This little word we know so well.

Ninth—This letter, *R*, that comes in next,
Begins the last word of our text.

Tenth—Although I'm small I'll reach up
high
To let you see my letter *I*.

Eleventh—I see at last they've come to me,
So I will show my letter *G*.

Twelfth—And now it is my turn to show
My letter *H*, as all may know.

Thirteenth—I'll hold my *T* up to your sight,
Which finishes our last word—
"Right."

All—This is our motto, "*Dare to do right!*"
Dare to press on till each good
deed's done;
Dare to be noble, kind, and true;
Dare all the evil and wrong to
shun.

A POCKET MYSTERY.

BY JESSIE MACGREGOR.

"**G** GRANDMA! an awful big hole ith in
my pocket," [rocket,
Said Ned as he rushed in the room like a
"I gueth ith a quarter ath big ath my head,"
So granda at once left the bread she was
mixing,
Adjusted her specs, and made ready for fixing
The rent so enormous with needle and
thread.

"I hope you've lost nothing. It's very dis-
tressing
To have a hole there," she said, anxiously
pressing
Her thimble right on o'er the dottings of
dough.

"It dothent dithtreth me a bit," laughed the
scion
As he drew with the flour on the bake-board
"a lion"
(Though it looked quite as much like a
quadruped crow).

"Ah! Ned, you were certain that grandma
would mend it."
The boy only laughed; and, his sketching
now ended,
He thought he would "cut out the crust for
a pie."
But as granda objected he drummed with a
poker
And fork on the bread-pan—the mischievous
joker—
While shouting the chorus of "Sweet By
and By."

He stood as demure as a drab-coated Quaker,
Though glancing askant at the sunny-eyed
baker

Who brooded beside him with basket and
spool;
And grandma fished out of that pocket a vial,
A pencil, a jewsharp he'd taken on trial,
An alley, three strings, and a carpenter's
rule;

A knife that had lost altogether the habit
Of shutting, a "penny," the paw of a rabbit,
A buckle, a sponge. Not a hole did appear.
"Where is it, my darling? I really can't find
it.

Your laughter, you rogue, has a trick hid
behind it."

Ned gasped: "Yeth, the hole *jutht—ath—
truly wath here.*"

Then he righted his pocket, exclaiming: "Why,
bleth me!

Thith hole might be bigger; it wouldn't
dithtreth me."

(Thought grandma: "Boys need as much
kneading as bread.")

"You'll thee for yourself in a half of a minute
If it wa'n't for thith hole, why, *I couldn't get
in it!*"

And he hurriedly caught up his treasures
and fled.

"I wonder, my boy, if that hole would admit
you;

Or if, when a man, such a pocket will fit you!"
Smiled grandma, as Ned reappeared with a
grin.

"I know of grown men who a pocket can
enter,
Who live there a life-time, a cent for a centre,
And hide all their world that small compass
within.

"No sunshine's admitted; they never restock
it.

All the gold in their lives is the gold in their
pocket.

Why, Ned, I'd as soon be a string or a
knife."

"I hope," added grandma, "that Ned will
remember,
From now till his years see their leafless
December,

To keep *himself* out of his pocket through
life.

THE BRAVE SAILOR-BOY.

BY REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D.

HERE was an Irish porter who would have been a capital worker if he did not every little while have a spree and be unable to do anything. His employer was a strong temperance man, and finally succeeded in getting his porter to become a member of the temperance society. It was not a great while, however, before the man yielded to his appetite and was off duty at his old tricks.

"Why, how is this, Patrick?" said the merchant, when he returned. "I thought that you had joined the temperance society?"

"And so I did, sir. You're correct, sure, that I did; but, sir, I'm not a bigoted member."

Now, we want you to be strong members. We want members like the English sailor-boy that shipped from Liverpool when he was twelve years old. The men get together on board ship and drink their grog, and on one of these occasions, when the boy was sent to them on an errand, they insisted on his taking some too. He said, "Excuse me, but I'd rather not," and they laughed at him. They never could get him to drink liquor, and they pressed him hard and finally told the captain. He was a drinking man, and he told the lad, "You must learn to drink grog if you're going to be a sailor. That's one of the first things a sailor has to learn."

"Excuse me, sir," said the little fellow, "but I'd rather not."

"Take that rope's end there," commanded the captain to a sailor, "and lay it well on to him. That'll teach him to do as he is told."

The sailor took the rope's end and gave the lad a tremendous drubbing.

"Now drink that grog," said the captain.

"Excuse me, sir, but I'd rather not," said the boy.

"Then go into the foretop, and stay there all night," said the captain.

The little fellow looked up the dizzy height. He was brave. But it was very cold, and it was a great ways up, and a hard place to be in the dark night. The first mate was a kind-hearted man and took one or two crackers to him.

When the morning came the captain passed that way and called up to the boy,

"Helloa there!"

No answer.

"Come down."

No answer.

They went up and got the little fellow, stiff and cold, and nearly perished. They brought him down in their arms and took him into the cabin, and laid him down where it was warm, and worked over him until animation returned to him.

The captain poured out some liquor in a glass and said, "Now drink that grog."

"Please, sir, I'd rather not. Oh! do not be angry. I was an only child. We were so happy in our home in the cottage; but father took to drink and did not stay at home any more, and they sold our furniture and took everything from us, and it broke my mother's heart. She fell sick, and when she was dying she called me to the bed and said: 'Jamie, my boy, you know what drink has made of your father; now I want you to give your promise to your dying mother that you will never taste liquor. I want my boy to grow up free of the curse that has ruined his father.' Oh! sir," said the little fellow, "would you have me break the promise I made to my dying mother?"

"No, my little hero, no," said the captain, and then folded the lad tenderly in his arms, "and if ever again any one tries to force you to do it, come to me and I will protect you"; and the captain remained ever after his faithful friend.

That's the kind of members we want for our temperance societies. We want members that will carry their principles with them wherever they go; that will tell those about them the evil of this deadly sting, and get all they can to join in doing it.

A SAD REASON FOR TEARS.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

HERE sat a silly little lass
Upon a bed of posies,
Her tears bedewed the Summer grass
And twinkled on the roses.
"Now why is all this grief?" I said,
"And all this doleful crying?"
The maiden sadly shook her head,
And answered, softly sighing:

"All yesterday I wept," said she,
 "And then this morning I could see
 'Twas quite without a reason,
 So now I mourn the stupid way
 In which I spent that lovely day—
 The fairest of the season!
 O dear—O dear—O dear—O dear—
 The fairest of the season!"

So there she sat, the silly lass,
 And nothing could content her;
 The roses and the Summer grass
 No grain of comfort lent her;
 Nor any word that I could say
 Would ease her doleful crying.
 "I can but weep for yesterday,"
 She answered, sadly sighing:
 "'Twas all so foolish—that I see—
 And that is not the worst," said she;
 "'Tis not my greatest sorrow;
 I cannot eat—I cannot sleep—
 And all the day I weep, and weep—
 For fear I'll weep to-morrow!
 O dear—O dear—O dear—O dear—
 For fear I'll weep to-morrow!

—*St. Nicholas.*

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY REV. J. E. KETTERIDGE.

GOD wants the boys, the merry, merry
 boys,
 The noisy boys, the funny boys,
 The thoughtless boys;
 God wants the boys, with all their joys,
 That He as gold may make them pure,
 And teach them trials to endure.
 His heroes brave
 He'll have them be,
 Fighting for truth
 And purity.
 God wants the boys.
 God wants the happy-hearted girls,
 The loving girls, the best of girls,
 The worst of girls,
 God wants to make the girls his pearls,
 And so reflect His holy face,
 And bring to mind His wondrous grace,
 That beautiful
 The world may be,
 And filled with love
 And purity.
 God wants the girls.

PITCHER OR JUG?

WHICH, in the heat of the noontide
 sun,
 Which, when the work of day is done,
 Refreshes most the weary one,
 Pitcher or jug?

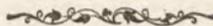
Which makes strong to cradle the grain,
 Which heaps high the highest train,
 Which gives muscle and heart and brain,
 Pitcher or jug?

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,
 Makes 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 on the way to health;
 It lightens home with a cheerful glow,
 And banishes from it useless woe.
 It smiles in the children's winsome ways,
 And leaves no sting in the holidays.
 So in all the best things a man will be
 richer,
 If he gives up the jug and drinks from the
 pitcher.

"I take this position: that the Creator in constructing the human body made it perfect, if man will only give it fair play; that every function in the human body is contrived and arranged by a wise Creator so as to act, and that, if a man will only act in accordance with the purpose of the human body, that body shall be preserved in health and vigour to old age. See, then, what alcohol does. Alcohol is foreign to the body. It is something which has no relation to the ordinary food of man, and which the body tries to get rid of as soon as it can; but it cannot be got rid of fast enough."—*Dr. Carpenter.*

WELCOME TO ALL.



REV. T. J. SHEPHERD.

W. H. DOANE.

We welcome our friends to our meeting to-night, To share in our joy, in our songs to u -

{	d .r m : m : m .f s : s : d' t : l : t d' : - : s l : l : d' l : s : s l : s : m
	d .r d : d : d .r m : m : m f : f : f m : - : m f : f : f f : m : m f : m : d
	m .f s : s : s d' : d' : s s : s : s s : - : d' d' : d' : l d' : d' : d' d' : d' : s
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nite; And hear of the blessings which Temperance bring To those who sweet water drink pure from the spring

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

REFRAIN.

Then a wel-come to all and to each who may come, Thrice welcome, dear friends, to our Tem-*per*-ance home, Our

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

hearts and our voi-ces u-nite in the strain, With a welcome, happy welcome, happy welcome a - gain.

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

We bid you a welcome to-night, with a pray'r
 That Christ may be welcome to all who are here;
 That He in compassion may shepherd the old,
 And gather the young as the lambs of the fold.

The lessons we study, the songs that we sing,
 The mottoes we make, and the offerings we bring,
 Are all but a part of the service we owe
 To Jesus, who died to redeem us from woe.

At last, when our trials and pleasures are o'er,
 May friends bid us welcome to glory's bright shore;
 And then in a concert of bliss will we sing,
 Hallelujah to Jesus, our Saviour and King.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

FROM BAD TO BETTER.

A DIALOGUE FOR SIX.

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

SCENE I.—*May and Jenny at crevel work.**May.*

NOW, Band of Hope meeting; put on your hat and jacket and we will walk leisurely to the school-room. I like to be in time, and not to enter when the meeting has begun.

Jenny. Just let me finish this flower, May. You are such a fidget. Why (*looking at watch*) we have fully half an hour to spare. Besides, I asked Alice Turner to go with us to the meeting, and she has not arrived—I must wait for her.

J. What! Alice Turner, whose father keeps the "Stag" public house? You surely haven't asked her to our meeting!

J. Yes, I have; and why not? She can't help what her parents do, May. I should think we ought to be glad to get her to come. Who knows but she may sign the pledge, and then, being a teetotalter, she may get her parents to sign too.

M. Not likely; I have no faith in such people—neither parents nor children. I wouldn't associate with such girls as Alice Turner; from what little I have seen of her, she is a bold, fast girl. I don't want to have any connection, I can tell you, Jenny, in that quarter.

J. Well, you had better go to the meeting alone; I have promised to take Alice and I shall keep my promise. You were always highy-tity and awfully select, May. I don't know how you expect the Band of Hope to flourish if you never try to win recruits. Of course, I know you readily ask Hortense Nield, and Carry Hawke, and such people as are well-off; but you never think of asking the poor children of Jim Peters, or Jack Swearer, or Dick Drinkall—oh, no, they are all too common—too low. And yet, these are the very people who most need asking.

M. As usual, Jenny, you are hasty and insulting; your tongue runs faster than your thoughts. Of course, I know I do what you say, but ladies, like us, have no right to trouble about the very common people—there are others whose duty it is to look after them. We are superior. (*She walks about the room in a dignified manner.*)

J. Dear May, you make me laugh, and yet I feel almost like crying. But pray don't be late at the meeting.

M. I will go alone, if you won't come; and, Jenny, when you do come, if that girl is with you, don't, I beg of you, introduce her to me—I must draw the line somewhere.

J. And you draw it at Alice Turner. All right, we'll not disturb you to-night; but I shall take care of her and see her safely home after the meeting.

M. You are perverse, Jenny; I wonder at you! (*Exit.*)

J. Perverse, am I? That sister of mine has some queer notions of duty, and has too much pride by half. It seems so silly to object to Alice Turner because her parents keep a public house. I chanced to meet her yesterday, and bethought me of the meeting to-night and so asked her to come. She laughed at me, as though I didn't mean what I said, but when she saw I was in earnest she consented. She is rather bold, and dresses showily, and talks loud, but how can we expect anything else, when she sees and hears such people as frequent the "Stag"? (*Knock.*) Ah, here she comes, I do believe. Come in.

Bridget (servant). Please, ma'am, here's a young person called to see you.

J. All right, Bridget, I am expecting her; will you please show her in here?

B. I will, ma'am; but, please, do you know who it is?

J. Do you know, Bridget?

B. Sure, ma'am, I only know she looks a gay, flighty sort av a girl, an' I think I've seen her sthanding at the door av a public-house up the shreet, ma'am. Is it *her* ye are expecting?

J. Yes, that is the person; don't you like her, Bridget?

B. Well, ma'am, I can't say that I do. An', beggin' yer pardon, ma'am, if I was ye, I wadn't be over friendly with the likes av her. My owd mother, who was a rale good sowl, ma'am, she used to tell me to be careful what sort av company I keep, for, says she, "Bridget, my honey, pape judges ye by yer friends; an' birds av a feather flock together." Do ye mind, ma'am, what I mane? Av course it's not for the loikes av me to be telling you what you should do, an' what ye should not do.

J. (laughing) You are a good soul, Bridget; thank you for your caution. I'll try and remember what you have told me. Show the person in, now, if you please. (*Exit Bridget.*) Poor Bridget, like my sister, thinks I'm doing something beneath me by inviting Alice; but I will try and show them that it is nobler to do good to those who need it than merely to associate with those who are as well-trained as ourselves.

(*Knock. Enter Bridget, followed by Alice, gaudily decked out, who bounces up to Jenny in a rude manner and speaks loud. Bridget stands with open mouth, raises her hands in astonishment, then retires.*)

Alice. How are you? Excuse me being late, you know, but I couldn't get away from the bar sooner. Father wasn't for letting me out, but I told him I had an engagement, and would go out, in spite of him.

J. Do you talk to your father like that, Alice?

A. In course I do; why shouldn't I? Oh, we ain't so particular at our house, you know, as some people. You see, we get used to things, we do, as would make such as you open your eyes. Ah! ah! what do you think? Just before I left the vault, a man came in and wanted to sell his child's money-box—a beautiful iron and brass one—for a pint o' beer. He'd taken all the money out first, though. Ah, ah!

J. And did you buy it?

A. Not we; we have no little ones, you know, or else we might have bought it—we get lots of things that way!

J. That's horrible—you shock me, Alice. I had no idea you were so heartless.

A. Didn't I tell you you'd open your eyes? Why, you don't know you are born, you don't. I could tell you some rum things, I could.

J. Yes, I have no doubt you could; but please don't tell me any more. Our meeting begins shortly, so we must away. Come along!

A. I'm ready, go ahead. (*Bounces out.*)

(*Enter Bridget.*)

B. (*tidies room and talks aloud*) I wonder what Miss Jenny can mane inviting the likes av her here. The saints presarve us, how she bounced in! (*Here B. jumps about imitating Alice.*) Didn't I feel as if I could ha' given her a good shaking—the forward puss! Bad luck to her, an' may I never see her in this house again! Oh, wasn't it rale aggravating to see her with her bold airs! (*Here B. again jumps about.*) I'd go an' larn my manners, at any rate, before I visited among decent people. But how can she larn manners living at a public-house, where they do all manner o' things as isn't decent? Oh, sure, I can't forget her, at all at all, wid her (*again jumps about, and exits.*)

SCENE II. —*Alice and her mother sitting in a room talking.*

Alice. It was all very nice, mother, and the children sang beautifully, and there was an old gentleman in the chair—such a kind, good-looking man, who made a speech about such places as this, where they sell drink and help to ruin men and

women, body and soul. You should have heard him, mother, how he described the misery of the drunkard's home and the sufferings of the drunkard's wife and children. It made me cry to listen to him, for I had never heard such talk before. I thought we were respectable, and our business was honest, but I've found out it isn't. Then the children recited pieces all about the drink; and one poorly-dressed man got up—I knew him as soon as I saw him, for he was almost always here awhile ago—he got up and said he thanked God his little girl was a member of the Band of Hope, for it was through her telling him what they did at the meetings and reciting a piece she had learnt, that first made him think; and now he is teetotal, and never means to touch, taste, or handle strong-drink again. While he was speaking, mother, his face shined, he was so happy. At the close of the meeting Jenny asked me to sign the pledge never to drink any of the stuff we sell again, nor to offer it to others. I felt shamed, at first; it seemed so strange that a publican's daughter should sign such a pledge. But after thinking a few minutes I took the pen and signed. And, mother, I mean to keep my pledge, for I can see our business is all wrong. I feel like a different girl altogether, and mean to be respectable and decent like the girls I saw there. Won't you help me?

Mrs. T. I'm afraid your father will be very angry, Alice, when he knows where you have been and what you have done. For my part, I am glad you have signed the pledge. You must know I do not care for the business; it has caused me many hours of uneasiness and sorrow. But here comes your father; we will tell him all.

(*Enter Mr. T.*)

Mr. T. What are you two talking about? I'm glad the house is closed, for I'm getting sick of this cursed trade. There's Jones' wife just been in looking for her drunken husband, and she has been blaming me for her misery. She says she hasn't a scrap of food in the house for herself and the children, and the bumbs have been and taken the bits of furniture for rent. I feel sorry for the woman, but what can I do?

A. Oh, father, if you would but give up the public-house I would do anything to earn an honest living!

Mr. T. Eh! what's that? What is the girl crying for?

Mrs. T. John, Alice has been to a Band of Hope meeting, and she is very much cut-up at what she has heard. She has found out that our business is not respectable, and that decent, honest people look down upon us. I was afraid you would be angry when you heard where she had been, but

I begin to think even you will be glad when we leave the place and get into something which will give us more peace of mind and greater happiness.

Mr. T. Well, this is a queer affair altogether. I'll just tell you both what has been bothering me the last week or two. I was out walking and I heard one of those Temperance men speaking at a street corner—he was telling about what he once was and how happy he was now he took no drink—and he said publicans were responsible for much of the evil in the world and he didn't know how they could rest in their beds, knowing that they get their money by selling what makes men degraded and their homes wretched. I walked away and tried to believe it was all humbug; but I couldn't get what I had heard out of my mind, and I have been bothered ever since. Now, see here, if you are willing, we'll get out of this business at once—what say you?

A. Oh, father, that is what I should like above everything.

Mrs. T. You know, John, it would please me, for from the very first I have never been happy.

Mr. T. Then that settles it. I'll send the brewer word in the morning I want to get out at once. It is his house, let him have the responsibility on his own shoulders of carrying it on, I've guilt enough of my own to carry. Come, let's get off to bed; we'll soon settle this matter. (*They all retire.*)

SCENE III.—*Jenny and May as in first scene.*

Jenny. Have you heard the news, May?

May. What news, Jenny?

J. About Alice Turner—or, I should say, about the Turners.

M. No; have they gone from bad to worse?

J. Not quite; it is the other way about—they have gone from bad to better.

M. You are mysterious, Jenny; please speak so that I can understand.

J. Well, the Turners have left the public-house, and the father and mother, as well as Alice, have signed the pledge of Temperance.

M. You don't mean that, Jenny!

J. Yes, I do; aren't you glad?

M. Of course I'm glad. But how has it all come about?

J. Mainly through my asking Alice to our Band of Hope meeting. You know she signed the pledge that night. When she got home she told her mother what she had done, and the mother was glad, though afraid Mr. Turner would be angry; but when he knew, strange to say, his own conscience had been working, and instead of being angry he told them his mind, and they agreed to give up the business.

M. It is really wonderful, Jenny. I'm afraid I was wrong in my opinion of your inviting Alice to the meeting. You must forgive me, dear.

J. There is nothing to forgive; only I feel very happy at the thought of my being the means of bringing about such a satisfactory change for the better. Alice is already quite a different girl; she is not so rude or so loud spoken, and she has put away her gaudy clothing; indeed I believe her heart has been touched, and that she will become a genuinely good girl.

M. Well, dear, you have taught me a useful lesson. I shall never despise anyone, but try and do good wherever good is needed.

J. Which is everywhere. Out of my very heart I say—"God bless our Band of Hope!"

M. So say I. Come, let us sing a piece from Hoyle's Melodies and then tea will be ready. (*They sing a piece from "Hoyle's Hymns and Songs," then laughingly retire.*)

PURE WATER.

BEFORE every drink in esteem under heaven,

That comes from the vineyard or flows from the still,

I choose the pure water that nature has given,
Which bursts from the fountain and flows in the rill.

In summer, in winter, and in every season,
At morning or evening, 'tis ever in place;
It kills not the body, destroys not the reason,
And surely it never will bring us disgrace.

NOTICE.

"*The A B C of Temperance.*" By Emily Foster. Price 2d. Manchester: Brook & Chrystal, 11, Market St.; London: National Temperance Publication Depot, 33, Paternoster Row. This little book, of 24pp., contains, as its title indicates, the A B C of Temperance in the form of Questions and Answers, and will be of value to all Band of Hope children and their leaders. We would suggest that it be used as a Dialogue. A row of children on the platform, with one as "teacher," who shall put questions and receive answers from the children in turns, would be a delightful way of amusing and instructing both children and audience, and would occupy, with a few of Hoyle's Band of Hope Melodies interspersed, the whole time usually given to a Band of Hope meeting. Miss Foster is rendering valuable service to the cause of Temperance by her books, and "*The A B C of Temperance*" will prove as useful as any she has yet written. We heartily commend it to all our readers.

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 237.—September, 1889.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



MRS. GRANTLEY'S SON.

MRS. GRANTLEY'S SON.

MRS. GRANTLEY was sitting in her drawing-room, with a very pensive look on her face, and a gnawing at her heart. Though wealthy she was not happy, for, like most people, she had a sorrow continually pressing upon her to ruffle her otherwise calm life. This sorrow was the consequence of her only son's waywardness, folly, and sin. He, who ought to have been his mother's comforter, and taken on himself the responsibility of looking after his mother's tenants, and been her companion in society, was a spendthrift and a drunkard, and had brought lasting disgrace on the name he bore. He was living in London, spending in riot and wantonness the money his father had left him, while his mother, aged with suffering and anxiety on his account, spent her days at the hall, with only servants surrounding her, and an occasional visit from the clergyman of the parish, who truly sympathised with her.

But neither money nor health will bear the strain of such extravagance as they met with in John Grantley. The day came when he found himself penniless, and moreover deeply involved in debt; his health, too, was broken, and indications of consumption showed themselves in his constitution. Then, like the prodigal, he thought of home. But how was he to get there? He was too weak to walk, and he had no money to pay the railway-fare. One friend he had, a young doctor, who had

often warned him that a day of reckoning would come and he would be brought to account for his folly; this young doctor not only lent him money, but, anxious for his safety, offered to accompany him on the long journey. John Grantley was touched at this mark of kindness from one whom he had often laughed at as a "milk-sop," but who he now found was his only friend among all those who had professed friendship.

It was the announcement to the mother by her maid of her son's arrival that the artist has sketched for us this month. Need we say the mother received the prodigal with deep thankfulness? A mother's love for her child has never yet been fathomed; there is nothing purer, sweeter, stronger, or more abiding. John Grantley never fully recovered his health, but under his mother's care and with the doctor's aid, he lived several years. Those who saw him knew by his looks and gentle ways, that he was atoning for a past which he now looked back upon with a shrinking horror. And yet he knew the love of wine was first acquired at the family table—a love which grew with his years and demanded a full gratification when means and opportunity presented themselves. So deeply was he convinced of this that he never failed to impress upon his friends the danger of giving children strong drink in any of its varied forms, and from his mother's home it was banished for ever as a dangerous and deadly thing.

THE STUDENT OF A.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

"**Y**OU are working too hard," quoth the tempter one day,
To one Silas Candy, a student of A;
"You are poring and reading, and reading and poring,
And think your poor brain you with knowledge are storing;
When you are but just mixing things up in a whirl,
And hiding your talents as oyster hides pearl,

Why not cast away studies, books, papers, and letters,
And idle awhile, free as air from your fetters?"

"I'll take your advice," said the student of A,
"I'll down with my pen, what's your name?"
"Mr. J."
"I'll down with my pen, sir, I'll up and be walking,
I'll banish my studies, and do an hour's talking."

I wrote in my copy-book—years, perhaps—
back, [Jack,
'All work and no play makes a dull boy of
But I never once thought, as I guided my
stylus,
The motto applied both to Jack and to Silas."

"Take my arm, Mr. Candy," the tempter
named J

Said, as toward he ushered the student of A,
And into the whirlpool to which all the nation
Has given the title of civilization,
Conducted him quickly, explained every scene,
Pointed out every pleasure ; with interest keen
Silas listened and gazed, and—his studies
forgetting—

Smiled, gambled, and drank, kissed the fair,
took to betting.

Take warning, take warning, oh ! student of A,
Beware of the fiend calls himself Mr. J :
He has landed you full on the quicksand of
pleasure,
He'll ne'er let you off till you've *danced to his
measure.*

You'd retreat, but the eddies encircle you
round,

And that is all water you thought was dry
ground ;*

You'd retreat—all too late—for the tide comes
in faster,

Mr. J was your friend, now behold ! he's your
MASTER !

But time and the tide wait for no man, they
say,

And they chose not to wait for the student of
A ;

The waves they rolled on, and the waves they
rolled over,

Until our young hero they threatened to
cover.

Yet drowning in waters all perfumed, he
thought

Was pleasant—most pleasant by sweets to be
caught—

Wait a bit, laughed his Master, sweets swim to
the surface,

When we've drank a deep draught, then the
bitters must serve us.

* When the waves recede from the quicksands, they are of a harder, more solid nature than other sandbanks, but immediately the tide returns they resume their dangerous properties.

And a deep draught he drank did this student
of A,

But the waters must back to their dark ocean-
bay :

And while he thus revels, the time all unheed-
ing,

The sweets are dispersing, the tide is receding,
And only the bitters are left on the bed
Where the ocean had been, where the perfume
had shed

Such a sweetness around,—said the fiend to
the student,

"They who drink of the sweets—(youth will
be so imprudent !)

"Must drain to the dregs, like you, student of A,
The bitters ; until for your pleasures you
pay."

And unto the dregs he drank, bade by his
Master,

Then turned him and ran, Mr. J. tho' ran
faster :

He enters his study, his friend entered too,
And laughed as the wreck which was there,
met his view ;

His papers, his books, and his studies, the
labour

Of years all destroyed while he danced to the
tabor.

But he met like a man, did this student of A,
His loss—"Pleasure bought it, and toil shall
repay

The cost—fiend," he said, "you had better be
walking,

Make haste, for I've work on hand, scant time
for talking.

I *parvned* my soul to you, full well that I
know,

But I have not yet *sold* it, I've not sunk so
low ;

'Twas idleness pledged it, 'tis toil shall re-win
it,

Till my soul's mine again, sir, I'll not waste a
minute.

"Now reveal your right name," said the
student of A ;

"My right name is *Gin*, sir, beginning with J."

"'Twas the J that deceived me, G of Gin's
the beginning ;"

"Yes, unless I deceived you, how should I be
winning,

You'd have guessed at my name had I called myself G,
When we want to win souls, we've an alias, you see,
And G soft is so much of the nature of J, sir,
The deception was slight, and I wished to make hay, sir."

"Then go the *hay-rick*," that student of A
Exclaimed, "for I don't care a *straw* whether J
Or G be initial for gin, rum, or brandy,
You don't come here again while my cognomen's Candy ;"

Each morning, each ev'ning, that brave student toiled,

And every attempt Mr. J. made was foiled
To catch Silas Candy—for only the idle,
Can gin, rum, or brandy, e'er manage to sidle.

"I'LL DO WHAT I CAN."

"I'll do what I can," said a bright-eyed girl,
And she gathered a fresh bouquet
Of the sweetest buds and flowers, and placed
In the room where her sick mother lay ;
And at night when the angel of sleep came round,
He tucked under May's head a pillar of down.

"I'll do what I can," said a thoughtful boy,
And brought out the rake and hoe ;
Cleaned out the potatoes, the beans and peas,
And the onions, row by row.
And the shower came on, and the warm, bright sun,
And finished the work which the boy had begun.

"I'll do what I can," said a wayside flower ;
"I'm a tiny thing, to be sure,
But my cup is as deep as some others I know,
And the dew that I hold is as pure ;
So I'll catch what I can for the bee that comes nigh,
And scent the rough gale as it passes me by."

"I'll do what I can," a streamlet said,
As it ran on its pebbly way ;
"I will scatter life on every side,
And bring up the flowerets gay ;
I will sing to the mountain, the meadow, the vale ;
Give drink to the thisty, and strengthen the frail."

So they did what they could, each one in its way,

And the world is happier by it ;
And if any of you little children doubt
What I say, I ask you to try it ;
And you'll find that through life 'tis an excellent plan,
In every condition, to do what you can.

THE WORD THAT RULES THE
WORLD.

BY MRS. M. W. LEWIS.

THREE children were playing together, and one said to the other: "What do you suppose my father is doing now? He is asking everybody what is the word that governs the world. Can you tell what it is?"

"I should think he would sooner look for something to do," said Harry contemptuously, "instead of making your brother support him. Which does he think it is—whiskey or music?" sneered Harry.

"Neither," replied Emma sadly. "He will not tell me what it is; but, really, Harry, I believe if you could find this word for him you might get him to stop drinking."

"Then I'll try," said Harry bravely. "I'll ask my parents if they can guess."

Emma's father was a musician; he had read about this word in some German story, and after this tried to put every one in search of it.

Harry went home and consulted his father, and the latter said: "I guess it is the word 'money,' for that seems to do a great deal," and Harry asked the musician if that was it.

"No," said he, and he shook his head; "what would money do for me if I am dying?"

Then Harry asked his mother, and she said: "I think it must be 'beauty,' for that has governed the world ever since the time the Greeks went to war about Helen, as you see them in my pictures from the *Iliad*." So Harry asked again.

"No," replied the musician. "Would Helen's husband have fought the siege of Troy if he had not cared what should become of her?" So Harry went to playing with his baby sister, and gave up guessing.

"I love you," cried the baby, as she put her arms around both their necks and kissed them.

"I wonder if it is not the the word 'love,'" exclaimed Harry, "for this seems to work miracles sooner than anything else. That was the Spirit of God that moved over the world in Genesis, our minister says; and you know this word comes in St. John so very, very often."

This time the musician heard the child gladly. "You have found the true word," said he.

"I wonder," Harry queried again, "whether you think love rules your home?"

"Of course," returned the other tartly.

"Is this the reason Emma has this shabby book?" pursued Harry. "No; the trouble is you have no love, or it would show itself."

"True, indeed," returned the musician; "love is more than the mere word which stands for the action. My boy, you shall see that I can love not in word only, but that my home is governed by it."

TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT!

BY JAMES PATERSON.

[This can be used as a single recitation by a girl or boy; or it can be divided among three, each taking a verse, and all together reciting the last verse in unison.]

TOUCH NOT.

I SHALL not touch the sparkling cup,
Though dazzling bright it seem:
Its hopes are April's changeful day,
Delusive as its beam.

TASTE NOT.

I shall not taste the rosy draught,
'Twould health and peace destroy;
The sweeter rills from God's own hills
Will satisfy my joy.

SMELL NOT.

I shall not smell the blighting flower,
Its scent shall never be
A soothing balm to cheer my heart;
'Twould sorrow bring to me.

HANDLE NOT.

Thus neither touch nor taste shall I,
Nor smell nor handle ever;
'Twould steer the bark of youthful life
To ruin's fatal river.

A STORY OF AN APPLE.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

LITTLE Tommy and Peter and Archy and Bob

Were walking one day when they found
An apple; 'twas mellow and rosy and red,
And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy: "I'll have it." Said Peter:
" 'Tis mine."

Said Archy: "I've got it; so there!"
Said Bobby: "Now let us divide in four parts,
And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy. "I'll have it
myself."

Said Peter: "I want it, I say."
Said Archy: "I've got it, and I'll have it all;
I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter he
fought,

(Tis sad and distressing to tell!),
And Archy held on with all his might and
main,

Till out from his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew,
And then down a little green hill
The apple it rolled and it rolled and it rolled
As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass
And switching her tail at the flies,
When all of a sudden the apple rolled down
And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two —
The apple was seen nevermore!

"I wish," whimpered Archy and Peter and
Tom,

"We'd kept it and cut it in four."

A WORD TO BOYS.

BOYS, don't be *fast*, if you wish to get on
quickly in the world. It is not the *fast*
man of the day that wins the race. Be *stead-*
fast, and to every good principle *hold fast*, then
you will get on *fast*, and have plenty when he
who has lived *too fast* will have to *fast*.

MY WORK.



Words and Music by SILVER LAKE QUARTETTE.

(Verses 3 and 4 by S. K.)

Some work must lie be - fore me, For which my hand was made; I'll

KEY B \flat .	{	s, d : d m : r d : d - : s, l, : d d : r d : - : d, r
		m, m, : m, s, : f, m, : m, - : m, f, : f, f, : f, m, : - : m, f
		d s, : s, d : d s, : s, - : d d : d l, : l, s, : - : d
		d d : d d : d d : d - : d f, : f, f, : f, d, : - : d,

strive my best to find it, And wel - come ev - 'ry aid. I

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

know that men, whose for - tune Is won by brain and skill, Suc -

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

ceed by choos - ing wise - ly, Then work - ing with a will.

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

- 2 And since by patient effort
The tasks of life are done,
When I have found my labour,
I'll work till I have won;
He does the most whose courage
Keeps always firm and true,
Whose motto, ever steady,
Is "This one thing I do."
- 3 It may be in the city,
My life's work will be found;
Then will I seek the fallen,
The sorrowful around;
The drunkard I'll admonish,
And aid him all I can,
To snap the chains that bind him,
And stand erect—a man.

- 4 The world needs honest labour,
There's work for all to do;
Men covet sinful pleasures,
And dangerous ways pursue;
May I eschew the evil,
Be strong to meet the foe,
And, like a fearless soldier,
To conquest daily go.
- 5 But skill may sometime fail me,
And patience miss the best,
Unless an honest purpose
Beats ever in my breast;
So in the world's great workshop,
Whatever be my part,
I'll do my daily duty
And keep an honest heart.

SWEET CIDER.

A DIALOGUE FOR SEVEN.

Characters:—Charles, Harry, John, James, Mary, Hattie, and Susan.

Charles.

HALLO, Harry! where are you going so fast?
 Harry. You are just the boy I wanted to see; I'll tell you why. You know father had a big husking in our barn last night, and we young folks were not invited.

John. And now do you want to get up an indignation meeting?

Harry. Oh! no; we were not invited, because he wanted all the room for the older hands to work. But he left a good pile of corn on purpose, and he says I may have a husking-party of my own, to-morrow night, and invite the boys and girls.

Mary. Oh, good! if we girls can come. I never saw a husking; I never even saw the ripened corn until this year. (*Reciting gaily:*)

“And now with Autumn's moonlit eyes
 Its harvest-time has come;
 We pluck away the frosted leaves,
 And bear the treasure home!”

James. I can give you some poetry you'll remember, if you find a red-ear in the husking:

“And when'er some lucky maiden
 Found a red-ear in the husking,
 Found a maize-ear, red as blood is,—
 ‘Nushka!’ cried they all together,
 ‘Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,
 You shall have a handsome husband!’”

Harry. We'll remember that! We want you all to come, *sure*; and I want you to ask Hattie and Susan to come, too, and I am to invite several others.

Charles. Yes, and I know they'll all come. I suppose you expect to have a good time?

Harry. Yes, a first-rate time; we shall have plenty of apples and pears, and Uncle William says he will send us down some nice sweet cider, right from the press. (*Charles turns away suddenly, as if disappointed.*) Why! where are you going, Charles, so suddenly?

Charles. I was going to the meeting of the Band of Hope, and I am sorry you say you shall have cider at the husking, for in that case I'm afraid I ought not to promise to come. I was just going to invite you to join our Band of Hope, and our pledge does not allow the use of cider.

James. Why, what harm can there be in a drink of sweet cider?

Mary. Yes, I should like to know that! I'm sure it's only apple-juice;—

“Those delectable juices
 Flowed through the sinuous sluices
 Of sweet springs under the orchard;
 Climbed into fountains that chained them,
 Dipped into cups that retained them,
 And swelled till they drooped, and we gained them.”

Harry. Yes, we “gained them” as apples, and wise people say we had best keep them so.

Hattie. (*Entering with Susan.*) We've just come from Uncle Will's cider-press, and I'll go on with the story:

“Then they were gathered and tortured
 By passing from hopper to vat,
 And fell, every apple crushed flat.
 Ah! how the bees gathered round them,
 And how delicious they found them!”

Susan. No more so than you did the juices, when you sucked them through a long rye-straw. Such fun for us city girls! I never knew before how it was done!

“Oat-straw as fragrant as clover,
 Was patted and smoothly turned over,
 Weaving a neatly-ribbed basket;
 And as they built up the casket,
 In went the pulp by the scoopful,
 Till the juice flowed by the stouppful!”

Charles. Where did you get so much poetry?
 Hattie. Oh! that's in “Bitter-Sweet.” But really, Charles, what harm can there be in drinking sweet cider?—it's only apple-juice. Father drinks it, and I know he never drinks anything that can intoxicate!

Susan. And Uncle Will owns a cider-mill, and nobody calls him an intemperate man.

Harry. I never want to drink liquor, but I can't see any harm in sweet cider.

Charles. Well, Harry, I think there is harm in drinking cider. Your father and Uncle Will are sober men, but that doesn't prove the case.

Susan. Do you mean that you think sweet cider at the press can do you any harm? So nice and clean and sweet! (*Declaiming:*)

“Pure grew the stream with the stress
 Of the lever and screw,
 Till the last drops from the press
 Were bright as the dew!”

Harry. No, I don't think the sweet cider you drank at the press could do you any harm; and I don't wonder that you city girls think it a novel and pretty sight,—this cider-making,—indeed,

when I saw you there I "dropped into poetry" myself, and sung. (*Sings:*)

"The prettiest girl that ever I saw
Was sucking cider through a straw."

But then *hard* cider is intoxicating, for I've seen a boy made drunk by drinking it!

Hattie. You have?

Charles. Yes, I have; and now who is to decide just when *sweet* cider becomes *sour* cider?

James. I must confess, if the pledge allowed members to drink it when sweet, some would continue to drink beyond the safe point.

Harry. Well, won't you promise to come to my husking unless I promise *not* to have cider?

Charles. Now, see here: the Good Templars' Lodge discussed this cider-question last week; let us discuss it now, and settle it for ourselves.

James. A considerable portion were in favour of construing the pledge so as to allow members to use "sweet cider."

Harry. I heard that they said sweet cider, being simply apple-juice, and many of the members having orchards and raising apples that they wish to make into cider, and so long as they do not drink cider *after it ceases to be new*, they ought to be allowed to drink it when it is new.

Hattie. Honestly, I think those are very weak arguments.

Susan. I have read somewhere that cider begins to ferment within twenty-four hours, and that there is really alcohol in it the first day, though I confess I did not think of it when I—when *Hattie* was "sucking cider through a straw."

Charles. You see it is this way: men begin with cider; then they form an appetite which craves something stronger, and thus they become drunkards.

Hattie. I read once of an intemperate man who signed the pledge against all stronger liquors, but who kept constantly intoxicated until he added cider to his pledge, and then he became a sober man.

Harry. Girls and boys, *Charles* is right; I will have no cider at my husking. I see plainly that some of you will feel uncomfortable if it is there, and I don't want to do anything that will be unpleasant to any of you.

Hattie. Moreover, let's all join *Charlie's* Band of Hope before we go to the husking, and then we can tell all who are there that we can't drink cider!

Susan. Yes, let's! We seem to be all agreed at last, and the verdict at which we have arrived, and which we commend to the judgment of our friends here (*All the actors turn to the audience*) is—

Harry. That the use of cider is wrong.

Charles. That it is inconsistent with temperance principles.

Hattie. That it should be prohibited by the Temperance pledge.

Mary. That *new* cider is a dangerous beverage, because it is so nearly akin to *old* cider.

All. And that we advise all our good friends to abstain from it!

Susan. And that they shall, when down in a farmer's cellar they see,—

"Sixteen barrels of cider
Ripening all in a row,
Open the vent-channels wider,
See the froth drifted like snow
Blown by the tempest below,"—

leave them there, until they change to sixteen barrels of best *cider vinegar*!

HER LAD ACROSS THE SEA.

BY JOHN WRIGGLESWORTH.

MY heart is sad, for my bonnie lad
Is over the rolling sea;
And I wonder, to-night, as I sit and write
A letter to him, if he
Is true to the vow that he made that day
He sailed away from me.

With tears, he said, "I will be led,
In my actions every day,
By the counsel true I received from you
As I came along life's way.
You have been my guide all the way through
life,

And you will live to say,
That your bonnie lad ne'er caused a tear
Of woe to rise, or a sigh of fear."

But oh, my heart with fear will start,
For I know the luring smile
Of the enchantress, drink, may make him think
Himself in love the while,
With the baleful charms which she e'er displays
Young manhood to beguile:

The cursed thing! Should she ever sting
That bonnie lad of mine;
What a blow 'twould be to fall on me!
But I pray that God divine,
In that far-off land, will by my boy stand,
And keep him from the wine:—
God bless this letter that I send to-night;
God keep my boy in the path of right.

THE ABC OF DRINK.

BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

A is the Alcohol—deathlike its grip,
 B the Beginner who "just takes a sip."
 C the Companion who urges him on,
 D for the Demon of drink which is born.
 E the Endeavour he makes to resist,
 F for the Friends (?) who so loudly insist.
 G for the Guilt which he afterwards feels,
 H for the Horrors that hang at his heels.
 I his Intention to drink not at all,
 J for Jeering that follows his fall.
 K is his Knowledge that he is a slave,
 L for the Liquors his appetites crave.
 M the convivial Meetings so gay,
 N is the "No" which he tries hard to say.
 O for the Orgies which then come to pass,
 P for the Pride which he drowns in his glass.
 Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound,
 R for the Ruin that hovers around.
 S for the Sights which his vision bedims,
 T for the Trembling that seizes his limbs.
 U for his Usefulness, killed in the slums,
 V is the Vagrant he swiftly becomes.
 W the Waning of life nearly done,
 X his Extinction, regretted by none.
 Y outh of the nation, such weakness is crime ;
 Z zealously turn from the tempter in time.

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON ?

BY ANNA A. HENDERSON.

GOME, children, and listen ; I'll tell you
 in rhyme
 A story of something that happened one time.
 There was war in the land, and each brave
 heart beat high,
 And many went forth for their country to die ;
 But words fail to tell of the fear and dismay
 Which swept the small village of W—— one
 day
 When the enemy's army marched into the
 street,
 And their own valiant soldiers were forced to
 retreat.
 Such hiding, surrendering, and trembling with
 fear !
 When what in the midst of it all should
 appear
 But Grandmother Gregory, feeble and old ;

Coming out from her cottage, courageous and
 bold,
 She faced the intruders who marched through
 the land,
 Shaking at them the poker she held in her
 hand.
 "How foolish !" her friends cried, provoked, it
 is true ;
 "Why, grandmother, what did you think you
 could do ?"
 "Not much," answered grandma, "but ere
 they were gone
 I wanted to show them which side I was on."
 Now, children, I've told this queer story to
 you
 To remind you of something the weakest can
 do.
 There is always a fight 'twixt the right and
 the wrong,
 And the heat of the battle is borne by the
 strong,
 But, no matter how small or unfit for the field,
 Or how feeble or graceless the weapon you
 wield,
 Oh ! fail not, until the last enemy's gone,
 To stand up and show them which side you
 are on.

LITTLE WORKERS.

BY F. J. T.

THREE bands of little children
 Together marched along ;
 Their banners floated in the breeze,
 Their lips were gay with song.
 For they were little soldiers,
 Enlisted each to fight
 Against the foe "King Alcohol,"
 And conquer if they might.
 They were all zealot in the cause,
 They knew no "can't" or "fail" ;
 To them there were no direful foes
 Before whom they might quail.
 Oh ! may they never lose their zeal
 For this great cause of ours ;
 And when to men and women grown,
 May they use all their powers
 To gather into the temperance fold
 Those who have gone astray,
 And lead the little ones to choose
 In life the better way.

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No. 238.—October, 1889.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



DRUNKEN BLAKE.

DRUNKEN BLAKE.



MARTIN BLAKE was a confirmed drunkard, and his tall, pale, sorrowful wife had to work like a slave to maintain herself and four children, and keep a roof over their heads. She would have thought it no hardship to work for her children—it would have been a pleasure; but when her husband robbed her of much she earned, and spent it at the village public-house, she found her life sometimes almost more than she could bear. Everybody pitied Mrs. Blake, and those who could put anything in her way, in the shape of work, were always ready to do so. The kindest friend she had was Mrs. Moreton, the wife of an independent gentleman who occupied a villa residence not far from the Blakes. This lady found many ways of helping the drunkard's wife, and her cheering, loving words did as much for Mrs. Blake as the money she gave her for services rendered.

One evening Mrs. Moreton sent her only boy, Walter, to the cottage to tell Mrs. Blake she would want her to do some cleaning-down on the following day. When Walter reached the cottage he saw drunken Blake, as everybody called Martin, standing leaning over the garden gate, his hair over his forehead, his hat pushed back on his head, and a surly, sullen look on his dirty, unshaven face. The boy stood in front of the gate and asked Blake kindly to let him pass. The man raised himself up and stared for a few moments, and then growled, "Who are you?" Walter said he had brought a message for Mrs. Blake, and again asked that he might pass. "What is it you want with my wife? give me the

message, boy." Walter replied the message was from his mother and he must give it to Mrs. Blake alone. At this the drunken man became very angry, and clenching his fist threatened what he would do unless Walter told him what he had come there for; but Walter stood erect, not a bit afraid. Just then Mrs. Blake came to the door, and seeing Walter ran down the path, and pushing her husband on one side, heard the message and returned to the cottage, while Walter hurried home.

Blake staggered into the house and demanded to know what all this secret "palaver" meant. Like all wrong-doers, he was suspicious of others; he declared there was a conspiracy going on and he would find it out. Mrs. Blake went about her work heedless of her husband's words; for his long-continued brutality and heartless neglect had hardened her heart against him. The love she once cherished appeared dead; for the man she had loved was debased and degraded by strong drink. She often said, "He is not the same; I cannot love this drunken sot!"

Alas! how many a wife to-day is saying the same. Strong drink robs a man of all that is manly, all that is noble, all that is lovable. It so robbed Martin Blake; and when he died some little time after, in a state of intoxication, everybody felt Mrs. Blake was relieved of a heavy load, and the village of a nuisance. It is certain Mrs. Blake soon appeared more cheerful, her children more contented, and the cottage more respectable. Sad as it may seem, and pitiable as it is true, many a family is better off when left to battle alone than when cursed by a drunken parent.

THE CURSE OF IT.

BY JOHN WRIGGLESWORTH.

"GOLD, cold, cold, and my head begins to swim,
Late, late, late, and I'm waiting still for him;
Oh, that the cursed drink
Was swept from off the earth,
For the drink, drink, drink,
Has filled my life with dearth."

"Twas thus a poor soul sang
In the silent night and dark,
As she sat beside the grate
That held not even a spark
Of fire, which should have shed
A glow of warmth around,
To brighten up the home
Where nought but woe was found.
Not since the noon of day
The coals of warmth had burned,

And still the hands toiled on
That the last faint spark had earned.

Toil, toil, toil, from morning until night,
Weep, weep, weep, as flickers the candle light ;

Her children were but small,
And could not earn their bread ;
A father they possessed,
But he was worse than dead :—

What cared he, if they starved !
What cared he for his wife !

The drink was all he loved,
He loved it more than life .

He drank, he toiled, he drank,
He toiled and drank again,
No thought of those at home
E're passed his soddened brain ;

But on drink, drink, drink,
Was spent each coin he earned,
And deeper in his soul
The fiery passions burned.

“ Mother,” the children cried,
From out the ragged bed,
“ We feel so cold and chill,
And to-day we've had no bread ;

Our hunger is so great,
It will not let us sleep,
And father's not yet come ;—
Nay, mother, do not weep.”

The mother could not help
But weep, when asked for bread,—
When she had none to give ;
The words the children said,
Nigh broke her yearning heart,
For, oh, she long had borne
Her sad, and dreary part.

And would there never an end
Come to her bitter lot ?
Would never a light break in
Upon the drunken sot
Who claimed her for his wife ?
Wife ! nay, more like a slave,
Call not the woman a wife,
Who nobly had to brave
The pangs of hunger and strife.

No, never a light broke in
Upon the husband's soul,
He wallowed in his sin,
He clung unto the bowl.
The wife, the children, all,
To the workhouse had to go ;

The husband sunk, and sunk,
Till the waters began to flow
Right over his ill-starred head,
And thus, from the haunts of vice,
He was carried out stark, and dead.

The woman, now widowed, still poor,
In life made one more start,
Her children bravely stood
And helped her bear her part ;
The Lord imparted strength,
Her pathway straight was made,
And ever, at eventide,
For help and grace she prayed :
Her children grew up brave,
They loved their mother dear ;
They blessed her latter days,
And made them bright and clear.
At length her days were run,
She felt her sins forgiven ;
And, one bright eventide,
She died, and went to heaven.

LOOKING FOR FATHER.

BY FAITH CHILTERN.

LOOKING out for father,
As the day is o'er,
Watching, all-expectant,
At the cottage-door,
Stands a little figure,
Crowned with sunset light,
Eyes of tender azure,
Lips like berries bright.

Looking out for father !
Many and many a day
Has the little Winnie
Looked along that way ;
Often has the father
Smiled to see that face,
Giving to his darling
Many a fond embrace.

Looking out for father !
Other men go by.
But he's late this evening !
Winnie wonders why.
Ah ! at last he's coming—
Clicks the garden-gate ;
Small hands clap with pleasure,
Lips to kiss him wait.

Looking out for father !
 But how shall I write
 Of the saddened sequel
 To that home-scene bright ?
 What could ail the father ?
 What could dull his brain,
 That this one brief moment
 All his life must stain ?

Looking out for father !
 Now he hears the door ;
 But with staggering footsteps
 Never known before,
 Comes a sound of reeling,
 Of a cry—a fall ;
 Something, some one's in the way,
 Rings an anguished call !

Looking out for father !
 'Twas the last, last day ;
 Nevermore will Winnie
 Look along that way.
 Fixed the eyes of azure,
 Still the curly head,
 Crushed beneath his heedless feet
 Lies his darling dead !

Looking out for father !
 Oh ! the bitter tears,
 Oh ! the weight of anguish
 To be borne through years !
 Oh ! the father's sorrow
 O'er that stricken flower,
 And his sad repentance
 For that drink-cursed hour !

Looking out for father !
 There's another home
 To which souls repentant
 Through God's grace shall come,
 Where love all forgiveth,
 Where remorse is o'er,
 Where sweet eyes are watching
 At a brighter door.

THE GREAT.

BY FRANK P. RENO.

WHO are the great ? Not they, I trow,
 Who can but boast the overthrow
 Of valiant knights in coats of mail,
 Or who o'er martial hosts prevail.

Not they are great whose chief desire
 Is learning's treasures to unfold,
 Nor they who loll in rich attire,
 Whose only wealth is paltry gold.

Nor they whom worldly fame delights
 To place upon her dazzling heights,
 And in her tinselled trappings gay
 Exhibits in her poppet play.
 The wisely great are they who seek
 To cheer the sad, make strong the weak,
 Who kindly lead to gracious light
 The souls that grope in moral night.

They walk with steady, cautious tread
 Across this narrow span of life,
 And, by the all-wise Father led,
 Essay to still the world's mad strife.
 The great are they who strive to do
 What duty prompts, and e'er pursue
 The shining path where Wisdom leads
 Her children to benignant deeds.

The great are they whose days are spent
 In living to some good intent,
 Who ever have the courage strong
 To aid the right, to fight the wrong.
 Who each appointed task fulfil,
 With conscience clear and heart elate,
 And thus perform God's sovereign will,
 They are, I hold, the justly great.

—*The Golden Rule.*

TWO TEMPERANCE PEOPLE.

FIRST SPEAKER.

YM a temperance boy, all through and
 through,
 From the crown of my hat to the sole of my
 shoe ;
 From these restless feet to these noisy lips,
 From my toes to my busy finger tips.
 And from heart, from brain, from healthiest
 lung,
 Shall this sentiment flow, while my willing
 tongue
 Shall proclaim its joys as loud as I can,
 Until I'm a full-grown temperance man.
 At home, or at school, or wherever I go,
 I want all to most decidedly know
 That I'm pledged to the temperance cause for
 life ;
 And whenever its friends engage in a strife

Against that foe whose tarnishing hand
 Would blight and blacken our beautiful land,
 You may look for me in the midst of the fray ;
 And since "boys must fight," as people oft say,
 I shall give old "King Alchy" no playful taps,
 But deal him my hardest and heaviest raps ;
 These blows I shall try to aim so well
 That every stroke shall for temperance tell.
 I'll fight when I'm young, I'll fight when I'm
 old, [fierce cold ;
 Through springtime or summer, or winter's
 I'll fight him early, and I'll fight him late,
 With a tireless hand and a cordial hate.
 Perhaps I shall live till the battle is won,
 And this giant's cruel race is run,
 Till our nation, freed from his bitter reign,
 Shall a perfect, glorious freedom gain.

SECOND SPEAKER.

I'm a temperance girl, but so small and weak
 Would any one listen if I should speak ?
 Would the little words that I could say
 Turn a single soul to the better way ?
 Would my kindest acts to the erring prove
 My heart's desire, its zeal, its love ?
 And would it not seem a useless task
 For a little girl like me to ask
 A lover of rum to take the pledge,
 Or a sot to forsake his beverage ?
 Would it not be far better for me to pray
 To Christ, the children's Friend, each day ;
 And ask that His great, strong, loving arms
 May shield the poor drunkard from Satan's
 charms, [prevail
 And to grant that "His Kingdom may so
 That no more shall be heard the bitter wail
 Of a drunkard's wife, while his children, clad,
 And fed, and housed, shall be always glad,
 While through all this land, from shore to
 shore,
 The drunkard's curse shall exist no more ?

THE WICKED, CRUEL SPIDER.

KNOW a dingy corner where a wicked
 spider clings ;
 Where he spins his web round bottles, glasses,
 jugs, and other things ;
 And I listened in the shadow as one day I
 passed along,
 And I heard the wicked spider, as he sung his
 cruel song :

"Will you take a little cider ? Will you call
 while passing by ?" [little fly.
 Said the wicked, crafty spider to the buzzing
 "Will you take a little lager ? Surely you
 will not decline,
 Just to take a drink for friendship ; say, just
 sip a little wine."

"He is coming for his cider !" said the wicked,
 cruel spider :
 "He is coming for his wine, and my cords
 shall round him twine ;
 While he sits and sips his lager, I will whet
 my little dagger,
 And when he has drunk his wine he will find
 that he is mine !
 Ha ! the little fool is coming, I can hear him
 buzzing, humming ;
 He who comes to visit me, vainly struggles to
 be free.

* * * *

"You are welcome to my parlour ; I am glad
 to see you come.
 Do not stay outside the entrance ; please to
 make yourself at home.
 Will you take a little lager, while I sharpen
 up my dagger ?
 Will you take a drop of wine ? then you surely
 shall be mine :
 I will bind you, I will grind you, though you
 struggle, weep, and pray ;
 I will tie your hands behind you, you shall
 never get away ;
 I will fight you, I will smite you, I will stab
 you, I will bite you,
 I will make you poor and needy, I will make
 you old and seedy,
 I will make you bleared and bloated, and with
 rags and tatters coated,
 And your hat will look so shocking that the
 boys will all be mocking ;
 I will haunt you till you die, then I'll hang
 you up to dry !"

O my boy ! beware of cider, and of lager, and
 of wine,
 Then the wicked, cruel spider ne'er shall get
 a child of mine. [web away ;
 Let us storm his ugly castle, let us tear his
 Let us drive away this spider. Heaven in
 mercy speed the day !

—*The Little Christian.*

42.—The Poor Man's Sheaf.

EBEN. E. REXFORD.

S. W. STRAUB.

KEY G. : s, | d ., d : m .d | r . s :- s | f ., f : m ., m | r : .s,
 He saw the wheat-fields wait-ing All gold-en in the sun, And

| d ., d : m .d | l . r : - f | m ., d : r ., s, | d : .s
 strong and stal-wart reap-ers Went by him one by one. "Oh,

| s ., s : s . s | s . m : - s | s ., f : m ., r | r : .s,
 could I reap in har-vest," His heart made bit-ter cry, "I

rit.

| d .,d : m .d | l, . r :- f | m .,d : r .,s, | d :-||
 can do no - thing, no - thing, So weak, a - las! am I."

CHORUS.

Thou mayst not join the reap - ers Up - on the har - vest plain, But

}	.s	s .,s	: s .s	s .m :- s	s .f : m .,r	r . : .s,
	.d	d .,d	: d .d	d .d :- d	r .,r : d .,d	t, . : .s,
	.m	m .,m	: m .m	m .s :- m	s .,s : l .,fe	s . : .s
	.d	d .,d	: d .d	d .d :- d	t, .t, : d .r	s, . : .s,

rit.

he who helps a bro - ther, Binds sheaves of rich - est grain.

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

2 At eve a fainting traveller
 Sank down beside the door,
 A cup of crystal water
 To quench his thirst he bore.
 And when refreshed and strengthened,
 The traveller went his way:
 Upon the poor man's threshold
 A golden wheat sheaf lay.

3 When came the Lord of harvest
 He cried, "Oh, Master, kind,
 One sheaf I have to offer,
 But that I did not bind;

I gave a cup of water
 To one athirst, and he
 Left at my door in going
 This sheaf I offer Thee."

4 Then said the Master softly,
 "Well pleased with this am I;
 One of my angels left it
 With thee as he passed by;
 Thou mayest not join the reapers,
 Upon the harvest plain,
 But he who helps a brother,
 Binds sheaves of richest grain."

THE BOYS' DISCUSSION.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE BOYS.

CHARACTERS—JOHN, GEORGE, WILLIE.

SCENE:—Two boys meet in the street.

John.

G OOD-evening, George. Where are you going in such a hurry?

George. I am going to the Band of Hope meeting, and don't want to be late. Come with me, won't you?

J. No, I thank you! I would rather smoke a good cigar than go to all the Band of Hope meetings you can get up. I wish I had one this minute.

G. Since you have never been to our meetings, you don't know but you *might* like them even better than a cigar. How can you smoke those horrid things?

J. How can I? Just as easy as you can take a glass of wine.

G. I never touch wine.

J. Well, just as easy as I can, then. A glass of wine tastes real nice, and is good for the health, too—makes you stronger.

G. You would not say that if you belonged to our Band and learned more about wine.

J. Well, tell me what you learned about it.

G. I have learned that wine contains alcohol, which is a deadly poison, and makes one weaker instead of stronger.

J. Prove that alcohol makes people weaker, and then I'll believe it.

G. I haven't time now. Come to our Band, if you want the proof.

J. What little wine I take never hurts me, I am sure of that.

G. That is more than you know. We are sometimes injured by what we eat or drink without being aware of it until too late. You like the taste of wine, you say.

J. Of course I do, or I would not drink it.

G. If you had some nice drink with arsenic in it, would you take it because it *tasted good*?

J. No, indeed, unless I wanted to commit suicide.

G. You can commit suicide just as surely by taking alcohol, only you may be longer about it.

J. Did you learn anything about tobacco at your meeting, that you are so afraid of a cigar?

G. Yes, *that* poisons the brain, so you can't think so well. If you want to be a good scholar, you must let tobacco alone.

J. Do you learn anything else there?

G. Oh! yes. More than I can tell you now. Come and see for yourself.

J. Do you have to promise anything to join the Band?

G. Yes. You promise not to touch liquor, or use tobacco in any form, and not to swear.

J. Oh! I can't join then. I don't want to be bound by any promise; as if I couldn't do all that without, if I want to.

G. Do you want to?

J. Why, no. I can't say that I do; not at present, anyway.

G. There is just where the danger is. You'll keep on not wanting to, until you are such a slave to bad habits you *can't* leave them off.

J. I don't think it a very bad habit to smoke a cigar sometimes, or to take a little wine at a wedding or on Christmas Day.

G. It isn't a bad habit to be taking poison, I suppose.

J. But I am not poisoned. I am as well and strong as you are.

G. How high did you stand in your studies last examination?

J. Why, I just passed, and that was all. It *wasn't my* fault, though.

G. Whose was it? Can any one learn your lessons for you?

J. No—but I—well—I had bad headaches last term, and couldn't sleep nights. How is a fellow going to learn anything when he doesn't sleep?

G. Sure enough. But I would like to know what business a boy like you has *not* to sleep. There must be some reason for your headaches and sleepless nights.

J. I don't know of any reason, unless, as mamma thought, I studied too hard; for I *did* have awful work to learn what little I did.

G. Very likely; but come with me, and you'll learn the reason, I reckon. Let tobacco alone, and you'll soon sleep as soundly as I do, I'll warrant, and get your lessons in half the time. You used to stand high enough before you began to smoke those vile cigarettes. Boys like you and me ought never to get nervous like some sick person.

J. I don't believe it will help any one to join these temperance societies. I wouldn't offer a glass of wine to the girls of your Band, or a cigar to the boys, if I did not want to see them take it.

G. Thank you for the compliment. I hoped you had a better opinion of me than to think I would break my promise that way.

J. Well, perhaps you wouldn't, but do you suppose Willie Smith could resist the temptation? He used to smoke.

G. Yes, I do. Here he comes now; he can speak for himself.

(Enter Willie.)

Willie. Good-evening, boys. If I am to speak for myself, what shall I speak about?

G. About alcohol and tobacco.

J. Say, Willie, wouldn't you smoke a nice cigar if you had one, or take a little wine or cider?

W. I smoke a cigar! or drink liquor? Never!

J. Oh! you need not get vexed. You have done both.

W. Yes, I am ashamed to say I have; but it was before I joined the Band of Hope, and learned how much harm it does. I would not touch either now sooner than I would a rattle-snake.

J. Do you believe everything you learn in that meeting?

W. Of course I do. Our teachers would not tell us what is not true.

J. George says tobacco poisons the brain.

W. So it does, and alcohol cooks it. How is a young man going to be smart when his brain is poisoned and then cooked?

G. Tobacco often causes insanity. Sometimes it weakens the muscles of the heart, so that people die suddenly.

J. Dear me! If I thought that was all true I believe I would let these things alone.

G. Well, it is true, and more, too.

W. Yes, it makes some people blind, some deaf, gives some a cancer, and others paralysis.

J. Did you ever know any one to die from using tobacco?

W. I knew a man who had a cancer on his tongue just where his pipe or cigar touched it. The doctor said it was caused by tobacco. It killed him at last.

G. There is no need of telling you how alcohol kills people. You see that every day for yourself.

J. Yes, but they drink a great deal. How is one cigar going to hurt anybody, or a few drops of wine?

W. A few drops make you want a few more drops, and one cigar makes you want another.

G. All drunkards commenced in that way, you know. The only safety is in letting it alone. The Bible tells us not to look at the wine.

W. And it tells us to keep ourselves pure. How can we be pure and all the time do things that cause disease?

J. If so much harm comes from these things, I don't see why many people live so long who use liquor and tobacco all their lives.

W. Perhaps they would have lived longer without, and I know they would have been better off. If you notice you will find they are not good for much in their old age.

G. Yes, they are nothing but slaves, and

neither look or act like true and noble men, free men, as the Lord meant them to be.

J. I don't call it being free to bind yourself by a promise.

W. The promise is what makes you free—by breaking the chain of bad habits that is binding you. So you will be more of a man if you make that promise.

G. We must not stop longer or we shall be late. Come with us, John, and see what we do. You are not obliged to join.

W. Do come. You won't be sorry for going once, I am sure.

J. Well, I'll go with you to-night; but remember, I make no promises. Perhaps I may some day, though, if I can see things as you do.

W. I hope you will. Come on. (Exeunt all.)

THE SCEPTIC.

HIS name was William Mullins, and

He had a sneerin' way

Of turnin' his proboscis up

At everything you'd say.

"Wall, now, how do you know?" said he;

"Humph, now, how do you know?"

The way it closed an argument

Wasn't by no means slow.

You might be talking social like

With fellows at the store

On war, and politics, and sich,

And you might have the floor,

And be a-getting things down fine,

Provin' that things was so,

When Mullins would stick his long nose in

With "Humph, how do you know?"

I seen that critter set in church

And take a sermon in,

And turn his nose up in a sneer

At death, and grace, and sin.

With no regard for time and place,

Or realms of endless woe,

He'd rise and bust the whole thing up

With "Humph, how do you know?"

He cut his grass whenever it rained,

He shocked his wheat up green,

He cut his corn behind the frost,

His bogs were allus lean.

He built his stacks the big end up,

His corn cribs big end down;

"Crooked as Mullins' roadside fence,"

Was a proverb in our town.

The older he got the worse he grew,
 And the crookeder every day ;
 The squint of his eyes would wind a clock,
 His toes turned out each way.
 His boots and shoes were both of them lefts,
 The rheumatiz twisted so ;
 But if you said he didn't look well
 He'd growl, " Now, how do you know ? "

And that same thing led to his death—
 He was on the railroad track
 Crossin' a bridge ; I heard the train
 And yelled, " Mullins, come back !
 The train is round the curve in sight."
 Says he, " Humph, how do you know ? "
 I helped to gather him up in a pail,
 The engine scattered him so.

I think it's best to have more faith
 In every-day concerns,
 And not be allus a snoopin round
 To get behind the returns.
 A plain statement will do for me,
 A hint instead of a blow ;
 A coroner's jury may fetch out facts,
 But it's rather late to know.

—*Boston Globe.*

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For further particulars apply to the Superintendent of the Institute, or to Mr. H. Kidner, at the London Office, 16a, and 17, Old Cavendish St.

THE NEEDS OF THE BODY.

"THE human body is a very nicely made machine, that should remain strong and complete for many years. God made the body to have rest and work at regular times; He made the night for sleep, the day for activity; He gave us muscles that should not be weighted and restrained by unnatural clothing, but should be decently covered by simple and easy garb, not overheating, not exposing to chill, not fettering the action of our organs. He made our eyes to be used chiefly by natural light; our teeth to chew food of a temperature near that of the mouth; He gave us stomachs to be regularly fed with plain and simple food; He gave us the model drink for our needs, in water; He gave us a large abundance of fruit food, especially adapted to our systems. If we heeded all these indications of nature for our good, we should, no doubt, live much longer than we do."—From "*The Story of Rasmus.*"

NOTICES.

The following is by Rev. CHARLES H. SPURGEON in "*Sword and Trowel*" for September:—

Hoyle's Hymns and Songs for Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope. Brook and Chrystal, Manchester.—The name of William Hoyle is well known as a composer and compiler of music for temperance meetings, and this revised and enlarged edition of his hymns and songs will keep up his deservedly high reputation. There are now two hundred and seventy-five pieces in the collection, but the price is still the same—1s. 8d. in paper covers, and 2s. 6d. in cloth. We heartily commend this book to any temperance friends who are asking, "What shall we sing at our meetings?" There is sufficient variety in it to make it suitable for adults or children, and it is equally adapted for public gatherings or the home circle.

Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter.—Mr. S. KNOWLES has just issued Nos. 43 and 44 of his popular Reciter. Testimonies as to its usefulness are still flowing in, and the Publishers will send a detailed list of all the Nos. on application. There will doubtless be a large demand, as there always is, during the season, for both volumes, parts, and penny Nos. We understand nearly one and a-half millions of the Nos. are already in circulation, and 20,000 volumes. This is not surprising, for the Reciter is certainly the best of its kind in the market, and well deserves the popularity it has gained.

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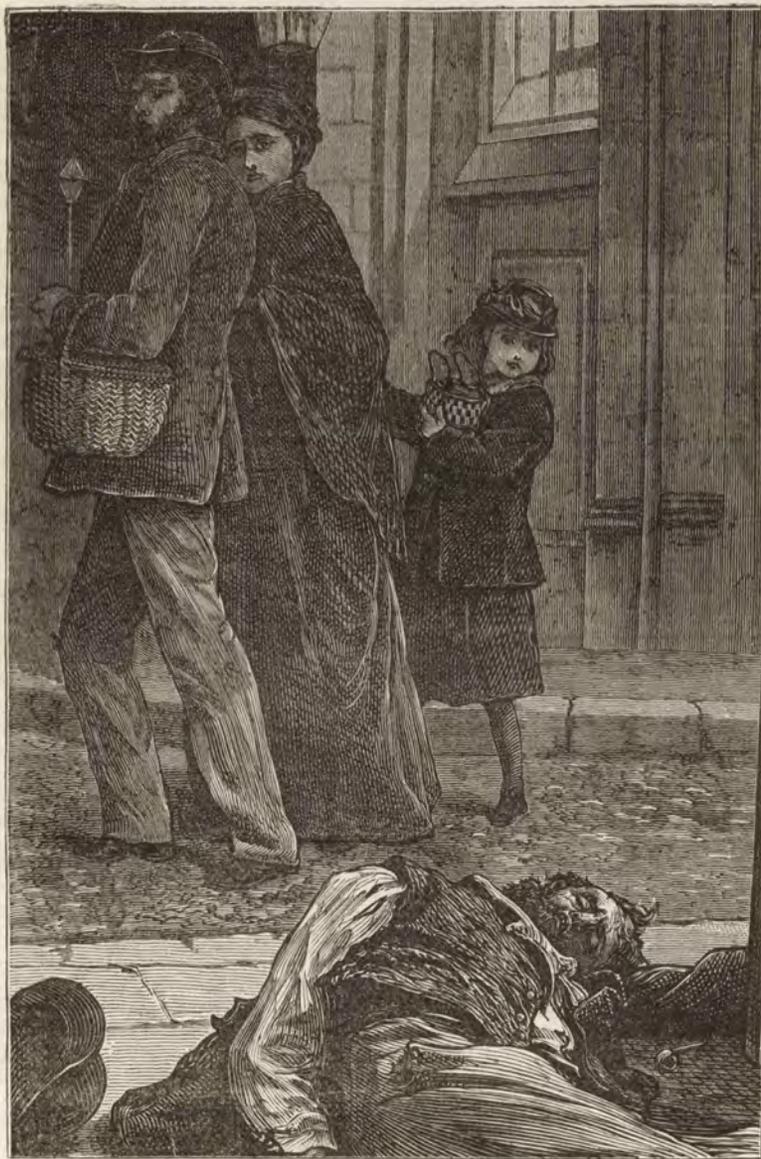
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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 239.—November, 1889.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



SATURDAY EVENING.

SATURDAY EVENING.



It is a pleasant sight, on a Saturday evening, after a week's honest toil, to see the respectably dressed working-man sauntering along through the streets, chatting to his wife, and now and then pausing to admire some attractive shop-window. The meat and groceries are purchased, and the market, with its flowers and fruit and vegetables, is visited; until the basket, which the husband carries on his arm, is heavy with things needful for the coming week. With a feeling of satisfaction and independence they return home, thankful for the blessings and comforts they are able to enjoy. This, in brief outline, is how thousands of our English workmen and their wives spend Saturday evening, varied by an occasional "Entertainment," or a "Concert," when the marketing is done earlier on in the evening.

It is to this steady, sober, intelligent class of working-men England owes her prosperity; not to the drunken, thriftless, thoughtless workman, who the moment he receives his wage walks straight to the public-house and there sits drinking away the money he has earned, while his wife and family are left to do the best they can at home, and be content with what he gives them when, at closing-time, he reels into the house intoxicated.

One Saturday evening, John Martin, his wife, and their girl Lucy, were cheerfully wending their way home, after a pleasant walk through the town. They had just emerged from the Savings' Bank; for John and his wife, at the outset of their married life, had wisely agreed to put a few shillings by weekly, and now they had a handsome balance to their credit in the bank, of which they were not a little proud. Stepping briskly along, they

saw a man in his shirt-sleeves lying on the flags beneath a lamp-post, his hat off, and a short pipe near where he had fallen. Turning back, Martin saw the man was drunk, and peering into his face he uttered an exclamation of pity, for he recognised a fellow-workman. Telling his wife and daughter to hurry home, he hailed a cab, lifted the helpless man into it, and knowing the street but not the house where he lived, gave directions to the cabman, and in a few minutes James Burton, still unconscious, was deposited in the keeping of his wife.

Said John Martin, when sitting by his own cosy fireside in his own comfortable home, "You should have seen the wretched place where Burton lives, Mary. The place was clean enough, but there was scarcely any furniture, and the wife and children looked half-starved and miserably clad. No one, who didn't know the facts, would believe that Burton got the same wage I get, if they saw our two homes. What a mercy God has given me the wisdom to keep away from the public-house!"

John Martin and James Burton had many a serious conversation after that Saturday night, and the result was that Burton now is a teetotaler, his home is well-furnished, his wife and children are better clothed and fed, and Martin and he often meet at the Savings' Bank, a sign that Burton has found it wiser to put his money into the bank than into the publican's till.

Happy indeed would all the working-men of England be if they would shun the public-house and follow the example of John Martin and James Burton. "The prudent man seeth an evil, and hideth himself."

THE DOG STEALER'S STORY.

BY MARY BROWN CHAPIN.

YES, 'tis a mean trade, so I lay out to be
 'Bout as mean as they make 'em, yer know;
 But only jist once hev I ever felt mean—
 Well, it happened a long time ago.

I was down on my luck, with nary a dog,
 When I passed by a boneyard one night,
 The sun goin' down over back of the hills
 Makin' things sorter shiny an' bright.

I heard a long howl an' looked over the fence,
 An' in thar on a grave that was new

Sat a dog jest mournin' away like a man—
Feelin' worse than the most of 'em do!

Yer see, it's my trade, so I went for that dog,
But I didn't git on very fast;
Though I've tackled all kinds that cur was the
 worst,
An' I had to play trumps, sir, at last.

One dodge never fails, an' he came 'gin his
 will,
But I tell yer, I felt like a hog,
For somehow it seemed a low kind of trick,
A-persuadin' a dead feller's dog.

He came sorter whinin', his tail hangin' down,
An' he never got sot up ag'in,
I was good to him, Mister, treated him well,
But he pined hisself sickly an' thin.

Months later I come to the very same place,
An' that night, sir, the dog ran away,
So I started out fur to look him up—
I'd a weakness for him, I must say.

He'd never forgot, nor took kindly to me,
But I kinder respected his sense,
An' so paddled after him, all in the dark,
Till I ran myself into a fence.

But the moon jest then wriggled out o' the
 clouds,
An' I saw the old place straight ahead,
An' that cuss of a dog! He crawled on the
 grave,
Gave a low sort of moan, an' lay—dead!

Well, I'm never soft-hearted, but somehow I
 thought
He had stuck pretty well to his game,
An' if that dead feller was all that he thought
I guessed he'd have wanted the same.

So thar in the moonlight I dug him a grave
'T would take a good sexton to beat,
An' come away glad to be leaving him thar,
Down, at last, at his old master's feet.

CAPTAIN "NO."

GOME join the famous army
That's soon to lead the world,
And let the temperance banner
 Be proudly now unfurled;

For we've a gallant captain,
Who leads where'er we go—
Hurrah for our brave captain,
Our temperance Captain "No!"

We want the best and bravest
From every farm and town
To trample on the Rum fiend,
And put its mischief down;
We'll have no sneaking coward
Who is afraid to go
Right into the fiercest battle
With gallant Captain "No."

The enemy is watchful,
He keeps his spies around—
He'd laugh in fiendish glory
At Temperance losing ground;
But we will ever show him
We are not dull or slow;
We'll vanquish him by shouting,
"Hurrah for Captain 'No!'"

GIVE.

BY REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

"GIVE!" says the sparkling little rill,
"I always give, am giving still;
And yet I have enough always,
God fills my fountain every day.
Give!" says the little rill,
"The cups of others fill."

"Give!" says the pretty garden flower,
"I give my fragrance to the bower,
I give the bee his morning meal,
And yet no want I know or feel.
And my reward is this,—
The dewdrop's morning kiss."

"Give!" says the bird upon the tree;
"I sing my best, my song is free,
I never knew a bird sung out
And left forlorn to fly about;
To sing my song and give
Is my best way to live."

"Give!" says the twinkling star above,
"I shone before you saw me, love;
I give the sailor on the sea,—
I give the light God gives to me.
Give!" says the tiny star,
"The light shines very far."

"Give!" say the angels as they speed
From heaven to earth for human need;
They come to us—we do not see,
But they are sent to you and me.

"Give!" said the angel bright,
Good angels day and night.

"Give!" says the Lord of earth and sky,
"I gave Myself, I came to die;
I gave My love that you might live,
All Mine is yours, can ye not give?"

Yes, Saviour, we will bring
Our gifts to Thee, our King.

A CHILD THAT'S STILL.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"IF my child were but different!"
The mother said, and sighed. Ah me—
Come to this house across the street—
A child that's different you shall see.

"She is so faulty, noisy, rude!
Not like the children—well, I mean
The sweet ideal darlings that
In dreams and books I've often seen.

"A moment she is good—an hour
Perhaps—What did you say to me?
A different child across the street?
Not one that's still. That cannot be."

Yes, still; and oh, so very good!
That white rosebud below her face,
She is so still, for hours and hours
Has nestled in that very place.

The soft and dainty dress she wears,
She's worn ('tis true) a day and night;
And yet, she is so very good,
'Tis orderly and spotless white.

She has not spoken in that time—
Unless to angels, it may be,
And they will bear with her, no doubt;
They know she's but a child, you see.

You guess my meaning. Ah! that gush
Of loving tears, that sudden thrill,
Means that you pray your naughty child
May never be as good and still—

Means that you love her as she is;
And when she's careless, rude, and wild,
You'll hold her closer, lest sometime
She may be like that other child.

THE LITTLE TEETOTAL SOLDIER.

BY SIMEON D. TIFFANY.

HERE is a foe, so I am told,
And though I'm young, yet I am bold;
My father tells me that this foe,
Makes sad hearts, filling homes with woe:

Makes people poor, and shortens life,
Causing anger, and bitter strife;
Then if this monster I could meet,
I would lay it dead at my feet.

What is he? and what is his sign?
Has he two legs? like these of mine?
Is he a little man? or tall?
If I could find this foe at all—

Then would I shoot him, with my gun,
Or, I my sword through him would run;
To kill this foe, I'll do my best,
Then all the world would be at rest.

TURN TO THE RIGHT.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

AT the base of a hill
Near a clattering mill
Stands a cottage that's tidy and trim.
There rosebush and vine
At the windows entwine,
And the humming bird offers its hymn.

A kind mother, 'tis said,
And a dutiful maid
Were the inmates of this peaceful cot.
The soul-lighted eyes
And the words that were wise
Added charms to the beautiful spot.

The good mother's advice
Showed a taste that is nice
And wisdom of the highest degree.
"Would you keep life's path bright,
Always turn to the right
Ere you get to the tavern," said she.

So I turned to the right,
And escaped from the blight,
The withering blight, of strong water.
And I kept the right side
Of the mother. My bride
Is her beautiful temperance daughter.

In my business I tried
To keep the right side
Of integrity, honour, and peace,
And stand up for the truth
And the pledge of my youth:
For the good cause Heaven grants a lifelease.

The wrong road is wide ;
Let us keep the right side,
In the way that is narrow and straight,
And turn from the way,
Where multitudes stray :
The tavern is Beelzebub's gate.

THE SERPENT'S TRAIL.

A DIALOGUE FOR EIGHT. BY MARY J. DIGGENS.

CHARACTERS : Lady Maud ; Clementine ; Florence :
Mr. de Lisle ; Sir Henry Leslie ; Eric ; Servant.

SCENE : In a drawing-room.

Lady Maud.

THANKS, Clementine, you have exerted all
Your skill to make me fair, and were I not
So dull and pale you might be satisfied.
Alas, for both ! There hovers ever near
One, who in simple robe, and unadorned
With aught save flowerets wild, will draw all eyes
Towards her own and revel in their smile,
While, robbed of every sunbeam warm, I face
Alone, the bitter blast of cold neglect.

Clementine, Lady Maud's maid.

No, no ! My lady mademoiselle is bright
And gay like summer butterflies,
Dat spread de glossy ving and mount so high,
Ven boys come home from school, caught she
will be,
Ver soon, to fade away, as butterflies
Do fade.

Lady Maud.

If they are not preserved,
The glass case in the hall is filled with these
Bright creatures—dead—but lovely still.

Clementine.

I make
Mistake, perhaps, but I did tink de form
And face of my dear lady lovely, vid
De hands so small dat every shopman smile,
Ven I do buy her gloves, de size of half-
Past five. A leetle rouge she needs upon
Her cheek, and something for her eyes, vat I
Not dare to tell.

Lady Maud.

No. Do not mention it—

Eau de Cologne for scent is good, but bad
To drink.

Olemtine.

My lady, it can make no harm,
And, oh, it shines de eye and smells de breath
Like rare parfumerie ! My lady vill
Not try it just dis once !

Lady Maud.

You should not tempt
Me, Clémentine, when you know well 'tis wrong.

Clementine.

My lady is too good ; if all de rest
Be goot, I would be very glad ; but while
Miss Florence stays it makes me have much wrath.

Lady Maud.

I am not jealous, neither do I want
My cousin's beaux. To please you (*aside*), and
because

Lord Henry dines (*aloud*) I give you leave to pour
A teaspoonful into that half-filled glass
Of water.

(*Clementine gives the mixture ; her mistress drinks.*)

Lady Maud.

Bah ! what horrid stuff ! far worse
Than salts and senna, Gregory's powder, and
Magnesia, all combined. For this you may
Expect a scolding when I come to bed.
I have not time to grumble now, when Jones
Is here to say That dinner is upon
The table. Quick, my gloves, fan, handkerchief,
I'll run downstairs the nearest way.

Clementine left alone.

Humph, humph,
She said I tempted her. I vonder vat
De priest vill say. Shall I confess ? No, no ;
Dese mornings are too cold to tell a lot
Of prayers. I vill forget, till it be varm,
Unless I do vat Marie did ven she
Is first arrived—repeat de prayer once vell,
Den ditto say twice twenty times till all
De times are done. But vy do penance ? Vy ?
Because Miss Florence is like me, (*shakes head
towards door*)

Not her—

Too pretty and too poor.

(*Scene in same room a year later.*)

Florence.

What ails you, Maud ?
Your hands are trembling, and your cheeks are wan
And pale. I feared the brightness of last night
Would end in pain to-day.

(Continued on page 108.)

45.—Anywhere.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

An-y lit-tle cor-ner, Lord, In Thy vine-yard wide, Where Thou bidst me

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work for Thee, There would I a-bide. Mir-a-cle of sav-ing grace,

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That Thou giv-est me a place An-y-where, An-y-where.

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	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	d . d : d	s ₁ : s ₁	d : —	f ₁ : s ₁	d : —

2 Where we pitch our nightly tent,
Surely matters not;
If the day for Thee is spent,
Blessed is the spot;
Quickly we the tent may fold,
Cheerful march through storm and cold—
Anywhere.

3 All along the wilderness,
Let us keep our sight
On the moving pillar fixed,
Constant, day and night,
Then the heart will make its home
Willing, led by Thee, to roam
Anywhere.

50.—We Praise Thee.

FRANK D. FOSTER.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, our Fa-ther and Friend, Oh let our de -

KEY G.

{	<u>m.f</u>	s	: m	: d	s,	: d	: d	d	: d	: t,	d	: -	<u>m.f</u>	s	: m	: l	s
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- vo-tions be-fore Thee as-cend, In youth and in child-hood to -

{	f	: r	: <u>s.f</u>	m	: r	: d	s	: -	<u>l.s</u>	s	: m	: <u>m.r</u>	d	: d	: <u>r.m</u>
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- ge-ther we come, To pray that Thy will in our hearts may be done.

{	f	: f	: <u>m.r</u>	m	: -	: <u>m.s</u>	l	: r	: <u>m.f</u>	s	: d	: <u>r.m</u>	f	: <u>f.m</u>	: <u>r.t,</u>	d	: -
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2 We thank Thee for blessings received every day,
For which Thou hast taught us unceasing to pray,
But oh for the treasures Thy love hath in store,
Thy name, oh our Father, we bless and adore.

3 Protect us, defend us from sin and from harm,
As the shepherd doth gather the lambs with his arm;
Oh nourish and strengthen our souls now in youth
With the bread of Thy love and the wine of Thy truth.

Lady Maud.

I am quite well.

Florence.

Forgive me, you are not, and were I in
Your place, I certainly should stay at home
And rest.

Lady Maud.

While Henry takes my cousin out;
Thanks, Florence, for your kind advice.

Florence.

Oh, Maud,

What makes you think that I could be so mean?

Lady Maud.

Your actions past. I was beloved by all
Before you came. They love you now instead.
All, all! but one, still you are jealous,—you
A scheming parasite—a penniless
Proud pauper!

Florence.

Maud! (*Exit.*)

Lady Maud.

Oh, dear, what have I done?
I hate the girl, but never meant to tell
Her so. What will my parents say? They dote
On her. Regret, alas, is vain. Not all
The wishes in the world can unspeak one
Small spoken word. I know that Clementine
Would say, "It served her right." But where is
she?

Like all the rest, my maid has careless grown—
I would discharge her, did she not supply
My wants. (*A knock—Lady Maud.*) Come in.
(*Clementine enters.*)

Lady Maud.

At last!

Clementine.

Pardon, I am late,
My lady.

Lady Maud.

Which is nothing new. Where have
You been?

Clementine.

To see de gifts.

Lady Maud.

Ah, yes, I quite forgot—
It is her birthday.

Clementine.

Will my lady have
Her present?

Lady Maud.

No, my cousin has received
All that I mean to give.

Clementine.

Miss Florence have
No conscience! Ven de Earl ask vich
Your gift, she shook her head and smile, as much
To say, You see vat I have got. Dere is
No more.

Lady Maud.

Hush, Clementine; I thought
I heard a knock. (*Clementine goes to door.*)
De Countess. Shall I leave,
Or stay?

Countess.

Leave, Lady Maud will ring for you
When I am gone.

Lady Maud, to herself.

My mother comes to scold.
Florence has told her all; and neither knows
How violently my head does ache and throb.
(*A loud.*)

Good morning, mother. Late to bed means late
To rise.

Countess, kissing her daughter.

Yes, darling, and I wish, for your
Dear sake, it made one healthy, wealthy, wise.
I fear you are not well. Spirits quite high
At night; drooping and low next day, proclaim
Their owner weak. You want a rest.

Lady Maud.

We leave

Town soon.

Countess.

Yes, sooner than we thought. In one short month
The wedding will take place. I dare not think
Of it. Since you have failed, the child has been
A daughter—riding, driving, reading for
Your father—doing all you used to do.

Lady Maud, aside.

What does the Countess mean? Is Florence to
Be married? (*A loud.*)
My cousin has too thoroughly usurped
The daughter's place.

Countess.

'Twas for our sakes she filled
The vacancy.

Lady Maud.

You make an awful fuss
With her.

Countess.

Not more than she deserves. The debt
On our side is so great we never can
Repay it.

Lady Maud.

Others think differently.

Countess.

You fancy, Maud, we owe her nothing.

Lady Maud.

Yes.

Countess.

Oh, child, is life so little worth?

Lady Maud.

I know

Whom you allude to, but would not any
Gentleman have done what uncle did?
Besides, it did not kill him.

Countess.

Maud, the chill

He caught brought on his death. The fright, your
aunt's.

Lady Maud.

Please, do not talk of death, when marriage is
At hand. I have not heard the bridegroom's name.

Countess.

You surely do not mean to say that James
De Lisle has wooed and won your cousin
In this house without your knowing it? Your
eyes

Are blind. I ought to scold you, but the clock
Is striking twelve, and as the carriage starts
Half-past I must be off, or both will be
Too late.

Lady Maud, alone.

See, James sails for the Cape a month
To-day. That brings the wedding very close.
I'm sorry now I said so much to her.

It was the galling weight of benefits
Conferred I could no longer bear. 'Tis said
Ingratitude is man's most common sin.

It is, for pride must be subdued ere he
Is thankful. She however had no right
To call me pale and wan. She came too soon.

(*Rises, takes up Eau de Cologne and Sal Volatile
bottles.*)

They both are empty. Oh, what shall I do?
Nothing is left to me but wine, and that
Is scarcely any use at all.

(*Scene in same room eighteen months later.*)

Lady Maud, in bridal attire.

Here, lock these rings away, one circlet plain
Of gold alone I wear to-day.

Clementine.

Worth all

De lot, my lady, see de people dat
Vill come to view de leetle ting put on.
De world and his big wife vill be at church.

Lady Maud.

To criticise the dresses.

Clementine.

No, von sees

De dresses in de shops, but not de hearts
Tied up inside dem.

Lady Maud.

You will be the next
To wed.

Clementine.

I hope I will, my lady.

Lady Maud.

Why?

Clementine.

I cannot tell. To have a monsieur, I
Suppose. Now, all is ready for de veil,
Your ladyship has noding else to do.

Lady Maud.

Stay just one moment—mix another glass—
The last.

Clementine.

My lady said last night, "No more."

Lady Maud.

I know I did, but think how many eyes
Will gaze on me. If I break down 'twill spoil
The whole. This once, dear Clementine, this once.

Clementine.

The vow, my lady, oh, I dare not bring
Ill luck upon us all. A broken vow
Upon de wedding morn. No, no; oh, no.

Lady Maud.

Then I must help myself; and I have spilled
Some drops right in the front of my rich dress.

Clementine.

De veil will hide it: quick, de Countess comes.

Lady Maud.

Yes, haste, lest she should find me out
In kissing cheek and lips, and do not look
So sad. I promise you to take no more.

Clementine, shaking her head.

De broken vow, de broken vow, upon
De wedding morn.

Countess.

My darling.

Lady Maud.

No, you must

Not lift my veil, it falls so nicely now.
Kisses may wait to-day till I come home
From church.

Countess.

Oh, Maud, my child, to-morrow you
Will not be here. While thou art still my own
Let me embrace you.

Lady Maud.

No, dear mother, it
Would disarrange all Clementine has done.

Countess.

I will not tease you, child, though little dreamed
I once that dress could part our lips.

Lady Maud.

Not that.

It is

Clementine.

No, dis not dat, 'tis something she
Loves better; dat tears de hearts, as vell
As lips, apart for ever. Oh, I have
De blame! I have de blame! I gave it to
Her first. I go not to de wedding; I go
Confess and do de penance in de stead.

Countess.

Your father waits below to bless his child.
If you are ready, dear, we will descend.

(Scene in Mrs. de Lisle's drawing-room.)

Eric, Mrs. Lisle's son, at window.

There is a tarriage, papa, at the door,
And two grand ladies tuming here.

Florence.

Who are

They, James?

Mr. de Lisle.

Your cousin and her maid.

Florence.

Then what

We heard is true. This visit is a last
Resource. She comes for us to cure her.

(Servant announces)

The

Viscountess Leslie.

Lady Maud.

Florence.

Florence.

Maud.

(Awkward pause broken by Eric, who strokes Lady
Maud's muff.)

Eric.

Puss, puss,

Stroke pussy. Eric had no tiss.

Lady Maud.

Is this

Your son?

Eric.

Yes, mamma's son and papa's too.
Me dot a horse—tum up and have a ride.

Florence.

Not now, my child; another day, cousin
Will play with you.

Lady Maud.

Then you will keep me, when
Even Henry tires, tires of his wife?

Mr. de Lisle.

Yes,

Till you return to him, Maud. Hitherto
Have you not trusted solely in your own
Uncertain strength?

Lady Maud.

I have.

Mr. de Lisle.

Then trust no man,
One Husbandman alone can root out weeds
So deeply sown. Temptation from your path
We will remove, and leave the rest to Him.
Go with dear Florence now.

(Scene—same room a year later.)

Sir Henry Leslie.

I cannot thank you, James, my heart is full,
And like all overflowing vessels pours
Not steadily; but I will do what you
Have done—Remove temptation from her path;
Drink no strong drink myself, and trust in Him.

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ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.



THREE men were sat in a spirit-vault one Christmas Eve. They had just finished work for the week, received their wage, and had called to drink a friendly glass together in honour of the season. Not one of the three could be called a drunkard, though all every week spent a few shillings on drink—shillings which could have been better laid out by their wives at home in the purchase of food and clothing, as well as odd pieces of furniture to make the house more cosy. While they were chatting, a little child came toddling in at the vault door, making a clamping noise as he walked. One of the men, always fond of children, picked the little fellow up in his arms, and gave him a cake from a packet he had purchased for his own children. "Poor wee child," he said, as he noticed the scant clothing and the cold, pinched face and limbs, "whose can he be? Why, look here, mates," and he held out for their inspection the child's feet, on which were a pair of men's old shoes, but no stockings. The men gazed, and one of them, turning to the landlord, said, "Do you know whose this child is?" "Aye," said the landlord, complacently, "I think I do; the little chap

knows this place better nor his own home. There's his father asleep behind the door." The men looked towards the place indicated, and saw a dirty, ragged man, lying on a form, oblivious to all around him, in a drunken sleep. "Drinks every penny he gets," continued the landlord. "I don't want him here, but the fool will come; some folks would turn him away as a noosance." The three workmen cast a rapid glance at each other and seemed to understand each other's thoughts. Without drinking the beer they had paid for they walked out of the vault, and when shaking hands and wishing each other "a merry Christmas," the one who had held the child said, "Let's be merry without *that* stuff, or our children may someday be glad to wear old cast-off boots and even a landlord call us a fool and a nuisance." "Aye, aye," the two workmates answered, "let's stop in time." And they did "stop," for from that Christmas Eve to the present none of the three has ever tasted strong drink; and they all have reaped the blessing which comes through adherence to honest conviction and right doing—the blessing of a good conscience and a happy home.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY MARY J. DIGGENS.

THE key of love unto the Son,
 In tender mercy given,
 Hath bolts and bars for aye undone—
 Unlocked the gates of heaven,
 Let loose the light so long confined,
 Revealed the "Way" to lost mankind,
 Through death's dark waters riven.

The King of Love—a little child—
 Hath entered earth a stranger,
 Downsown by subjects sin-defiled,
 Encompassed with danger;
 Hath left His Father's great white throne
 To take another from "His own,"—
 A lowly cattle manger.

The chord of love, divinely struck,
 O'er David's town hath sounded;
 Vibrated on the Living Rock,
 And through the earth rebounded:
 Like ocean's strong resistless tide
 "Fear not" hath filled the heavens wide,
 And earth by heaven surrounded.

The God of Love hath come to live
 For ever and for ever;
 The temple of His heart to give,
 (Where death may enter never)
 To be a holy place, wherein
 Frail man, pursued by wrath and sin,
 Shall every fetter sever.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY M. F. HURNER.

☞ HE was a shy and gentle child,
 ☞ With tender, wistful eyes of brown ;
 Upon her meek and thoughtful face
 Was never angry look or frown.

Quaint and timid in her ways,
 She shrank from taking any part
 In romping games, in sportive plays,
 That gladden childhood's happy heart.

I'll tell you why this little girl,
 With heart so sad, with soul so true,
 Was never cheerful, blithe, and glad,
 Was never neatly dressed like you.

Left motherless, a drunkard's child,
 Her's was a life of want and woe ;
 Her father, oft by drink made wild,
 Had turned her out in sleet and snow.

She loved him, and she prayed for him
 As day by day she weaker grew ;
 He saw at last his child must die,
 The child he'd been so cruel to.

Frantic, he knelt beside the bed,
 Pressed her cold hand within his own,
 Begged her with him to longer stay,
 That he might for the past atone.

"Father, I cannot stay with you,
 Promise me before I die
 You'll try to meet me in the home
 I'm going to beyond the sky."

"I'll strive to lead a better life,
 Serve Him, whom I have so reviled ;
 I'll shun the paths of wickedness,
 And follow thee, my darling child."

"Father, in peace I can depart,"
 She softly said, and sweetly smiled :
 No more she spake ; death's angel came
 And took to heaven the drunkard's child.

EDITH'S SOLILOQUY—CHRISTMAS
MORNING.

☞ HIS really now is Christmas day ;
 ☞ I am so glad—so glad !
 I wonder if in all the world
 There's anybody sad.

But oh, dear me ! I 'most forgot
 That girl across the way,—
 Her father drinks, they're awful poor,
 And once I heard her say
 That Christmas day was like all days.
 I'm 'fraid—I'd like to know—
 But what's the use ? It's too late now—
 If I had money, though,
 I'd go and—but I've not a cent.
 Now let me think ; they say
 If anybody has the will
 They're sure to find the way—
 What *can* I give to that poor girl ?
 I just have this sweet doll
 That Santa Claus has brought for me,
 Besides this pop-corn ball,
 And box of candy, nuts, and cakes.
 And still "where there's a will"—
 But I'm real poor myself, I'm sure,
 Yet she is poorer still.
 And like enough has had no gift
 This blessed Christmas morn.
 I wonder if she's thought at all
 That Christmas, Christ was born.
 He did not think about Himself,
 But just of others thought.
 I s'pose I could divide with her
 These things that Santa brought—
 I will ! I'll give her half of them.
 But then—here's this sweet doll,
 I can't divide it, possibly ;
 I'll just give—give—*it all*.

RUM DRIVEN OUT.

BY D. A. CATTON.

☞ HOUT ! the light on us is breaking,
 ☞ Better days are coming on ;
 Temperance men are all awaking,
 Glad to join the happy song.
 Shout ! the power of rum is broken,
 He no longer shall have sway ;
 By the arm of law we'll drive him,
 Drive him from our homes away,
 From the hill-tops, from the mountains,
 We shall hear the glad refrain.
 Alcohol is from us banished
 And it ne'er shall come again
 To our homes which once were wasted,
 Wasted by the cruel foe.
 We will sing and shout it ever,
 Shout it wheresoe'er we go.

10.—Light Beyond Thee.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. LOCKWOOD.

Though the threat'ning clouds may ga - ther, Skies be o - ver - cast; Yea, in

KEY G.

{	: s ₁ . s ₁ d : d r : m . f s : - m :	f : s . l s : m r : - s ₁ . s
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CHORUS.

view of quick dis - as - ter, Stands thy soul a - gha - st. Be not anxious, Je - sus liv - eth,

{	d : d r : m . f s : - m :	^{D. t.} r s : - d d' : t : l t d' : - :	^{f. G.} d' s : m l : - s f . m . r . m f : r
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	s ₁ : d t ₁ : d . r m : - s :	s d' : - d' r' : s s : - :	m : s f : - m r : s s : s
	d : m ₁ s ₁ : d d : - d :	r s : - s s : s d : - :	r d : d d : - d s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁

Grasp the prom - ise near ; There is light, yes, light be - yond thee, ne - ver, ne - ver fear.

{	m : d . t ₁ l ₁ : r ₁ s ₁ : - : s ₁ . s ₁ d : d r : m . f s : m l : - s f . r : - s . t ₁ : - d : -
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- 2 Though thy sun may set at noon-day
Light no more to shed,
Though amid thy sore distresses
Hopes have quickly fled;
3 Though the midnight watches nearing
Bring thee deeper gloom,

- And around thy pathway hover
Signs of coming doom;
4 Though thou walk the lonely valley,
Vale of sin and death,
Though the shadows round thee creeping
Seize thy fleeting breath.

30.—God of the Weary.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

The lit - tle birds now seek their nest, The

KEY G.

}	: s ₁ d : - : r d : - : s ₁ l ₁ : - : t ₁ : d s ₁ : - : d
	: s ₁ m ₁ : - : f ₁ m ₁ : - : m ₁ f ₁ : - : f ₁ m ₁ : - : m ₁ ,
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	: s ₁ d ₁ : - : d ₁ d ₁ : - : d ₁ f ₁ : - : l ₁ d : - : d

ba - by sleeps on moth - er's breast, Thou giv - est all Thy

}	r : - : m r : d : r m : - : d l ₁ : - : s ₁ d : - : d d : - : r : m
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chil - dren rest, God of the wea - - - ry

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

- 2 The sailor prayeth on the sea
For little ones at mother's knee,
Now comes the penitent to Thee,
God of the weary.
- 3 The orphan puts away his fears,
The troubled hopes for happier years;
Thou driest all the mourner's tears,
God of the weary.
- 4 Thou sendest rest to tired feet,
To little toilers slumbers sweet,

- To aching hearts repose complete,
God of the weary.
- 5 In grief, perplexity, or pain,
None ever come to Thee in vain,
Thou makest life and joy again,
God of the weary.
- 6 We sleep that we may wake renewed,
To serve Thee as Thy children should,
With love, and zeal, and gratitude,
God of the weary.

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SARAH LILLY'S FIRMNESS.

A DIALOGUE FOR SEVERAL GIRLS.

BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE
BOY'S RECITER," "LAUGHABLE DIALOGUES," ETC.*Enter Ethel Gay, little girl, prettily dressed.**Ethel.*

Oh, isn't it delightful? Mother says I may have a party, and invite all my friends to tea. Now, who shall I invite, I wonder? Bessie Lee must come, and Hetty Jones, and Carry Hawksworth, and Lizzie and Annie Johnson, and Maude Taylor, and—yes, though she is a poor girl—Sarah Lilly. There, I think that will be a very nice party. Mother says I had better not invite any little boys—they are so rough. I should just like to give an invitation to one or two, but of course I mustn't when mother says not. Now I'll go and send out the invitations for this afternoon. I hope they all will come, and then, won't it be delightful! (*Exit.*)

(Enter Mrs. Gay and Mary, servant.)

Mrs. Gay. Now, Mary, I have promised Ethel she shall have a party of friends to tea this afternoon, and I want you to hurry on with your work, so that you can assist me to entertain them.

Mary. Very well, mum, I'll do my best, mum.

Mrs. G. I know you will, Mary. I want to make the little people as happy as possible while they are here, so that they may remember Ethel's party for a long time to come. Ethel wanted to write to them, but as the time is so short I thought it best she should give them a personal invitation, and now she is gone to do so. I want you to tidy up this room; the children can come here after taking tea in the dining room. You understand, Mary?

M. Yes, mum, I'll set the tea in the dining room, mum, and the children will come in here after.

Mrs. G. Just so. Now get on with your work and have everything ready; I must go out and purchase a few things for tea. (*Exit.*)

M. There's a deal of fuss made about some folks; an' no mistake. Just fancy that little chit having a party—oh, laws! Nobody let me have a party whin I was a gurl, excepting whin a lot of us played outside the cabin door a makin' mud pies an' pretending to be grand ladies, wid dirty hands and faces, an' no shoes an' stockin's on at all. But I must get on wid my work (*straightens room*) for the mistress will be back directly an' the ladies will be coming. (*Bustles about.*) There, I think

that will do for the present, at anny rate. Will I have to make a curtsey to 'em whin they come, I'm wondering? I'll be doing it properly, an' no mistake. (*She curtseys several times in a comical manner.*) Don't I know how to curtsey jist in a graceful way? (*curtseys again*) That's the illigant style, an' is quite taking, sure. (*Exit.*)

(Ethel bounds in clapping her hands.)

E. Oh, they are coming, everyone coming; won't it be jolly, won't it be jolly! Mother's been out and bought such beautiful things—cakes and buns and toffies and bon-bons, and such a splendid bottle of wine. Oh, I do wish they would come!

(Enter Mary, making a curtsey to E.)

M. Sure, Miss Ethel, iv I was you I'd be a bit quieter an' spake a bit lower—ye'll be going cracht if ye don't be careful.

E. Oh, Mary, I can't be quiet, I am so delighted. Isn't mother kind to let me have this party? But why did you make that horrid curtsey when you came into the room?

M. Horrid curtsey! That's all you know about curtseys, Miss Ethel—that was a illigant curtsey, an' I'll give all the young ladies one as they come in. Don't I know how to resave company, do ye think?

E. Yes—yes, you do, Mary; it will be such fun to see you. You remind me of the young elephant I saw at the Zoological Gardens when it was bowing to us.

M. Miss Ethel! You naughty, naughty girl, to call me a young illiphant!

E. Oh, no, Mary, I didn't call you any such thing. I said you reminded me of the young elephant when you made a curtsey—you look so comical. Don't be offended, I don't mean anything wrong—indeed I don't!

M. Very well; everything is now ready for your company to come, Miss Ethel, an' I'll jist go an' tidy myself up a bit an' be ready to make my illigant curtsey. (*Exit.*)

E. And I'll go and take a peep at the dining room where everything is laid for tea. (*Exit. Ring. E. comes back.*) They are coming, they are coming. (*Ring.*) There—more of them!

(Enter Mary, gaudily dressed, with a big red bow on her head.)

M. Do I look like a illiphant now, Miss Ethel, darlin'? Sure, whin I looked in the glass didn't I see a handsome lady there—an' that's myself? Hush, the mistress is bringing the young ladies here. Now I'll be ready to resave 'em wid my illigant curtsey.

(Enter Mrs. G. with six girls.)

Mrs. G. Here they are, Ethel. (Here Mary begins to curtsy as fast as she can and all the girls laugh.) Mary! Mary! what are you doing?

M. I'm resaving the young ladies, mum.

Mrs. G. But it is Ethel's duty to receive them, Mary—they are her guests.

M. Sure, mum, it's all right; Miss Ethel, she said I might curtsy to all the young ladies, an' let 'em see how illigantly I can do it. (Curtseys again. All laugh.)

Mrs. G. Well, now, that will do, Mary; please go into the kitchen and prepare tea.

M. (curtseying frequently as she leaves room). Yes, mum; yes, mum. Excuse my absence, young ladies. (Exit.)

Mrs. G. I'll leave you with your friends for a few minutes, Ethel. Tea will not be long; Mary shall tell you when it is ready. Now, girls, you must make yourselves at home. (Exit.)

E. (to girls who have drawn together, leaving Sarah Lilly standing alone). I'm so glad you have all come, and I hope you will all enjoy yourselves. (To S.) Sarah, why are you standing alone there? Come here, dear, and join us—you must not be timid.

Maude. Let her stay there, Ethel, we don't want to associate with her—she is not of our set.

Carry. No, indeed; I shouldn't have invited her to my party.

Bessie. Nor me; she is a girl I never speak to.

Annie. I'm sure if ma had known she would not have allowed me to come.

Lizzie. I won't speak to her, and I won't sit beside her at table. She ought to be sent home again—to such a miserable, low home as she has.

E. (distressed) Oh, girls, I'm so sorry, you will spoil my party if you talk in that way.

All (proudly) We can't help that.

E. But you can help it, if you try. We all know Sarah is not so well-off as we are, but that is no reason we should despise her. She is a nice, good girl, and I love her very much.

L. Oh, well, if that is so, you don't love us; indeed, it is very thoughtless of you to bring her here among young ladies.

B. You ought to have invited her alone someday, when we are not here, if you love her so much as all that. I wish I hadn't come.

C. And so do I.

A. And so do I. Ma will be awfully put out when she knows I have been in the company of such a low person.

Maude. I shan't stay if she stays, so that settles it with me.

E. Well, girls, you may do as you please;

Sarah is my friend, and though you all go away she shall stay with me.

All. Then we'll all go! (They all rush out leaving Ethel and Sarah.)

Sarah. Oh, I'm so sorry, Ethel; please let me go, and then the girls will come back. I feel as if I had already spoiled your party, and I'm so sorry, I am indeed.

E. Never mind, Sarah, dear; let them go, if they will—you and I can be happy without them. I am sorry that they have shown so wicked a spirit towards you because you are poor.

(Enter Mrs. G.)

Mrs. G. Where are the girls going, Ethel? They have all put on their things and left the house. What is it for, dear?

E. It is this way, mother. They say I had no right to invite Sarah here to meet them, and they will not associate with her because she is not of their set. Isn't it wicked to have such feelings?

Mrs. G. Poor girls, what a pity they have no more wisdom; I fear, however, they are not so much to blame as their parents. Children don't of themselves often show such foolish airs. But never mind, dears, we shall be happier without them under the circumstances. Come, Sarah, cheer up, child; let us go and have tea.

E. I have just thought of something, mother.

Mrs. G. Well, dear, what is it?

E. Couldn't we invite some of our poor neighbours' children to tea. I could do it directly, and Sarah can go with me.

Mrs. G. That is a good thought, Ethel. Yes, run away, both of you; find a few poor girls and bring them in to tea. Be as quick as you can, for tea is quite ready. There, run away! (Exit E. and S.) Dear me, to think that mere girls, like those who have gone away, should be possessed of such uncharitable natures! I am glad Ethel was firm, and showed a better spirit. It is a terrible thing to fill children's minds with such proud notions, and to set class against class in that way. (Children's voices are heard.) Here come Ethel and Sarah with their new friends; I will go and give them tea at once. (Exit.)

(Children heard talking merrily; rattle of cups; laughter; then, tea over, children troop in.)

E. Now be seated, please. Have you all had a good tea?

All. Yes, thank you.

E. I'm glad of that. Mother will now hand round a glass of wine to each, and then we will have a good romp. We had thought of romping here, but have decided to go into the garden. Now, mother, for the glass of wine, please.

S. (*rising and touching Mrs. G.'s hand*) Please, Mrs. Gay, don't give the children wine.

All. We don't want any, thank you.

Mrs. G. What! none of you?

All. No, ma'am.

S. If they *would* take it, Mrs. Gay, please, I beg you won't give it them.

Mrs. G. Why, bless me, how is that, Sarah?

S. Please, I'd like to tell you something, if I may.

Mrs. G. Certainly, if you wish. Let us hear what it is.

S. I'm a member of the Band of Hope and have signed the pledge of Total Abstinence. I don't think you know how it is we are so poor at home, ma'am, but I'll tell you. My father, some years ago, was in business and doing well. We had a house much larger than this, and kept several servants. But father began to drink wine; only a little at first, but gradually more and more, until mother became alarmed and begged him to give it up altogether. But he wouldn't, or couldn't; every night he was intoxicated. His business began to suffer, for men found out he was a drunkard and would not trade with him. Finally he failed—all was sold up, and we were turned from our home without anything to depend on. So enslaved to drink had father become that he took most of our clothes and sold them to satisfy his appetite. For two years we lived in the greatest poverty, the only money we had was earned by mother, who painted flowers on fancy articles for the shops to earn her children bread. Then father died and was buried. Since that time mother has supported us as best she could. That is what I wanted to tell you, ma'am, and that is the reason why I ask you not to give wine to these children.

Mrs. G. Poor girl—what a story yours is, and how thankful I am you have told it me. I do not keep wine in the house regularly—indeed I only bought this to enhance, as I thought, the pleasure of the party. It is not really wine, but a cordial.

S. Yes, ma'am, I know what it is, and it was very kind of you to think of Miss Ethel's friends; but mother says those cordials have alcohol in them, and that is the stuff that works all the mischief.

Mrs. G. Well, dear, I will put it away, and Mary shall make some good cocoa for you all to drink. (*To all.*) Which would you rather have, some nice cocoa or this wine, children?

All. The cocoa, the cocoa, please.

Mrs. G. How is it you are all of one mind in refusing the wine?

All. Because we belong to the Band of Hope, ma'am!

Mrs. G. Ah, that accounts for it. Well, dears, I hope you will always be as firm in refusing strong-drink, and then you will never become drunkards. Now, away into the garden and romp to your heart's content. (*They all rush out but S.*)

S. I want to thank you, ma'am, for not giving the children the cordial. Mother says the love of drink is often implanted in children by giving them liquids containing alcohol; and when once the taste is acquired they go to the stronger liquors to satisfy their perverted nature. If we would have children grow into sober men and women we must keep them away from intoxicating drinks of every kind. You can't understand, ma'am, how mother and I fear and detest strong drink. You see it has robbed us of many comforts and blessings we should now have, if our father had never learned to love it.

Mrs. G. True, true, my child; you have taught me a lesson I shall not soon forget. And, Sarah, I must make the acquaintance of your mother. Poor woman, how much she must have suffered! There, now, join the others in their play, and I will see you all have innocent refreshment brought you. (*Exit Sarah.*) What a wise child! How she has opened my eyes! Never, never shall another drop of intoxicating drink be found in my house to endanger its peace. I shall always remember SARAH LILLY'S FIRMNESS. (*Exit.*)

MOTHER HUBBARD.

BY MRS. BRADLEY.

HOLD Father Hubbard
Has been to my cupboard
And taken my poor doggie's bone,
And gnawed it quite bare.
'Tis a shame, I declare,
For now my poor doggie has none.

He spends all his cash
For beer and such trash,
And I have to get meat and bread
For doggie and me;
And then in comes he
And punches my poor doggie's head.

I wish Father Hubbard
Would stay from my cupboard;
I wish he would stay from my home;
He smokes and he drinks,
He swears and he winks,
And won't let my doggie alone.

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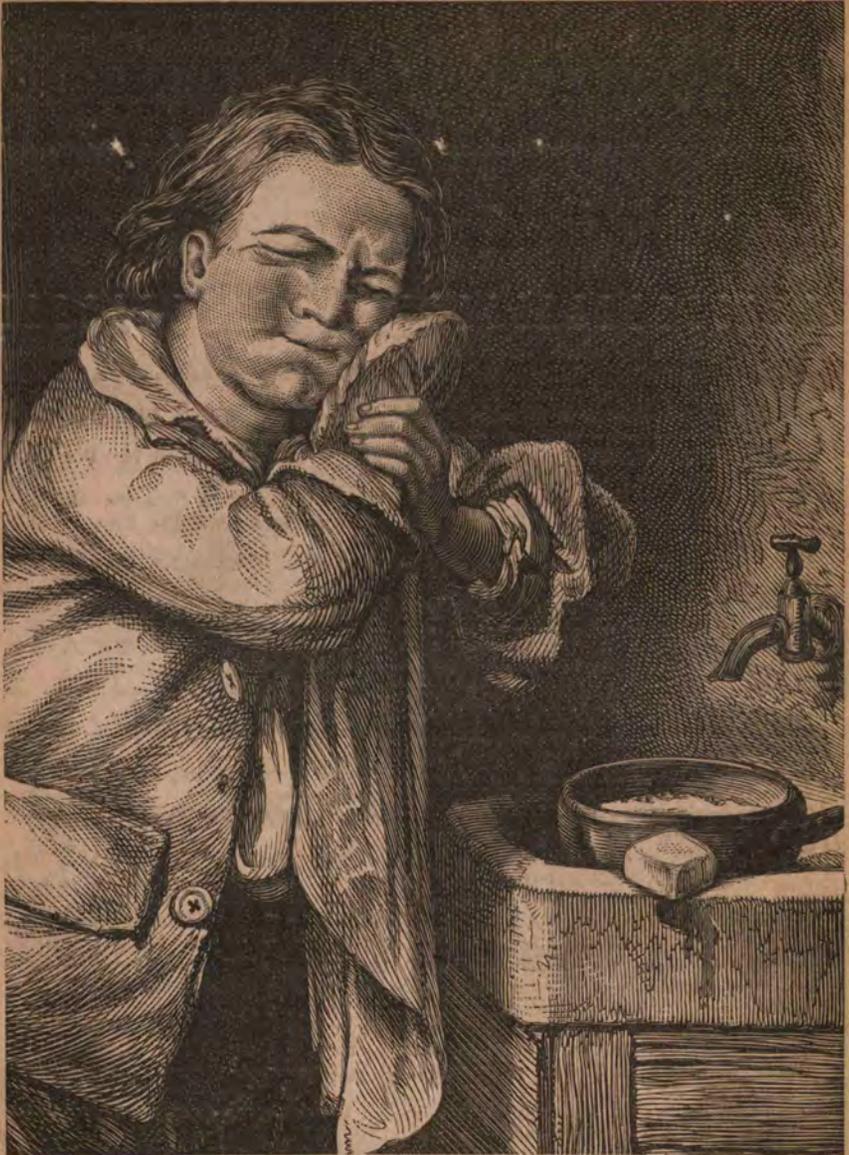
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"Have you another volume ready, or any more penny Nos.? We can't get any dialogues so pleasing as yours. . . . Please let us know if you have any more dialogues by S. Knowles."—*Edwin Ferrat, Musician, East Stov, Gillingham, Dorset.*

THE
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TREASURY.

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 241.—January, 1890.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



WHAT SHALL BE THE RECORD OF 1890?

WHAT SHALL BE THE RECORD OF 1890?

ANOTHER year is entered upon. The book in which we have written our individual record of 1889 is closed, and clasped, and laid away. We may re-open its pages and ponder over its records, but we have no power to erase one jot or tittle of that which is written. There are some things we would fain erase; there are other things over which we rejoice. But the good and bad, the successes and failures, the joys and sorrows, must stand as the faithful record of our life. The best of all is its very faithfulness. It is not something which might have been, nor only a partial record of what has been; it is a true compilation, and stands complete, one of the parts which, when our life is ended, will be brought together and form our life-history.

We should like to impress our young readers with this important fact, that they are daily writing their own history, and that upon themselves rests, to a very large extent, the responsibility of the style and quality and value of that history; and more than that, the quality of next year's history depends very much on how we write the history of this year. If we were privileged to examine the record of every boy and girl's life during the year 1889, we could judge pretty accurately what kind of a life will be recorded in 1890. If the pages of 1889 were blurred and blotted with unkind thoughts and mean actions, with unruly tempers and petty spites, with neglect of duty and duty badly performed, with selfishness as the head-line on every page—even if now and again we saw traces of something better, we should shake our head sorrowfully and say, "This girl, or this boy, will make a poor record, not only in 1890 but in the years to follow—*unless there is a determined struggle to do better.*" On the other hand if we noticed, even amid many failures and much

that might grieve us, the record of earnest endeavour to do right, to conquer wrong, to practice unselfishness, we should say, "Here is a boy or girl whose record in 1890 will be one of marked progress; and in the years to come there will be a history worth reading and a life worth imitation." It is only when we struggle to master the evil that shows itself in our nature we make progress in our life. The best men and women we know, or have read about, have only become good and gracious and unselfish by continued watchfulness over themselves and a determined spirit to overcome the evil with good. And even now, could we read *their* record for 1889 we should find it far from perfect, and many a tear-mark would be found where failure mars the page.

The question we must ask ourselves is this: "Do we desire, as the years come and go, to make each year's record brighter, clearer, freer from faults and blemishes, than the last?" If we answer in the affirmative, and sincerely mean it, we shall grow more beautiful with the years, and our life's history, at its close, will be worthy of the "Well-done" we shall receive from our heavenly Father.

Our artist has given us a picture of warning, and as we look at it we hear a voice saying to us—"Beware of the public-house; beware of strong-drink; beware of evil companions and evil associations. They who would have a satisfactory record for the year 1890 must shun every form and every appearance of evil." By our Band of Hope children such a warning will be understood; *they* will avoid the public-house and shun the drink and the evil companions who would entice them to break their pledge. We trust the year 1890 will be to all our readers a year of endeavour, of progress, of success, and so to them—as we sincerely wish—it will be a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

BY THOS. B. THOMPSON.

I AM out to-day in my New Year's dress,
 Making my regular yearly call;
 I have hosts of friends, and I must confess,
 Whether little or big I love them all,

Willie or Arthur, Carrie or Kate,
 Or whatever their name may be;
 Of whatever nation, race, or state,
 I call upon each, you see.

And here in a very few short lines
 I present my New Year's greeting

To the loyal, true, and earnest hearts
 In the temperance army beating.
 How do you think you best can spend
 A happy, bright New Year?
 I think I know, and so may you,
 And all whom I come near.
 The happiest year is the one that's spent
 In a closer walk with God;
 No doubtful ways or wicked paths
 Will then by you be trod.
 You will not smoke, swear, drink, or lie,
 Or friends or parents grieve,
 But bravely on through life we'll go
 To bless, assist, relieve.

THE NEW PILGRIM.

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

A SANDALLED pilgrim, staff in hand,
 With tattered gown and wearied eye,
 Far from the busy haunts of men,
 Trod, as in times now long gone by
 Grave pilgrims oft were wont to do;
 The livelong day in solitude
 He roamed, nor murmured at his lot.
 As evening's shadows fell—a rude
 Hamlet he reached—the nearest cot
 With thankfulness beheld he then,
 All wearied as he was; he knocked,
 And entering, hailed his fellow-men.
 But much he wondered as he saw
 Each one for some grand holiday
 Preparing. "In this peaceful ville,
 What great event's expected, pray?"
 The pilgrim asked his host, as he
 Placed, just as hosts were used to do,
 The humble fare before his guest
 For blessing—all the payment due
 From Pilgrim—be his host a prince,
 Or peasant of the lowliest mould,
 "What great event's expected, pray?"
 Then listened as the other told.
 "Not here the circumstance occurs,
 But in the neigh'ring city large,
 A shrine has long been raised, and all
 Our betters flock in coach, in barge,
 "On horse, on foot, to worship it,
 And fain we'd bow where others bow;
 Besides, we are but humble folk,
 And it becomes our duty now

"To follow where our betters lead,
 To be the rear-guard of the grand;
 To kneel, where kneels the rich and great,
 To join the worship of our land."
 "This worship—of what creed is it?"
 "No answer could the peasant give.
 "This shrine—to what saint is it raised?"
 "Indeed, no saint, sir, there doth live.
 "Your questions puzzle me a bit;
 I am not, pilgrim, learned you see;
 But scribes and scholars seek this shrine,
 'Tis theirs to teach, sir, such as me:
 "Tis theirs to teach—my duty to
 Be taught by them—for this I go:
 P'raps you'll go too—for wise I'm told
 Most Palmers are—wilt see this show?"
 "Aye, will I—and explain it too,
 At best of my ability;
 But tell me more—what others do
 Time after this great shrine they see?"
 "Well, I am told—but don't believe
 All I am told—disgrace and vice
 Are hid beneath its glittering throne,
 That thousands fall a sacrifice."
 "A sacrifice!" the pilgrim said,
 "And this, too, in a Christian land!
 Whose is the shrine? and whose the faith?
 What kind of worship? where dost stand
 "That offers human sacrifice?
 Cursed is the idol! cursed the spot!
 This is no god—no saint—no shrine!
 Fool! thou dost bow to JUGGERNAUT!"
 * * * * *
 Refreshed by sleep, by food sustained,
 The pilgrim, staff in hand, sets out,
 His host for guide, unto the town,
 The town, the city, please, of doubt.
 Arrived there, they would ask the way,
 To this most famous shrine of faith;
 Where living souls as votaries seek
 Admission to the DANCE OF DEATH!
 They would have asked the way, but found
 No need was there to ask the way;
 In one direction moved the crowd,
 To one thing only did it pay
 Attention, homage, or regard:
 So with the living stream they went,
 The pilgrim and the peasant, both
 One way, and on one errand bent.

There stands the temple tow'ring high,
 Its front all looking-glass and gold :
 "What temple do you call this, pray?"
 The pilgrim asked of young and old.
 "This," a bystander said, "is the —
 The far-famed temple of—a—wait—
 I'm not quite sure it has a name,
 It is the temple—yes—of *Fate!*"
 "What nonsense!" said a youth hard by,
 "To strangers why misstate its name?
 This temple is the abode of gods,
 The temple—not of fate—but *Fame!*"
 "Not so!" a man advanced in years
 Corrected quick the gushing youth :
 "New strength, new life, within we find,
 The temple of *Perpetual Youth!*"
 A high-bred gambler next explained,
 "Wouldst know its name you should be
 And enter, just as I have done, [bold,
 To learn it is the *House of Gold!*"
 The peasant, wond'ring, shook his head,
 "It seems beyond my ken!" "No blame
 Can rest on you," the pilgrim said,
 "For sure the temple has *No Name!*"
 "This glorious shrine, where every one
 Who worships fancy's name bestows,
 A *nameless* temple, see it stand,
 And in it lurks the worst of foes.
 "Let's enter—what a glittering show!
 The walls are bright with flowers rare;
 And yonder, an erected shrine,
 On it a *Bacchus*, mortals dare
 To call a god! What name you, sir,
 That shrine?" "That shrine? Oh! let
 me see—."
 "Is it memorial of some saint?"
 "Oh, yes, of course. Don't bother me!"
 "Can you, sir, tell," the pilgrim asks
 Of votary—call him number two—
 "Whose shrine is yonder decked with pearls?"
 "Oh, yes! It is *Saint Mountain Dew!*"
 "Nonsense!" says number three, "you know
Old Tom's the only saint whose sway
 We own." "I fear," the pilgrim said,
 "Such saint will lead you both astray!"
 "These youths are wild and frolicsome,"
 Remarked he then to number four,
 "Will you tell me your patron's name,
Saint of the shrine of Golden Ore!"

"What is it, pray?" "St. Barley Bree!"
 "'Tis false! It is St. Cognac!"
 Inserted number five, when six
 Took up the strain, "'Tis *Belial's Sack!*"
 "Ah, now I know," the pilgrim said,
 "'Tis *Belial's* gory shrine I see;
 And *Belial's* saints ye all are vowed,
 Drink fiend, they all belong to thee.
 "Who sits thereon? A *Bacchus* crowned?
 A *god* of mirth and revelry?
 Peasant, be tempted not, that garb
 Is but veneer and polish; see,
 "See, while I strip the jewels off!"
 The pilgrim did so—none opposed;
 "I told thee 'twas a juggernaut—
 Behold," he cried, "the fiend exposed!"
 The gaudy trappings laid he low,
 The saint, a drink-fiend stood confessed;
 Then cowered in fear. "See, peasant, see,"
 The pilgrim cried, as on he pressed,
 Till the dark cavern 'neath the shrine,
 With all its victims met the view :
 "Something," he said, "of sacrifice
 I heard, behold it there, all you
 "Who placed your faith in *Demon's* guile,
 Behold the fearful sacrifice—
 Here human life, there high-wrought brain,
 And noble mind and heart—the price
 "Is heavy, and the toil is great,
 The risk is fearful—is it not?
 And this you pay who worship at
 The golden shrine of *JUGGERNAUT!*"
 * * * * *
 "And who are you?" the peasant said,
 "Aye, Palmer, tell us, who are you?"
 The crowd re-echoed with one voice,
 "We charge you, pilgrim, tell us true!"
 "I am a pilgrim, as you see,
 And though I am a man of peace,
 Yet when I took my staff in hand,
 I vowed to Heaven I'd never cease
 "My war against the *Demon* who,
 Disguised in saintly garb, betrays;
 I am a pilgrim Palmer; true,
 I am a stranger to thy ways :
 "But I am, too, a *Templar* bold,
 Pilgrim, and Palmer, *Templar*, Knight,
 Come aid me in the great crusade,
 Consign our foe to endless night!"

A USEFUL HABIT.

ONE of the most difficult of all minor habits is that of regularity. It ranks with that of order. The natural inclination of most persons is to defer work until the last possible moment, or to put it off to another time, where this can possibly be done. Yet habits of regularity contribute largely to the ease and comfort of life. A person can multiply his efficiency by it. Many persons have a multitude of duties, and perform a vast deal of work daily, who set apart certain hours for given duties, and are there at the moment and attend rigidly to what is in hand. This done, the other engagements are met, each in order, and a great deal accomplished, not by strained exertion, but by regularity. The mind can be so trained to this that at certain hours in the day it will turn to a particular line of duty, and at other hours to other and different labours. The very diversity is restful when attended to in regular order. But let these run together, and the duties mix, and what before was easy is now annoying and oppressive; and the exact difference with many is at this point. There are those who confuse and rush, and attempt to do several things at once and accomplish little; while another will quietly proceed from one duty to another, and easily accomplish a vast amount of work. The difference is not in the capacity of the two but in the regular methods of the one as compared with the irregular and confused habits of the other.—*Domestic Monthly.*

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN."

BY JOHN WENTWORTH SANBORN.

POETS sing a world's desire
For a ship from o'er the sea;
Let me strike a keynote higher
Of the ship that's come to me!

Long we've peered with aching eyes
For a glint of coming sail,
Till fond expectation dies,
And our sight begins to fail.

We are gazing far away,
For the joys already here;
Ships we think are on their way
May be anchored at the pier!

And the good we hope to gain
Lies within our reach. Yet we
Strain our eyes across the main
For some joy that ne'er will be.

—*Boston Watchman.*

GOD HAS MADE IT ALL COME TRUE.

BY MAY EVE.

"**M**AMMA, tell me what's the reason
Papa's always tired now?"
And the eyes looked strangely earnest
'Neath the clouded childish brow.

"How I used to run and meet him,
And he'd kiss me through the gate!
Say, is papa always tired?
Tell me why he comes so late?"

"And he pushed me off this morning;
You know I didn't want to cry,
But I could not help it, mamma,
'Cause he would not kiss 'good-by.'"

"Hush, my darling; go to sleep, dear,
For mamma's very tired, too;
Tell God all you want, my angel,
And He'll make it all come true."

"O our Father"—and the sad child
Knelt beside the mother's chair—
"Make him like he used to be,"
Came the sobbing little prayer.

"Don't let him push baby off, God,
But stoop and kiss me at the gate;
Don't let mamma look so tired;
Don't let papa come so late."

In the doorway stood a figure,
Haggard, worn beyond his years;
Love and grief were stirred within him,
And the strong man bowed with tears.

Kneeling by his little daughter,
Kissed her as he used to do;
Bounding to his arms, she cries,
"God has made it all come true!"

— — —
"We have made this discovery: that the best side of the public-house is the outside, that the best place for the public-house in the parish is outside the parish, and that the best place for liquor is outside the mouth."—*J. H. Raper.*

3.—Take thy Cross and follow Me.

E. H. REXFORD.

J. H. ROSECRAN.

Hark! I hear the Sa-vi-our say - ing, As of old in Gal - li - lee,

KEY $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : .m | m.m : m.m | \underline{s}, \underline{f} : r | - : | f :-s | l .s : l .s | m : - | - : \\ d : .d | d .d : d .d | \underline{m}, \underline{r} : t, | - : | r :-m | f .m : f .m | d : - | - : \\ E \flat. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : .s | s .s : s .s | s : s | - : | s :-s | s .s : s .s | s : - | - : \\ d : .d | d .d : d .d | s, : s, | - : | s, :-s, | s, .s, : s, .s, | d : - | - : \end{array} \right. \end{array} \right.$

When the fish-ers gathered round Him On the rocks beside the sea,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s :-s | s .s : s .s | \underline{l}, \underline{s} : d' | - : | \overset{B \flat t.}{t} m :-f | m .d : r t, | d :- | - : \\ m :-m | m.m : m.m | \underline{f}, \underline{m} : m | - : | r s, :-s, | s, .s, : s, .s, | s, : - | - : \\ d' :-d' | d' .d' : d' .d' | d' : s | - : | s d :-r | d .m : f .f | m : - | - : \\ d :-d | d .d : d .d | d : d | - : | r s, :-s, | s, .s, : s, .s, | d, : - | - : \end{array} \right.$

In the world's broad field of la - bour, There's a place that waits for thee;

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f E \flat. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s, r :-m | f .s : l .s | \underline{l}, \underline{s} : s | - : | r :-m | f .s : l .s | m : - | - : \\ m : t, :-d | r .m : f .m | \underline{f}, \underline{m} : m | - : | t, :-d | r .m : f .m | d : - | - : \\ d s :-s | s .s : s .s | s : s | - : | s :-s | s .s : s .s | s : - | - : \\ d, s, :-s, | s, .s, : s, .s, | d : d | - : | s, :-s, | s, .s, : s, .s, | d : - | - : \end{array} \right. \end{array} \right.$



Wouldst thou work with me, my brother, Take thy cross and follow me."

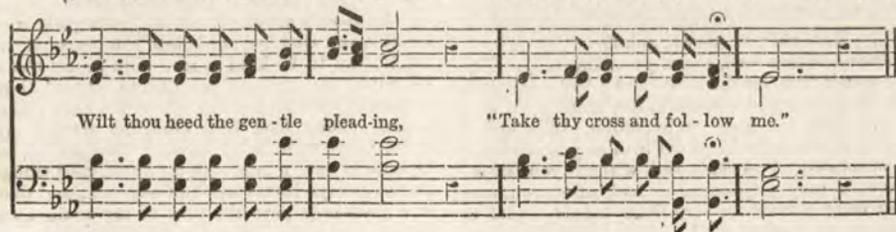
{	d' :-d' d'.d':s .s	t..l : l - :	d :-r m .d : m ,r	d :- - :
	m :-m m.m:s .s	s..f : f - :	d :-d d .d : d ,t,	d :- - :
	l :-l l .l : d'.d'	d' : d' - :	s :-l s .m : s ,f	m :- - :
	L :-l, d .d : m.m	f : f - :	m :-f s .s : s, ,s,	d :- - :



Hear thy Saviour saying softly, Hast forgotten Calvary!

CHORUS.

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



Wilt thou heed the gentle pleading, "Take thy cross and follow me."

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

2 Hast thou pondered well, my brother,
 What a debt we owe to Christ;
 Were our many sins like scarlet,
 Calvary's blood has all sufficed.
 See the hands all torn and bleeding,
 See the loving eyes grow dim,
 And, remembering what you owe Him,
 Take your cross and follow Him.

3 Oh, my Saviour, let me follow
 Where Thy bleeding feet must go;
 In the world's wide field of labour
 Let me reap and let me sow.
 Let me win some souls in harvest,
 Leading them in love to Thee,
 And thou't say, " Well done, good servant,
 Faithfully thou't followed Me."

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE.

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

SCENE: *Lilly and Kate in walking costume.**Kate.*

H, Lilly, see who's coming this way—poor old John, who lives in the cottage at the corner of our street. It must be terrible to be old and to bend so when walking; I don't think I should care to live to old age—especially if I were poor, like old John.

Lilly. Nor I either; I don't know what the use is in growing old and being a trouble to everybody around. Old John can do nothing but toddle about with a stick, and I'm sure he is miserable; look at him now, he can hardly creep along. Besides, he has to be kept by others—I know my father calls to see him every week and gives him half-a-crown, and I've heard mother say the Poor-law Guardians allow him something weekly. What a miserable way of living it must be!

K. Yes; and he has no one but the neighbours to look after his house. It is very kind of them to take so much trouble, I'm sure. He is certainly always clean-looking—I have noticed that—and always seems cheerful; how he can be cheerful, I don't know. But hush, here he comes!

(Enter old John, shuffling along with stick.)

L. How are you to-day, John?

John. Fairly well, thank you, Miss Lilly. The rheumatiz troubles me a bit, and I feel a bit stiff, but I've much to be thankful for, child.

K. Thankful for! Why, John, Lilly and I were just saying such an old man as you are must be miserable. You can't walk without your stick, you have only neighbours to look after you, and your income must be very little indeed—what is there to be thankful for?

J. A thousand things, Miss Kate—aye, a thousand things to be thankful for. I dare say it does seem strange to young girls like you, who can skip and run about, and who have every comfort at home, that an old man like me can be happy and thankful. But I am, bless you; I'm as happy as I can be, and as happy as you are, in a way. Now listen, and I'll tell you why I'm thankful—but perhaps you don't care to listen to an old man's talk?

L. Oh yes, we do, John; we like listening to you. Do tell us why you are so thankful.

K. Yes; please do, John, for we can't understand how you *can* be thankful. You have so little really to be thankful for.

J. Ah, my children, you do not know what you are talking about—you talk like children. When you are many years older you will perhaps understand better.

L. But, John, please tell us what makes you say you are so thankful?

J. Well, my dear, when I was a young man I was very foolish. I could earn a lot of money in those days, and I spent it all as fast as I earned it.

K. How did you spend it?

J. Mostly in buying drink at the public-house. I drank a great lot of beer, and sometimes spirits, and was fast becoming a confirmed drunkard. Now one of the things I am thankful for is that a good man spoke kindly to me, and persuaded me to sign the teetotal pledge.

K. Yes, that is something for which to be thankful, no doubt, but that is a long time since, I suppose?

J. It is a long time since. But, my dear, after I had signed the pledge I began to attend God's house, and I became a Christian; and *that* is something I am thankful for every day of my life.

L. Yes, that is something to be thankful for; but Kate and I were wondering how you can be happy now you are old, you know—that's what puzzles us.

J. Well, my dear, I am happy because I am contented, and because I know God is watching over me continually. I live in a small cottage, and am mostly all alone, but the cottage is comfortable and God has put it into the hearts of the neighbours to be kind to me. Old people like to be quiet, you see. They like to sit and think about the past, and of the time when they will go home. Then look how kind my friends are. Why, Lilly, your father never misses a week but he calls to have a talk with me about good things, and he always leaves me half-a-crown; and there is a good lady pays the rent of my cottage, and people I don't know very well are continually sending something nice to eat. Then I have my Bible to read, and tracts and books. Thankful! it would be very wicked in me if I were *not* thankful; don't you think it would?

K. Well, yes, it would, John. But how about your pain—you don't feel thankful when the rheumatics hurt you very much, do you?

J. Pain isn't nice to bear at any time, my dear, but even pain may be borne with a thankful spirit. I never complain when suffering, but bear it all patiently. I just ask God to give me grace to do this, and it is marvellous how He helps me.

You see I know I am old, and I know old people almost always have something to bear. It's a cross, my dear, and my cross is rheumatiz, and I try and carry it in a Christian spirit.

L. And aren't you afraid to die some night all alone?

J. No, Lilly, I am not afraid to die alone. I never can be alone so long as God is with me, and He has promised never to leave me nor forsake me. If I die in the night-time or in the day-time all will be well.

K. I wonder shall we ever feel as you do, John?

J. That all depends, my dear. I don't want you to feel in all things as I do. You are both young, and young people should be joyful and happy in their own way. It wouldn't be the thing for you to live alone in a little cottage, and you would not enjoy as I do the blessing of quietness. You have your lessons to learn, and your companions to meet, and your duties to perform. Everything to you is full of sunshine and gladness. You see I know, because I have been young, like you; though I had no kind parents to watch over me, and I possessed no comforts such as you have, when a child.

L. Had you no father or mother when you were a little boy?

J. No, they were both dead. I was brought up by an aunt, and began to work when I was eight years old.

K. Dear me, how thankful we ought to be, Lilly. Just think! suppose we had to work at our age!

J. Ah, yes, my dears, you ought to be thankful. But I was saying I should not like to see you exactly as I am, excepting in one way.

L. Oh, surely—which way is that, John?

J. I should like you always to love God and always trust Him. Whether we are old or young we can do that, my dears. You see, if I had loved God and trusted Him all my life I should never have given way to drinking habits, and I should have been saved from committing much folly. My only regret, now I am old, is that I didn't begin to love God sooner. If you will become true Christians, how happy you will be; and if God should spare your lives until you are old you will look back with thankfulness.

K. Oh, thank you, John, for your kind words. I should like to be as you are in that respect; indeed I should!

L. Yes, and so should I. I can now see how old people, though they may be poor and sometimes in pain, can always be thankful and happy. I'm glad we have had this conversation.

J. And I am glad, too. You see, dears, old John is of some use, even yet. He can speak a kind word to little girls, and tell them how good God is to those who trust Him, and recommend them to trust Him too. Good-bye to you both; I must be toddling on towards home. (*John passes on.*)

L. What a dear old man John is!

K. Yes, and how happy he is!

L. And how thankful! I hope when we are old—if God spare us—we may possess the same confiding spirit and the same trust in our heavenly Father.

K. That is just my desire, and John has told us how to obtain them. But come, we, too, must hurry home, or our parents will think something has happened to us.

L. I have often wondered why my father likes so much to visit old John, but I don't wonder a bit now; indeed, Kate, it is an honour to have his friendship. What say you if we now and then pay him a visit at his cottage, and read to him, and try and add a little to the mercies for which he is so thankful. I am sure we should be the gainers, for his kind words have done me good already. What say you, Kate?

K. I will go with pleasure when you can go with me; but first we must ask our parents' permission.

L. Yes, of course; though we know the permission will be granted. My father will only be too delighted for me to do a kind action, and I am quite sure he will be glad for me to listen to old John's advice.

K. Then, come along, dear, let us hurry home and tell our mothers all about our meeting with old John, and our conversation with him; come along. (*Exit both.*)

FATHERS AND SONS.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

"I MUST look to the sheep in the fold,
See the cattle are fed and warm;
So, Jack, tell your mother to wrap you well;
You may go with me over the farm.
Though the snow is deep and the weather cold,
You are not a baby at six years old."

Two feet of snow on the hillside lay,
But the sky was as blue as June;
And father and son came laughing home

When dinner was ready at noon—
Knocking the snow from their weary feet,
Rosy and hungry and longing to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said,
 "That I feared I should scarce get through."
 The mother turned with a pleasant smile ;
 "Then what could a little lad do ?"
 "I trod in my father's steps," said Jack ;
 "Wherever he went, I kept his track."

The mother looked in the father's face,
 And a solemn thought was there ;
 The words had gone like a lightning flash
 To the seat of a nobler care.
 "If he 'treads in my steps,' then day by day
 How carefully I must choose my way !

"For the child will do as the father does,
 And the track that I leave behind,
 If it be firm, and clear, and straight,
 The feet of my son will find ;
 He will tread in his father's steps, and say ;
 'I am right, for this was my father's way.'"

O fathers leading in life's hard road !
 Be sure of the steps you take,
 Then the sons you love, when grey-haired men,
 Will tread in them still for your sake—
 When grey-haired men to their sons will say :
 'We tread in our father's steps, to-day.'

"A MAIDEN'S PSALM OF LIFE."

TELL me not, in idle jingle,
 "Marriage is an empty dream !"
 For the girl is dead that's single,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is earnest !
 Single blessedness a fib ;
 "Man thou art, to man returnest,"
 Has been spoken of the "rib."

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way,
 But to act that each to-morrow
 Finds us nearer marriage-day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
 And our hearts so stout and strong,
 Just like gala-drums, are beating
 Wedding marches all day long.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a heroine—a wife.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
 Let the dead past bury its dead !
 Act—act in the living present !
 Love within and hope ahead.
 Lives of married folk remind us
 We can live our lives as well.
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Such examples as shall "tell"—
 Such examples, that another,
 Wasting time in idle sport,
 A forlorn, unmarried brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart and court.
 Let us, then, be up and doing
 With a heart of triumph set ;
 Still contriving, still pursuing,
 And each one a husband get.

THE LITTLE TEMPLAR BOY.

BY THOS. R. THOMPSON.

ONCE there was a little boy,
 His name I need not mention ;
 I'll tell you what I know of him
 If you will give attention.
 Although he was but young in years,
 He was a temperance worker ;
 And every one who knew him said
 "That boy is not a shirker."
 He's a little Templar boy ;
 Mother's hope and father's joy,
 And in health a gainer.
 Smoking, drinking, swearing not,
 He will never be a sot ;
 He's a young abstainer.
 This little boy was staunch and true,
 Being ten years old, or nearly,
 And at the Temple understood
 His duty very clearly.
 Though young and small, one thing he said,
 'Twas this, now don't forget it :
 "Strong drink need never pass our lips
 Unless we choose to let it."
 So we, as Templar boys and girls,
 Combining youth and beauty,
 Stand firmly by our triple pledge
 And choose the path of duty.
 We take into our Temple all
 Who duly seek admission,
 And, like the little boy I knew,
 Believe in prohibition.

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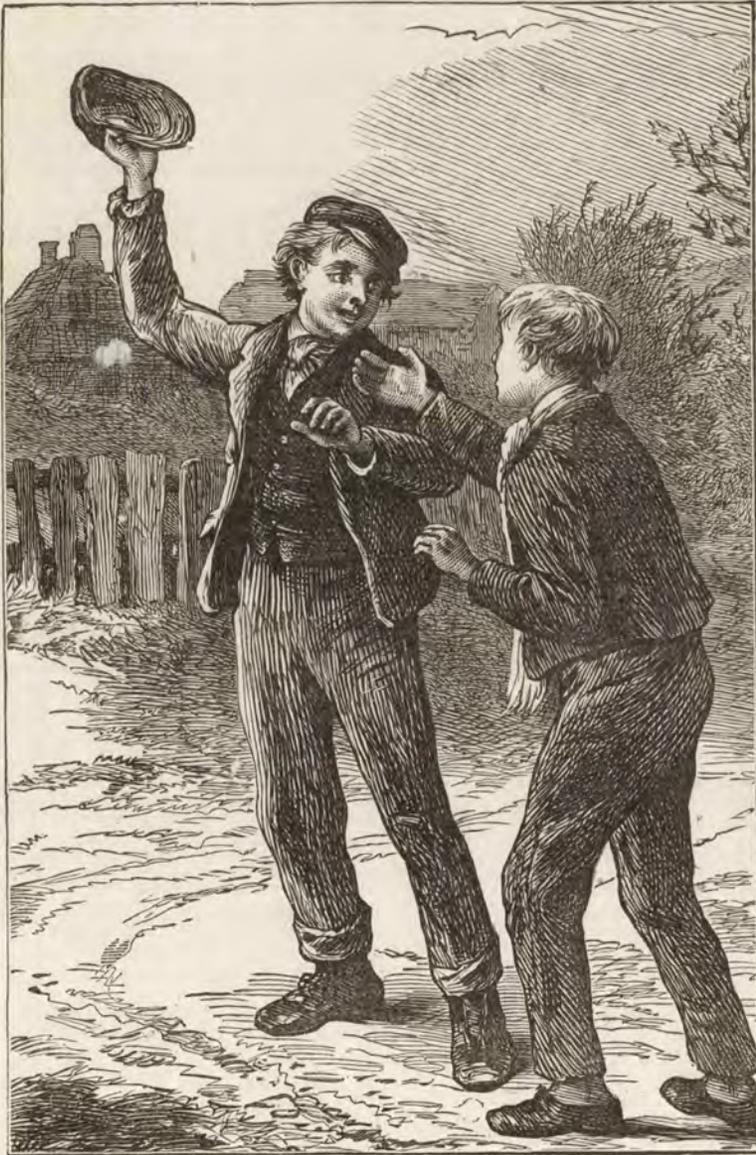
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A VILLAGE TERROR.

A VILLAGE TERROR.

SOME years ago, in a village in Yorkshire, there dwelt a boy who became a terror to everybody, old and young. His parents could do no good with him; neither his father's threats and chastisements nor his mother's entreaties and tears made any impression on his callous nature. His daily delight was to work mischief and to do evil. He was sent away in disgrace from the day-school; to the Sunday-school no one could ever induce him to go. Almost daily complaints were made to his parents; but what could they do, poor souls, with such a wilful, headstrong lad? Their neighbours pitied them, and had it not been for this pity the son would have made acquaintance with the jail, for the farmers more than once caught him stealing fruit from their orchards and eggs from the hen-roosts.

Such a boy had no conception of the feelings of boys with refined, sensitive, and timid natures. It was his special delight to torment such boys when he chanced to meet one alone on the highway. The artist has sketched for us one of these meetings. The cruel boy has snatched the cap from a timid boy's head, and simply laughs a sneering, cruel laugh as he observes the anguish of the boy he is torment-

ing. He may return the cap, but not before he has snatched the boy's muffler and threatened to strangle him, unless he turns out the contents of his trousers' pockets. The trembling boy is ready to make any sacrifice if he may but get away from his cruel tormentor, and though in his pockets are many things which he prizes, he gives all up and rushes home terrified.

What could be expected of the future of such a cruel and hardened boy? Should we expect him to become a kind-hearted, gentle man? No, no; this boy grew into a ruffian of the worst type, and finally he died a miserable drunkard. His parents, who were decent godly people, carried with them to the grave a heavy burden of sorrow because of their wicked son.

Boys and girls, guard against the beginning of evil in your hearts, and ask God to help you to overcome all tendencies to wrong-doing. Just as the first glass of ale or wine may lead to drunkenness, the first lie, the first theft, or the first oath may lead to disgrace and dishonour. Love truthfulness and honesty and purity when young, and you will be found in after years among those whose delight is in goodness and whose lives are blessed of God and man.

TWO TEMPERANCE PEOPLE.

FIRST SPEAKER.

IM a temperance boy, all through and through,
From the crown of my hat to the sole of my shoe;
From these restless feet to these noisy lips,
From my toes to my busy finger tips.
And from heart, from brain, from healthiest lung,
Shall this sentiment flow, while my willing tongue
Shall proclaim its joys as loud as I can,
Until I'm a full-grown temperance man.
At home, or at school, or wherever I go,
I want all to most decidedly know [life:
That I'm pledged to the temperance cause for
And whenever its friends engage in a strife

Against that foe whose tarnishing hand
Would blight and blacken our beautiful land,
You may look for me in the midst of the fray;
And since "boys must fight," as people oft say,
I shall give old "King Alchy" no playful taps,
But deal him my hardest and heaviest raps;
These blows I shall try to aim so well
That every stroke shall for temperance tell.
I'll fight when I'm young, I'll fight when I'm
old;
Through springtime or summer or winter's
fierce cold,
I'll fight him early and I'll fight him late,
With a tireless hand, and a cordial hate.
Perhaps I shall live till the battle is won,
And this giant's cruel race is run,
Till our nation, freed from his bitter reign,
Shall a perfect, glorious freedom gain.

SECOND SPEAKER.

I'm a temperance girl, but so small and weak,
 Would any one listen, if I should speak?
 Would the little words that I could say,
 Turn a single soul to the better way?
 Would my kindest acts to the erring prove
 My heart's desire, its zeal, its love?
 And would it not seem a useless task
 For a little girl like me to ask
 A lover of rum to take the pledge;
 Or a sot, to forsake his beverage?
 Would it not be far better for me to pray
 To Christ, the children's friend, each day;
 And ask that His great, strong, loving arms
 May shield the poor drunkard from Satan's
 charms,
 And to grant that "His kingdom" may so
 prevail,
 That no more shall be heard the bitter wail
 Of a drunkard's wife, while his children clad,
 And fed, and housed, shall be always glad,
 While through all this land, from shore to
 shore,
 The drunkard's curse shall exist no more?

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

"**A** FELLOW'S mother," said Fred the
 wise,
 With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
 "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt,
 By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.
 "A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
 Rags and buttons, and lots of things;
 No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
 To see how well you can spin your top.
 "She does not care,—not much, I mean,—
 If a fellow's face is not always clean,
 And if your trousers are torn at the knee
 She can put in a patch that you'd never see.
 "A fellow's mother is never mad,
 But only sorry if you are bad;
 And I tell you this, if you're only true,
 She'll always forgive whate'er you do.
 "I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise,
 With a manly look in his laughing eyes;
 "I'll mind my mother, quick, every day,—
 A fellow's a baby that don't obey."
 —*Youth's Companion*.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT CUP
AND LIP."

BY ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS.

MY fancy pictured fortune,
 Then pointed out the way
 Which led unto her favours—
 Where all her treasures lay.
 I started out to find her—
 But oh! too late, I grieved—
 Too late did I discover
 That fancy but deceived.
 But I said—"Never mind, there is many a slip
 Betwixt fortune and fancy—the cup and the
 lip!"

My hope next dwelt on friendship,
 A life-long friendship true,
 That nothing e'er should sever—
 Thus hope the picture drew.
 Alas! in vain I trusted,
 Since brightest pictures fade;
 Which was it—hope or friendship?
 For one of them betrayed.
 Still I sang to myself—"There is many a slip
 Betwixt friendship and hope, 'twixt the cup
 and the lip."

Next, all my heart was centred
 On cupid—happy dream—
 And light, and bliss, and sunshine,
 O'er love's sweet path did beam,
 A moment—then 'twas clouded
 By shades of darkest night:
 Oh! where are now love's visions?—
 They vanished with the light!
 But I laugh—"Ah, ha, cupid, there's many a
 slip
 Betwixt arrow and target—the cup and the
 lip!"

Yes, now I smile at fortune,
 And follow her no more:
 I calmly gaze on friendship,
 The charm is lost she wore.
 At cupid—imp of mischief—
 I laugh, and shake my head,
 Whene'er I see him beckon,
 For all his pow'r has fled.
 So "fortune" and "friendship" you've many
 a slip,
 And you too "Sir Cupid," 'twixt cup and the
 lip!

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

NEVER could have done what I have done without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. Heaven knows I write this in no spirit of self-laudation. The man who reviews his own life, as I do mine in going on here from page to page, had need to have been a good man indeed if he would be spared the sharp consciousness of many talents neglected, many opportunities wasted, many erratic and perverted feelings constantly at war within his breast and defeating him. I do not hold one natural gift, I dare say, that I have not abused. My meaning simply is that whatever I have tried to do in life I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to I have devoted myself to completely; that in great aims and in small I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can obtain immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfilment on this earth. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand on anything on which I could not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rules.

A BOY TO TRUST IN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

SHE stood at the crowded crossing,
 A woman crippled and old,
 Whose thin and faded garments
 A pitiful story told.
 On her arm a basket of apples
 That no one cared to buy.
 "I must sell 'em or go hungry,"
 She thought with a weary sigh.

"Maybe if I cross over
 I'd have better luck," she said:
 But the crowded street before her
 Filled her with thought of dread.
 "Tan't safe for a poor old cripple,"
 She said, with another sigh,
 "But I've got to take my apples
 Where somebody wants to buy."

She paused by the curbstone, fearing
 To trust herself in the tide
 Of life that was coming and going.
 "Deary me, it seems so wide,
 An' so many horses an' wagons,
 I know I'll get scart!" she said.
 An' if I got hurt"—with a shiver—
 "I'd a good deal better be dead."

"See that apple-woman, Tommy;
 She's afraid to cross the street,"
 Cried a boy who was going schoolward,
 To a friend he chanced to meet.
 "She'll get scared and drop her basket,
 And there'll be no end of fun.
 Hurry up, hurry up, old woman;
 Grab your apple-cart and run!"

"Hush," said the other sternly,
 And went to the woman's side.
 "If you want to cross, I'll help you,
 If you'll trust me for a guide.
 Let me carry your basket for you;
 Don't fear, but keep close to me,
 And you'll soon be over safely,"
 He told her cheerily.

With some one to guide her footsteps,
 The crossing was quickly made.
 "I knew I could trust you," she told him,
 So I didn't get afraid.
 God bless you for your kindness
 To a poor old thing like me!
 If I knew your mother, I'd tell her
 How proud she ought to be."

I fancy that this lad's mother
 Must know of his kindly deeds,
 And is glad that the boy she loves so
 Takes thought of others' needs.
 Such boys are the ones to trust in
 For the men that must be had,
 For the father of the true man
 Is the true and manly lad.

—Golden Days.

TWO IN ONE.

BY BELLE WHITNEY.

WHEN passing down the street one day
 An artist saw a child at play.
 No sorrow as yet had left a trace
 On this beautiful boy with laughing face ;
 From his forehead fair to his dimpled chin
 It spoke of joy and love within.

I'll paint a picture, the artist said,
 Of this little boy with a curly head ;
 It will be a specimen rare thought he,
 To hang in my studio, where all can see
 And be charmed by the beauty, and innocence
 too,
 Of this dear little boy with eyes of blue.

Long years passed by, yet still in its place
 Hung the lovely picture with its laughing
 face ; [mind
 When suddenly there came into the artist's
 A desire the reverse of this picture to find,
 A face showing sin, sorrow, no hope and no
 joy,
 He would place by the side of this spotless,
 pure boy.

After searching long he found in a prison bare
 A countenance the picture of remorse and
 despair ;
 The man while drunk had murdered his wife,
 And soon for this crime must give up his life.
 He talked with him of his childhood days,
 Before he had walked in sin's dark ways.

As the unhappy man did his history retrace,
 It proved that he was the boy with laughing
 face ;
 Yes, the happy child in days gone by,
 Now a wretched criminal, is condemned to
 die !

Look on these pictures, fond parent, and see
 What the fate of your own precious boy may
 be.

All along on life's pathway such wrecks you
 will see
 Till the open dramshop annihilated shall be ;
 O fathers and brothers ! all over our land,
 Will you not 'gainst this rum-traffic take a
 firm stand ?
 By voice and by ballot crush out this great foe,
 But if asked just to license it, boldly say *No*.

I MEAN TO BE A MAN.

ONLY a little boy, my friends,
 But I'll do the best I can ;
 For by and by, in the coming years,
 I mean to be a man.

Not something that wears a coat and hat,
 Kid gloves and curling hair,
 Whose only ambition seems to be
 To dress with the nicest care.

Not something that carries between his lips
 A cigar or pipe of clay,
 And keeps the article in full blast
 A dozen times a day.

Not something that digs and delves so hard,
 But is as poor as poverty still,
 While a goodly part of his hard-earned cash
 Goes into the rumseller's till.

But a man, an honest, whole-souled man,
 Brave-hearted, kind, and true ;
 Who is always found in the foremost ranks
 Whenever there's work to do.

Now, boys, be wise ! join hands with me !
 There is work enough for us all ;
 And by and by in the strife we shall fill
 The places of those who fall.

'Tis easy to keep in the path of right,
 For Jesus will help us along ;
 If we follow the guide He left for us,
 We shall never need to go wrong.

And let us resolve in childhood's years
 To be faithful in all things, and then
 We may each fill an honoured station in life,
 If we should live to be men.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

"I GO through my work," said a needle to
 an idle boy. "But not until you are
hard pushed," said the idle boy to the needle.

A LITTLE fellow three years old, who had
 never eaten frosted cake, asked at the table for
 a piece of that "cake with plastering on it."

A WAG, making use of a saw that was not
 the sharpest in the world, after trying vainly
 to saw with it, broke out at last as follows :
 "Of all the saws that I ever saw saw, I never
 saw a saw saw as that saw saws."

TURN AWAY!



Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

Turn a - way ! turn a-way ! from the bright drops that foam, There are joys, brighter joys that a -

KEY A. {

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

wait you at home; Then be warn'd, O be warn'd, Fly the ill while you may, From the

r r .,r : r	d ., r	m : m .,m m : r .,d	d : d .,l d : t .,l
s ₁ fe .,fe : s ₁	s ₁ ., s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ .,s ₁ s ₁ : f ₁ .,m ₁	l ₁ : l ₁ .,f ₁ l ₁ : s ₁ .,f ₁
r d .,d : t ₁	d ., t ₁	d : d .,d d : d .,d	d : f .,f f : d .,d
t ₁ l ₁ .,l ₁ : s ₁ .,f ₁	m ₁ ., r ₁	d ₁ : d .,d d : d .,d	f ₁ : f ₁ .,f ₁ f ₁ : f ₁ .,f ₁

FINE. CHORUS.

death deal-ing cup, turn a - way, turn a - way. Join our ranks, join our ranks, join our

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

ranks, While the bat - tle cry, while the bat - tle cry, Sounding loud, sounding loud, sounding
join our ranks

{	f	:-	:-	m	.,r	m	:m	r	:s	.,s	s	:fe	s	:m	,f	s	:-	:-	f	.,m		
	r	:-	:-	d	.,t _i	d	:d	t _i	:t _i	.,t _i	t _i	:t _i	t _i	:d	.,d	d	:d	.,d	d	:t	.,d	
	t	:s	.,s	s	:s	.,s	s	:s	s	:r	.,r	r	:r	r	:d	.,d	m	:m	.,m	m	:r	.,d
	s _i	:s _i	.,s _i	s _i	:s _i	.,s _i	d	:d	s _i	:s _i	.,t _i	r	:r _i	s _i	:d	.,d	d	:d	.,d	d	:s	.,s _i

D. C.

loud, sound-ing loud, Tells of vic - to - ry, of vic - to - ry, of vic - to - ry.

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

- 2 Will you tear every link that has hallowed your youth,
Will you blight every hope of affection and truth;
Hear the voice in your heart that implores you to stay,
There is death in the cup, turn away, turn away.—*Cho.*
- 3 Can you join in the song that is rude and profane?
Can you smile at the draught that bewilders the brain?
Lo! the angel of *mercy* entreats you to stay,
There is death in the cup, turn away, turn away.—*Cho.*
- 4 There's a night that is cold, and a woe that is deep,
There are tears, burning tears, which the wretched must weep;
Then awake to your sin and be warned while you may,
From the death dealing cup, turn away, turn away.—*Cho.*

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WHICH IS BEST?

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO YOUTHS.

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

Harry.

SO, John, you've been persuaded to join the Band of Hope, have you? I shouldn't have thought a youth of your pluck would have been so weak as to become the companion of a lot of what I call crack-brains and simpletons.

John. But I am, Harry. I have signed the pledge of total abstinence and attend the meetings of our Band of Hope, and am one of the, as you call them, crack-brains and simpletons.

H. So it seems, and you are not ashamed to own it, apparently. What a noodle you must be!

J. Why a noodle, Harry?

H. To give up your liberty; to forsake your old companions; to forego the jolly meetings we have down at the "Cow." Why, John, I can't understand your action at all—it must be softening of the brain.

J. Very likely, Harry; very likely it is. But, you see, unfortunately for your brain-softening theory, I am a good deal clearer in the upper regions than I was six months ago, and my work lately has been so much better done that I have got promoted and a substantial addition made to my salary. If that is brain-softening, I hope the process may go on.

H. But what a hum-drum life you must be leading—no fun, no company—

J. Stop, Harry, I thought you just now said I had companions—crack-brains and simpletons.

H. Oh, I don't count them anybody; you know what I mean—the jolly fellows—myself among the number—you used to associate with, fellows who know how to enjoy themselves of a night with song and joke and glass and cigar—those are what I call companions worth having.

J. So did I once upon a time, but not now. Look here, Harry, I wouldn't go back to the old days and the old ways for all you or anybody else could give me.

H. You've found a better way. Ha! ha! That smacks of cant and humbug, John.

J. Nevertheless, it's quite true. Fortunately for me I have found a better way, one that is more in accord with my better nature, and one that is more satisfactory all round. Shall I tell you *why* I gave up your companionship?

H. Oh, it doesn't matter—got converted, I expect—got frightened into being pious and all

that. Such things don't affect me in the least, John!

J. I am sorry to hear you talk so flippantly about what you don't understand; but I don't want to argue on the sacred side of the question—that we will leave, if you please. My becoming teetotal was brought about mainly by the conduct of one I thought cared little about me—it least cared little beyond the service he got out of me.

H. Who was that, pray?

J. Mr. Robinson.

H. What, your master?

J. Yes. It came about this way. On a certain night, I had been spending what you call, and what I then thought, a jolly time at the "Cow." I dare say you'll remember the night—it was the extra 'do' we had in honour of Foster, who was going out to Australia.

H. I remember it well enough—the poor fellow died going out and was buried in the sea.

J. Well, you'll remember we all drank a good deal, and smoked and sang, and all the rest of it. It was late when I got home, and I was drunk. Next morning I felt ashamed to look at my mother—I have no father you know—but when I did cast a glance at her face I noticed her eyes were swollen and red, and I knew she had slept none through the night.

H. Well, well—never mind that, John. We all go too far sometimes, I dare say.

J. When I got to the warehouse it was a few minutes after the half-hour and Mr. Robinson was standing at the door. He bade me a cheery good-morning, which I returned and passed on to the office. When Mr. Robinson came in I saw him cast a look at me once or twice, and at length he said, "You are not looking well this morning, John, anything amiss?" I said there was nothing amiss with me, excepting a little head-ache, which would no doubt pass off.

H. Then I suppose he opened out on you, and gave you a lecture on the folly of late hours and the dangers of company, and especially the glass and the pipe. I know Mr. Robinson, John—everybody knows him as a bigoted teetotaler and a moral reformer—which means reforming all the pleasure out of life. Bah!

J. Stop, not so fast. Mr. Robinson didn't say another word, but left me to my work. But during the day I felt so ill I was obliged to go home and to bed. Next day I was worse and the doctor was sent for, and he told my mother I had an attack of intermittent fever—that I must be kept very quiet—and that it might be several weeks before I was able to get about again. He said I had been neglecting myself, over-taxing myself, and so on.

Well, Harry, there I lay wasting away, with little pain, but much weariness and weakness.

H. Well, well, but of course you got round or you wouldn't be here. What has all this to do with testotalism and the Band of Hope?

J. When I was ill not one of my companions at the "Cow" ever came to enquire how I was, and —

H. Oh, as to that, how did we know you were ill?

J. All the same, you evidently didn't take the trouble to enquire. I had one regular visitor—Mr. Robinson. I shall never forget his kindness. Not only did he come and sit with me, but I learnt afterwards he regularly paid my wage to my mother, and when the fever had left me, it was his generous hand that supplied the abundant nourishments to bring back my strength.

H. And I suppose he made his visits a channel for advocating his pet hobbies, and poured into your weak ears a flood of eloquence about temperance and religion, and urged you to abandon your old ways and associates, and when you were recovered to health and strength begin to attend his school and chapel. That is about the style these good people proceed, I am told, though I have never yet been afflicted so as to require their kindly offices.

J. Wrong again, Harry. Mr. Robinson never spoke a single word about temperance or religion. All he did was to call regularly and see me, and supply the larder with chickens and eggs and milk and other strengthening foods.

H. You certainly astonish me, John! Then how came you to take up with Temperance and abandon your old companions?

J. There was such a contrast between Mr. Robinson's conduct and that of my old companions that I could not help noticing it. Not that I expected any of you to bring me delicacies as Mr. Robinson did—but I did think you might have called to ask how I was, and taken a little interest in me. After lying and thinking over the matter I came to the conclusion that the life I had been living was all wrong, and its tendency was to make the nature selfish and self-gratifying. Mr. Robinson's conduct—his unselfishness and kind thoughtfulness and generosity convinced me of the superiority of his principles, and I determined, if restored, I would let those principles be the rule of my life in future.

H. I see; well I don't much wonder, John, now you explain the thing all round.

J. Just another word about one I had often grieved—I mean my mother. If you had seen my mother, Harry, while I was ill, you would have

thought she was an angel and not a woman. Day and night she watched over me, attended me, comforted me—oh, lad, I should be the vilest scamp on earth if ever I caused that dear mother another moment's anguish by my wrong-doing. Never shall I forget her gentleness, her patience, her watchfulness, her unweariedness—her love! I mean to repay her by a life of usefulness to others and devotion to her. That is how I am working in the Band of Hope, in the Sunday-school, attending classes of all sorts which will be beneficial to me, and trying to make my own life and the lives of others happy.

H. Say no more, John. Good-bye (*shake hands*) for the present. I shall not forget our conversation, depend on't. That touch about the mother has gone to my heart—for if there is one soft place about me it is for my mother. (*Dashes a tear from his eye.*) There—good-bye. (*Exit.*)

J. (*looking after Harry.*) I'm glad I met him. Poor Harry! He is a merry fellow, and not a bad sort on the whole, but unless he breaks away from his companions I fear he will be ruined. I do hope my conversation with him to-night will do him good. I will make it my duty to see him again, and it shall not be my fault if he is not, before long, a member of our Band of Hope and an admirer of the good people he now delights to sneer at. (*Exit.*)

I'M BUT A LITTLE ONE.

BY C. G. FRAUMERE.

I'M but a little one, 'tis true,
 And little, p'raps, that I can do.
 Yet little drops make up the showers,
 And minutes, too, make up the hours.
 Although I'm but a little one,
 Still I can play my part;
 Splendid victories may be won
 By little ones if brave at heart.
 Nigh helpless by myself I stand,
 Yet I can help to swell the band
 That by God's help resolve to be
 From strong drink for ever free.
 Daniel was but one, you know,
 Yet by example he did show
 What one by standing firm can do;
 And so, my little friends, can you.
 No soldier by himself would go
 Forth to conflict with the foe
 Only when they all unite
 Can they put the foe to flight.

A brick, you know, has little weight,
 But numbers make a building great.
 Of boys and girls 'tis also true
 If they but try they much can do ;
 Then I for one will don the blue,
 And to the cause stand firm and true ;
 And if I can't do very much,
 I never will alcohol touch.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

WE had been drifting days and weeks,
 Nor sighted land nor ship ;
 Hollow with hunger were our cheeks,
 And cracked with thirst each lip.
 Fierce was the scorching tropic heat,
 More fierce the sailors' cry,
 "Serve out the rum! we'll drink it neat!
 We'll drink it, and we'll die!"
 Hold on! I cried, don't give in yet,
 For one hour trust in me ;
 And, as I spoke, the red sun set,
 And night sank on the sea.
 Down with the darkness came the breeze,
 And with the breeze the rain—
 We drank and thanked Heaven on our knees,
 Then drank and prayed again.
 With swelling sails we onward sped
 Before the breeze that night,
 Until the cry of "Land ahead!"
 Came with the morning light.
 The boats were launched, and, with a will,
 Each man bent to his oar,
 Eager the water-casks to fill,
 And be on board once more.

'Mong the thick branches of a tree
 That overhung the strand,
 There sat a gibbering chimpanzee—
 It saw the sailors land ;
 One balanced on his head a can,
 Nigh full, of stolen rum.
 "We'll fill the casks up," said the man,
 "Then back, to drink we'll come."
 They left the can beside the brook,
 While searching for the spring.
 The chimpanzee came down to look
 Upon the strange, new thing.
 It placed the can upon its head,
 With many a grin and wink ;
 Then from the shore it quickly fled—
 Stealing the stolen drink.

I watched its movements through my glass
 As on the deck I stood ;
 I laughed aloud to see it pass
 Into the tangled wood.
 The men came back in sore distress,
 Nor rum nor can was there.
 They wondered much, but none could guess
 How it had gone, or where.

So runs my story to its end,
 And by it you may see
 That temperance may find a friend
 E'en in a chimpanzee.
 —*Band of Hope Review.*

JUST A LITTLE.

LITTLE rills make wider streamlets,
 Streamlets swell the river's flow,
 Rivers join the ocean billows,
 Onward, onward as they go.

Life is made of smallest fragments,
 Shade and sunshine, work and play ;
 So may we with greatest profit,
 Learn a little every day.

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THE GENEROUS GIRL.

THE GENEROUS GIRL.

AMID a profusion of trees and flowers nestled a roomy cottage, owned by a widow-lady named Moxon. Having no child of her own, she had adopted a baby-girl found by the country policeman one morning lying forsaken among the tall grasses by the road-side. When found, the child was warmly clad, and on the outer garment was pinned a note, asking whoever discovered it to take care of it, as its own mother, with a breaking heart, had been compelled to leave it to the mercy of strangers. The finding of the baby was soon known to all in the village, and became the talk of the country round, but though every attempt was made to trace its mother all was in vain.

Meantime the policeman had taken the child to his own home, and his wife, though she already had a numerous family, declared she was willing to "bring the wee thing up if no one else would." One day, however, widow Moxon paid a visit to the policeman's house and asked to see the child picked up at the road-side. After looking at it and nursing it for awhile she begged permission to take it and adopt it as her own. This suggestion pleased both the policeman and his wife, who had already as many mouths to feed as they

could well find food for, and they knew Mrs. Moxon was a kind, gentle lady, with ample means at her disposal. Accordingly, the child found a pleasant home, grew and waxed strong, and became very dear to the lonely widow's heart.

Though "Ethel," as the child was called, was plain in features, she had a loving disposition and a generous spirit. Surrounded by every comfort, and not knowing but Mrs. Moxon was her mother or that the good things she enjoyed were her own by right of birth, she was always ready to bestow on others what she possessed. As the poor children of the village passed the gate she would present them with flowers and fruit from the garden, and talk kindly to them about the school and their lessons, until they spoke of her as "The Generous Girl." These traits in her character gave great joy to the widow, who herself was kind to the poor and a friend to all in need.

When Mrs. Moxon became aged and feeble the loving care and watchfulness of her adopted daughter were to her a great comfort, and when she lay down to die her last words were words of gratitude, that God had sent her such a loving child to minister to her in her hour of feebleness and greatest need.

MY LITTLE HERO.

EARTH'S bravest and truest heroes
Fight with an unseen foe,
And win a victory grander
Than you or I can know.
We little dream of the conflict
Waged in each human soul,
And we know but few of the heroes
Upon God's honour-roll.

But one of earth's little heroes
Right glad am I to know ;
His name for me is mother,
My name for him is Joe.
At thought of a ten-year-old hero
My friends have often smiled ;
But a battle-field's a battle-field
In the heart of man or child.

There were plans of mischief brewing ;
I saw, but gave no sign ;
I wanted to test the mettle
Of this little knight of mine.
"Of course, you must come and help
us,
For we all depend on Joe,"
The boy said, and I waited
For his answer—yes or no.

He stood and thought for a moment—
I read his heart like a book,
For the battle that he was fighting
Was told in his earnest look ;
And then to his merry playmates
Out spoke my loyal knight,
"No, boys, I cannot go with you,
Because it won't be right."

I was proud of my little hero,
 And I prayed by his peaceful bed,
 As I gave him good-night kisses,
 And the good-night words were said,
 That true to God and his manhood
 He might stand in the world's fierce
 fight,
 And shun each unworthy action,
 Because "it wouldn't be right."

—Golden Days.

THE ARMY BLUE.

BY LIZZIE AGER.

GOD bless the noble army Blue!
 May each to other aye be true,
 And brave its badge to wear,
 Of Temperance may we never tire,
 To highest good may we aspire,
 And every blessing share.

What happy homes and gladsome minds,
 What joyous thoughts the drunkard finds
 When once he dons the Blue!
 The poisoned cup is cast away,
 In soberness he lives each day,
 And all to him is new!

Could we but see in every cot
 On England's sunny shore the knot
 Worn by the army Blue,
 Methinks no more would come the wail
 From suffering wife and children pale,
 And sorrows would be few!

Then sign the pledge, come, sign to-night,
 And help us Demon Drink to fight,
 And valiant actions do!
 Our God will bless each step you take,
 And strong your good resolves will make,
 If now you don the Blue.

STOP AND THINK.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

MY boy, when they ask you to drink,
 Stop and think.
 Just think of the danger ahead;
 Of the hearts that in sorrow have bled
 O'er hopes that were drowned in the bowl;
 Filled with death for the body and soul.

When you hear a man asking for drink,
 Stop and think.
 The draught that he drinks will destroy
 High hopes and ambitions, my boy;
 And the man who a leader might be
 Is a slave that no man's hand can free.

O this terrible demon of drink!
 Stop and think
 Of the graves where the victims are laid,
 Of the ruin and woe it has made,
 Of the wives and the mothers who pray
 For the curse to be taken away.

Yes, when you are tempted to drink,
 Stop and think
 Of the danger that lurks in the bowl,
 The death that it brings to the soul,
 The harvest of sin and of woe,
 And spurn back the tempter with "No!"

HOW DO YOU DO?

BY ANNA LINDEN.

[This may be recited by two children—one asking the questions and the other giving the answers.]

HOW do you do? "I do with my might
 Just as I am told, when told to do right.
 I strive for promotion by doing my best,
 My mother and teacher can tell you the rest.
 I speak when I'm spoken to, come when they
 call,
 And strive to be kind and respectful to all.
 It is nothing to boast of, whatever I do.
 I wish it were more, and were better, don't
 you?"

How do you feel? "Sorry and mean,
 When I do a wrong act whether hidden or
 seen;
 But I feel like a bobolink, joyous and bright,
 When I take the straight path and try to do
 right.
 It sometimes seems hard, but it turns out the
 best,
 And then I feel glad and can laugh with the
 rest.
 I can caper and jump, and turn somersaults,
 too,
 It may not look nice, but I like it, don't you?"

What do you know? "Very little, it's true,
Compared with my elders, but that's nothing
new;

If I study in earnest, I hope to know more,
When I get to be twenty and on to four-score;
Wisdom may come with gray hairs, if not now,
When wrinkles of cares settle deep on my brow,
And boys will look up and honour me then,
When I am a judge, and stand among men."

What do you do? "I study and work,
I don't want to be a mean sneak or a shirk,
I have my home duties, and do them with care,
In that and in everything try to be square;
Tobacco and liquor I shun as a foe,
And stand by my colours wherever I go.
What more can I do, except love and obey
My Maker and parents, and heed what they
say?"

WORK FOR LITTLE FOLLOWERS.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHERE'S always work in plenty for little
hands to do,
Something waiting every day, that none may
try but you;
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that
you may take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the
blessed Saviour's sake.

There's room for children's service in this busy
world of ours;
We need them as we need the birds and need
the summer flowers;
And their help at task and toiling, the Church
of God may claim,
And gather little followers in Jesus' holy name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words
of hope and cheer;
They will have the spell of music for many a
tired ear.
Don't you wish your gentle words might lead
some souls to look above,
Finding rest, and peace, and guidance in the
dear Redeemer's love?

There are orders meant for you; swift and
jubilant they ring,
O the bliss of being trusted on the errands of
the King!

Fearless march in royal service; not an evil
can befall

Those who do the gracious bidding, hasting at
the Master's call.

There are songs which children only are glad
enough to sing,—

Songs that are as full of sunshine as the
sunniest hours of spring.

Won't you sing them till our sorrows seem the
easier to bear,

As we feel how safe we're sheltered in our
blessed Saviour's care?

Yes, there's always work in plenty for the
little ones to do,

Something waiting every day, that none may
try but you;

Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that
you may take,

Heavy hearts that you may comfort, doing it
for Jesus' sake.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

WHE wars for many a month were o'er
Ere I could reach my native shed;
My friends ne'er hoped to see me shod,
And wept for me as for the dead.

As I drew near, the cottage blazed,
The evening fire was clear and bright,
As through the window long I gazed,
And saw each friend with dear delight.

My father in his corner sat,
My mother drew her useful thread;
My brothers strove to make them chat,
My sisters baked the household bread.

And Jean oft whispered to a friend,
And still let fall a silent tear;
But soon my Jessy's grief will end,
She little thinks her Harry's near.

What could I do? if in I went,
Surprise would chill each tender heart;
Some story then I must invent,
And act the poor maim'd soldier's part.

I drew a bandage o'er my face,
And crookèd up a lying knee;
And soon I found in that best place,
Not one dear friend knew aught of me.

I ventured in;—Tray wagg'd his tail,
He fawn'd, and to my mother ran:
"Come here!" she cried, "what can he ail?"
While my feign'd story I began.

I changed my voice to that of age:
"A poor old soldier lodging craves;"
The very name their loves engage,
"A soldier! aye, the best we have."

My father then drew in a seat;
"You're welcome," with a sigh, he said.
My mother fried her best hung meat,
And curds and cheese the table spread.

"I had a son," my father cried,
"A soldier too, but he is gone;"
"Have you heard from him?" I replied,
"I left behind me many a one;"

"And many a message have I brought
To families I cannot find;
Long for John Goodman's have I sought,
To tell them Hal's not far behind."

"Oh! does he live!" my father cried;
My mother did not stay to speak;
My Jessie now I silent eyed,
Who sobb'd as if her heart would break.

My mother saw her catching sigh,
And hid her face behind the rock,
While tears swam round in every eye,
And not a single word was spoke.

"He lives indeed! this kerchief see,
At parting his dear Jessie gave;
He sent it far, with love, by me,
To show he still escapes the grave."

An arrow, darting from a bow,
Could not more quick the token reach;
The patch from off my face I drew,
And gave my voice its well-known speech.

"My Jessie dear!" I softly said,
She gazed and answer'd with a sigh;
My sisters look'd, as half afraid;
My mother fainted quite for joy.

My father danced around his son,
My brothers shook my hand away,
My mother said "her glass might run,
She cared not now how soon the day."

"Hout, woman!" cried my father dear,
"A wedding first, I'm sure we'll have;
I warrant we'll live a hundred year,
Nay, may be, lass, escape the grave!"

THE TEMPLAR BOYS.

BY THOS. R. THOMPSON.

WE belong to the Templar band,
And by its pledge we mean to stand;
We'll work for it with heart and hand
As long as we are able.
When we are men we'll not be dumb,
Or hang our heads and act like some,
But squarely vote to banish rum
From every home and table.

The triple pledge we mean to keep;
As now we sow we soon shall reap,
From out that land we mean to sweep
The cause of so much ruin.

From street and alley, square and lane,
We call for help in this campaign:
Oh! may our call be not in vain,
Help us to stop the brewing!

TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.—The cause of Temperance in the army will not be lost sight of at the forthcoming Military Exhibition at Chelsea, which will be opened next May. It is the intention of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the refreshment contractors, to erect a handsome pavilion in the grounds in which, amid appropriate and ornamental surroundings, not only tea and coffee and aerated waters will be sold, but all the temperance beverages which now compete for the favour of the public. This will be a most valuable experiment, and it will, we may be sure, be watched with interest by the military authorities, who will be able to judge of the suitability of the various beverages for sale in Regimental Canteens. Thus the temperance cause will be a gainer, and this establishment has an additional interest in view of the proposal made by Mr. Caine to bring before the notice of the House of Commons the good work done by Sir Frederick Roberts with regard to temperance among the troops in Hindostan.

12.—There'll be Joy in Heaven.

MARY A. STRAUB.

S. W. STIAUB.

There'll be joy in heav'n, our home on high, As one by one each

KEY C.	{	: m ., f	s :-s	s :s	l :l	l :l	s :-s	f :f
		: d ., r	m :-m	m :m	f :f	f :d	d :-d	t, :t,
		: s ., s	d' :-d'	d' :d'	d' :d'	d' :f	s :-s	s :s
		: d ., d	d :-d	d :d	f :f	f :f	m :-m	r :r

child draws nigh, And clasps the hand of kin-dred there, Blest in a ten-der

{	m :m ṙ :ṁ, f	s :-s	s :s	l :l	:l :l	t :-t	d' :d'
	d :d t, :ḋ, ṙ	m :-m	m :m	f :f	:f :f	r :-r	d :m
	s :s s :s	d' :-d'	d' :d'	d' :d'	:d' :d'	s :-s	s :s
	d :d s, :d	d :-d	d :d	f :f	:f :f	s :-f	m :d

CHORUS.

Fa-ther's care. There'll be joy in heav'n, glad songs a-bound, The

{	t :l	ṡ :ṡ, ṡ	d' :-d'	d' :s	l̇ .ṡ :l̇ .ṫ	d' :s
	r :d	t, :ṡ, ṡ	m :-m	m :m	ḟ .ṁ :ḟ	m :m
	s :fe	s :ṡ, ṡ	s :-s	s :d'	d' :d'	d' :d'
	r :r	s :ṡ, ṡ	d :-d	d :d	d :d	d :d

dead's a - live and the lost is found; All glo - ry to our

{	d' :-d' d' : d' . r'	m' : m' r' : s	d' :-d' d' : s
	m' :-m m : m . f	s : s s : s	m :-m m : m
	s :-s s : s . d'	d' : t t : s	s :-s s : d'
	d' :-d d : d . d	s : s s : s	d :-d d : d

God and King, All Hal - le - lu - jah, let us sing.

{	<u>l . s</u> : <u>l . t</u> d' : d'	m' :-m' f' : r'	d' : t d ^o
	<u>f . m</u> : f m : m	s :-s l : f	m : r m
	d' : d' d' : d'	d' :-d' d' : l	s : s s
	d : d d : d	d :-d f : f	s : s, d

2 There'll be joy in heaven, glad hearts will burn,
 To see the wanderer home return
 From barren wastes and deserts wild,
 A loving, meek, and humble child.

3 There'll be joy in heaven, the Saviour stands
 With tender heart and outstretched hands,
 And smiles to welcome into rest
 The soul a Father's love has blest.

4 Lo, the bruised soul looks up and lives,
 And glory to the Father gives;
 What hearts of joy, what holy lays
 Will fill the Father's house with praise!

REGISTRY FOR SERVANTS.

FOR SIX MALES AND THREE FEMALES.

BY CHRISTOPHER MILLER.

CHARACTERS.—Mr. Wideawake, the Registrar; Miss Fortunate, a young heiress; Mr. Spuds, Gardener; Mr. Horseman, Groom; Miss Pastry, Cook; Mr. Lively, Butler; Miss Hairpin, Lady's Maid; Mr. Penman, an Agent; Young Skipabout, Buttons.

SCENE: Mr. Wideawake's Office.

Mr. Wideawake.

WELL! I think I have made a good spec this time. This seems as if it would be a good paying business, without much labour or outlay. Anyhow, I've no doubt I shall do a good thing with Miss Fortunate to-day, as she is using my office to meet the seven servants she asked me to advertise for. She is unused to the ways of the world, and if I make the most of the little trouble I have been put to in carrying out her wishes, she is sure to make me a handsome present in addition to my charges. But I must get ready to receive them. I must not forget my name is Wideawake, and this time I intend to be very wide awake indeed. (*Knock.*) Come in. (*Enter Pastry.*) Good morning, Miss, please take a seat. A very nice morning.

Pastry. Yes, it's a very nice morning; but I think I have made a mistake, or else you have, for I was to meet a lady here, and you are not one.

W. Oh! don't be alarmed, Miss. If you are one of the applicants in answer to my advertisement to meet Miss Fortunate, you are quite right. I'm expecting her every minute.

P. I think you forget yourself, sir. I'd have you to know I'm no applicant but an honest cook, who can boil a potatoe or make a cup of tea with the best of them; so don't be applicanting me.

W. I'm sure, I beg your pardon. (*Knock.*) Come in, please. (*Enter Spuds, Horseman, Lively, Hairpins, and Penman.*) Good morning. I suppose you have come in response to my advertisement.

All. Yes, we have.

W. Well, I shall be very glad to recommend you to Miss Fortunate, who I am sorry to say has not yet arrived, but I expect her every minute.

Horseman. Have you any idea how many horses she keeps, Mr. Wideawake?

W. None of you need put yourselves about, for between you and me and the lamp-post Miss Fortunate just knows nothing at all about servants or servant's work. She has just lost her uncle who has left her a mint of money so I think we must help her to spend it.

Spuds. I think so, Mr. Wideawake. I shall go in for good wages.

(Enter Miss Fortunate.)

Miss Fortunate. Good morning. I hope I have not kept these ladies and gentlemen waiting.

W. Pray don't mention it, Miss. The servants we advertised for are here with the exception of the lad as buttons.

Miss F. I must confess, I don't know where to begin, Mr. Wideawake. Can you advise me?

Mr. W. Well, Miss, this lady was the first to come, perhaps it would be better to begin with her. I believe you said you were a cook, did you get a character from your last place? If so, perhaps Miss Fortunate would like to look at it.

P. Yes sir; here is my character, Miss.

Miss F. (*reads aloud.*) "Cracknut Hall. This is to certify that Miss Pastry has been in my service twelve months, and that she is a good cook. Signed, Dora Perkins." Very good, indeed. If I engage you what wages will you require?

P. £35 a year and a fortnight's holiday, Miss, and an hour a day practice on the piano.

Miss F. You may consider yourself engaged. But you must commence duty at once.

P. Oh yes; thank you, Miss. (*Exit.*)

Miss F. Which is the next one?

Mr. W. This other lady and these gentlemen came in together, but as it is always ladies first we will go on with—what is your name?

Hairpins. Alice Hairpins, a lady's maid, sir.

Mr. W. Oh, yes! Have you a character with you?

H. No sir; you see, sir, the lady I was maid for died very sudden, so I did not like to ask the master for one.

Miss F. What wages should you expect?

H. £40, Miss, and time to attend to my painting.

Miss F. You may consider yourself engaged and commence duty this evening.

H. Oh, thank you, Miss! (*Exit.*)

Miss F. I think we are getting on very well indeed, Mr. Wideawake. Which is the next?

Mr. W. Which of you is the butler?

Lively. I'm the butler, sir, my name's Lively.

Miss F. And how long were you in your last place, Mr. Lively?

L. Four years, six months, three weeks, and two days, Miss.

Miss F. Why did you leave, Mr. Lively?

L. Well, Miss, my master failed.

Miss F. Why, how was that, Mr. Lively?

L. You see, Miss, he got very fond of drink and horse-racing, and once when he was in drink he made a very foolish bet, which ruined him.

Miss F. And the servants had to suffer because of their master's folly. It is a sad pity that men

should drink until they lose their money and senses. What wages will you require?

L. £60 a year, and three suits of livery, Miss.

Miss F. Well, you are engaged.

L. Oh, thank you, Miss. (*Exit.*)

Mr. W. This gentleman, Miss, is the groom.

Miss F. What wages do grooms generally receive, Mr. Wideawake?

Mr. W. About thirty shillings a week and livery.

Miss F. I will engage you on those conditions,

Mr. Horseman. But I hope you are a steady man.

Mr. H. Very steady, Miss, and thank you.

(*Exit.*)

Miss F. What is your name and occupation?

Mr. Spuds. My name is Spuds, I am a gardener, Miss. My late master had to go abroad through ill-health.

Miss F. I will pay you the same wages your late master did, Mr. Spuds.

Mr. S. Must I come in the morning?

Miss F. Oh, yes; of course. (*Exit S.*)

Mr. W. Now Mr.— Mr.—, I cannot remember names.

Mr. Penman. Penman, sir.

Miss F. Well, Mr. Penman, what business do you follow?

Mr. P. My duties, Miss, are to do all your correspondence, to look after the estate, pay the servants, settle all bills, etc. (*Skipabout rushes in.*)

Skipabout. Oh my, I thought I should be too late, all through that tram accident. You should have seen that old horse go down. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. W. My boy, what do you mean by coming into my office laughing and shouting like that?

S. I beg your pardon, sir; but you'd laugh if you'd seen that old horse kick out and send cabby head over heels into the road. Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he!

Miss F. Well, my lad, sit down until I have done talking to Mr. Penman. Now, Mr. Penman.

Mr. P. As I was just saying, Miss, it would be my duty to see after everything belonging to your estate. (*Aside.*) And, if I am half sharp enough, I shall be your husband some day.

Miss F. I'm sure that will be very kind of you. Now, my lad, have you been in service before?

S. Yes, Miss, I have been with a doctor for two years, but he would not give me a character because he caught me looking at a man's big toe.

Miss F. Well, I will give the same as the doctor gave you to start with, and, if you are a good lad, I will give you an advance at Christmas.

S. Oh, thank you, Miss. When must I come, Miss?

Miss F. You may come at once, my lad.

S. Yes, thank you, Miss. (*Exit.*)

Miss F. Now, Mr. Penman, what salary have you been receiving?

Mr. P. £250, Miss. But you see—

Miss F. Well, if I say £300, Mr. Penman.

Mr. P. That will do nicely; good-day, dear Miss Fortunate. (*Exit.*)

Miss F. What a nice young man, Mr. Penman is, to be sure. But what is your bill, I had better pay it at once?

Mr. W. Well, Miss, I am afraid it will seem rather large to you, but you see they charge so much for advertising—but here is the bill. (*Hands her the bill.*)

Miss F. (*reads aloud.*) Advertising for seven servants at 3/6 each, £1 4s. 6d. But I cannot think of paying you this bill without making you some kind of present for the use of your office and as a slight recompense for the assistance you have given me in engaging my servants; so I will make you a present of a £5 note in addition to your charges, Mr. Wideawake. (*Exit.*)

Mr. W. I thought this was the right spec., that will be about £5 14s. 6d. clear profit. (*Looks at watch.*) But I must be off and see if there are any letters by this post. (*Exit.*)

SECOND PART. SCENE IN COOK'S KITCHEN.

(*Cook, Hairpins, Horseman, Lively, and Spuds, seated round the table eating. Cook has a glass.*)

P. Now you must all make yourself at home to what there is. I will have a better spread when we get settled down a bit. Come, now, Mr. Lively, have a little more cheese.

L. I am doing very well, cook. I say, Mr. Spuds, what do you think about Penman?

Mr. S. Well, I think he's sweet on the Missus. But if ever he got to be boss, we should have a hot shop of it, and no mistake.

H. My word, if I thought the Missus looked at him, I'd give her hair an extra pull or two, and tell her it was a new fashion that I would.

Mr. H. Well, the last time she came down to the stables, I thought her hair looked like a horse's tail. Had you done it up, Hairpins?

H. I'll horse-tail you, if you talk about my work in that manner, mind that, Horseman.

P. Now, we'll have no falling out here.

Mr. S. I don't see what there is to fall out about, but I know Missus does look very funny sometimes.

P. Well, I say, she is not to blame, that is her mother's fault. When I have daughters I shall make them work so that they will know how to do it; and if they get rich and keep servants to do their work for them, they'll know when it's done

properly. Just look at Missus, she knows nothing about servants, so we do just what we like, and when we like.

L. I think, Cook, that drop you had in your glass has got in your head and turned your brain, for you talk soft.

P. I think I should be soft if I took any notice of what a spooney like you said. Why, you don't know you are born, poor thing.

H. I think it's you that is getting warm now, Cook, and not me. If you want to fall out with Lively, hadn't you better go outside?

P. You hold your noise, Miss, and speak when you're spoken to.

S. (*rushes in.*) Cook, Cook, the red-headed sergeant wants you in the back kitchen; be quick!

P. You young monkey, you, I'll give you telling tales like that. (*Pretends to rush at him.*)

S. Oh, don't, Cook; pray don't, the sergeant told me to tell you to be quick, he did for sure.

Mr. P. (*enters.*) Whatever is the matter. Oh, this is how you rob my lady, is it Cook? wasting your time feasting in this way.

P. Don't you talk about robbing any one, I beg of you, when you get £300 a year for being nothing but a common bobby.

Mr. P. Oh, this is outrageous, to be spoken to in this manner by a red-faced Cook; but I'll speak to my lady about it at once, and you had better all go to your work, while you, Skipabout, go to the drawing-room and ask my lady to come here without delay, and be quick. (*Exit Spuds, Hairpins, Horseman, and Lively.*)

S. Yes, sir; yes, sir.

P. Oh! murder! I'm done for; there is the red-headed sergeant waiting for me, and missus is coming. Oh, dear! what a fix I'm in! (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Miss Fortunate, followed by Skipabout.*)

Mr. P. I beg your pardon for sending for you, my lady; but when I came into the kitchen all the servants were feasting at your expense. When I spoke to Cook about it, she turned round on me, and said I was robbing your ladyship of £300 a year. I leave it with you what you do in the matter.

Miss F. Skipabout, tell Cook I want her.

S. Yes, my lady. (*Enter Cook.*)

Miss F. Cook, I am very sorry to hear of you having all the men from outside to supper; and when Mr. Penman spoke to you you insulted him.

P. Well, you see, my lady, he charged me with robbing you, so he did. Didn't he, Skipabout?

Miss F. Well, go to your work, both of you, and let me hear no more of it. (*Cook and Skipabout exit.*) What can I do, Mr. Penman? You see my servants don't seem to care what I say to

them. Can you think of any way to help me to control them? I don't know what to do.

Mr. P. Well, my lady, I can only think of one plan, and that is to change your name at once.

Miss F. I don't understand, Mr. Penman. How can I change my name? I don't see your meaning.

Mr. P. Pardon me, my lady. I mean—I mean take the name of Pen—Pen—Penman. Do you not see my meaning now, my lady?

Miss F. Oh! Mr. Penman, I—I—don't know what to say—but—but—I think you must give me time to think it over. (*Exit.*)

Mr. P. I think I have played my cards very well, and believe I shall marry an heiress after all. It sounds almost too good to be true. But even an heiress might do worse than marry me, for she will have for a husband what many an heiress has not—a staunch cold water drinker, and a man who looks upon betting with abhorrence. (*Exit.*)

A BOY'S RESOLVE.

SAID Tommie Nye to Bobbie Lee,

"I'll be a young abstainer.

The boy who does not smoke or drink
Will be in health a gainer.

"I'll never take God's name in vain,

Or tease the cat or Mabel;

I'll do what I am asked to do,

As far as I am able:

"Providing that I know it's right,

And will give satisfaction,

For peace and joy can never come

From any foolish action.

"I'll ask the dear, good Lord to bless

Me in each wise endeavour.

I'll do the right and never fear,

Henceforth and on, for ever."

NOTICE OF BOOKS.

Which was the Wiser? An every-day Story. By Emily Foster. Price 2d. Manchester: Brook and Chrystal. Our readers are well-acquainted with Miss Foster's name, and her books are familiar to them. Here is another story from her pen—an every-day story—told in her usual clear and forcible style. Two workmen start life under very favourable circumstances; both give way to drink; one, however, yields to the persuasion of a good man and signs the pledge; the other refuses to be guided and sneers at Temperance. It is easy to say which was the wiser of the two men. Our readers should purchase and read the story and they will see how sad is the life of him who refused to take wise counsel and persisted in using alcoholic drinks.

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No. 244.—April, 1890.]

NEW SERIES.

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ARCHIE'S DISOBEDIENCE.

ARCHIE'S DISOBEDIENCE.

"**C**OME along, Hetty," said Archie Donaldson to his sister, "let us have a sail down the river, I can manage the boat well-enough."

"But what will Mamma say if she knows we have gone sailing without John?—you know she told John on no account to let us have the boat unless he were with us."

"Mamma is too timid by a long way; there's not a bit of danger. We want a sail, and John isn't here to go with us—come along!"

"But, Archie —"

"Oh, you are afraid—you always are afraid; you haven't a bit of confidence in your brother; you're not like other girls I know, they don't think their brother can't do this and can't do that—they just trust their brother and think he's brave. You'd better sit down on that seat, and I'll go exploring myself."

"It isn't because I'm afraid, Archie, nor because I don't think you can manage the boat, it's Mamma—she said —"

"Yes, I know; but circumstances alter cases. Come along, I'm going to push off."

So Hetty got into the boat at her brother's persuasion, though she knew they were both disobeying their loving mother. Archie got hold of the big oar, which was almost more than he could handle, and loosing the chain which kept the boat in its place under cover in the boat-house, away boat and children smoothly glided down the clear stream that ran through the park. It was a lovely day; the sky was blue; the trees were in full dress; flowers bloomed along the banks; birds sang gaily in the overhanging bushes or flew past on joyous wings. For some time the excitement kept Hetty from thinking of her disobedience, but soon the thought returned, and as she sat on the cushioned seat her face became solemn and she felt ready to cry. She would have cried but she knew Archie would only laugh at her and call her a baby.

When they had been sailing about a quarter of an hour the boat came to an ugly curve in the river, where thick rushes grew and blocked up the course except in mid-stream. It was a favourite haunt of the wild duck and water-fowl, and continued for a considerable distance

on either side of the banks. Archie was unable to steer the boat clear of the rushes and soon, to the consternation of both children, they found themselves unable to move, imbedded in a thick tangle of rushes and weeds. Archie tried to push the boat clear but his strength was insufficient for the task. Poor Hetty became terrified and clung to Archie's arm, asking him what they should do, for they couldn't get back, and they couldn't reach the bank. "Oh, Archie," she said tearfully, "I wish we hadn't disobeyed Mamma; we shall have to stop here all night and I shall be dead before morning with fright."

Archie was afraid too and wished he hadn't been so foolish and headstrong; but he tried to encourage his sister, and they sat down and talked over the situation. Archie pushed down the oar among the rushes to see if he might venture to wade to shore; but although there was not much depth of water the mud was soft and, as he said to Hetty, "he might sink over head in mud and never more be seen," which sent a shudder through Hetty's slender body.

As the sun was going down over the tree tops and Archie and Hetty were feeling very hungry, the splash of oars was heard in the distance, and soon they saw John with their father in a boat come to search for the lost children. The father was overjoyed at seeing his children safe; he took Hetty in his arms and kissed her, and said, "I was afraid my darling was drowned." When they reached home Archie confessed he had been the prime mover in the rebellion against his mother's commands, but as he seemed heartily sorry at his disobedience and promised not to repeat the offence he was, after a few words of caution, freely forgiven.

The fact was Archie was glad to escape what might have ended in disaster to himself and his little sister, whom he loved very dearly; and he learnt a lesson which was useful to him in after years, and which all children would do well to learn—that disobedience to parents invariably leads to danger and often to much sorrow and suffering. Let our readers pay due reverence to their parents' commands, and they will have their reward in the present as well as in the future.

HOW IT PAYS.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

SAID Tom to Dick and Harry,
 "The wind is sharp, to-day;
 Suppose we have a whiskey-straight,
 To keep the cold away?"
 "All right"—the cheerful answer—
 "That's just the talk for me!" [drinks
 And the smiling landlord mixed the
 And pocketed his fee.

Another day, the comrades
 Met at his door again;
 And now 'twas heat instead of cold,
 That made them all complain.
 "Thermometer at ninety,
 And such a blazing sun!
 Lets have a drink to cool us off."—
 No sooner said than done.
 There stood the smiling landlord—
 In his button-hole a flower;
 Hemixed for Tom a "whiskey-straight,"
 For Dick a "whiskey-sour."
 And when he found that Harry
 Inferred a "brandy-smash,"
 Hemixed it with as good a grace—
 And pocketed the cash.

A boy looked on, and wondered
 (A boy that was no fool)
 How drink could warm men up one day,
 And one day make them cool.
 "I doesn't stand to reason
 The thing can work both ways."
 The smiling landlord answered him,
 'No matter, if it pays.

"The whole thing's in a nutshell—
 When people want to drink,
 It warms them up, or cools them off,
 Just as they choose to think.
 It says—that's all I care for."
 The boy thought, "Yes, that's so;
 But how it pays the other folks,
 Is what I want to know."

'Twas easy to discover,
 For the downward road is quick,
 To men that drink for heat and cold,
 Like Harry, Tom, and Dick.
 Their business went to ruin,
 And they to want and shame;
 But the landlord mixed his liquors,
 And sold them all the same.

And so the boy learned wisdom.
 "He shan't grow rich on me;
 For I'll quench my thirst with water,
 God's own free gift!"—thought he.
 He kept his word, and prospered,
 In honest, sober ways;
 And, rich in health and happiness,
 His life shows "how it pays."

IT DOES NOT GIVE STRENGTH.

YOU hear people say that alcohol is good
 for giving strength and keeping in health.
 Don't you believe it! Some of those people
 who boast about its strength-giving properties
 point you to their *extended stomachs* and *over-
 hanging cheeks*. How stout they do look!
 Don't be carried away with it; it's all puff;
 it's not real; they are just blown out; they
 resemble an inflated bladder. Those carrying
 their beer-extended stomachs are not strong,
 though they have the look of it.

Do you really think, for instance, those great
 big beer-drinkers, with ruddy face and scarlet
 nose, are the powerful fellows they seem?
 Not you; don't you believe it. It's all out-
 look; there's no reality in it. Ask them, for
 instance, to push a barrow—and let it be an
 empty one—up an incline, and they'll hardly
 be induced to do it, or, if they did, ah, me!
 how they'll puff, and sigh, and steam. They
 wouldn't get over it for days, and I'll warrant
 you never again would they take on such a job.
 So that when you hear liquor praised as a
 strength-giver, don't believe it. But this *don't*
 will bear further illustration. If alcohol is so
 good for giving strength, as those who sound
 its praises say, why don't they give it to their
 babies and their children? That's a tickler
 for them, isn't it? I will tell you; they don't
 give it to the babies nor the children because
 it would almost be sure to kill them. And
 then, don't you see, if alcohol would end the
 life of a child, will it not tend to end—at
 least to shorten—the life of a grown-up person?
 If that's how you reason the matter out, surely
 we are brought to this, that alcohol is not fitted
 to give strength; that it doesn't conduce to
 the health of the body; that, in short, it is a
 perfect cheat, and we don't believe it. That
 will do as a proof of the perfect uselessness of
 alcohol as a strength-giver.

GRANDMOTHER TENDERDEN.

BY BRET HARTE.

MIND it was but yesterday,—
The sun was dim, the air was chill ;
Below the town, below the hill,
The sails of my son's ship did fill,—
My Jacob, who was cast away.

He said, "God keep you, mother, dear,"
But did not turn to kiss his wife ;
They had some foolish, idle strife ;
Her tongue was like a two-edged knife,
And he was proud as any peer.

Howbeit that night I took no note
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear ;
I marked not that the hills looked near,
Nor that the moon, though curved and clear,
Through curd-like scud did drive and float.

For with my darling went the joy
Of autumn woods and meadows brown ;
I came to hate the little town ;
It seemed as if the sun went down
With him, my only darling boy.

It was the middle of the night,
The wind it shifted west-by-south ;
It piled high up the harbour mouth ;
The marshes, black with summer drouth,
Were all abroad with sea-foam white.

It was the middle of the night,—
The sea upon the garden leapt,
And my son's wife in quiet slept,
And I, his mother, waked and wept,
When, lo ! there came a sudden light.

And there he stood ! his seaman's dress
All wet and dripping seemed to be ;
The pale blue fires of the sea
Dripped from his garments constantly,—
I could not speak through cowardness.

"I come through night and storm," he
said ;
"Through storm and night and death," said
he,
"To kiss my wife, if it so be
That strife still holds' twixt her and me,
For all beyond is Peace," he said.

"The sea is His, and He who sent
The wind and wave can soothe their strife ;
And brief and foolish is our life."
He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife,
Then sighed, and, like a dream, he went.

Now, when my darling kissed not me,
But her—his wife—who did not wake,
My heart within me seemed to break ;
I swore a vow ! nor thenceforth spake
Of what my clearer eyes did see.

And when the slow weeks brought him
not,
Somehow we spake of aught beside ;
For she,—her hope upheld her pride ;
And I,—in me all hope had died,
And my son passed as if forgot.

It was about the next spring-tide,
She pined and faded where she stood ;
Yet spake no word of ill or good ;
She had the hard, cold Edward's blood
In all her veins,—and so she died.

One time I thought, before she passed,
To give her peace, but ere I spake
Methought, "He will be first to break
The news in Heaven," and for his sake
I held mine back until the last.

And here I sit, nor care to roam ;
I only wait to hear his call ;
I doubt not that this day, next fall,
Shall see me safe in port ; where all
And every ship at last comes home.

And you have sailed the Spanish main,
And knew my Jacob ? . . . Eh ! Mercy !
Ah, God of wisdom ! hath the sea
Yielded its dead to humble me !
My boy ! . . . my Jacob . . . Turn again !

A QUEER FIX.

NAST evening, after waiting until eleven
o'clock for Mr. Parker to come home, I
went to bed. I had hardly composed myself
for slumber when I thought I heard the door-
bell ring ; and supposing Bob had forgotten
his latch-key, I descended for the purpose of
letting him in. When I opened the door, no
one was upon the porch ; and, although I was
dressed simply in a nightshirt, I stepped out

just beyond the doorway for the purpose of ascertaining if I could see any one who might have pulled the bell. Just as I did so the wind banged the door shut, and as it closed it caught a portion of my raiment which was fluttering about and held it fast. I was somewhat amused at first, and I laughed as I tried to pull the muslin from the door; but after making very violent exertion for that purpose, I discovered the material would not slip through. The garment was held so firmly that it could not possibly be removed. Then I determined to reach over to the other side of the doorway and pull the bell, in the hope that some one would hear it and come to my assistance. But, to my dismay, I found that the doorway was so wide, that even with the most desperate effort I could not succeed in touching the bell knob with the tips of my fingers.

Meantime, I was beginning to freeze, for the night was very cold, and my legs and feet were wholly unprotected.

At last a happy thought struck me. I might very easily creep out of the shirt and leave it hanging in the door until I rang the bell, and then I could slip back again and await the result. Accordingly, I began to withdraw from the garment, and I had just freed myself from it, and was about to pull the bell, when I heard some one coming down the street. As the moon was shining brightly, I became panic-stricken, and hurried into the garment again. In my confusion, I got it on backward, and found myself with my face to the wall; and then the person who was coming turned down the street just above my house, and didn't pass, after all.

I was afraid to try the experiment again, and I determined to shout for help. I uttered one cry, and waited for a response. It was a desperately cold night. I think the air must have been colder than it ever was before in the history of this continent. I stamped my feet in order to keep the blood in circulation, and then I shouted again for assistance. The river lay white and glistening in the light of the moon, and so clear was the atmosphere, so lustrous the radiance of the orb above, that I could plainly distinguish the dark line of the Jersey shore. It was a magnificent spectacle,

and I should have enjoyed it intensely if I had had my clothing. Then I began to think how very odd it was that a man's appreciation of the glorious majesty of nature should be dependent upon his trousers! how strange it was that cold legs should prevent an immortal soul from enjoying felicity! Man is always prosaic when he is uncomfortable. Even a slight indigestion is utterly destructive of sentiment. I defy any man to enjoy the finest poetry while his corns hurt him, or to feel a genuine affection while he has a severe cold in his head.

Then I cried aloud again for help, and an immediate response came from Cooley's new dog, which leaped over the fence and behaved as if it meditated an assault upon my defenceless calves. I was relieved from this dreadful situation by Bob, who came up the joyous whistling and singing in an especially joyous manner. He was a little frightened, I think, when he saw a figure in white upon the porch, and he paused for a moment before opening the gate, but he entered when I called to him, and, unlocking the door with his key, he released me, and went upstairs laughing heartily at my mishap.

WE'LL HELP.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

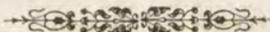
WHILE fathers plead and mothers pray,

We girls and boys will sing
To help the coming of the day
When all the world shall ring
With shouts that say, "That better day
Has come along at last;
The license sin we've put away,
The reign of rum is past!"

While brave men vote and women plead,

We'll help with cheerful song,
Until the man who runs may read,
And hear the mighty throng
Shout, "Clear the way! that better day
Has come along at last;
The cloud of sin is rolled away,
The reign of rum is past!"

THE SAFEST DRINK.



Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

A bet-ter time would soon appear, If all who now drink wine and beer, Would join with us, the

KEY G.	{	.d	m ., r : d . t,	l, .d : s, .s,	r .m : r .d	r .m : r		d	m ., r : d . t,
	.	s,	s, ., s, : s, .s,	l, .l : s, .s,	t, .d : t, .d	t, .d : t,		d	s, ., s, : s, .s,
	.	d	d ., d : d .d	f, .f, : d, .m,	s, .d : s, .m,	s, .d : s,		d,	d ., d : d .d

CHORUS.

temprance band, To spread the cause thro' all the land. Then a - way ! a - way ! a -

Then a - way, a - way, a - way, a-way, &c.

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

way from beer and wine; Our drink is wa - ter when we dine; For wa-ter as it

Our drink, our drink is wa-ter, wa-ter, wa-ter when we dine; &c.

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

flows a-long, Is the saf - est drink for old and young, Is the saf - est drink for old and young.

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

- 2 What pleasures would the drunkard gain
 Were he from drinking to abstain;
 O let us help him while we may,
 And lead him in a better way.—*Cho.*
- 3 From wine and beer, how often come
 A starving child, a cheerless home,
 A mother sinking to her grave,—
 A thoughtless father none could save.—*Cho.*
- 4 Let young and old at once begin,
 To shun whate'er may lead to sin;
 And let us all unite in one
 To help the cause of Temperance on.—*Cho.*

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

HODGE AND THE PUBLICAN.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE MALES AND ONE FEMALE.

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

SCENE: *Hodge, country bumpkin, talking to himself, and fumbling in his pockets.**Hodge.*

H. I'm dry to-day, an' no mistake. I wonder where I could get a pint for—let's see—a penny. A penny (*pulling it out*) is all the brass I've gotten, an' a gill wouldn't do me no good at all. Our Sally said, just before I coom'd out o' th' house, I ought to swim i' drink. (*Grimacing comically.*) Eh! shouldn't I loike that, an' no mistake. Wouldn't I oppen my mouth an' get a skin full! I would that! (*laughs loudly.*) Eh, but it would be first-rate, he! he! he! Eh, but I am dry! Now, what shall I do? I think I'll just call in at th' "Duck" an' see if I cannot get Blossom to trust me a penny. Happen he will; I've spent mony a pound wi' him. I'll try, at ony rate.

(*Walks to end of platform where Blossom stands, with jug and glass in hand, as though serving customers.*)

Blossom (seeing Hodge). Well, Hodge, it's a dry day.

H. So it be, Mester Blossom, a very dry day, an' I feel a bit dry mysen.

B. That's nothing fresh with thee, Hodge; hast been to work yet?

H. Nay, I haven't. Yo' see I'm too badly. If I could get a pint, I think I could manage to start, but I've only got a penny, an' that isn't enough brass for a pint, is it, Mester Blossom?

B. Thou doesn't need to ax that question, Hodge—thou knows it isn't. But thou can have a gill, a gill's better than none at all.

H. But I want a pint; I couldn't find i' my heart to put my lips to a gill, Mester Blossom. Can't yo' now, trust me th' other penny?

B. Trust thee? That I won't, so thou doesn't need to ax. I have to pay for my beer, and I don't give it away to every foo' as axes. If thou wants a gill let's have thy penny; if thou wants a pint thou can't get it here under twopence.

H. But for once, Mester Blossom—only for once. Yo' met let me have it for once; I've spent lots o' brass wi' you, an' you might stretch a pint for once, I'm so dry, yo' see!

B. It's no use thee talking, Hodge, because thou'll do no good with me. I never trust, an' if

I did, I shouldn't trust thee. So clear out an' make room for better folk.

H. But—

B. There's no buts about it. Clear out, before I put thee out. Does thou think I'm going to supply drink gratis to sich a lazy, drunken good-for-nothing as thee? Thou met drink me as big a foo' as thou art—get thee gone, I tell thee.

H. Then yo' waint let me have th' price of a gill?

B. Not a thimbleful, so get thee ways, and don't come here again, unless thou has brass to pay for what thou axes for. (*Here two or three come in.*) Now clear out, thy room's better than thy company. Let them come as have brass to spend.

(*H. is going out, when George stops him.*)

George. Where away, friend Hodge?

H. I don't know where I'm going; it's got to a fine pass when a chap like Blossom won't trust me a penny. I've spent scores of shillings with him, but now he's only insulting words for me when I ax a favour.

G. Do you say Blossom won't lend you a penny?

H. That's just it. Yo' see, I'm dry; it's a dry day. I have a penny, but that will ony buy a gill, an' I'm so dry a gill won't slake my thirst. I ax Blossom there to trust me the other penny, but he won't.

G. (to Blossom) Why won't you trust this man a drink, Blossom?

B. Because I won't; what business is it of yours?

G. Oh, it's all right, I was only asking a simple question. But look here, Blossom, it's mean of you to refuse the poor fellow a drink when he's dry. I've heard some of your language to him, and it's no credit to you.

B. Mind your own business, and you'll have enough to do. I shall neither trust him nor you with more than you can pay for. My drink's my own, I reckon, and not yours?

G. Certainly, certainly it is—that is if you have paid for it. And so far as I am concerned you can keep it. You'll get no more of my money, Blossom!

B. Come, now, you're getting vexed; I've no wish to vex you, but as for Hodge there, he's a perfect nuisance. If you think I've treated him badly I'll make amends and give him a pint for nowt.

G. It won't do, Blossom; you've gone too far this time, and you'll not throw dust in my eyes. Before I'd take your pint, if I were Hodge, I'd die of thirst. (*To Hodge.*) Look here, friend, you

take my advice, go home and go to bed and get your wife to make you some good strong tea, and tell her that if you live till you're a hundred years old you won't drink any more beer. If you can stand the insults of this man, who has robbed you of many a bright sovereign and now spurns you from him because you haven't as much as will pay for a pint, you are sunk low enough in all conscience. I'm not one of the wisest of men myself, or I wouldn't be found here, but I'll eat my own head if anybody catches me here again. Come along, Hodge, I'll take you home.

H. Bur landlord says he'll give me a pint for nowt! (*Winks at George.*)

B. So I will, Hodge. See thee, here it is. (*Holds up the jug.*) I was only larking wi' thee, man. Does thou think I could turn an old customer like thee away for th' sake of a pint? Here, tak' it, an' sup it up, lad!

G. (*sneeringly.*) Will you stand that, Hodge?

H. (*aside.*) Let's see how far he will goo. (*Aloud.*) Why shouldn't I? Blossom says he wor only larking wi' me, an' surely I con stond a lark! Bur I don't think a pint 'ould be enough to sleek my thirst—it 'ould ony make me feel moor dry.

B. Well, to show thee I meant nowt, thou shall have a quart. I'm none again giving a quart o' beer away to a friend and a customer when he's hard up. Sup up this pint and I'll fetch thee another. Why doesn't take it when I offer it to thee?

H. I'm just thinking, Blossom.

B. What art thinking about? Sup this up first, and then tell me.

H. Nay, I'll tell yo' afore I sup that, Mester Blossom. Happen, if I drank that first I couldn't tell yo', or if I could yo' happen wouldn't believe me. I'm very dry, Mester Blossom; bur, see yo', afore I'll drink ony more of your ale my throat shall burn a thousand times worsen than it does now. That's what I'm thinking!

B. You are a fool, Hodge.

H. I've been a fool up to now, that's certain, bur now I'm coming to my senses. I've drunk as much o' your ale as 'ould scald a pig, but it's th' last as 'll ever go down my throttle.

G. Bravo, friend Hodge.

B. Why, what have I done to turn yo' all again me? It's you, George, is at th' bottom o' all this.

G. Aye, an' I'm glad to have the honour of having that said about me, Blossom. I've been told many a time that publicans and brewers, and the like, care nothing for anybody but to make money out of them, and they sell their stuff when they know it is poisoning the nation and debasing

and degrading the poor people who take it. This is the first time I've had a chance to see how a publican will treat those who have spent all their money with him and want trust—even if it's only a penny. Aye, aye, Blossom, I'm glad to know that I can influence Hodge here to refuse your hypocritical attempts at reconciliation after your gross insults.

B. (*furiously.*) Out you go, both of you, you drunken, lazy wastrels! It's a bonny come-up if I mun be insulted like this by a couple of fools like you, who haven't a sixpence between you. Out you go, I tell you, before I help you out with my foot!

H. (*comically.*) Keep quiet, Blossom; doan't get excited; thou might damage thy constitution. It would never do for thee to offer to kick us out, because thou couldn't do it.

G. Come along, Hodge; let us leave him to his own reflections. He's only like his beer, froth on the top and very little under it.

H. Ha! ha! ha! ho! Good-day, Blossom, yo'll never see me ony more—at least, net i' sich a place as this. (*G. and H. Exit.*)

B. Consarn it, I've lost two of my best customers through being too niggardly. If I'd known how it 'ould end I'd have given that carrot-headed Hodge a skinfull for nowt. But it's net him's to blame, it's that George. I never could make him out. He's had too much larning for one like me—cuss him. Well, I mun make th' best on it—try an' catch another fool or two. When I do catch 'em they shan't slip off my hook for th' sake o' a glass or two o' ale on th' tick. (*Looks round.*) Why, all my customers are gone—every one! This is a bonny come-up, an' no mistake. I've a good mind to give up this business an' take to summat honest; for I mun say, between me an' the pigs, there's not so much honesty in selling drink. I'll go an' talk about it with the wife; I know what she'll say—for she never did like the business an' I couldn't get her to serve for a pension—she'll say, "Blossom, do give it up, an' then God will happen bless us, for He never will bless us while we are in sich a wicked trade as this." (*Rubs his head.*) I've a good mind to do it. (*Stamps his foot.*) I will, this very day! (*Exit.*)

Mrs. B. I have heard every word my husband has said, and it has filled my heart full of thankfulness and joy. I can't bear such a business; it seems like robbery to take the last pennies of men and women who have drunk and drunk till they have destroyed themselves body and soul. No, I'll have nothing to do with it. A curse is on it; money made by selling drink will never bring happiness. Good-bye. I'll go and congratulate

my husband on the decision he has come to, and help him to devise a nobler, better, purer way of earning a livelihood. (*Exit.*)

THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

BY MARY A. BARR.

IN the best chamber of the house,
Shut up in dim, uncertain light,
There stood an antique chest of drawers,
Of foreign wood, with brasses bright.
One morn a woman frail and gray
Stepp'd totteringly across the floor—
"Let in," said she, "the light of day—
Then, Jean, unlock the bottom drawer!"

The girl, in all youth's loveliness,
Knelt down with eager, curious face;
Perchance she dreamt of Indian silks,
Of jewels, and of rare old lace.
But when the summer sunshine fell
Upon the treasures hoarded there,
The tears rushed to her tender eyes,
Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

"Dear Grandmamma!" she softly sigh'd,
Lifting a withered rose and palm;
But on the elder face was naught
But sweet content and peaceful calm.
Leaning upon her staff, she gazed
Upon a baby's half-worn shoe;
A little frock of finest lawn;
A hat with tiny bows of blue—

A ball made fifty years ago;
A little glove; a tassel'd cap;
A half-done long division sum;
Some school books fasten'd with a strap.
She touch'd them all with trembling lips—
"How much," she said, "the heart can
bear!"

Ah Jean! I thought that I should die,
The day that I first laid them there.

"But now it seems so good to know
That all throughout these weary years
Their hearts have been untouched by grief,
Their eyes have been unstained by tears.
Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight,
When earthly love is almost o'er;
Those children wait me in the skies,
For whom I lock'd that sacred drawer."

"THOU'RT SO LIKE THY MOTHER!"

MAUDE ARNOLD.

ISEE thee, my blue-eyed daughter,
My darling with golden hair,
And I hear thy rippling laughter,
Ring out on the summer air.
And through thee speaketh another,
And I smile despite my pain,
For, oh! thou'rt so like thy mother,
In thee I see her again.
For, oh! thou'rt so like thy mother—
Thy mother, child, and my wife—
She whom I loved o'er all other,
My heart, my soul, and my life.

I see thee, my blue-eyed daughter,
When the long years have gone by;
But hushed is thy merry laughter,
And low doth my darling lie.
Yet through thy smile gleams another,
To gladden its paling light,
For, oh! thou'rt so like thy mother,
When she lay silent and white.
For, oh! thou'rt so like thy mother—
Thy mother, child, and my wife—
She whom I loved o'er all other,
My heart, my soul, and my life.

I see thee, my blue-eyed daughter,
And the angels see thee above,
And ringeth thy rippling laughter,
Up there in the land of love:
And still I think of another,
Another I loved so well,
For, oh! thou'rt so like thy mother,
With whom thou hast gone to dwell.
For, oh! thou'rt so like thy mother—
Thy mother, child, and my wife—
She whom I loved o'er all other,
My heart, my soul, and my life.

JACK SPRAT AND HIS WIFE.

JACK SPRAT would drink no beer,
And his wife would drink no brandy.
Between them both
There was a loaf,
And meat and butter handy.
Says Jack, "If I drank,
I'd have nothing in bank,
And be poor as tippling Sandy."

—From "Mother Goose for Temperance Nurseries."

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No. 245.—May, 1890.]

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GENTLE BESSIE.

GENTLE BESSIE.



T often is the case that those who are lame, or in some way incapacitated from entering into the activities of life, possess the most amiable and attractive spirits. Suffering brings patience, and patience meekness and resignation; and so the spirit is made gentle and loving, sympathetic and thoughtful; and the weakly ones thus become instruments for good to those who, overflowing with healthful vigour, are apt to forget in their might and strength the God who made them and who every moment sustains them in their activities.

Bessie Lee had never known a day entirely free from pain; from a child she was afflicted with rheumatism in all her joints. Sometimes for days together she could not move from her couch, and when able to move it was only by the aid of crutches, for her ankles refused to sustain the weight of her body. But in spite of all this she possessed a spirit which was almost angelic. Her pale face was suffused with a radiance and a beauty which had their sources deep down in her gentle, loving, thoughtful nature.

Bessie was left much alone in the little cottage, for her widowed mother had to work at the farm-house to earn a livelihood. At such times, when well enough, she sat in the big arm-chair near the window knitting, singing softly and communing with herself. In winter a robin hopped on the window-sill and peeped in at her through the diamond panes and piped his sweet notes, and she would smile at him and talk to him about his pretty dress and his beautiful eyes. Her mother always put crumbs on the sill before going to work. When spring came she daily watched the opening buds and listened to the joyous notes of the birds, and she would throw the window open and let in the sweet, pure air. She could hear, too, the voices of merry, light-hearted children, going to and returning from school, and she pictured to herself their bright eyes and rosy cheeks and dimpled chins. And on Sunday morning, the sound of the bells from the old church tower, calling people to worship and praise, filled her soul with holy thoughts of Him who died "the just for the

unjust to bring us to God." The good rector often called to see her and hold converse with her, and many a lesson did he learn himself, and many a sermon did he preach to others, as the outcome of those visits. The rector's daughter, too, loved to sit with gentle Bessie and talk with her. She was beloved by everybody, old and young, rich and poor, for everybody in and around the village knew of "Lame Bessie" and of her loving, subdued, Christ-like spirit.

Of all those who visited Bessie there was not one more unselfishly devoted and more constant than Gerald Lee, the handsome, honest-faced, open-hearted son of the farmer for whom Bessie's mother worked. Gerald was two years older than Bessie, but she had captured his young heart by her gentleness. No knight was ever more chivalrous than he was to the lame child. He would run miles to get something for which she expressed a desire, and anything that came into his possession, if he thought it would yield her pleasure, was joyfully carried to the humble cottage.

Our artist has drawn for us an exquisite picture of Bessie and Gerald. It is early spring-time; the trees are beginning to crack and the buds are ready to burst forth into the sunlight. Gerald has been to the woods searching for something; long did he wander, his eyes bent on the ground. Coming to a shaded bank his heart bounded with joy, for there he beheld the first primrose, just opening its yellow corola to the sun. Soon it was plucked, together with a few leaves; and with animated face and fleet steps he hastens to present the precious first-fruit of the glad spring-time to Bessie. See how he holds out the tiny flower to the delighted girl, like some strong yet graceful knight; how she takes it in her delicate fingers to look at and examine over and over again, and how she lifts her child-eyes to her young friend, and says, "Oh, thank you, Gerald, it is kind of you to think of me!"

Years after, in one of our religious serials, there appeared a series of articles from the pen of an unknown writer, which brought delight and comfort and spiritual blessing to thousands of weary and heavy-laden hearts.

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HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

BENEATH the hot midsummer sun,
The men had marched all day :
And now beside a rippling stream,
Upon the grass, they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said ;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried ;
"There's none but true men here ;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm —
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own His cause" —
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song ; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose, [night ;
"Thanks to you all ; my friends, good-
God grant us sweet repose !"

"Sing us one more," the Captain begged ;
The soldier bent his head ;
Then, glancing 'round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing the old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle-call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah, wondrous was the old tune's spell,
As on the singer sung ;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rung.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard ;
But ah, the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

WATER-DROPS AND WINE-DROPS.

BY E. L. BENEDICT.

(For Boy and Girl.)

WATER-DROPS.

UP from the breast of the great blue sea,
Where cleansing winds blow long and
loud,
I mount on a sunbeam's warm, bright wings
To a lofty seat in a shadowy cloud.

Down from the clouds on a rainy day
Gladly I drop to the earth below,
Wetting the trees and the thirsty soil,
Till down in its rich depths the young roots
grow.

Out from a seam in a gray old rock,
Clear as a crystal gem, I burst,
Eager again to return to my work,
Washing stains away, quenching thirst.

Bubbling and sparkling I journey on,
Carrying comfort to all I pass,
Bathing the bobolink's gay, glossy coat,
Sprinkling the meadow-bank, cooling the
grass ;

Etching in winter the frosty pane,
Dressing the flower-stalks in crystal gowns,
Crusting the skating-ponds firm and smooth,
Laying up ice for the great hot towns.

WINE-DROPS.

Squeezed and pressed from the bruised grape,
Bottled and corked, we are hurried away
To cellars mouldy, dark, and damp,
And there for many a month we lay.

Out once more to the light of day,
Muddy and strong, we are brought at last,
Fixed up with various poisonous things,
And on to the busy world's market passed.

Red and strong, from many a cup,
Carrying woe to all who drain,
Into the blood of man we go,
Clouding the senses, burning the brain.

Catching the eye of a gay young man,
We tempt him on with spicy breath,
Until we poison his strong young veins,
And sow in his body the seeds of death.

Breaking hearts in many a home,
Filling towns with hate and strife,
Wasting property, houses, and lands,
Burning up hope, and health, and life.

BOTH.

Which is most beautiful, pure, and good,
Wine-drops or water-drops—which do you
think?

Which is the best for a thirsty world,
Wine-drops or water-drops—which will you
drink?

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

WHERE'S an Afghan adage that wittily
shows

One can't tamper with evil purely; [goes,
"If you live with the blacksmith," the proverb
"You will burn your clothes, most surely."

Remember, my lad, that a snake's a snake,
Though its skin be of brilliant beauty,
And never let fair appearances make
You swerve from the path of duty.

The tiger, they say, seems crouching, a cat;
But, oh! how terrible, leaping;
The sin you to-day are laughing at,
To-morrow may cause you weeping.

The best way to turn from a course that's bad
Is not at first to pursue it;
Unless you adopt this plan, my lad,
In sorrow and shame you'll rue it.

THAT AWFUL BOY.

A FAMILY of some pretensions, living on
Nelson Street, had a party of five to tea
on 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 virtials 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, "Miss 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.—*From Mr. Miggs of Danbury.*

TRUE BRAVERY.

BY A. H. HUTCHISON.

THE mighty waves upon the rocks
Beat with an angry roar,
And in the night a helpless ship
Was thrown upon the shore.

The lifeboat then was manned in haste
And launched upon the wave,
And pulled towards the breaking wreck
The perilled crew to save.

The sea is high, the danger great,
But early in the morn
The burdened boat with its brave crew
Safe to the land is borne.

* * *

Some lads, upon a summer's day
Went out in search of fun,
And wandered through the pleasant woods
Until the set of sun;

When tired they rested 'neath the trees,
Cigars were passed around;
When one refused the offered treat
No sympathy he found.

Though loud they laughed at his resolve,
Their laughter was in vain,
He still refused to soil his breath
And cloud his active brain.

I never saw those boys till then,
Yet I am pretty sure
That *one*, no matter where he is,
Is noble, brave, and pure.

* * *

'Tis bravery to risk your life
Another life to save;
To do what's right, though others laugh,
Is also truly brave.

We cannot all be lifeboat men
Upon the stormy sea,
But we can both be brave and pure
Wherever we may be.

HE DIDN'T SMOKE.

ONE Sunday evening a father and his little son went out for a walk. The father was about to light his pipe when the little boy said to him:

"I wouldn't smoke if I were you, father."

"Why not, my son?"

"Why, it is just what I see so many dirty little street boys do. Pray don't imitate them, father."

The father could not help smiling, but he put his pipe away in his pocket.

22.—Star of Love.

May be sung as Solo, or Duet for Treble and Alto.

F. L. BRISTOW.



Star of love! star of love, Be my guid-ing star; Bright-ly beam.

KEY E flat.

{	m . m : m	s . s : s	l . l : l . l	s : —	t . t : l
	d . d : d	m . m : m	f . f : f . f	m : —	r . r : d
	s . s : s	d' . d' : d'	d' . d' : d' . d'	d' : —	s . s : s
	d . d : d	d . d : d	d . d : d . d	d : —	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁



bright-ly beam From thy home a - far, Thy lov - ing, lov-ing light Will

{	s . s : f	m . m : f . m	r : — r	m . m : m . m	m : — m
	t ₁ . t ₁ : r	d . d : r . d	t ₁ : — t ₁	d . d : r . r	d : — d
	s . s : s	s . s : s . s	s : — s	s . s : se . se	l : — d'
	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	s ₁ : — s ₁	d . d : t ₁ . t ₁	l ₁ : — l ₁



keep my feet a - right, Thy gen - tle, gen - tle ray, Will cheer me day by

{	s . s : f . f	m : — m	m . m : m . m	m : — m	s . s : f : f
	m . m : r . r	d : — d	d . d : r . r	d : — d	m . m : r . r
	d' . d' : t . s	s : — s	s . s : se . se	l : — d'	d' . d' : t . s
	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	d : — d	d . d : t ₁ . t ₁	l ₁ : — l ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ : s ₁

day, And in the si- lent night, When an- gel eyes are bright, Thy

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

CHORUS.

watch-ful care will keep Me safe when I'm a - sleep. Oh, be my guid-ing

{	m . m : m . m	m :-m	f . r : d . t,	d :-s	3 . s : s . l
	t, . t, : r . r	d :-d	r . l, : s, . s,	s, :-	:
	se . se : t . t	l :-l	l . f : m . r	m :-	:
	m, m, : m, m,	l :-l	f, f, : s, . s,	d :-	:

star..... Oh, be my guid-ing star..... Oh, be my guid-ing star.

Chorus pp.

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

2 Star of love, star of love,
 Be my guiding star;
 Brightly beam, brightly beam,
 From thy home afar;
 Thy rays so gently fall
 Upon the little flowers,

On waving leafy trees,
 And ever blooming bow'rs;
 The fragrant forests ring,
 As song-birds sweetly sing,
 I ever, ever see,
 Thy tender care for me.

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MR. KEEN AND HIS BOYS.

A DIALOGUE FOR SEVEN.

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

SCENE: *Mr. Keen sitting on chair, with boys on form in front of him.*

Mr. Keen.

NOW boys, see here, I want you to help me try and set the world right—rather a big job isn't it?

John. Rather, sir; I fancy you'll find it above your mark. In reading history I find many great men have tried their hand at the work and failed.

Alick. But perhaps Mr. Keen has a new plan to propose, John, and it may be better than the plans of those you have read about. My father was saying only last night the world is getting very wise and he didn't know what the end of all the inventions and discoveries would be. He rather inclined to believe that it was a sign the end was coming altogether.

Mark. That's nonsense—begging your father's pardon, Alick. Why should the world be coming to an end because men are growing wiser and cleverer and are able to understand God's creation and God's laws better? I don't see why ignorance should keep the earth revolving and cleverness put a spoke in its wheel and bring it to smash!

Mr. K. Stop, stop, my boys, you are beginning to discuss subjects foreign to the one I intended. I'm afraid you will soon get too clever for your teacher. Now, John, I didn't say I *could* set the world right, but I want you to help me *try* and set the world right. Those men you read of in history did what they could, and I am sure not one of them, who was honest in his intentions, failed entirely.

J. What do you want us to do, sir? I'm ready.

A. So am I.

M. And I.

Peter. And I.

William. I think we may say, Mr. Keen, we are all ready to assist you so far as we can.

Mr. K. Well, that is honest of you, and I am sure you mean what you say; I shall ask you only to do what lies in every one's power to do. I have long been convinced that the greatest evil in the world is the almost universal use of intoxicating drinks.

J. Oh! oh!

Mr. K. I see, John, you "smell a rat," as we sometimes say. Well, I'm glad you do. I want

you all first to sign the pledge of total abstinence, then help me to try and set the world right.

J. I thought, sir, you were going to attempt an impossibility. The world won't be persuaded it is wrong on that point.

Mr. K. But if I am certain it is wrong, and if I can persuade you it is wrong, I have a notion we can influence others to see as we see. Remember, too, there are many others scattered up and down who are of my opinion; indeed, there are thousands and tens of thousands who never touch, taste, or handle strong drinks. I want to begin another centre of usefulness here, among you: if I can get you all to sign the pledge and begin to work, we shall do something, perhaps a great deal, to set the world right.

P. But do you not think, Mr. Keen, the world may be right in using strong drink, and that the wrong comes in only when the weaker part of mankind *abuse its use*. For instance, my father is now nigh on fifty years old; he has taken strong drink almost all his life, yet never abused it; do you think *he* is wrong? He is strong and hearty, is what you would call a good man; and I never saw him intoxicated and I don't believe he ever was. You see what I mean, sir?

Mr. K. Quite well, Peter; you have put the case very clearly, and I shall, by and bye, have pleasure in giving an answer. Perhaps someone else has another question to ask.

M. It always strikes me that teetotalism is opposed to the teaching of the Bible—especially the teaching of Christ. For instance, in no instance, that I remember, does Christ condemn the use of wine. It seems to me, sir, He looks upon its use as quite natural. Was He not at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee and turned water into wine for the guests? And He says in one place, "John came neither eating nor drinking and they say He hath a devil; the Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a mangluttonous and a wine-bibber." Does not that passage show that Christ was not a teetotaler—that He took wine at the houses where He dined? It is true He declares no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but He never declares that a man who takes wine will be debarred from entering the kingdom. Is it not rather the use of all things temperately that He commends rather than that He condemns one particular drink? You'll forgive me mentioning these thoughts of mine, sir; I have had them many times.

Mr. K. Right glad I am you have such thoughts, Mark. It shows you have a mind that is not content to accept without careful enquiry. Your questions are akin to John's, and perhaps I can

answer both at the same time. Now, is there another wishing to ask a question?

A. Well, sir, isn't drink good for medicine? We often hear people say a glass of beer or a glass of gin or whiskey or rum does them good. It was only the other day a neighbour of ours went to the doctor, and the doctor told him if he would drink a glass of the best whiskey toddy every night before going to bed he would soon be all right. If a doctor recommends strong drink I think it must be good as a medicine.

W. Oh, as to that, doctors don't always give their patients the best advice; besides, some of them take drink themselves, though they know it does them harm. There's a young doctor just got sent away from Dr. Blank's in our street for getting drunk. He couldn't be trusted to keep sober at any time, and he was always telling people to get a glass of spirits for their ailments, and if he could get a chance he'd accompany them to the public-house to see they took his prescription properly, and he generally got a glass himself to show them how to take it. I don't believe in doctors recommending strong drink as medicine—the best doctors tell people not to take it on any account.

Mr. K. William is right. We now know that drink is *not* good as a medicine—that it inflames the tissues, injures the liver and kidneys, causes disease of the brain, and sets the heart working at an abnormal rate. A man who wishes to continue in genuine good health will think twice before he takes strong drink into his stomach. Alcohol stimulates, but it never heals or cures; it makes people who take it feel for the time being better, but it gives no permanent relief—on the contrary, it draws on the future. The evidence given by Insurance Companies is positive proof that he who takes no drink at all lives longer than he who takes it even in moderation. Are there any more questions?

Harry. Doesn't the almost universal use of strong drink prove that mankind needs a stimulant? I mean, doesn't man demand something of the kind to keep him going?

Mr. K. That question, so far as the demanding to keep man going, has just been answered. Without drink man keeps going longer than with. It is all nonsense to say man needs a stimulant such as that. Its almost universal use shows that a false appetite has been created, and there are plenty of men who will encourage its use for the profit it brings to themselves. Do I need drink? I can and do live happily without it. But if I were to begin taking it I should create an appetite for it, and by and by my system, having become diseased, would cry, "Give! give!" The boy

who never tastes will grow to manhood without the desire and certainly without the need. We get all the stimulant we need from our natural food, from pure water and fresh air. Nature supplies the requirements; we need not fly to unnatural productions made by man.

J. But you have not answered *my* questions, sir!

Mr. K. If there are no more questions to ask, I will endeavour to answer you, John. Are there any more? It seems not, so I will reply to John's questions—"May not the world be right in using strong drink, and that the wrong comes in only when the weaker part of mankind abuse its use?" I think that is the question you asked, John?

J. Yes, sir; that's it exactly, and I gave my father's case as an example.

Mr. K. You did, and a pointed as well as homely example it is. In the first place there cannot be a right and a wrong in a question of this sort. Strong drink *is* strong drink whichever way you look at it. Analyse it, you find it contains a poison of the most deadly nature, and the poison is inimical to the well-being of the human body. You may take a little and *pro rata* harm is done; but harm is done however little you take. This can be proved,—has been proved again and again. Dr. Richardson says no human body which absorbs alcohol, even in small doses, can be in vigorous health. So that you see you can make no distinction between *use* and *abuse*, for what you call *use* is *abuse*, though on a lesser scale. What you call the weaker part of mankind, whom you infer abuse strong drink because they take more of it than others, are, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, persons who have increased the dose, because by constant use the smaller dose has lost its palpable effect upon them. The confirmed drunkard is the man who has passed through all the stages of small, larger, larger still, until he will drink as much as he can secure. You say your father is nigh on fifty and has taken drink all his life, yet he is strong and robust. That may all be true so far as the eye can detect. If he has taken small doses of alcohol the injury will be small, and nature is always at work repairing the tissues and putting in order what has been displaced. But do not be so sure your father has suffered no injury. Facts are stubborn things, and the facts of the Insurance Societies show that men *are* injured and their lives shortened even by *small* doses. But is it nothing that at least from sixty to a hundred thousand people die every year directly from the use of alcohol? This alone to me is one of the most serious sides of the question. I may say, "Oh, I am a moderate drinker!" But I cannot

get over the fact that this drink is slaying my fellows at an enormous rate; and that I am, by my example and boast, encouraging drinking. Would it not be wiser, more humane, for me to say, "I can live very well without drink, and I will, for it curses other men if it doesn't seem to harm me"?

J. Yes, sir; that view seems the right one.

Mr. K. As to Mark's question about the Bible not condemning strong drink, I think the Bible condemns everything that is sinful or that leads us into sin. I am quite sure Christ never made wine that would intoxicate the guests at the marriage feast. If He had done that He would have been leading men into sin, and I have yet to learn that He who did no sin set a snare to entrap others. The whole genius of the Bible teaching is contrary to the supposition that the wine Christ drank was fomented and intoxicating. It was the juice of the grape, and I think Dr. F. R. Lees, one of the greatest authorities on this question, has settled the point in his book on the wines of the Bible. But anyway, when we see the present-day drunkenness, the gorgeous temples where drink is sold, the vast breweries and distilleries where drink is made, and know the sin, sorrow, degradation, crime, pauperism caused by its use, we cannot, if we are right-minded and have hearts to feel, countenance such a huge system of wrong. What say you, boys? Will you help me to try and set the world right?

All. We will, sir! (*They rise and wave their hats.*)

Mr. K. Here is a sheet—every one sign; and we will form a Juvenile Temperance Society, and together see what we can do to stem the torrent that is making such havoc in our midst. (*They all sign the pledge.*)

Mr. K. Thank you and bless you, my lads. Next week I will lay before you a plan of action. Good night.

All. Good night, sir! (*They crowd round him, shake hands, and exit.*)

ALL THE CHILDREN.

Y SUPPOSE if all the children
Who have lived through the ages long
Were collected and inspected,
They would make a wondrous throng.
O the babble of the Babel!
O the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women
Who are now and who have been—
Every nation since creation

That this world of ours has seen!
And of all of them, not any
But was once a baby small;
While of children, O how many
Have not grown up at all!

Some have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet.
And, indeed, I wonder whether
If we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them and caress them?
Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise them? Who will scold them?
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
Little savage children too,
In all stages, of all ages,
That our planet ever knew;
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars wan and faint—
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
Such a motley crowd would make,
And the clatter of their chatter,
And the things that they would break!
O the babble of the Babel!
O the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish off with us.

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 246.—June, 1890.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



LITTLE HARRY'S SICKNESS.

LITTLE HARRY'S SICKNESS.

LITTLE Harry Brown had been very sick ; indeed he had been so sick that his parents and brothers and sisters thought he was going to die, and little Harry had said to his dear mother, "Ma, I shall never be able to rise from my bed again," which brought the tears to her eyes, and made her feel very anxious. But under careful treatment and kind nursing the disease had run its course, and little Harry, though still weak and pale and thin, was able to sit up in bed, propped by pillows, and look at the picture books his brother Jack had brought for his amusement. How glad everybody was to see Harry so much better ! All in the house loved him, because he was the youngest child and the "pet," and also because he possessed such a pleasant and kindly nature. His mother, to whom little Harry is very precious, felt a great burden lifted off her heart when the doctor told her all danger was now past. She went into her own bedroom, and closing the door, knelt and

reverently thanked God for sparing her darling boy, while tears of gratitude flowed down her cheeks.

We hope when Harry grows to be a man he will still possess the kindly nature that makes him so lovable as a boy ; and when temptations to evil assail him—as they are sure to assail everybody at one time or another—he may be safely kept from falling. And this will surely be so if he puts his trust in the God of his mother and prays for divine assistance.

Children little know—they cannot fully know—the care and thought and anxiety parents feel on their account. And when they grow up selfish and mean, and sometimes rebellious and wicked, parents are made to suffer, and they carry in their hearts a continual sorrow. We hope the boys and girls who read this may never forget a father's kindness and a mother's love, but ever strive to cultivate a noble spirit and manifest to all a tender and lovable disposition.

HERE A LITTLE AND THERE A LITTLE.

BY MARY J. DIGGENS.

FROM the southern shores of our island home
To the northern heights has the war-cry gone :
And the blast of the trumpet from sea to sea
Called her sons to battle for liberty.

Ye have heard the trumpet blast ;
Tramp of foemen filing past :
Seen the tyrant's banner red
Floating proudly overhead :
Witnessed scenes of speechless woe
Equalled not on earth below.

And the foemen are children of Britains brave,
Who were ever ready the weak to save.

Drink still marcheth on apace,
First and foremost in the race ;
Making breaches as he goes,
Doing mischief no one knows,
Till the mighty floods sweep by ;
And unwary victims die.

And the victims are children of Britons brave,
Who were ever ready the weak to save.

Drink hath many servants, all

Ready to obey his call :
Slowly inch by inch to move
Should he cautiousness approve :
Corners small content to fill
Should it be his lordly will.

And his servants are children of Britons brave,
Who were ever ready the weak to save.

Drink is patient, Drink is strong ;
Tires not though he waiteth long ;
Does not in his strength despise
Small allurements for his prize :
Draws with smiles each single one
Till a mighty host is won.

And the soldiers are children of Britons brave,
Who were ever ready the weak to save.

Learn a lesson from your foe,
Let not drops to rivers grow :
Ere the soul impure be made
Let the evil hand be stayed :
Stoop to pluck the tiny weed
Ere it shed its tiny seed.

And the children and fathers of Britons brave
Will be saved the shame of a drunkard's grave.

TEETOTAL JEM.

"WHAT for be you teetotal, Jem?"
 Quoth "Drinking Dick" one day.
 "Teetotal Jem" looked straight at him,
 And smilingly did say:

"Teetotal keeps me warm and dry,
 And right well clothed and fed;
 Teetotal many things will buy—
 Tea, sugar, meat, and bread!

"Teetotal makes me strong and well,
 A hard day's work to do;
 And, 'Drinking Dick,' I plainly tell
 I could beat two of you!

"Teetotal keeps me clear and cool;
 I know what I'm about,
 Teetotal sends the chicks to school,
 Keeps dirt and dulness out.

"Teetotal leads towards godliness,
 And godliness is gain;
 Teetotal will bring happiness
 And blessings in its train.

"Teetotal! What more can I say
 To praise it than before?
 It is teetotal wins the day;
 That's why I drink no more."

TEDDIE'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

THE children sat at the frugal board,
 The father had gone away;
 Said the gentle mother, with a nod,
 "Who'll ask the blessing to-day?"

"I will," said Teddie, the least of the flock;
 "Now all of us shut our eyes."
 And with loving thanks for their simple
 stock,

With an air so manly and wise,

He added: "We thank you, God, that when
 A little money we have,
 We do not spend it for rum. Amen."
 And his look was very grave.

Dear mamma smiled; but well she knew
 He was thinking of neighbour Flynn,
 Who spent the most of his shillings few
 At the tavern close by for gin.

And she was glad that his little eyes
 Were open the sin to see,
 And the precious blessing of God to prize
 When the home from drink is free;
 And that it was wrong for people to spend
 The means God gives for food
 For that which must always to sorrow tend,
 And rob them of every good.

THE AMENDMENT ALPHABET.

BY HATTIE D. CASTLE.

For nine little girls or boys. Each to have a card-board suspended round the neck with the letter they represent painted in large letters.

A stands for all;
 And we ask one and all
 To join the good fight
 Against King Alcohol.

M stands for men;
 And we ask them to-night
 To stand up for temperance
 And "dare to do right."

E stands for earnest;
 May I, and may you,
 Be earnest and honest,
 Sober and true.

(Turning N.

You think these letters spell *amen*,
 And that's the place to stop: but then
 Just wait until we're all in sight,
 Then say "Amen!" with all your might.

D stands for drunkard;
 We wish there were none;
 We think there'll be fewer,
 Before we are done.

M stands for merry,
 As many will be
 When from this evil
 Our country is free.

E stands for enter;
 We pray never more
 Our loved ones may enter
 The rumseller's door.

N stands for never;
 We'll never give o'er
 Till the strong arm of law
 Shuts the rumseller's door.

T stands for triumph;
 'Tis coming, 'tis nigh;
 A glorious triumph
 We'll have by and by.

TWO PATHS.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY LILIAN ARNOLD.

CHAPTER I.

THE time was four o'clock on a hot summer's afternoon; the school doors stood open, and the children, just released, came skipping and running down the green leafy lane like so many lambs out for a gambol. After them came the village schoolmaster, far more sedately however. He was a gentlemanly man of middle age, with hair already grey, and stooping shoulders. He stopped before a pretty cottage standing in the middle of a dear, quaint old garden, and pushing open the gate went in with an ease which proclaimed him "at home." It would be hard to say which was the prettier of the two girls who ran to greet him,—golden-haired Bessie, with the sweet pale face and serious eyes, or Jessie, dark-haired and eyed, with roses glowing on her bonny cheeks. Bess was watering the flowers on the window-sill when the schoolmaster came up the path. "Here's father. Is tea ready, Jess?" she cried to her sister, who was toasting the tea-cakes.

"Very nearly," responded Jessie, springing up and running to meet him. "Come in, dear!"

"How hot you look!"

"No wonder," rejoined the girl energetically, "toasting on a baking afternoon like this is warm work, nearly as bad as teaching those little marplots. Never mind, now we'll push the table up to the window and get all the breezes."

"How energetic you are, Jessie," said her sister, watching the light figure darting hither and thither, now to the pantry for the cream, then into the garden for the strawberries and a great bunch of cream roses to deck the table. "It makes me tired to look at you."

"You ought to be a fine lady, Bessie. Now that would never suit me at all."

"Nor Bessie either," said the schoolmaster. "I hope both my daughters will be useful women. Bob won't want a fine lady for his wife, eh, Bessie?"

"No, father," replied his daughter, beginning to pour out tea, while Jessie, with her usual vivacity, changed the subject.

"Talking about 'the cup that cheers, but not inebriates,' who do you think has been here to-day?"

"I really can't attempt to guess," said Mr. Barber, contentedly sipping his tea. "You had better tell me, my dear."

"The Squire!" put in Bessie, excitedly. "Just fancy, he came in and sat down on one of those old chairs."

"Well, he wouldn't sit on the table I suppose, you silly child," laughed Jessie.

"But fancy him sitting down at all here, I meant," said Bessie.

"Why not, pray; the chairs are clean I hope?"

"Of course. But the Squire of a place doesn't generally sit down and chat with the schoolmaster's daughters."

"Perhaps Squire Daly has exceptionally good taste then. What did he come for, girls?"

"Oh, father! he is going to form a Temperance league here in B—, and wants all the people to join."

"Why does he come to us?" said the schoolmaster, frowning. "Does he think we aren't able to look after ourselves?"

"Oh, father, no! he was ever so nice. He asked us to help him. He says if all the respectable people take it up it will encourage others. It is so terribly sad to think that if it hadn't been for drink Widow Greaves's son would never have gone wrong, and the Squire reproaches himself for not having done more to interest and amuse the people, and so keep them from wanting other amusements at the public-house."

"It's no concern of the Squire's, as far as I can see," said Mr. Barber. "If everyone looked after himself, and after nobody else, there'd be far less mischief in the world."

"But, father, there *are* people who won't, or can't, look after themselves."

"Let 'em alone."

"That sounds a little selfish though," said Jessie. "Don't you think it's a duty to help one's neighbour?"

"Not if he won't help himself. Anyway, our signing the pledge won't help Tom Greaves or his mother."

"But it might have done, dear father," said Bessie, with a flush on her pale face. "And it may help others like he was, indeed."

"Really, Bessie," said her father sharply, "you talk like a child. My saying I won't climb a tree won't prevent my neighbour breaking his neck."

"But if he sees you won't climb, very likely he won't either. If Tom had been encouraged to sign the pledge he might be amongst us now."

"Nonsense. Bad will be bad. There are only two paths, child. Part of the world takes one, and the other (and, alas! the larger part) the other. Folks take to drink because they're bad, not the other way."

"But there couldn't be a better lad than Tom before he began drinking," said Jessie. "And I'm sure drink is generally the beginning of a bad life."

"It is in many cases, I'll admit," said the schoolmaster, for his conscience told him Jessie was right. "Perhaps in most. But what it has to do with us I don't know."

"Then you don't approve of Temperance," said Bessie, rather sorrowfully.

"I agree with Temperance, my dear, of course. But not with people who are temperate signing the pledge."

"But the Squire says if the drunkards are asked to sign alone, for shame's sake they'll not like to come forward, but if we all join they'll go with the stream."

"Well, well; it's a freak of the Squire's. I hope it may last."

"I hope it may," said Bessie fervently. "There's a lecture to-morrow night. Will you go, father?"

"It's on Temperance, I suppose? Who's giving it?"

"Oh, young Mr. Daly."

"Ah, then, of course all the girls will go to hear the handsome young Squire."

"Father!" cried Jessie laughing, "what frivolous ideas you have in your old head. I declare I shall go now, if it's only for curiosity's sake. Will you take me, dad? Of course Bessie will go with Bob. How thankful I am I'm not at the beck and call of a stupid man!" with which independent speech Jessie jumped up and began to clear the table. The schoolmaster looked fondly at her.

"My Jess is quite content to be her father's lass, then?"

"Of course, daddy dear! And I don't ever mean to be anybody else's, I promise you."

(To be continued.)

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

THE girls that are wanted are good girls—

Good girls from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—

Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand;

Girls that are fair on the hearth-stone,

And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,

That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,

Whom father never can deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,

Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,

They are very few, understand;
But oh! for the wise, loving, home girls
There's a constant and steady demand.

HEARTBREAKING WORK.

TWO ounces of brandy increase the beating of the heart 6,000 times in the twenty-four hours; four ounces increase the beating 12,000 times; six ounces between 18,000 and 19,000 times; and eight ounces, nearly 24,000 times. The stroke of the heart of an adult man is 100,000 times in the twenty-four hours, and the work which many give the heart to perform over 24,000 in addition—a strength equivalent to lifting one hundred and fifteen tons one foot high. Even the moderate drinker, with his two ounces a day, wastes a strength capable of lifting seven tons for one foot.—Dr. B. W. Richardson.

THREE CHEERS FOR BANDS OF HOPE,

J. R. SWENEY.

Words by S. KNOWLES.

Threecheers, three cheers for Bands of Hope, Three cheers for the members all, For the ro-sy cheeks and

KEY B.

m_1, f	$s_1 : d$	$d : d, m$	$r : l$	$l_1 : r, d$	$t_1 : -t_1$	$l_1 : s_1$	$s_1 : -m$	m_1, f	$s_1 : d$	$d : d, m$
d_1, r_1	$m_1 : m_1$	$m_1 : m_1, s_1$	$f_1 : f_1$	$f_1 : l_1, l_1$	$s_1 : -s_1$	$f_1 : f_1$	$m_1 : -d$	d_1, r_1	$m_1 : m_1$	$m_1 : m_1, s_1$
s_1, s_1	$d : s_1$	$s_1 : s_1, d$	$l_1 : r$	$r : f, r$	$r : -r$	$d : t_1$	$d : -s_1$	s_1, s_1	$d : s_1$	$s_1 : s_1, d$
d_1, d_1	$d_1 : d_1$	$d_1 : d_1, d$	$f_1 : f_1$	$f_1 : f_1, f_1$	$s_1 : -s_1$	$s_1 : s_1$	$d_1 : -s_1$	d_1, d_1	$d_1 : d_1$	$d_1 : d_1, d$

spark-ling eyes, Un-dimmed by al-co-hol! A tri-bute pay to the faithful men, Who

$r : l$	$l_1 : r, d$	$t_1 : -t_1$	$l_1 : t_1$	$d : -$	d	$r : s_1$	$s_1, l_1 : t_1, s_1$	$d : r$	$m : m$
$f_1 : f_1$	$f_1 : l_1, l_1$	$s_1 : -s_1$	$f_1 : f_1$	$m_1 : -$	m_1	$s_1 : d$	$d_1 : s_1, s_1$	$s_1 : s_1$	$s_1 : s_1$
$l_1 : r$	$r : f, r$	$r : -r$	$d : s_1$	$s_1 : -$	d	$t_1 : t_1$	$t_1, d : r, t_1$	$d : t_1$	$d : d$
$f_1 : f_1$	$f_1 : f_1, f_1$	$s_1 : -s_1$	$s_1 : s_1$	$d_1 : -$	d_1	$s_1 : s_1$	$s_1 : s_1, f_1$	$d_1 : s_1$	$d : d$

guide them in the way— Who sow the seed with patient hand, And lead them to the fray!

$f : m, r$	$m : r, d$	$r : -$	m_1, f	$s_1 : d$	$d : d, m$	$r : l$	$l_1 : r, d$	$t_1 : -t_1$	$l_1 : t_1$	$d : -$
$s_1 : s_1$	$s_1 : m_1$	$s_1 : -$	d_1, r_1	$m_1 : m_1$	$m_1 : m_1, s_1$	$f_1 : f_1$	$f_1 : l_1$	$s_1 : -s_1$	$f_1 : f_1$	$m_1 : -$
$r : d$	$d : d$	$t_1 : -$	s_1	$d : s_1$	$s_1 : s_1, d$	$l_1 : r$	$r : r$	$r : -r$	$d : s_1$	$s_1 : -$
$t_1 : d_1$	$d_1 : d_1$	$s_1 : -$	m_1, r_1	$d_1 : d_1$	$d_1 : d_1, d_1$	$f_1 : f_1$	$f_1 : f_1$	$s_1 : -s_1$	$s_1 : s_1$	$d_1 : -$

CHORUS.

To our pled-ges we will all be true, To our lead-ers firm-ly cling;

{	<u>t</u> , <u>d</u>	r : s ₁ s ₁ . l ₁ : t ₁ . s ₁	d : r m : m	f : m . r m : m . r	r : - -
	m ₁	s ₁ : r ₁ r ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : m ₁	s ₁ : - -
	d	t ₁ : t ₁ t ₁ . d : r . d	d : t ₁ d : d	r : d d : d	t ₁ : - -
	d ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ . f ₁	m ₁ : s ₁ d : d	t ₁ : d d : d ₁	s ₁ : - -

And as we gai-ly march a-long, Pure wa-ter's praise we'll sing.

{	<u>m₁</u> , <u>f₁</u>	s ₁ : d d : d . m	r : l ₁ l ₁ : r . d	t ₁ : - . t ₁ l ₁ : t ₁	d : - -
	<u>d₁</u> , <u>r₁</u>	m ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ : m ₁ . s ₁	f ₁ : f ₁ f ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : - . s ₁ f ₁ : f ₁	m ₁ : - -
	s ₁	d : s ₁ s ₁ : l ₁ . d	l ₁ : r r : r	r : - . r d : s ₁	s ₁ : - -
	<u>m₁</u> , <u>r₁</u>	d ₁ : d ₁ d ₁ : d ₁	f ₁ : f ₁ f ₁ : f ₁	s ₁ : - . s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁	d ₁ : - -

Three cheers, three cheers for Bands of Hope,
 The pride of ev'ry land,
 Who 'gainst the cruel giant foe
 Undaunted bravely stand—
 Who, heedless both of the jibe and sneer,
 Of scoff and angry frown,
 Determined are Strong Drink to slay,
 And pull his strongholds down.—*Chorus.*

Three cheers, three cheers for Bands of Hope,
 Three cheers we give again!
 See, forth they come in serried ranks,
 Poor drunkards to reclaim!
 Their purpose is a valiant one,
 And on they nobly press!
 While good men everywhere applaud,
 And God looks down to bless!—*Chorus.*

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A RIGHT KIND OF WIFE.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO.

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

John.

SEE here, wife, you are not going to persuade me to give up my glass of ale. Those teetotal chaps can make you women folk believe anything.

Mary. It's not what anybody has made me believe, John, but what I have seen with my own eyes that makes me anxious you should sign the pledge. You know, without me telling you, that it is not one glass of ale that satisfies you, nor yet two. Last night you came home intoxicated, and it is not the first time you have been so of late.

J. That was only once in a way—I'm no drunkard—it's drunkards who have need to sign the pledge, not such as me.

M. You may not think you are a drunkard, John, but I'm afraid you have got to like drink so well that if you don't soon leave it off you will become its slave.

J. Tut, nonsense, woman! Am I a man, or a poor, weak fool? Do you think I don't know which side my cake is buttered? Do you think I should be so soft as to let ale become master? You talk as if your husband had no control over his actions, as if he was a jelly-fish, washed hither and thither by the tide just as the tide pleases.

M. I'm afraid you are not so strong as you think, John—I fear you don't know your danger!

J. Of course I don't know my danger, because for me I can see no danger. Let me alone, wife, and I'll mind that ale doesn't run away with me. If you want to be teetotal you can be teetotal, I shan't interfere; but do let me alone to do as I like.

M. I cannot let you alone, John. When I see you come home intoxicated I feel that, in spite of your brave words, you are fast falling into the toils of drink. For years you were content to have your glass at home over your supper; then you began to call at the public-house for a glass; now you stop drinking for hours. Do you not see how gradually you are becoming enslaved? Unless you stop at once you will find you cannot stop at all!

J. Well, if you like to think so I can't help it; I know myself better than you do—that's plain.

M. I'm afraid not; others can generally see us better than we see ourselves. The very fact of your being so stubborn, and refusing to listen to

your wife's pleading, is an indication that you love ale better than you love your wife.

J. Come, now, that's going too far.

M. Not a bit, John. And I tell you further, unless you take your wife's advice and sign the pledge, you will lose all respect for me and yourself, and care for nobody and nothing but drink—before long.

J. (*whistles.*) Why, Mary, you'll make me downright angry with you soon. Don't talk such nonsense, my lass!

M. It isn't nonsense, John. How many men do we know who were once steady and industrious and respectable, who are now, because of drink, sunk lower than the beasts. Look at Smithson, who was once our next-door neighbour. Wasn't he a decent man when we first knew him? He took a pride in his home, his wife, and his children; he used to go to chapel regularly, and never neglected his work. But he wasn't teetotal—he took his glass, temperately at first. Then, somehow, he began to go to the public-house, and went on from little to more till now—you know what he is—a wretched, broken-down outcast, and his wife won't live with him.

J. Aye, poor fellow, I met him last night and gave him twopence. But he must have been weak—he must have had a soft place somewhere, to give way so.

M. He was no weaker than other men who persist in tampering with drink. What sort of a man was Dr. McNish, who used to be over the way? You know he was clever in his profession, and was accounted learned in many things; and what has become of him through drink?

J. Aye, he's made a complete smash-up. I helped to lift him into a cart one day when he was dead drunk in the street. But he drank whiskey, Mary, and whiskey does soon get hold of a man.

M. Yes, and so does ale. All intoxicating drinks are alike so far as that goes. In spite of such cases as I have mentioned, and others we both know, you still boast of your strength to keep from becoming a drunkard! John, I am more afraid of your falling to-day than I ever was.

J. How's that?

M. Because you pretend to be so sure of your safety. When you came home last night, and I saw you was intoxicated, I could not help shedding tears; I was miserable; I've scarcely slept all night. I saw you going on from bad to worse, till you became a confirmed drunkard, lost to me, to our children, to all that was good. I saw you in rags, like Smithson, wandering about, begging coppers to satisfy your insatiable craving for drink! Oh, John, stop at once! Don't risk all that you

hold dear for the sake of a mere gratification which must end in misery and death!

J. Why, bless me, Mary, I'd no idea—upon my word I hadn't—that you take the thing to heart so! What a picture you've drawn of me! You make me shudder, lass—you do indeed. If I thought I should ever become like Smithson—but that's simply impossible!

M. Not impossible, John. Thousands are like that poor wretch who were once as certain they could never fall as you are. To be absolutely safe, we must be absolutely free; and to be absolutely free we must sign the pledge and keep it. I would rather die to-day than live to see you become a drunkard, John!

J. That you never shall, lass—I'll never be a drunkard!

M. Then you'll be teetotal!

J. Well, I'm half inclined—for your sake, you know, to be one. I don't like you to think I'm fonder of ale than of you—it seems horrible—it isn't true, lass. I own I'm fond of a social glass—there's pleasant company at the "Mitre,"—fellows who know how to talk politics, and discuss the questions of the day, and one likes to listen, and now and then put in a word or two. Last night, now, there was a clever fellow dropped in—he could talk on any subject—and there was a regular discussion on evolution. The time passed quickly, and of course the glasses were often filled, and so I got more than I ought to have done. The fellow's to be there again to-night—he's some friend of the landlord's—a regular tip-top swell, and wonderfully clever.

M. Ah, I see—I expect the landlord pays these men to "drop in" and open up conversation and discussion, so that those present may be kept drinking. I dare say it is pleasant enough to sit and listen or enter into discussion, but the evil is working at the same time—men are acquiring a love for drink, and by and bye they will seek the drink for its own sake! Don't you see what I mean, John?

J. Yes, I think I begin to see the danger.

M. Then, is it fair that men should sit hour after hour enjoying themselves while their wives are alone at home, with no one to speak to? I can't see why men can't talk politics and other subjects to their wives! I know I should be only too glad if you'd talk to me about such things, and I think I could hold my own in a discussion—even on evolution!

J. I'm sure you could, lass. I'd no idea I'd got such a clever talker at home. Why, you'd be able to tackle that fellow at the "Mitre," I do believe.

M. I've no wish; but to keep you from falling into the toils of stroug drink, I'll do my best to tackle you. Come, now, say you won't go to the public-house again, and promise me to be teetotal!

J. Well, I'll promise—but don't crow over me, Mary. I don't much like being conquered—in fact I'd determined at first not to be conquered. But I give in. I've had some misgivings of my own about this drink, and it's best I took a stand against it.

M. That's right—now I'm a contented, happy woman, for I know, having given me your promise, you will keep to it—I have that faith in you, you see.

J. Thank you, lass. I hope you will never lose faith in me. I shall keep my word, and in future when I want an argument I'll have it at home, for you are a regular Turk at controversy.

M. (*laughing.*) I'll do my best to meet you, John. They say women are not logical, but it strikes me men don't know what women are until they give them a fair trial!

J. True, lass, true. But I must go. (*Looks at watch.*) Why, bless me, it's time I was at business. (*Takes hat and rushes out.*)

M. Thank goodness for John's promise. I was beginning to fear for him, but now I know I shall have no cause to fear that he will ever become a drunkard. On my part, I will do all I can to make him happy at home, and so show him that I am anxious for his welfare, and prove it by being one of the best of wives. (*Exit.*)

ALWAYS A RIVER TO CROSS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

WHERE'S always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take.
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth
We must patiently dig and dive;
For the places we long to fill
We must push and struggle and strive.
And always and everywhere
We'll find in our onward course
Thorns for the feet and trials to meet,
And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way that we take,
 The stouter the heart and the nerve ;
 The stones in our path we break,
 Nor e'er from our impulse swerve.
 For the glory we hope to win,
 Our labours we count no loss :
 'Tis folly to pause and murmur because
 Of the river we have to cross.

So, ready to do and dare,
 Should we in our places stand,
 Fulfilling the Master's will,
 Fulfilling the soul's demand ;
 For though as the mountains high
 The billows may rear and toss,
 They'll not overwhelm if the Lord's at
 the helm
 When the difficult river we cross.

“TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.”

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

“TAKE care of yourself !” It was lightly
 said,
 With a grasp of the hand at parting,
 And a toss of the handsome, nut-brown head,
 And a kindly look when starting.

“Take care of yourself !” As I watched the
 youths,
 I suddenly fell to thinking [mand,
 Of the length and breath of that light com-
 Given e'en with the glasses clinking.

Take care of yourself. Ah ! my fair young
 men,

Did you make the right beginning
 When you started out with youth's bright hope
 Of running the race and winning ?

Did you plant your foot with its firmest tread
 On a sure and safe foundation ?

Were you wise in the choice of a bosom friend
 When you sought that *near* relation ?

Did you put aside the social glass
 When the tempter held it glowing,
 And with it a thousand, thousand ills,
 And a crop from unwise sowing ?

Take care of yourself ; for the latter days
 Will bring out their record surely,
 And then on the eve of a well-spent life
 Your spirit may rest securely.

THE BOY FOR ME.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold.
 And his face is as clear as the sky,
 And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
 He looks them straight in the eye
 With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
 Though he bows like a little knight,
 Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
 With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call ? Not a kite or ball,
 Or the prettiest game can stay
 His eager feet as he hastens to greet
 Whatever she means to say.
 And the teachers depend on the little friend
 At school in his place at nine, [learned,
 With his lessons learned and his good marks
 Already to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him, too,
 This boy, who is not too big
 For a morning kiss from mother and sis,
 Who isn't a bit of a prig,
 But gentle and strong, and the whole day long
 As happy as happy can be,
 A gentleman, dears, in the coming years,
 And at present the boy for me.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

MUGH MILLER has told how, by one act
 of youthful decision, he saved himself
 from one of the subtle temptations so peculiar
 to a life of toil. When employed as a mason,
 it was usual for his fellow-workmen to have
 an occasional treat of drink, and one day two
 glasses of whiskey fell to his share, which he
 swallowed. When he reached home he found
 on opening his favourite book, Bacon's *Essays*,
 that the letters danced before his eyes and
 that he could no longer master the sense.
 “The condition,” he says, “into which I had
 brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation.
 I had sunk by my own act, for the time, to a
 lower level of intelligence than that on which
 it was my privilege to be placed, and though
 the state could have been no very favourable
 one for forming a resolution, I, in that hour,
 determined I would never again sacrifice my
 capacity of intelligent enjoyment to a drinking
 usage ; and, with God's help, I was enabled to
 hold by this determination.”

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No. 247.—July, 1890.]

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CLEVER MEN AND WOMEN.

CLEVER MEN AND WOMEN.

TF all the clever men and women, busy to-day with hand and head in the world, could be interrogated as to how they had become clever and attained their present honourable positions, the answer most probably would be, "By our industry and perseverance, coupled with a right application of our faculties." And many would tell us that in early life they possessed no advantages of money, education, or environments; that they had to struggle with poverty and difficulties attendant on lowly birth; but they would also tell us that the very difficulties they had to encounter and the obstacles they had to surmount, in order to conquer, were blessings in disguise, and that the school of adversity proved invigorating and stimulating, bracing their mental faculties and imparting fibre to their character all round.

Such "self-made" men and women are found in the editor's chair, as professors in our colleges and head-masters in our most flourishing public schools; science and art and literature claim them as among their brightest exponents; they conduct our commerce, preside over our gigantic hives of industry, influence our politics, are among the intrepid travellers; and religion and philanthropy owe much to their goodness and generosity. In all the honourable avenues of life these noble men and women are active, and they are the glory of a people—the salt of the earth!

How encouraging these facts must be to our young readers—especially to those who are

poor and have a desire to become useful and clever, and it may be great. It is well-known that the poorest boy born on American soil may become President; and in our own country a boy born in humble circumstances may, by industry and perseverance, rise to great eminence. But even if he never become what is called "great," he may always be useful and honourable, loved and respected by his fellows. And as with the boy, so with the girl.

Look at our picture this month! It is a study worthy our attention. Observe the poor surroundings of the boy and his sister! The boy's clothes are neatly patched, and his feet, though bare, are clean. "What do I see beside?" you ask. Ah, my dears, I see many things about this boy and girl! In the boy I see industry, perseverance, thoughtfulness, intelligence. His face gives me the index to his character; his occupation tells me that one day he will be a great engraver! In the girl I see qualities which will develop until she becomes an honour to her sex. There is earnestness, tenderness, gentleness, application, reverence, love, and great powers of endurance in that face. And I predict for a boy and girl such as those our artist has drawn for us, a future of much blessing and great usefulness in the world.

Look again and again at the picture, for it is full of suggestion, and may to every one of you be a stimulant in your good resolve to "be somebody" and to "do something" in life!

A BOY'S PROMISE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

THE school was out, and down the street
A noisy crowd came thronging;
The hue of health, and gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half-grave, half-sad,
"I can't; I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout
Of boisterous derision;
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"
He calmly told the other;
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still;
I can't, I promised mother!"

Ah! who could doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain, and loss
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will,
 Unyielding to another,
 That bears all jeers and laughter still
 Because he promised mother!

THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD.

HAVE you brought my boots, *Jemima*?
 Leave them at my chamber door.
 Does the water boil, *Jemima*? Place it also
 on the floor.
 Eight o'clock already, is it? How's the wea-
 ther—pretty fine?
 Eight is tolerably early; I can get away by
 nine.
 Still I feel a little sleepy, though I came to
 bed at one.
 Put the bacon on, *Jemima*; see the eggs are
 nicely done!
 I'll be down in twenty minutes—or, if possible,
 in less;
 I shall not be long, *Jemima*, when I once
 begin to dress.
 She is gone, the brisk *Jemima*; she is gone,
 and little thinks
 How the sluggard yearns to capture yet another
 forty winks,
 Since the bard is human only—not an early
 village cock—
 Why should he salute the morning at the hour
 of eight o'clock?
 Stified be the voice of Duty; Prudence, pry-
 thee, cease to chide,
 While I turn me softly, gently, round upon
 my other side.
 Sleep, resume thy downy empire; reassert thy
 sable reign!
Morpheus, why desert a fellow? Bring those
 poppies here again!
 What's the matter, now, *Jemima*? Nine
 o'clock? It cannot be!
 Hast prepared the eggs, the bacon, and the
 matutinal tea?
 Take away the jug, *Jemima*, go, replenish it
 anon;
 Since the charm of its caloric must be very
 nearly gone.
 She has left me. Let me linger till she
 reappears again,
 Let my lazy thoughts meander in a free and
 easy vein.

After Sleep's profoundest solace, nought re-
 freshes like the doze.
 Should I tumble off, no matter; she will wake
 me I suppose.
 Bless me, is it you, *Jemima*? Mercy on us,
 what a knock?
 Can it be—I can't believe it—actually ten
 o'clock?
 I will out of bed and shave me. Fetch me
 warmer water up!
 Let the tea be strong, *Jemima*, I shall only
 want a cup!
 Stop a minute! I remember some appoint-
 ment by the way,
 'Twould have brought me mints of money;
 'twas for ten o'clock to-day.
 Let me drown my disappointment, Slumber,
 in thy seventh heaven!
 You may go away, *Jemima*. Come and call
 me at eleven!
 —From the Leeds Mercury.

STRENGTH, BEAUTY, AND GLADNESS.

BY G. LAWSON.

OH! do we wish for beauty?
 What makes the flowers bloom?
 What sprinkles all their loveliness
 With varied sweet perfume?
 The dew that creeps at evening's close,
 The pearly raindrops, bring
 The perfume and the beauty
 That glad the bowers of spring.

Is strength the gift we long for?
 What rears the proud oak's form,
 Whose brawny arms brave sturdily
 The tempest and the storm?
 He quaffs the pure, fresh moisture
 By rootlet and by leaf,
 And stands up in his greatness,
 The stout old forest chief.

Oh! do we wish for gladness?
 What makes the wild birds sing?
 Their drink is but the running brook,
 The flower-clad crystal spring.
 Then do we wish for beauty,
 That mirth and strength be ours?
 Our drink should be the Heavnt-sent
 drink
 Of birds, and trees, and flowers.

TWO PATHS.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY LILIAN ARNOLD.

CHAPTER II.

BOB PRITCHARD was the only son of a wealthy farmer. He had been Bessie's lover for years, but had only won her promise to be his wife a few months ago. Not long after the tea had been cleared, and the school-master had settled himself on a garden seat to read the paper and enjoy himself, Bob's burly frame and honest sun-tanned face appeared at the gate, and Bessie and he went off for a stroll in the gloaming. "Bessie, love," said Bob, slipping his arm round her waist, "I've been thinking isn't it time to think of getting married?"

"Oh, no, Bob! there's time enough and to spare; I'm not twenty yet."

"But I am, and over. The house is furnished, dearie; what need to wait? I like a young wife."

"But father, what will he say?"

"Oh, he don't want you, now Jess is grown up."

"Jess is so young—only seventeen, though certainly she's quite as much use as I am."

"Then," urged Bob, "what's to prevent our being married before the summer's out—say harvest time?"

"Oh, no, Bob, dear, that's much too soon."

"Not too soon for me, Bessie, so fond of you as I am."

"But father wouldn't like it so sudden, dear, and nor should I."

"Well, I won't press you, but do say for certain when it *shall* be."

"In the spring, perhaps," said Bessie, thoughtfully.

"Only, perhaps? why not say for sure the first of May?"

"No, spring is so changeable. We'll say June next year, if all is well."

"Then it's settled; the only pity is it's so far off."

"Time flies, Bob; it will be here directly."

"To you it may seem so, not to me," said the young man a little bitterly, "I wonder if you love me truly as I love you."

"I think so, Bob; perhaps I love differently.

But of course, I don't want to leave my home where I've been so happy."

"Of course not, dear," said her mollified lover. "And, my sweet, I love you better for loving your home."

Ah, if girls only knew that men judge what sort of wives they are likely to be by their conduct as sisters and daughters, they would not commit the hundred petty deceits which may seem to (but do not really) place them higher in their lover's affections.

"Bob," said Bessie, after a pause, "now I've done what you asked, will you do something for my sake?"

"What is it, love?"

"You know all about poor Tom Greaves who took to drinking, and ran away, and was put in prison for stealing?"

"Why, of course, I know, doesn't the whole village know it? Bessie, I can't bear to hear your pure lips call him 'poor' in that tender way."

The girl blushed. "I can't help feeling sorry, Bob, because he wasn't really bad, only weak, and led away by those fast young men from town. You know they say he was drunk when he committed the robbery."

"But, my dearest girl, what has that to do with you, or me either?"

"Nothing very much, Bob; perhaps you'll understand better if I begin at the beginning." So she did—telling him all about the Squire's visit and its import. Bob whistled.

"Why, what an idea, Bessie! 'Tisn't for respectable people like us." Bessie shook her head. She had caught some of the Squire's enthusiasm, and more of his honest yearning to do some good to those among whom he dwelt.

"I think it has to do with us," she said. "You know we are bidden to bear each other's burdens; and doesn't that mean helping one another in all kinds of ways? Poor widow Greaves might never have had a burden if the Squire had started this before."

"There may be some truth in that; but what's the use of locking the stable door when the mare's been stolen?"

"A great deal, Bob; *to save the others!*" rejoined the girl quickly. Her lover regarded her intently for a minute.

"I scarcely know what's come to my Bessie,"

he said after a while. "But what pleases you, dear, ought to please me, I suppose."

"Then it doesn't really please you?"

"Why, no; I don't know that I care much about it; but what did you want me to do?"

Bessie's heart shrank a little, but she answered bravely: "To join the Band of Hope, and help others to join."

"Me!" cried Bob, regardless of grammar. "Me join! Why, Bessie, do you think me in danger of going wrong?"

"No, but if *you* join, so will others."

"They will if they want, whether I do or no. It's right enough for those to join who are in danger of getting too fond of drink, but not for you and me."

"But, Bob, who can tell who is likely? That's where the danger is. Who would have thought a year ago that Tom Greaves would turn out as he has done?"

"No one, that's certain," admitted Bob. "He seemed as right as I am this time last year."

"Then, Bob, dear, you see it's best to be on the safe side, isn't it?"

"But everybody would have to sign at that rate."

"Oh, Bob, I wish everybody would! How much happier the world would be!"

"I don't see it," said Bob. "A man can drink his glass and enjoy it without harming his neighbour or himself."

"Of course he can," she replied; "but how many people begin like that and end as drunkards?"

"Aye, but you wouldn't make *everyone* deny themselves for that."

"I think so," said Bessie, timidly. "I don't want to preach, Bob; but it seems to me better that the comparative few should deny themselves one comfort for the sake of saving so many from sin and misery."

"But, my dear Bessie, even you must know that all sin doesn't come from drink."

"No, but a great—a *very* great deal does."

"Admitting that, isn't it more reasonable to get those it will benefit to join without troubling other folks?"

"But we can't tell whom it will benefit. If one could feel one's danger there would be very few drunkards; it creeps on unawares."

"Then you are really in earnest asking me to join?"

"I am, indeed! Oh, Bob, let us join together; let us set the example."

"Can't promise, Bessie; I must think about it. I like a glass of beer as well as any other hard working fellow."

"You *will* think about it, Bob?"

"Yes, dear, since you ask me. Shall we go and hear what the young Squire has to say to-morrow night?"

"Oh, yes, Bob, dear. Then you can choose your own path for yourself."

(To be continued.)

WHEN I AM A BOY.

BY MRS. E. A. HAWKINS.

WHEN I'm a boy,
I am lazy and shirk
My work upon some one that's smaller,
The chances are good
I shall do the same thing
When I have grown older and taller.

If, when I'm a boy,
I am always behind,
And never make any advances,
When I am a man,
Some one else, and not I,
Will be sure to get all the best chances.

If I use, when a boy,
Cigarettes and talk slang,
Without either thinking or caring,
You will probably find me,
When I am a man,
Chewing navy tobacco and swearing.

If, when I'm a boy,
I drink cider and beer,
And persist, against reason and warning,
You may find me in rags,
And as drunk as a sot,
Fast asleep in the gutter some morning.

Now that's not the *kind*
Of a man I would make;
The world has too many already;
So I will begin,
Right away, while a boy,
To be temperate, honest and steady.

—Zion's Herald.

SPARKLING WATER.

MUSIC BY W. A. OGDEN.

WORDS BY FANNY CROSBY.

Mer - ry laugh - ing, sparkl - ing wa - ter, Down the hill - side flow - ing free ;

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

Mak - ing all so bright and hap - py, In the vale and on the lea.

{	s ₁ : s ₁ m : d l : d s : m ₁ s ₁ : r r : d ₁ r m : r d : -
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CHORUS.

How I love thee, sparkl- ing wa- ter, Pur- est, pur- est drink for me:

{	f :-r t ₁ : s ₁ m : d s ₁ : m ₁ s ₁ : r r : d .r m : m m : -
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Mer- ry, laugh- ing, sparkl- ing wa- ter, Down the hill- side flow- ing free.

{	f :-r t ₁ : s ₁ m : d s ₁ : m ₁ s ₁ .l ₁ : t ₁ .d ₁ r : f m : r d : -
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Who would drain the flowing goblet,
 Running o'er with ruby wine?
 Better far to pledge of friendship,
 In those cooling drops of thine.—How I love, &c.

See the bird his pin^ons laving
 In thy stream so glad and free;
 Tho' he fills the air with music,
 He would languish but for thee.—How I love, &c.

From the river or the fountain,
 From the brooklet or the rill,
 Merry, laughing, sparkling water,
 Thou art welcome, welcome, still.—How I love, &c.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

MASTER AND SERVANT.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO MALES.

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

Harry.

WELL, that's a go, and no mistake! The governor has just given me one of the biggest dressings down ever a fellow got, and I don't like it. I had to go up to his private office with a note, and I hadn't been in the room a minute when he turned round all of a sudden and startled me almost out of my seven senses by saying, "Harry! do I smell strong drink on your breath?" Of course I couldn't say he didn't, for Joe Blake, our local traveller had met me in the street and would make me turn in to the "Grinning Cat" and have a glass of wine with him; and it was that the governor smelt; so I said, "Yes, sir; I dare say you do, for I have had a glass of wine half-an-hour ago." "A glass of wine!" he repeated, looking as horrified as if I'd told him I'd swallowed a glass of Prussic Acid. "Yes, sir," I said; "a friend of mine asked me to take a glass with him, at his expense." The old gentleman fell back into his cosy arm chair, and after putting his spectacles straight on his nose and coughing, he looked into my face, and said—well, never mind what he said, it doesn't matter so much, for the old boy is evidently a fanatic—one of those people who think a glass of wine is diluted poison, and strong drink altogether a decoction compounded by his satanic majesty himself. I don't know half of what he delivered in his long lecture, but I remember what he said at the close. He told me unless I promised to-morrow to take the Total Abstinence pledge he should dismiss me from his service, as he couldn't do with young men about him who take strong drink. Rather hard on a poor fellow that; and I didn't say I would or I wouldn't do as he dictated, for it is dictation after all. What right has any master to say what his servant shall eat and drink? I've a good mind to (*here Walter, having approached from behind slaps Harry on the shoulder and says—*

Harry. A good mind to what, Harry? You shouldn't talk so loud if you don't want others to hear what you are saying to yourself.

H. Oh, it's all right, Walter, I don't care a bit who hears me—I think old Barnabas Tinker ought to be exposed.

W. Barnabas Tinker—why, that is your master!

H. Of course it is, who else?

W. And what has he been doing to make you speak so disrespectfully of him? I always under-

stood that Mr. Tinker was a really good man—I know he is a liberal supporter of all good institutions.

H. That's only his deception—he makes people believe he is all that is generous by giving a subscription to this, that, and the other, while to his work-people—to me—he is a tyrant.

W. I'm surprised to hear that, Harry. You are the first I've heard say such things about Barnabas Tinker. Pray, how has he shown his tyranny to you?

H. He's threatened to dismiss me from his service if I don't take the pledge of Total Abstinence—that's what I call tyranny. Can't a fellow please himself what he eats and drinks?

W. Yes, I suppose he can; we are all left pretty much to our own liberty in that respect. Of course there are restrictions even as to our food and drink.

H. Why—how? Who has the right to put restrictions of that sort?

W. The law steps in at certain points and says you shall not eat this and you shall not drink that; if you do—well—

H. Oh, I see; the law says a man shan't poison himself. That's all right, of course.

W. Certainly; so you see we are *not* at liberty to do exactly as we please in regard to what we take into our stomachs.

H. Oh, no one but an idiot would object to restrictions of that sort. But that's nothing to do with old Tinker's threat to me.

W. Well, I'm not so sure. In telling you he'll dismiss you if you don't sign the pledge, he may be seeking your highest good and furthering your best interests. I suppose he has found out you are not a teetotaler!

H. It was that made him blow into me so.

W. I see, Harry. Now, look here. I don't exactly agree with Mr. Tinker's mode of trying to make teetotalers, but with that I have nothing to do. He is your master, you are his servant. I know he hates strong drink—can't bear the smell of it. He also knows how dangerous it is to indulge in it. That being so, he has a perfect right to say to you—"I won't have you coming near me with the smell of drink on your breath, and unless you give up taking drink I don't feel justified in giving you employment." He wishes to save himself from annoyance; he also wishes to save you from becoming a drunkard—like the law, he would prevent you committing suicide by taking poison.

H. I see what you are driving at, Walter. But isn't it tyrannical to treat a poor fellow in that way?

W. It may seem so; perhaps in one sense it is.

Englishmen don't like to have their freedom tampered with; and I don't like Mr. Tinker's mode of procedure. Of course, you can refuse to comply and lose your situation; but I should advise you to sign the pledge, because, apart from your master's threat, it will be the best and wisest thing you can do for your own sake. I feel sure, though Mr. Tinker may seem dictatorial, he is acting from the best of motives. You are a young man, and he would prevent you from becoming addicted to habits that may be the bane of your life. Act wisely and fall in with his views.

H. If I were a drunkard, or had come into his office drunk, he might have blown into me and threatened me with pains and penalties; but I'd only drank one glass of wine; besides, I don't care for drink at all—it was only to please a friend I drank the wine.

W. Well, well; sometimes we have to take pills that are not sugar-coated, and they do us as much good as though they were, though they may not be as pleasant to take. Mr. Tinker has perhaps not gone the best way of administering rebuke to you, but as I said before, he wishes you well—of that I'm quite sure. If you sign the pledge now, and keep it, you will one day be glad your master insisted on your obedience to his commands. He is a gentleman of great experience, and knows that a sharp rebuke sometime leads to good ends. Have you ever heard why he is so bitter against strong drink?

H. No—why is it?

W. He had a son—an only son—who killed himself by excessive drinking. As you may know, he has only two daughters left to him now. Very few are acquainted with the history of his son's career, but it was told me several years ago by one familiar with all the circumstances.

H. The old gentleman may well be dead-set against drink, if that is the case!

W. Yes, you see we sometimes judge harshly. Mr. Tinker has cause to hate strong drink, if ever a father had. He loved his son passionately, and looked forward to his being his successor in the business, and with this view the lad was sent to the best schools, and finally to college. It was while at college he acquired a love for wine, and formed loose companionships who were his ruin. His father had no suspicion of the real state of his son's mental and moral condition, until he returned home, but his eyes were soon opened, and the revelation was so disappointing and grieving that he almost lost his reason. His son refused to take part in the business; his time was spent at the tavern or on the race-course, and other disreputable places, and always in company such as to mention would bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of decent people.

H. What a brute of a son he must have been!

W. Yes; but remember his hardness and calousness did not come all at once. Before he went to college he was a nice lad, attached to his father and sisters—his mother had been dead several years—and gave promise of becoming a noble and useful man. He began, as thousands begin, by taking a glass of wine; and you can now understand why Mr. Tinker was so perturbed when you told him you had drank a glass of wine. The very mention of it would bring to remembrance the son whom he so loved, and whose end was so terrible. It is a fact, I believe, that the son did not die at home, but in some low house where he had been carousing for several days. Indeed all the circumstances connected with the last years of his life are so painful that one does not care to mention them. You will see, however, by what I have told you, that Mr. Tinker has cause to think and speak strongly where the question of strong drink is concerned.

H. Yes, indeed he has, and I begin to respect him for the decided stand he has taken in my case. Who knows, if not checked, but what I may become as bad as Mr. Tinker's son became? That must never be! I will not only sign the Pledge of Total Abstinence, and keep the pledge too, but I will thank Mr. Tinker for speaking so plainly to me.

W. That's right, my boy; let your master see that you have the courage to do what you now see is right, and I am sure he will respect you for your act.

H. And I must thank you, Walter, for putting the case so clearly before me. My pride was wounded—that's about it. Now I feel no false pride, but only a wish to do what is safest and what is right. Henceforth I will never touch, taste, or handle strong drink; and I shall always be thankful Mr. Tinker spoke with no uncertain voice—even though that voice was accompanied by a threat which stung me almost into resistance. Good-bye, Walter, for the present.

W. Good-bye, Harry, and may God bless you in your resolve to do right!

(Exit, shaking hands.)

THE WATER-DRINKERS.

¶ PASSED a garden where roses bright
 Were clust'ring close to the lilies white.
 The noonday sun was ablaze o'erhead;
 "We're very thirsty," the flowers said.

"Thou lovely lily, so fair to see,
 Oh! wherefore shouldst thou thirsty be?
 For gladly into thy cup I'll pour
 The sparkling wine from my choicest store?"

The lily folded her pure white cup
 And closed each ivory petal up ;
 The rosebud shook in the breeze her head ;
 "We drink the rain and the dew," she said.

I took my wine to the birds that flew
 Around the bank where the flowers grew.
 They would not come of my glass to taste ;
 The lark flew up to the sky in haste ;

The thrush sang "no" from her leafy spray,
 The robin hopped with a chirp away ;
 The blackbird raised from the stream his head,
 "Our drink is that of the flowers," he said.

I saw a child on that summer's day
 Amid the flowers and birds at play ;
 I brought him wine, but he answered "no"
 With rosy lips, as he bade me go !"

"I do not care for the hot red wine
 While water fresh from the stream is mine !"
 He smiled and merrily shook his head ;
 "My drink is that of the birds," he said.

I turned ; his father was watching near,
 His step was firm, and his eye was clear.
 He took my cup, but he dashed it down,
 And quickly cried, with an angry frown :

"I will not look on the cup whose glow
 Has lured so many to deepest woe !"
 The mother smiled as she shook her head ;
 "Our drink is that of our child," she said.

TEN LITTLE TEMPERANCE BOYS.

BY IDA M. BUXTON.

THIS, if well rendered, is very taking. It commences by one boy reciting the first verse. As he takes up the last word he is joined by another little boy, who runs or walks very quickly to join him. Together they recite the second verse, and are quickly joined by another boy ; the three take up the third verse. In this way the number of boys increase at each verse, till at last they number ten. They should be careful to speak boldly and in unison, and at the last two verses take hold of hands, forming a semi-circle.

ONE little temperance boy, to his work so true,
 Pledged another little boy—then there were two.

Two little temperance boys, from bad habits free,
 Got another boy to join them—then there were three.

Three little temperance boys, never drank nor swore,
 Taught a boy he must not smoke, then there were four.

Four little temperance boys, to their work alive,
 Helped another boy be good—then there were five.

Five little temperance boys, eyes so very bright,
 Soon started number six on the road to right.

Six little temperance boys, looking up to heaven,
 Cheered a playmate on the way—then there were seven.

Seven little temperance boys, all rum they hate,
 Told a fellow of the wrong—then there were eight.

Eight little temperance boys, touch not, taste not wine,
 Asked a schoolmate not to drink—then there were nine.

Nine little temperance boys learned the truth, and then
 Told it to another boy—so there were ten.

Ten little temperance boys, working hand-in-hand
 To drive strong drink away from our native land,

Ask you all to help them, work with all your might :
 Never fear nor falter ; God is with the right.

TRUTHFUL JINGLES.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

AS one and one make always two,
 So those who drink are sure to rue.

As two and two make always four,
 So surely one glass leads to more.

As three and three are always six,
 As surely drink is spoiled by "sticks."

As sure as four and four make eight,
 Will rum bring trouble soon or late.

As five and five are always ten,
 So surely drink makes drunken men.

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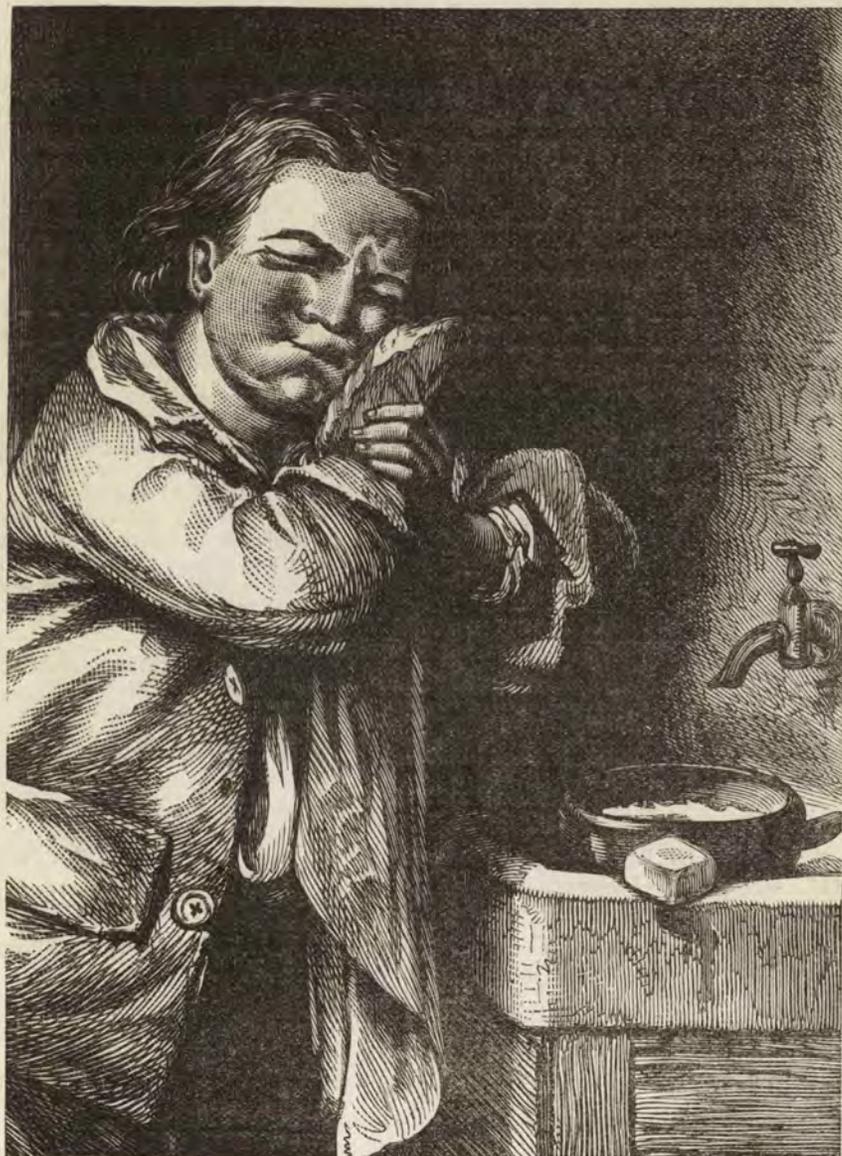
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No. 248.—August, 1890.]

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CLEANLINESS.

CLEANLINESS.



IS there anything more disagreeable than to see dirty, unwashed face and hands? I don't mean the face and hands which have become grimy through the day by honest work—there is nothing disagreeable about that. Indeed, when I see the blackened faces and hands of men and boys coming from the foundry, the machine-shop, the coal-mine, the workshop of any kind, I always feel honest pride in them. I know they have been engaged in useful labour, and while earning the means to live, they have also been adding to the general comfort and wealth of the nation. Such dirt is *honest* dirt, and when once home is reached will soon be washed away with soap and water, and faces and hands will shine all the brighter by contrast. It is the habitual dirty face and hands that are disagreeable—those that never know the pleasure of a vigorous application of soap and water and a rough towel! There are thousands of such—faces and hands of men and women and boys and girls. And they are not only disagreeable to see, but they are pitiable as well. The boy who neglects to wash his face and hands (and indeed his whole body) will never become the noble man; the girl who is afraid of cold water and soap, will grow up to be untidy in her person and her home. Among the many things that indicate character, and from which the observant can prophecy, with almost unerring accuracy, what the future of a boy and girl will be, this attention to, or neglect of, cleanli-

ness is one of the most important. And even the *manner* of washing stands for a good deal.

If you would understand what I mean, look at the picture this month. It makes one smile to see the boy's firmly-set mouth and eyes and chin! There is sterling character there. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is written on that face. The towel is polishing up those plump cheeks with a vengeance, and two hands are engaged in the work. The wide forehead and massive features, the arched eye-brows and broad mouth and solid chin—are all indications of a mind vigorous, a will determined, and a nature kindly. It is the likeness of a boy who became one of the greatest musicians ever known, and whose oratorios yield delight to tens of thousands all over the civilized world to-day.

Boys and girls, never be afraid of cold water. Cultivate a love of cleanliness. Even poor garments become almost beautiful when the face and hands are made to glow by the frequent application of soap and water; and many a youth has made his first step on the ladder to fame and fortune because his neat and cleanly appearance has secured him the notice of those who were able to assist him when he set out on life's busy road. So—

Clean without and clean within
We would be all the day,
And dirty hands and dirty tricks
We'll banish far away
In floods of pure cold water!

ONLY A STIRRUP-CUP.

"**R**ILL up! one glass before you go!
The moon is young, the night is keen,
The creek-ford lies half hid between
The drifting ice and whirling snow,
And the wind is fierce as the Russian knout,
But here is a draught that will keep it out;
Drain it, and feel how your heart will glow!

"Only a stirrup-cup! now, good-night!
Here's to good luck, till we see you again!
The mare only waits for the loosening rein;
She'll make you five miles with the speed of a
kite.

Good-bye!" and the horse and his rider were
gone.
But the revellers stayed till the faint winter
dawn
Touched the world with its finger of light.

Some miles away, in the morning grey,
A wife looked out o'er the sheeted world,
Weary with heaping the hearthstone old,
Weary with watching from dark to day,
With hushing the children, who cried in their
sleep,

"Listen for father, the snow is so deep,
And he comes through the dark and cold."

When the clock in the corner chimed slowly for three,
 And the windows all creaked in the grip of the blast,
 A sound, like the neigh of a horse, went past,
 And a faint, faint voice, as of dread or dree;
 But fiercely the wind wrenched the door from her hold,
 And all she could hear were *its* tones manifold,
 And nought but the snow could she see.

Night melted away in the cup of the sun;
 The joy of the day made forebodings seem vain;
 The tea-kettle bubbled and sung on the crane.
 The heart may be heavy, but the tasks must be done;
 So the cattle were fed, and the platters were laid,
 The children went out for a lamb that had strayed,
 And the mother's day's spinning begun.

Whiz, whiz, went the wheel, in monotonous round,
 And it seemed that its echo beat in on her brain,
 Till a voice calling "Mother!" again and again,
 Pierced her, quick, like a voice that is heard in a swoond,
 And there, with the ice frozen thick in his hair,
 Lay a snow-shrouded form on the ground.

"Who is it?" she cried, and a whinny replied,
 For the mare, faithful Polly, stood guard at his feet;

Wan and pale was his face, and the armour of sleet
 Rattled roughly each time when the wind lightly sighed.

Oh, never again, to those lips, or those eyes,
 Would the wife, or the child, bring a smile of surprise!

Oh! the dumb parted lips! Oh! the eyes staring wide!

Little fatherless children! The woman bereft!

The pale one, so robbed of his soul in the dark,
 To your dumb accusations there's One sayeth,
 "Hark,

I will drive my sickle from right unto left,
 'Till the vine-wreathen pillars shall fall at its stroke,
 At the wine-wetted portals the ravens shall croak,
 And the head of this demon be cleft!"

WATER AND WINE.

BY MRS. M. E. CARMICHAEL.

 SWEET the silver, limpid water
 Slipping through the long green grass;
 Sunshine tangled in its ripples,
 Flitting shadows o'er it pass.
 Lift it high in crystal goblet,
 See the warm light in a blaze;
 Can that ever harm a creature,
 Or the fine brain tissue blaze?

See the rich wine flashing glorious,
 Crested with the hue of snow;
 Blood-red splendor in its sparkle,
 Sunlight laughing in its glow.
 Can that lovely liquid trembling
 In our hand do any harm,
 Causing earth's most dreadful anguish
 And our land fill with alarm?

What a contrast in their beauty!
 One so soft, so pure and clear,
 Causing not a cloud or sorrow,
 Dimming no eye with a tear—
 God's own forming, sparkling water,
 Flowing in its sunny mirth,
 Rushing, foaming to the surface
 From the winding veins of earth;

And the rich wine in its glitter,
 Red in colour and in deed
 For the awful woe it causes
 And the thousand hearts that bleed.
 Take the wine-cup; give me water,
 That my Father made so free.
 It is safe! I need no other;
 Water is the drink for me.

A DARE.

Boys, never be dared! If a thing be right,
 Why, then for its own sake do it;
 If wrong, to be dared is cowardly quite;
 Just dare to say No, and stick to it.

TWO PATHS.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY LILIAN ARNOLD.

CHAPTER III.

THE next evening almost the whole of the adult portion of the village might have been seen wending towards the school-house. The young Squire's lecture seemed to be a great success; but then he was a new broom, and I am afraid that curiosity was the chief motive of the majority, though upon a few bloated visages, from which the Maker's image was well nigh effaced, might be seen an expression of something like dawning hope. The landlord of the "Blue Griffin" stood in his doorway with a sour grin on his face watching the villagers go by.

"So ye're goin' to the school for the temperance meetin', to hear yon young coxcomb, wi' his clever words, talk the bread out o' honest folks' mouths? I thought you'd more sense, Bob Pritchard!"

Bob, though not inclined to favour young Daly, was still less inclined to be thus familiarly addressed by the publican in Bessie's presence; for his conscience told him he had been pretty often at the "Blue Griffin" lately.

"That's just where I am going!" he retorted, "and in good company, too."

"Oh, no doubt the lasses will be going after the young Squire! And after he's persuaded 'em to join by dozens he'll go home to his champagne and oysters!"

Bob was too indignant to make any reply; he hurried along in moody silence, which he preserved till after they had reached the school-house, and a burst of applause proclaimed the entrance of the Squire. The schoolmaster himself, accompanied by the vicar, led father and son to places of honour on the platform, and, after a few opening remarks from the clergyman, the lecture began. It was short but powerful; the speaker, who stood with graceful ease before that critical audience, touched lightly but with striking effect upon the sin of drunkenness, its consequences, and told them how alluring and ensnaring were its toils. While he spoke all had leisure to observe him, and none did so more keenly than Jessie Barber; his handsome face and noble bearing

were particularly calculated to captivate the mind if not the heart of a romantic girl, and Jess was quite carried away by his words. Indeed, everyone was greatly moved; Widow Greaves was sobbing in a corner, "'Tis true! all true! Heaven help my poor lad!"

"Aye, missis, and if I'd heerd that when I was a lad, I wouldn't be the fallen wretch I am!" said a bleary-eyed man of barely thirty.

"My friend," said the old Squire, "thank God, it's not too late now. But don't promise rashly: think well before you sign a pledge to keep from drink for ever."

"Bob," whispered Bessie, "you'll sign, won't you?"

"On one condition. I'll agree to give up my beer if the young Squire gives up his champagne."

"Ah," thought Bessie, "what a lot depends on *one* signing after all! How I hope the Squire will join!"

"Ladies first; that's right," he said, smiling, glancing admiringly at Jess.

"Miss Barber, I see my father has headed the list; will you follow?"

"I'd rather not," said the girl, with a smile and a blush. "Won't you go first, Mr. Daly?"

"Certainly not—ladies first," replied he, gallantly.

"Now, Pritchard, do you come next?"

"No, sir," said the young farmer, sullenly. "I know my place, I hope; I'll follow in *your* steps, sir."

For a moment Frank Daly appeared at a disadvantage—a deep red came into his face; but he quickly recovered his composure.

"You mean you won't sign unless I do," he said, smiling slightly. "Now, do *you* think I ought to do it merely for example's sake?"

"Not if ye don't mean keeping it, sir," said Bob, bluntly. "And if there's no need for you there ain't for me."

"No one asked you to join if you don't wish," said the young Squire, without the least show of temper.

"Well, sir," with a glance at Bessie, "I do want to join, but I won't unless you do as well, that's clear."

"Perfectly," rejoined Frank, sharply; for the talk was attracting more attention than was pleasant.

"Come away, Bob," murmured Bessie,

grieved and surprised at the turn affairs were taking, "can't you act for yourself?"

"I have acted, Bessie; I see the Squire preaches but don't practise."

Fortunately, no one but Bessie overheard this remark; she felt sad as she thought that as Frank Daly had hindered Bob, Bob might hinder others purely by example. Others, meanwhile, went up to sign, among them a degraded wretch, who took up the pen in his trembling hand and drew back hesitating. "Come, my man, you aren't going to sign your death warrant!"

"No, sir, it's life! but to poor wretches like me the drink's so tempting! It's callin' me now—pullin' me back from puttin' my name theer, which means good-bye to the poison for ever!"

"Aye, you are right, Harry, call it poison, for it's been the death of many, body and soul, and will be yours if you go on."

"Ah, sir, you knows all about it; and, sir," faltered the poor man, "I think if I could see your name on the paper afront o' mine I'd feel easier like."

There was a terrible struggle in the young Squire's mind. Conscience said:—"If it's so hard to give it up now, doesn't it prove it has already some sort of hold upon you that may grow year by year and day by day, till it makes you its slave? You've already by your example turned one man from signing, and now here is a poor creature whose salvation may depend on you. Be a man and give it up." But self put in—"You are in no personal danger; it can't really help others to know you are denying yourself a single luxury. It's all fancy. Besides, your fine friends will chaff you. You can help others by precept without example." The young man hesitated; he saw two paths plain before him—which should he take?

"It won't make it any easier for you, Harry, for another person to sign. Come, be a man; take it upon yourself; sign it, and stick to it."

"And there's a help, Harry," said the vicar, coming forward. "There's a sure refuge from temptation for all who look for it."

"I know, sir, but I'm so weak."

"There's a strength greater than ours which we may borrow."

"I'll try, sir; I'll stick to it, God helping me! He knows how low it's brought me!"

So the drunkard took up the pen and wrote his name. He had chosen the one path, and the young Squire was upon the other.

(To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

GOLDEN waves the grain glistening in the sun,
Covering all the plains, food for every one.

Shining falls the grain 'neath the reaper's hand,
Like a golden rain making glad the land.

Precious stands the grain in fat sheaves displayed,
Waiting for the wain, thence to be conveyed.

Shall it go for bread, making millions strong!
Or for drink instead, doing millions wrong?

Brewery and still rob it of its life,
Turn its good to ill—minister of strife.

God the blessing gives, man the bane supplies;
By the bread he lives, by the drink he dies.

Be the golden grain free as vital air;
But the liquid bane drive out everywhere!

THE COMING POWER.

BY THOS. R. THOMPSON.

WE are Templar boys, we are Templar girls,
Our numbers fast are swelling;
We are doing our best, and will tell you why
We're opposed to drink, and as Templars try
To stop the liquor-selling.

You may say we're small, and we can't do
To help this reformation. [much
If the little we do we do right well,
In the time to come you will find it tell
To the credit of the nation.

You will find, we think, in the boys and girls,
A source of help and power; [foe
Men and women so strong, they will grasp the
And by vote declare that the curse must go,
When comes the trying hour.

SEND THE DRINK AWAY!

(From "HOYLE'S HYMNS AND SONGS." By permission.)

Words composed and Music arranged by W. HOYLE.

{ Once more we raise our voi - ces In strains of cheer - ful song ; |
 { We love to come to - ge - ther, And help the Cause a - long : |

D.C.

KEY	:	S ₁	:	d	:	d		<u>m</u> .	<u>r</u> .	<u>m</u> .	<u>f</u> .		l	:	s		-	:	s		l	:	s		f	:	r		d	:	-	
G.	:	S ₁	:	S ₁	:	S ₁		<u>d</u> .	<u>t</u> .	<u>d</u> .	:	d	:	d		-	:	d		t ₁	:	t ₁		t ₁	:	t ₁		d	:	-		
	:	M	:	M	:	M		s	:	s	:	f	:	M		-	:	M		f	:	f		r	:	f		M	:	-		
	:	d	:	d	:	d		d	:	d	:	d	:	d		-	:	d		S ₁	:	S ₁		S ₁	:	S ₁		d	:	-		

We can - not tell you ma - ny things, But this we wish to say -

}	:	d	:	d	:	d		f	:	f		l	:	-	:	f		f	:	f		M	:	M		s	:	M		r	:	-	
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If you want health and pleasure, Why send the drink a - way. Yes, yes, yes, yes,

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

Send the drink a - way, Send the drink a - way, Send the drink a - way!

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

- 2 In every place or station
 Men live without the drink,
 With bodies strong for labour,
 With willing minds to think :
 In this the doctors all agree,
 The laws of science say—
 If you want health and pleasure,
 Why send the drink away !
- 3 We ask you now to join us,
 Our principles are tried,
 And many eyes are watching
 To see how you decide.
 Be brave, no longer hesitate,
 Remember what we say—
 If you want health and pleasure,
 Why send the drink away !

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

A GIRL-HERO!

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS AND ONE MALE.

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

SCENE:—*Hetty, a ragged girl, stands weeping. Enter Rose and Mary. Rose points to Hetty.**Rose.*

SEE that poor girl, Mary. She must have lost something, for she is crying. Shall we ask what she is crying for?

Mary. Oh, I don't know if it's worth while. Perhaps she's only trying to attract the notice of people passing by, so that she may beg money. She looks like a beggar, and I don't care to have anything to say to her.

R. Poor girl—she's got nothing to cover her feet, and her clothes are in rags, and she looks thin, and I'm sure she is in real sorrow. I've a good mind to speak to her.

M. Oh, please yourself, Rose; you always are pitying poor people—though you know as well as I do it is their own fault they are so badly off. Father says if they'd only work as hard as he works and not spend their money foolishly, they wouldn't need to ask others to help them.

R. Yes, I know your father talks like that—I've heard him often. But we mustn't be unkind and hard to everybody; I'd rather try and do good than not try at all. See, the poor girl is still crying. I'll ask her what's amiss. (*Touches Hetty on the shoulder.*) What is it, little girl—why are you crying?

Hetty. It's mother, miss; she's at home poorly, and I'm afraid she's going to die!

R. But why are you here—why don't you go home to your mother? If she's so poorly, she may want you! Run home at once.

H. I can't—she sent me out—(*crys.*)

R. That's strange! What do you think, Mary?

M. What I told you—she's trying to beg money from those who are foolish enough to give it to her. Come along, Rose, we shall be late at school; don't bother with her.

R. (*to Hetty.*) Why did your mother send you out—were you naughty?

H. Oh, no, miss! I came out to look for father—mother wants him to go home before she dies, and he won't go.

R. (*looking round.*) But I don't see your father—where is he?

H. In the public-house over the way. I've been in, miss, and he was angry and told me to begone. I can't go home without him, for mother pleaded so I would go and bring him.

R. Poor child! What sort of a man is your father?

H. A tall man, with dark hair, and—and a gentleman, miss. Oh, what shall I do—whatever shall I do?

R. (*to Mary.*) Please stay here a moment, Mary. I'm going across to the public-house to see if I can't get the poor girl's father to come out and go home with his child.

M. You mustn't, Rose—it isn't safe for you to go into the public-house alone!

R. But I must go, Mary. Just think, his wife is dying and she wants to speak to him.

M. Oh, I dare say it's all a trumped-up tale—you must not be so foolish as to go. What if some drunken man were to strike you or do you harm! Please, come away, Rose, and let us leave the girl to look after her own affairs—we have nothing to do with them.

R. Yes, we have. I can't leave this poor child crying and not try and help her. (*To Hetty.*) You are sure your father is in the public-house over the way there?

H. Yes, miss, I've seen him and spoken to him, and he hasn't come out yet.

R. What is his name?

H. Ronald Martin—he's a doctor, miss.

R. A doctor! (*To M.*) I won't be long, Mary, but I feel I must try and help this poor child. (*Exit.*)

M. (*to H.*) There, you've sent that young lady into danger, with your lies! How dare you act so? And to say your father is a doctor!—you ought to be locked-up by the policeman.

H. I've not told lies—my father is a doctor!

M. A quack doctor, then! Do you think a doctor would sit drinking in a public-house and let his child be bare-foot and ragged, and know his wife was dying and not go to her? I'm afraid you are a hardened little girl, and no good will come of you if you don't mend your ways.

H. (*earnestly.*) Indeed, indeed, I have spoken nothing but the truth. It is because my father takes drink—because he is a drunkard—he neglects his home. He wasn't always a drunkard, miss, and I've been as well-dressed as you are. We once had a nice house, and a servant, and a carriage and two horses, and father is very clever and had a many patients, and mother is a lady.

M. Well, we shall soon know if you are speaking the truth, and if you are not I shall feel inclined to call a policeman. Of course, if you are speaking truth I am sorry for you, though your father ought to have more sense than to give way to drunkenness. Ah! here comes Rose, and, I do declare, she is bringing a man with her!

H. (*gladly.*) It is father! it is father! Oh, how kind your friend is!

(Enter Rose, leading Ronald Martin by the hand.)

R. Here is your father, child, come to go home with you. He says he didn't hear you say your mother wanted him.

Mr. Martin. I did not, miss, or as a gentleman I should have come at once. What's amiss with your mother, Hetty? Fretting, as usual, I suppose? Poor woman! It is a shame I should so neglect her, but the fact is, young ladies, I'm a slave to drink! My name is Doctor Ronald Martin, and I used to be—well, well, it can't be helped now, I'm too far gone on the road to perdition to stop. Come along, Hetty, my dear—let us visit our heart-broken patient at home! Thank this kind young lady for assisting you to rouse your father to a sense of his duty!

R. Oh, sir, let me plead with you to give up the drink—do give it up, sir! It is awful—it is terrible to see a gentleman like you a slave to the intoxicating cup! And this poor child—look at her, sir—with no shoes or stockings, and her garments all torn, and her face pinched with hunger! Sir, sir, the sight ought to touch your heart and make you ashamed of your conduct! And she tells me her mother is ill—dying perhaps! Do, do sign the pledge!

Mr. M. Well, of all the little heroes, you are the bravest! Your words seem to put fresh life into me! To think a mere child should point out to me—me—Dr. Martin—my folly and my duty! Child, child, do you think I can redeem the past? do you think I can undo what I have done, re-build the practice I have lost, restore to my wife her shattered health, bring joy to that poor ragged girl?

R. Of course you can if you will! Sign the pledge, sir, and ask the good God to help you to keep it, and I'm sure you will soon become the clever man you once must have been.

Mr. M. Well, child, I'll try—I will indeed! Come along, Hetty! Shall your father try to make you and mother happy again?

H. (grasping her father's hand and looking up into his face pathetically.) Oh, father, dear father, if you only will, mother and I would be the happiest people on earth!

Mr. M. Then I'll try, my child!

H. (running to Rose and throwing her arms round her.) Oh, thank you so much, miss, for your kind help and kinder words! If father only tries he can do anything, and I feel he will try to be a better man and to give up the drink. Let me kiss you! (Hetty and Rose kiss each other.) There, come along, dear father! (They go away hand in hand.)

R. Now, what do you say, May—don't you think it is best not to be so hard when you see poor people suffering?

M. (tossing her head.) It's all got up—I don't believe a word these people say! And as to letting that ragged child kiss me—ugh!—I couldn't do it for the life of me. You are a strange girl, Rose.

R. Yes, I believe I am, Mary. My heart goes out to these poor drunkards and their victims. But, do you know, I feel very happy at what I have just done, for I believe that man—who I feel is a gentleman at heart—will do as he says he will. And isn't it something to know that you have helped to make others better and happier? Oh, Mary, I wish you would get over that cynical way you have, and try and cultivate tenderer feelings towards the suffering and sorrowful. I'm sure, dear, you would feel happier than you do.

M. I'm all right, Rose, don't trouble about me. If you like to go into public-houses after drunken doctors, and allow little ragged children to throw their arms round you and kiss you, I don't. So say no more about it, but let us hurry, for we are already behind time through minding other people.

R. How hard you are, dear! But come along; I'm glad I have done what I have done, and the kiss of that poor child lingers on my cheek like a sweet blessing. (To audience.) What do you say, friends? Have I done right or wrong in trying to rescue a poor drunkard and restore him to the bosom of his family? (Ories of right, right.) Thank you! (Exit.)

THE SERPENT OF THE STILL.

WILL CARLETON.

THE tempter, as God's legends tell—
 Allowed on earth to roam—
 Crushed that which woman loves so well,
 Her sweet and sacred home.
 From Eden, lost through his black art,
 She wandered out forlorn:
 She cursed him in her gentle heart
 With meek but deadly scorn.
 And since, in varied guise of sin,
 He works his hateful will,
 And reappears to-day within
 The serpent of the still.

He comes not now in subtle mood—
 With smiles as long ago—
 Enticing her by honeyed food;
 And mysteries she may know;
 He makes insulting, swift advance
 Into her bright home nest,
 Admitted and embraced, perchance,
 By those she loves the best.
 He brings the world where he must dwell,
 Her days and nights to fill,

Transmuting Paradise to Hell—
This serpent of the still !

He twines about her trembling life,
And soils it with his slime ;
He fills the hours with foolish strife,
He sows the seeds of crime,
And Poverty and fierce Disease,
And hunger and Disgrace,
And Death by death-empanged degrees,
Are in his cold embrace.

To grieve, to hurt, to rend, to smite,
To ruin, and to kill,
Are leaden links of his delight—
The serpent of the still !

Rouse, woman, in your quiet power,
Your heart's man-withering frown,
Your hand that rules the festal hour,
And crush the monster down !
You shape the human form and soul,
You mark the infant's way,
Youth's fancy you can oft control,
Men's actions you can sway :
Bend every blessing of your life
To fight its deadliest ill !
Strike—daughter, maiden, widow, wife—
This serpent of the still !

BESSBROOK.

WHAT which mainly distinguishes Bessbrook from other factories of the kind is the moral agencies, to say nothing of religious influence brought to bear upon the work-people. The directors, as well as the heads of departments, are, we understand, many of them members of the Society of Friends, though Quakerism does not enjoy a monopoly in the township. Indeed, so far as the operatives are concerned, they have between them six different denominations who can boast of a place of worship of their own; this fact, together with the entire absence in the colony of intoxicating liquors, ensures a sober and moral air amongst the inhabitants, which is greatly assisted by the superior education given to the young people. The principals, as well as the leading men in the department are all teetotallers. There is no law to compel the operatives to be such, but they are so from force of example; the consequence is, their homes are models of their class, and their families are decently clothed and orderly. Let us repeat—for it will bear repeating—there is neither

public-house, policeman, nor pawnshop in Bessbrook, and the great secret is to be found in the temperance character of the place.

It was a grand experiment, and the ladies and gentlemen connected with Bessbrook whose inclinations lie in the direction of encouraging and assisting the scheme are assuredly repaid by the happiest results. Indeed, it may now be truly said that the operatives at Bessbrook are born teetotallers, and that they grow and flourish on the soil. A Band of Hope say you? Yes, they have a Band of Hope fifteen hundred strong; a popular Temperance Society, and a grand Literary Institution and Concert Hall. We don't say that the inhabitants at Bessbrook are all white hens' chickens, but they are a thinking sober-minded people, and, as a class, both morally and socially advanced, while their intellectual claims are incomparably above the average of those mill hands who work in a factory surrounded by public-houses, and their accompanying institutions—low music-halls, pawnshops, and police barracks. That a man can work without alcoholic liquors, not only so, but be infinitely the better for it, is a fact abundantly demonstrated by the Bessbrook operative, his wife, his family, his home. Neither are these characteristics of the Bessbrook operatives undervalued by hands from other mills, who always consider themselves most fortunate if they can secure a berth at the factory, and we are informed that those who are successful in so doing very rarely leave the town again. Not the least important amongst the advantages enjoyed by the Bessbrook operative is that he is provided with a home for his family, and for those of them that can work employment of some kind is found. More convincing and incontestable evidence that the peculiar system adopted by the Bessbrook Spinning Company, is in the best interest of their operatives it would be impossible to give than was afforded us by an interview with some of the hands. To this, however, must be added the care and integrity with which their business is conducted, and the energy and enterprise brought to bear upon the development of the general scheme, and we can no longer marvel that Bessbrook is known far and wide as the "model town."—*Warehousemen and Drapers' Trade Journal.*

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NEW SERIES.

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THE TEMPTER.

THE TEMPTER.

ONE day two lads might have been seen leaning against a spirit-vault. They were both the children of drunken parents, and were left to roam about the streets and pick up a living as best they could. Sometimes they earned a few coppers by holding a horse or running errands, but mainly they hovered near the railway-station ready to carry boxes or parcels for those passengers who preferred to walk on foot rather than hire a cab to take them home. But all these were precarious and uncertain ways of earning a livelihood, and the two lads had often to go short of food, and sleep under railway-arches, or anywhere else where they would not be disturbed by the policeman.

At length the elder of the two boys disappeared for a time and his companion was left alone, and being the younger and weaker he found life harder and drearier than when Harry Lorriker was with him to give a helping hand and a cheering word. His face grew more pinched, and his clothes more ragged, as the weeks passed by; and often when crouching alone under some friendly archway at night, hungry and cold, big tears would run down his pale cheeks and he would be very sad. For Jimmy Harris had a tender heart and a disposition to do right, which all the cruel circumstances of his young life had not destroyed.

In a few weeks Harry Lorriker suddenly appeared again. He was dressed better, and had a cuter look on his face. "Where have you been?" asked Jimmy. "Oh, I've found out a better way of earning money than carrying heavy boxes and running errands for folks," said Harry with a sly grin. "I doesn't sleep under arches now, and I doesn't go short of food." "But how does you manage it?" said Jimmy, with astonishment, his eyes wide-open as he saw how much better Harry was dressed than formerly. "I doesn't work at

all—leastways, I doesn't call it work. And if you'll come with me I'll put you in the way of living same as I does, and you'll soon be dressed better and have better food, and you don't need sleep out at night." "Tell me what it is, Harry. I'd be glad to get better off, I would." "Well," replied Harry, putting his hands into his pockets and again grinning, "I just goes and takes things—gent's handkerchiefs and ladies' purses, when I sees the chance, and I sells 'em to a friend as buys 'em." "But that's stealing!" exclaimed Jimmy, looking scared. "What if it is—ain't the gents got plenty of money to buy more handkerchiefs with? and the ladies has only to go home and get more purses. Come along, I tell you. See here, I's got lots of cash, and I'll treat you till you get some of your own."

But Jimmy wasn't to be persuaded. He wasn't a thief, and he wouldn't be tempted to become one. Hard as his lot was, he preferred it to living as Harry was now living. "I won't steal, Harry, so you needn't ask me again." So Harry left him, and he saw him no more.

Jimmy, a few days after, was asked to carry a box for a gentleman to an hotel near the station. The gentleman was touched with pity at the lad's condition, and made many enquiries about him. The result was Jimmy was placed in a respectable situation as errand-boy, had new clothes and decent lodgings; and by dint of hard work and integrity of character, in time rose to a responsible position. He often looks back and feels thankful that he was able to resist the temptation to become a thief. God was watching over him for good, though at the time he did not know it. In after years he became a great friend to poor lads, and if I were to give his name no doubt many of my readers would at once recognize him as a well-known Christian worker and philanthropist.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

WAVE high the temperance banner
And let the people see
The banner gaily floating
'Gainst wrong and slavery,

Tell out the shameful story
Of what strong drink has done—
Tell, tell the shameful story
To all beneath the sun.

The young, the brave, the valiant,
Will 'list in noble fight
Against this foe so treacherous,
And battle for the right.

Shrink not, pause not, nor tremble ;
The enemy is by,
His deeds of rueful sorrow
Are seen by every eye.

VICTORS AND VANQUISHED.

BY MARY J. DIGGENS.

THE trumpet's blast hath sounded
O'er valley, plain, and hill,
And soldiers stand on either hand
To hear their monarch's will.

"March!" thunders forth their captain,
"Wreak vengeance on my foe,
Spare neither man nor maiden,
Nor let the children go.

"Be wary as your master,
Work till thy task be done—
Till every tower and stronghold
Be from your victims won."

They march, a mighty army,
They fight a battle long,
A conquest dearly purchased
They celebrate in song.

And these are songs they render
While captives round them lie,
These are the words they utter—
While little children die.

WINE.

I come from the lands of the sunny south,
I am dressed in raiment gay,
In crimson and gold and sparkling white
I dance through the livelong day.

I feast on the fruit of the graceful vine,
From a crystal fount I sip,
And sweeter to man is my perfumed breath
Than kisses from maiden's lip.

I want not companions, the wedded wife
Forsaketh her spouse and child,
The father his son, and the son his sire,
To be by me beguiled.

And though at the last they languish all,
Lie down and die at my feet,
I laugh to myself—for more will come
Their idol of wine to greet.

BEER AND STOUT.

No stranger like thee, in our childhood we
wandered
Through Britain's fair gardens and plucked
the hop-vine,
O'er carpets of gold where the silver meandered
Of streamlet and river our arms did we twine.
We smiled on the peasant, we danced with
the maiden,
We joined in their feasts and demanded their
song, [laden,
We led them in waggons with new-mown hay
And forged in their smithies chains powerful
and strong.

Yes, fetters of Britain's bright crown did we
fashion

To lead to his ruin our enemy's son :
And thongs of our weaving he used in his
passion

For us on the back of the innocent one.
He thought us his friends, our companionship
heaven,

He fought against God, against wife, against
child,

Coiled closer around him our fetters unripen,
And died in the midst of our merriment wild.

SPIRITS.

Thou hast sung of thy conquests, thy feasting,
thy mirth,

But where is the sword to excel mine on
earth ?

Which hath plunged to the hilt in the heart
of the brave,

And dug for the freeman a bond-servant's
grave.

I too have a song, for never did foe
His victims lay low with a deadlier blow :
Or cause with his tortures such exquisite pain,
Inheritance fairer or vaster gain.

Yet will I not grudge thee the praise that is
thine,

Since our work is the same and thy master is
mine,

Wine, spirits, and beer we have grievéd God,
And His children turned from the path He
trod.

TWO PATHS.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY LILIAN ARNOLD.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning, Frank Daly found his way to the schoolmaster's cottage. His object was ostensibly to talk about getting up a concert, but in reality he came hoping to see Jessie.

"The lecture last night was so well attended that my father thinks we might have a concert. There is nothing like innocent amusement for keeping people from bad ways. You see if there is never any fun going, people can't be expected to keep out of the taverns where there is always plenty."

"Of a doubtful kind, I should say," put in Jessie.

"Certainly; but you must remember, Jess —" He stopped, startled at the ease with which her name had slipped out. "You must remember," he went on, smiling at her scarlet cheeks, "that everyone is not as innocent as you. Some people like that sort of thing."

"Poor things!" said Jessie, coldly, for she was proud.

"They cannot be blamed if they've nothing better," said Bessie.

"Precisely," said young Daly, "and for that very reason my father and I are anxious to promote some simple amusements. We thought a concert in the school-room, with no particular allusion to temperance, would be an attraction."

"I am sure it would," said Bessie. "It's a capital idea, don't you think so, Jess?"

"Who will get it up?" said Jessie, who was usually so enthusiastic.

"Will you?" he asked, pointedly, with a winning smile.

"But, surely, there are others?" she began, involuntarily smiling too.

"There are; but I came to ask you. Won't you grant me this favour?"

"I do not know who we should get to help," she said, with another blush.

"I will, if you ask me," said Frank, boldly.

"Then will you undertake it if we help?" said Jessie, her heart suddenly beating very fast.

"Yes, we had better undertake it together," said the Squire, emphasizing the last word. No wonder that Jessie dropped her eyes, and turned redder than ever. When Mr. Barber returned to his dinner he found his daughters full of the concert.

"Won't it be delightful, father?" said enthusiastic Jessie.

"It will do so much good," said gentle Bessie.

"The young Squire seems very civil," said the schoolmaster, glancing from one to the other of his daughters. "I wonder how Bob will like it?"

Jessie gave it as her opinion that Bob had nothing to do with it, and that he might like it or not as he chose. Bob certainly did not like it, he was naturally of a jealous turn and, seeing the Squire's son at all times in and out of the cottage, he became doubtful of Bessie's loyalty to him. He never thought of Jessie, 'a chit of seventeen,' being attractive to a man of Frank Daly's stamp. For almost a week he was consumed with jealousy, and made poor Bessie as miserable as himself. One night, however, his eyes were opened; he was strolling moodily through one of his father's fields, when his attention was attracted by voices in the lane below him.

"You know, Jess, I want you to sing that temperance song, because it will take well," he heard the young Squire's voice saying.

"But, Mr. Daly, I'd rather not sing the song of the evening."

"But that's just what I want you to do. You must really for me!"

"Why, for you?" said the girl, trembling, not knowing what to say, for she did indeed love him.

"Because I love you, Jess!—because, my darling, you are everything to me!"

"Oh, Mr. Daly, don't, pray don't. Love is between equals—not for you and me."

"Indeed, Jessie," he pleaded, humbly, "I know you are far above me, except in mere worldly wealth. Don't send me away, I love you truly; and I swear I will make you my wife against the world!"

"Oh, hush! hush!" cried Jessie. "Don't talk so wildly! If you were not a gentleman, I should think you had been drinking!"

"Nonsense, Jess," he cried, almost roughly.

"Because I don't profess to be teetotal, doesn't make me foolish. I can't help being excited when I am with you. Oh, Jess, don't break my heart. Say you love me well enough to marry me." He stood still, and gazed into the sweet girlish face and clear dark eyes with his witching smile, till she was glad to hide her blushes on his breast.

"I do love you, Frank," she whispered, softly; and so she did, and trusted him implicitly, content to love and be loved by him.

Bob Pritchard's first thought was a glad one, "The Squire don't want my Bessie then." His second was one of fresh doubt, "Would the old Squire be likely to welcome the schoolmaster's daughter to the Hall as future mistress; and, if not, was Frank Daly fooling her?" The thought was not pleasant. "If he is, he's a scoundrel!" muttered Bob. "But I'll keep my eye upon him, and open Bessie's too."

And when the lovers were well out of sight he ran across the fields, and reached the cottage before them.

(To be continued.)

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

BY CHARLES W. DENISON.

THE drunkard dreamed of his old retreat,
Of his cosy place in the tap-room seat;
And the liquor gleamed in his eager eye
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.
He lifted it up with an eager glance,
And sang as he saw the bubbles dance,
"Aha! I am myself again!
Here's a truce to care, an adieu to pain,
Welcome the cup with its creamy foam;
Farewell to work and a mopy home—
With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl,
In bar-room pleasures I love to roll!"
Like a flash there came to the drunkard's side
His angel child, who that night had died;
With a look so gentle, and sweet, and fond,
She touched his glass with her little wand;
And oft as he raised it up to drink,
She silently tapped on its trembling brink,
Till the drunkard shook from foot to crown,
And set the untasted goblet down.

"Hey, man!" cried the host, "what meaneth
Is the covey sick, or the dram amiss? [this?
Cheer up, my lad—quick, the bumper quaff!"
And he glared around with a fiendish laugh.
The drunkard raised his glass once more,
And looked at its depth as so oft before,
But started to see on its pictured foam
The face of his dead little child at home;
Then again the landlord at him sneered,
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered,
But still, as he tried that glass to drink,
The wand of his dead one tapped the brink!
The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,
Thou shalt take every drop of the flowing
can!"

The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,
Though his heart beat fast and his eye grew
dim,
But the wand struck *harder* than before;
The glass was flung on the bar-room floor.
All around the ring the fragments lay,
And the poisonous currents rolled away.
The drunkard woke. His dream was gone;
His bed was bathed in the light of morn;
But he saw, as he shook with pale, cold fear,
A beautiful angel hovering near.
He rose, and that seraph was nigh him still;
It checked his passion, it swayed his will;
It dashed from his lips the maddening bowl,
And victory gave to his ransomed soul.
Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed,
Our hero has been a man redeemed.
And this is the prayer that he prays alway,
And this is the prayer let us help him pray,
That angels may come *in every land*
To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

WHAT A SMALL BOY SAYS.

A LITTLE fellow asked his parents to take
him to church with them. They said
he must wait till he was older. "Well," was
his shrewd answer, "you'd better take me now,
for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

Here is a hint for temperance workers. Get
the children, the little children, into your
bands. Teach them, while they are willing
to be taught, the nature and evil effects of
strong drink, hold up before them the beauty
of a life all pure and good, not tarnished by
drinking or smoking habits; for when they
are older they may not care to learn.

43.—Stilling the Tempest.

MRS. L. E. PROCTOR.

H. S. PERKINS.

Not too quick.

Gent-ly the boat would rise and fall, On Gal-i-lee's dark and heav- ing breast,

KEY E flat.

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

Bur-den'd with sor- row, mind o'erwrought, The dear Re- deem- er sank to rest;

{	s : l : s m : f : m r : m : r d : s : d r : m : f m : - : m r : - : d d : - : -
	m : f : m d : - : d t : d : s, s, : - : s, t : d : r d : - : d t : - : d d : - : -
	d' : d' : d' s : l : s s : - : f m : - : m s : - : s s : - : s f : - : m m : - : -
	d : d : d d : - : d s, : - : s, d : - : d s : - : s s, : - : s, s, : - : d d : - : -

Pil-low'd in sleep the gen- tle winds Swept o'er the Mas- ter's God- like form,

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

While at the oars the lab'r - ing crew Toil'd on nor dream'd of com - ing storm.

{	s : l : s m : f : m r : m : r d : s : d r : m : f m : - : m r : - : d d : - :
	m : f : m d : - : d t : d : s s : - : s t : d : r d : - : d t : - : d d : - :
	s : d' : d' s : l : s s : - : f m : - : m s : - : s s : - : s f : - : m m : - :
	d : d : d d : - : d s : - : s d : - : d s : - : s s : - : s s : - : d d : - :

CHORUS.

Save us, Lord, save us, Lord, Save us, Lord, or we per - - ish;

{	s : - : s s : - : l : - : l l : - : l : - : l l : t : d' d' : - : s : - :
	m : - : m m : - : f : - : f f : - : f : - : f f : f : f m : - : m : - :
	d' : - : d' d' : - : d' : - : d' d' : - : d' : - : d' d' : t : l s : - : d' : - :
	d : - : d d : - : f : - : f f : - : f : - : f f : f : f d : - : d : - :

Save us, Lord, Save us, Lord, Save us, Lord, or we per - ish.

{	s : - : s s : - : l : - : l l : - : l : - : l s : m : d r : - : d : - :
	m : - : m m : - : f : - : f f : - : f : - : f m : d : d t : - : d : - :
	d' : - : d' d' : - : d' : - : d' d' : - : d' : - : d' d' : s : m f : - : m : - :
	d : - : d d : - : f : - : f f : - : f : - : f s : s : s s : - : d : - :

2 Down from the mountain's rocky heights
The furious winds in anger swept;
Trembling and fear thrilled every one,
And still the Man of sorrow slept.
Lash'd was the sea to giant waves,
Shuddering the bark was drifting on;
Pallid each face with dread despair,
And even hope, faint hope was gone.

3 "Master, we perish! carest Thou not!"
In fear with accents wild they spoke;
Rising, He stood with kingly mien,
And firm, yet calm, His sweet voice broke
Above the tumult "Peace be still;
The winds obeying, lull'd to rest;
Foam-crested tossing, sobbing waves
Went down at His divine behest.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

AN EYE-OPENER.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO MALES.

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

John. (putting his hand on Harry's shoulder.)

X N a hurry, Harry?

Harry. No—that is, I'm not particularly so. Why do you ask?

J. Oh, simply because I'm walking your way, and I thought we might walk together. Have you some engagement on?

H. Well—yes, if you would call it an engagement. I'm going to our 'Harmony' Meeting.

J. A sort of social gathering, I suppose?

H. Yes, a few of us meet once a week to cultivate harmony.

J. Do you mean to cultivate music—vocal music? If so, it will be very enjoyable and profitable. I am exceedingly fond of singing—indeed, we have concerts frequently at home, one of my children plays the piano while the rest sing. Do you allow a friend to be present, now and then? I should be glad to spend half-an-hour or so with you to-night, if you will invite me.

H. Well—we do invite our friends occasionally, but I'm afraid you would not feel at home with us.

J. Why, how is that? Don't you think I could appreciate the kind of music you generally cultivate? I assure you, Harry, wherever there is harmony I am at home.

H. But, you see, you are a teetotaler, and our meeting is held at the 'Brown Cow,' and you might object to enter a public-house.

J. You are right, Harry—I certainly do object to enter a public-house, and if your meetings are held at the 'Brown Cow' I rather fancy I should not appreciate the harmony so much. I don't generally hear good singing when I pass such places. There is plenty of noise, sometimes much wrangling and jangling, and often anything but harmony.

H. But we have a large room upstairs—we are not disturbed by the people below.

J. Well, that is better, I dare say. And I suppose you don't have any drink in the room?

H. Oh, yes, we have—we are not teetotalers, by a long chalk. A glass or two mellow our voices and makes us feel more social. But we don't allow drunkenness—that is against one of our rules.

J. And how do you act when any of your harmonious company overstep the line? I suppose they do drink too much sometimes?

H. Oh, we simply put them out of the room. There are a few fellows who break the rule.

J. And when you have put them out I suppose they go down below and disturb the disharmony there. Harry, I'm afraid your harmony meetings are a snare and a sham!

H. A what? That is very strong language to use, John. But, of course, you teetotalers make it a point to use exaggerated expressions.

J. We use no stronger language than is required when speaking of the drink, Harry. I'll go further than that, and say our words are too mild by half. I tell you again, such meetings as you attend at the public-house are a snare and a sham. They are ostensibly to encourage and cultivate harmony; *really*, they destroy harmony and curse those who attend them. Now, may I ask you a question or two?

H. Certainly; ask as many as you please.

J. How long have you been a member of this 'Harmony' Meeting?

H. Oh, about twelve months—perhaps a little longer.

J. And in that time how many members have you expelled for drunkenness?

H. Perhaps half-a-dozen—perhaps more.

J. Now, Harry, when you first joined were all these men—these drunken men—as troublesome as they afterwards became?

H. Well, no; I must honestly confess one or two of them were quite steady, and we had no trouble with them. Indeed, I remember they protested most loudly against any who disturbed the meetings. But I should fancy they must be rather weak sort of fellows.

J. Perhaps so—granted you are right. Now, another question, and this is very personal, but I know you will give me an answer,—Have you, yourself, during the time you have attended the meetings, ever overstepped the mark—you know what I mean, have you ever been drunk?

H. Come, come, John, you are going too far.

J. But you'll answer me, I know.

H. Well, yes, once or twice, I have taken a little too much drink, but it has been on special occasions—at our quarterly suppers. But don't think I'm a habitual drinker, John.

J. I don't think any such thing—I should be sorry indeed to think so. What I want you to see, and what I believe is true, these meetings, held at public-houses, are the stepping-stones to drunkenness. The landlord himself cares no more for harmony than a donkey does, nor will he let his room for any such meeting unless he is certain the members will consume a quantity of his beer and spirits. He knows quite well, too, if he can only get men to meet and partake of his drinks in a moderate way, under the guise of encouraging

harmony and sociability, before long some of these men will get a liking for his liquors, and won't be content with a limited supply—they will care nothing for harmony but they *will* care for drink.

H. Aren't you rather hard on the poor landlord, John?

J. Poor landlord, do you say, Harry? Trust the landlord for being poor! It is the fool who becomes his dupe and the slave of drink who will be poor and is to be pitied, not the landlord. And it is for these reasons, and others, I say your 'Harmony' meetings are a snare and a sham. You confess to one or two delinquencies; have you ever asked yourself, "Am I fonder of drink to-day than I was when I first joined the 'Harmony' Meeting? Should I be so anxious to attend if there were no drink there?" Harry, my friend, that is the way to put it. I have seen so many men lured into drinking habits by clubs and 'Harmony' meetings at public-houses, that I have no faith in them; and my advice to anyone who is thinking of joining is "Don't!"

H. But you see, John, it is difficult to get a place to meet in so cheaply as at the public-house. You can always get a cosy room there at a small rental.

J. I grant you a landlord will let his room cheaply—sometimes for nothing. But a little common sense will tell you he does this from no love of his fellows nor from any spirit of sacrifice. I have yet to find a philanthropic publican, Harry. He knows what he is about—he is crafty. It is a case of the spider and the fly. You know the words—

"Will you walk into my parlour said a spider to a fly?
'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy."

When the foolish fly "walks in" he is soon pounced upon by the knowing and cruel spider, and his life pays the penalty. So says the landlord, "Gentlemen, here is a room you can have very cheap; it is well furnished and very well suited to your requirements. Take it and enjoy yourselves." Then the "gentlemen," pleased with the landlord's suavity and blandishments, take the room; and the landlord begins to suck them dry—suck from them health, cash, character, peace of mind, and very often life itself.

H. Yes, I see you are right.

J. I was once a member of a Friendly Society held in a public-house, but I soon gave up my membership. I saw what made me sad. Young men with glasses of ale before them; old toppers stirring their liquors round with their long-pipes. The landlord, I was told, charged no rent, but each member of the Society was allowed a pint of beer or its equivalent in spirits. Often there

would be only one half the members present, but the drink brought in represented the *whole* membership, so that those present had a double supply. The Friendly Society's Act forbids this kind of thing, but it is done to-day as freely as ever it was—the cost of the drink being put down in the balance-sheet as *rent*. Now what is the outcome of all this? Simply degradation of the worst kind. Drunkards are made by wholesale. It must be so. Drink lays hold of a man—gradually, imperceptibly, lays hold of him. Your harmony at first covers up the underlying danger. But one by one your members fall into the snare, leave your company, and go—where? See the mighty army of drunkards! Ask the magistrate, the gaol official, the judge, the governor of the workhouse and the lunatic asylum. Ask the doctor and the undertaker! Ask the men who are labouring among the people to make them better—the ministers and missionaries and philanthropists! Harry, my friend, don't you be deceived any longer; don't be drawn into the cruel vortex of strong drink. Seek harmony where it can be had with safety, and among associates who love not the intoxicating cup!

H. John, you have put the case so clearly and so forcibly before me that I shall be worse than a fool if I don't heed your warning. It has been a regular eye-opener. You are right when you say drink lays hold of a man. I am afraid it has got a little hold of me; for, to tell you the honest truth, it is more for the glass or two of beer than for any harmony I get that takes me to the "Brown Cow." I will heed your warning, and instead of going to the meeting I will retrace my steps and go home.

J. Or come with me. I am speaking to-night at a Band of Hope meeting, and I dare say you will enjoy, if not my speech, at any rate the songs, dialogues, and recitations. Come along, my friend.

H. Thank you, John, I'll go with you. No doubt I shall enjoy the meeting.

(They exit arm in arm.)

A DIRE MONSTER.

"OUR fathers fought with tyrants
That we might not be slaves.
We fight a direr monster
Who digs ten thousand graves.
The rum-shop is our ruin,
Our country's curse and shame,
A danger worse than armies,
Or pestilence, or flame."

THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

BY WILL CARLETON.

HERE is mourning in the cottage as the twilight shadows fall,
 For a little rosewood coffin has been brought into the hall,
 And a little pallid sleeper,
 In a slumber colder, deeper
 Than the nights of life could give her, in its narrow borders lies,
 With the sweet and changeful lustre ever faded from her eyes.

Since the morning of her coming, but a score of suns had set,
 And the strangeness of the dawning of her life is with her yet ;
 And the dainty lips asunder
 Are a little pressed with wonder,
 And her smiling bears the traces of a shadow of surprise,
 But the wondering mind that made it look no more from out her eyes.

'Twas a soul upon a journey, and was lost upon its way ;

'Twas a flash of light from heaven on a tiny piece of clay ;

'Twas more timid, and yet bolder,
 It was younger, and yet older,
 It was weaker, and yet stronger, than this little human guise,
 With the strange unearthly lustre ever faded from its eyes.

They will bury her the morrow ; they will mourn her as she died ;

I will bury her the morrow, and another by her side ;

For the raven hair, but started,
 Soon a maiden would have parted,
 Full of fitful joy and sorrow—gladly gay and sadly wise ;

With a dash of worldly mischief in her deep and changeful eyes.

I will bury her the morrow, and another by her side :

It shall be a wife and mother, full of love and care and pride ;

Full of hope, and of misgiving ;
 Of the joys and griefs of living ;
 Of the pains of others' being, and the tears of others' cries ;
 With the love of God encompassed in her smiling, weeping eyes.

I will bury on the morrow, too, a grandame, wrinkled, old ;

One whose pleasures of the present were the joys that had been told ;

I will bury one whose blessing
 Was the transport of caressing
 Every joy that she had buried—every lost and broken prize ;

With a gleam of heaven-expected, in her dim and longing eyes.

I will joy for her to-morrow, as I see her compassed in,

For the lips now pure and holy might be sometime stained with sin ;

And the brow now white and stainless,
 And the heart now light and painless,

Might have throbbled with guilty passion, and with sin-encumbered sighs,

Might have surged the sea of brightness in the bright and changeful eyes.

Let them bury her to-morrow—let them treasure her away ;

Let the soul go back to heaven, and the body back to clay ;

Let the future grief here hidden,
 Let the happiness forbidden,

Be for evermore forgotten, and be buried as it dies,

And an angel let us see her, with our sad and weeping eyes.

NOTICE.

THE following Six Nos. of "LAUGHABLE DIALOGUES," by S. KNOWLES, are already issued at 1d. each, or the six in neat cover for 6d., post-free :—No. 1.—Widow Mooney's Lodgers. No. 2.—The Bobbies' Courtship. No. 3.—My Mother-in-Law. No. 4.—Snowball's Emporium ; or, The Black Barber. No. 5.—Coaxed and Hoaxed ; or, Noodle's Love Affair. No. 6.—The Leg of Mutton ! Others to follow.

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No. 250.—October, 1890.]

NEW SERIES.

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THE OLD BELLMAN.

THE OLD BELLMAN.



HE "old bellman" is fast passing into oblivion. He is rarely or never heard in our large towns. Sometimes, at a sea-side resort we may hear his bell "tingle, tingle, tingle, tingle," and his deep voice announcing that some purse or article of adornment has been "lost," but more often that the "fast-sailing and powerful steamer, Duplex, will leave the pier for" some delightful spot at such a time in the morning. It is rarely we hear now-a-days, as we heard almost daily forty years ago, the announcement that a child is lost, and that the finder, by "bringing her to such an address will be amply rewarded." Old customs, like many other phases of social and public life, are gradually giving place to a new order of things. Everything is changing; even men's thoughts and modes of expressing them are undergoing a transformation. As we sometimes say, the whole national life is quickened; the schoolmaster is abroad—nay he is everywhere—teaching the children. All sorts of advanced classes are provided for youths on leaving school and beginning to work. The gates of knowledge are thrown

wide open and all may enter and partake of the delightful feast prepared for the intellect. And thousands do enter and feed and live!

One old custom still lingers which we should rejoice to see "gone for ever." We mean the drinking custom. Surely, as we advance in knowledge and intelligence, as we become more and more desirous to make the very best of life and secure the greatest happiness, we shall set aside the abominable practice of taking intoxicating drinks. It is a barbarous custom and must give way before advancing civilization. And while we almost regret the passing away of some things, we shall rejoice with joy unspeakable when drinking customs are abolished.

Our artist has given us this month a quaint picture of the old bellman. We presume he is announcing the loss of the little girl standing, with swollen eyes and pitiable face, round the corner. If so, mother and child will soon be brought together again. It is well to have such pictures, or the rising generation might never know that such a person ever existed as "the old bellman."

ARCHIE'S DREAM.

Recitation for the Young.

BY AUNTIE LILI (ELIZA HAMMOND HILLS).

ALONE in a meadow young Archibald lay,
He was sleeping, and dreaming of—
what shall I say?

Oh! yes, Charlie, and Kitty, and Johnny, and
who—

What Clara would like to hear Auntie's tale
too?

Come near then and listen, my little ones all,
If you'd learn what the dreams were of
Archibald Small.

When slumber o'ertook him, he calmly reposed
On his own sunny lawn, but his eyes had
scarce closed

Ere he oped them again, at least such was his
thought,

For when once in the meshes of dreamland
we're caught

We're surrounded by myst'ry, enveloped in
doubt,

And we can't be quite sure what our eyes are
about.

To return to young Archie; down deep in a
vale,

With a bank all around him enclosed by a rail,
A pris'ner he languished, awaiting his doom,
When his ears were assailed by "Make room
there, make room,

Make room for stern justice!" then Archie
turned round,

He looked up to the sky, he looked down to
the ground,

For oh! such a terrible voice he had ne'er
Heard, fancied, or dreamed of, he trembled
with fear:

But he looked all in vain for the herald, who
sought

To make room where was plenty of room,
Archie thought;

Since, saving himself, no humanity there,
 Disputed the right to the earth or the air.
 But the herald invisible shouted again,
 "Make room there, make room!" 'Tis a giant,
 that's plain,
 Thought Archie, for sure there is room and to
 spare,
 For hundreds of mod'rate-sized men to take
 air.
 Then all of a sudden a furious gust
 Of wind there arose, which in turn rose the
 dust,
 Filling Archibald's eyes for a moment, so he
 Just closed them awhile till it passed, do you
 see.

When the storm was suspended, the dust
 settled down,
 And Archie's eyes opened;—oh! there, with
 a frown,
 Sat the figure of Justice, with bandage o'er
 brow,
 And with scales in her hand, Archie couldn't
 tell how
 Or when she had entered that valley so grim,
 Which a moment before had contained only
 him.

Then said Justice, "Come hither, and say, if
 you can,
 What good you have done in the province of
 man,
 May atone for your rashness in venturing
 here,
 Where Mercy quits Justice, where Herald of
 Fear
 Takes her place, and proclaims to the criminal
 his fate,
 Plead your cause, if 'tis such as may censure
 abate."

Then said Archibald, "Truly, defence I have
 none,
 I knew of no wrong, of no evil deed done,
 And thought that sufficient, now plainly I
 see
 I've been but an idler, good, active should be.
 Could I but return to my own pleasant home,
 I'd do some kind act to avert my sad doom;
 But too late—ah! too late—farewell, my
 friends, all,
 Poor Carlo, you'll miss me!" sobbed Archibald
 Small.

"Who's Carlo?" asked Justice. "He's only a
 dog,
 Whom I found one day injured down by the
 old bog,
 Where he'd wandered half-starved, and ill-used
 too, he'll miss
 His old friend who once saved him —."
 "Stay, stay, Mercy's kiss
 Hath saved you from Justice—your good
 action's weighed,
 And ill kicks the beam—be no longer afraid.
 For your kindness to Carlo, when friendless
 and lone,
 You are free—Heaven bless you—well done,
 boy, well done!"
 And Archie awoke on his own pleasant green,
 With his dog by his side, wond'ring where he
 had been,
 So long had sleep kept him from bat and from
 ball,
 And here ends the dream of young Archibald
 Small.

CONTENTMENT.

ONCE there lived a little maiden, who was
 very sweet and fair,
 Who had eyes like purple pansies, and long,
 sunny, flowing hair;
 And 'twas said through all the country she
 was loved beyond compare.

Yet she had no wealth nor dower, just a
 lovely smiling face;
 Just a kindly, gentle nature, and a maiden's
 winsome grace;
 But at times she longed for jewels, to wear
 silk and costly lace.

And it chanced she lay a-sleeping in the
 garden once in June,
 And the sunlight kissed her tresses, and the
 breezes sang a tune,
 And the roses were half jealous all the summer
 afternoon.

And she dreamed of wondrous treasures, of a
 castle by the sea,
 Of a prince who came to claim her, and whose
 praise seemed melody,
 Like the music of the waters flowing on
 delightfully.

And she longed for Time to pass her like a sudden spirit flown,
For her youth to vanish quickly, and to be a woman grown,
That the prince might kneel before her, and might claim her for his own.

And in part her wish was answered, for there came to her one day
One who offered wealth and station, and indisputable sway;
Tho' she had no love to give him, yet she did not turn away.

But I've heard a sad-eyed woman stands alone at close of day,
And her heart is grieved and troubled, let men praise her as they may,
For her happiness has left her—taken wings and flown away!

And I think, O friends, 'twere better, in this journey here of ours,
Not to dream of power and riches, nor of stately domes and towers,
But to live in sweet contentment, like the little birds and flowers.

—N. Y. "Independent."

TWO PATHS.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY LILIAN ARNOLD.

CHAPTER V.

BESSIE looked up quickly as he entered. "Is it really you, Bob? You have quite deserted me lately."

"I've been a brute to you, dear," he said contritely. "Forgive me, Bessie."

"Dear Bob, I thought you were angry with me, though I couldn't tell why."

"Because I made a mistake, dear, that's all."

"But how could you, Bob? Why should you be angry at all?"

"Well," he replied, flushing, "it was this way, I supposed everybody had a mind like me," and he stooped to touch her cheek.

"But why did that make you angry?"

"Because I thought young Daly found his

way to your place every evening to see my Bessie."

"Oh, Bob!" she cried, with a blush, "couldn't you have trusted me?"

"I *could* have done it seems," said Bob. "But I was fool enough to doubt you."

"The Squire comes on business. You foolish lad to suppose he would care to flirt with a schoolmaster's daughter."

"Why not?" said Bob tartly. "You're as good as he, and it strikes me young Daly thinks so too."

"What do you mean, Bob? Of course he wouldn't make any difference in his manners."

"But I rather think he does," said Bob.

"I've never noticed it," said she.

"No, because he never makes any to you. The schoolmaster has two daughters, hasn't he?"

"Bob!" cried Bessie, turning white, "you don't mean that Jess is in love with the Squire?"

"But I do, and he with her."

"What shall I do? What will father say? Oh why haven't I looked after her?" Always the cry of a generous heart, blaming itself for another's wrong.

"Why, Bess, what ails you, lass? Nothing's gone wrong that I can see. Why shouldn't Jessie have a lover as well as you?"

"She's too young, Bob, and the Squire is grand and rich; he'll never make her his wife; what would the world say?"

"Well, if he don't marry her where's the harm? Many a girl has a lover or two before she marries."

"But Jess isn't like that, Bob. If she really loves him he'll break her heart."

"Not he. But don't take on so, Bessie. Hush! they're at the gate."

Jessie came in alone, her eyes dark and brilliant and her cheeks brightly flushed.

"Hasn't father been with you, Jessie?" asked her sister.

"No," said she with an innocent blush. "We left him at the schools arranging for the concert."

"It has had a good share of arranging," said Bob drily; "it ought to be a grand success."

And so it was. When the night came the room was crowded, and nearly every item on

the programme was encoered till the Vicar declared that it would never be over. Everybody walked home, mostly in pairs, and Jessie and her lover went home across the fields. The moon was sailing through a cloudless sky and the air soft and warm. "Just the night for a lover's stroll, eh?" said Frank.

"Yes, dear. I'm glad we are alone, for I've something important to ask you."

"I am quite ready, sweet."

"Frank, won't you sign the pledge for *my* sake?"

"I, Jess? why you don't think me unsteady, do you?"

"No, oh no! But still——"

"You think there's danger of me becoming so? I see my father has been talking to you."

"No, he wouldn't be likely to; but if he wishes it why don't you do it to please him?"

"Because when I do so it will be for conscience sake," he said a little sternly. Not even to his accusing conscience would Frank Daly own that this virtuous speech was utterly false and hypocritical, and uttered in the hopes of silencing Jessie. It did not succeed however.

"Doesn't your conscience tell you to give it up?" she urged.

"Really, Jessie, because one night I was a little excited you seem to think me in danger of becoming a *drunkard!*" The ugly word was out, and the young Squire flushed deep red.

"Frank, Frank! indeed I don't," cried the girl with bitter pain in her voice. "How could I think anything so dreadful of one I dearly love!"

"There, there, dear! I didn't mean to pain you. But it vexes me when you think me too weak to keep straight for *your* sake without any pledge."

So Jessie suffered him to silence her. After all, why should she worry herself? Many men, good and noble ones too, drank wine, and yet—she could not feel happy.

Frank, delighted to find her so reasonable, became even more than usually loving, and so they went on till a rude interruption came to their dream of bliss in the shape of the old Squire and the schoolmaster himself.

"So, sirrah," cried the former, growing purple in the face with wrath, "you've been deceiving me, and I greatly fear this young girl as well."

"Papa!" cried Jessie, "don't be angry; it's all my fault indeed."

"Pooh, nonsense! *your* fault!" cried the Squire. "My son is a scamp I find, making love behind our backs."

"We meant to tell you, sir, in our own time," said Frank coldly.

"It's well if you did mean it, sir," said the schoolmaster stiffly. "I did think my daughter was to be trusted!"

"So she is I am sure," said the Squire kindly. "After all there's no great harm done. Why shouldn't they marry if they've a mind to?"

"Because the match is not suitable," said Mr. Barber decidedly. "I wonder Jessie had not sufficient pride to reject your son's advances. It is well the matter is between ourselves, for it must end here."

"Why should it?" said the Squire, glancing kindly at Jessie's pale face. "I for one shall be glad, nay proud, to welcome the bride my son has chosen."

"No, sir. You do us too much honour, but my daughter shall never marry anyone so differently situated as your son. Any pain she may suffer will be the punishment for her deception."

"There has been no deception, sir. We have only been engaged for a week."

"And quite long enough," said the schoolmaster sternly.

"Come, come, Barber, be more reasonable," said the Squire. "We were young ourselves once."

"That makes me anxious to keep my daughter from committing a rash action which may mar her life. Once more I must decline the honour you propose. Come, Jessie." Slowly and mournfully she obeyed, not before she had met one swift glance from her lover's eyes.

Had the schoolmaster done well thus to part them forcibly—might not they still take their own path in spite of him? The future only could decide. But in his heart Frank Daly resolved to thwart the schoolmaster yet.

(To be continued.)

9.—Work while the day lasts.

Cheerfully.

ASA HULL,

There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go-ing by; There are

KEY F.

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	:a, .,d	d : d d : d	s, : s, - : s, ,s,	s, : s, s, : s,	d : - - : d, ,d

wea-ry ones that per-ish, While the days are go-ing by; If a smile we can re-

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new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue, Oh, the good that we may do, While the

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CHORUS.

days are go - ing by. While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing

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

by, Oh, the good that we may do, While the days are go - ing by.

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

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
 While the days are going by ;
 Let your face be like the morning,
 While the days are going by :
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes,
 Help your fallen brothers rise,
 While the days are going by .
 :: While the days are going by , ::
 Help your fallen brothers rise, &c.

3 All the loving links that bind us,
 While the days are going by ;
 One by one we leave behind us,
 While the days are going by :
 But the seeds of good we sow
 Both in shade and shine will grow,
 And will keep our hearts aglow,
 While the days are going by .
 :: While the days are going by , ::
 It will keep our hearts aglow, &c.

THE CROOKED TREE.

BY W. HOYLE.

CHARACTERS—Annie and Sarah.

Annie.

HOW very happy you look this evening, Sarah! Something has pleased you, I'm sure.

Sarah. Oh! yes, Annie; father has signed the temperance pledge.

A. Father signed the pledge! How ridiculous! Your father never was a drunkard.

S. No; but he went to hear a temperance sermon.

A. Well, and what of that?

S. Why, father was so convinced that teetotalism was better than drinking that he signed the pledge there and then.

A. What's the use of talking about drinking, when you say your father never was a drunkard?

S. I know that father never was a drunkard, but I must confess he was a drinker.

A. A drinker! Why, how much did he drink—a gallon a day!

S. No; father used to take a gill at dinner, and another at supper-time.

A. And do you call a man a drinker for that?

S. What do you call him?

A. Why, I'm sure I would not call him a drinker; that would be putting him on the same side as drunkards.

S. What would you call me if you saw me take a glass of water every day?

A. Why, of course, I should call you a water-drinker.

S. But suppose the glass had contained beer instead of water.

A. Why, of course, I should say you were taking your daily glass.

S. What do you mean by taking?

A. Why, I mean drinking.

S. Now, come, don't get out of temper, because I want you to call things by their proper names.

A. But I shall never call a man a drinker because he takes a glass now and then. It is shocking to call a good Christian man a drinker; that puts him on the same line as the drunkard!

E. Exactly; that's just what I want to prove. Do you not see that it must be so, since the station of "one glass," is the very place where all drunkards first started?

A. But they must have gone down to a wrong line after.

S. Very true. But don't you see that if they had not started from the station of "one glass," they could never get on the line of drunkenness?

A. I cannot see that.

S. Do you know that crooked tree which grows near Farmer Brownlow's house?

A. Yes; but what has that to do with drinking?

S. Listen. That crooked old tree is just like the drunkard in his crooked and perverse ways, with his ragged coat, his bloodshot eye, and his quivering lip.

A. Yes, I can understand all that.

S. Well, now, how did the tree become so ugly and crooked?

A. Why, because it was not trained properly when it was a tender plant.

S. And that is exactly why people become drunkards—because they were not trained properly while they were young. Don't you remember what the Bible says, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it"? Is that true?

A. Yes, that must be true; for God said it by the mouth of Solomon.

S. Well, now, just think how drunkards are made every year. God sent them into the world, as he sent you and me, perfectly sober, with a body adapted, not for alcohol, but for clear, sparkling water. But when they become boys and girls, and are able to observe and reflect, they see their fathers, and mothers, and friends taking the drink, saying how good and necessary it is for health and happiness, and they believe that what father, and mother, and friends say and do must be right, and thus thousands of boys and girls receive bad impressions and form wrong habits. They begin just to taste a little, and get from little to much, and from much to more, until the full-grown drunkard appears in all his crooked deformity.

A. There is great force in what you say; but I must be off. Good-morning.

S. Stay! There is another thought: are you convinced that teetotalism is right?

A. Oh! yes, I believe it is doing a good work.

S. Then why don't you come and join us?

A. What am I to do?

S. Why, you can do as I do—sign the pledge, and set an example which others may safely follow; and try to get others to sign. You know what the song says,—

Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure."

A. Yes, you are right; I think I will do as you do.

S. Come along, then, and sign the pledge first. (Annie signs the pledge.)

FILLED WITH WINE.

The following ode was written by L. M. Sargent, the distinguished author of "Sargent's Temperance Tales," in 1837 for the Massachusetts Temperance Society, based on the following passage of Scripture:

"Thou shalt speak unto them this word: Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Every bottle shall be filled with wine; and they shall say unto thee, Do we not certainly know that every bottle shall be filled with wine? Then shalt thou say unto them, Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will fill all the inhabitants of this land, even the kings that sit upon David's throne, and the priests, and the prophets, and all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, with drunkenness. And I will dash them one against another, even the fathers and the sons together, saith the Lord; I will not pity, nor spare, nor have mercy, but destroy them."—JEREMIAH xiii. 12-14.

WHEN Israel's God in his anger had spoken,

The prophet prefigured the curse that He willed;

It was not that life's golden bowl should be broken,

But every bottle with wine should be filled.

The priest of the altar, besotted and sunken,
Was wrapped in the vengeance that Heaven had hurled;

Kings, prophets, and patriarchs drank, and were drunken—

The grape's purest juice was the curse of the world.

Their bottles were filled with the nectar that gladdens

The heart which the patriarch drew from the vine;

And not with that tincture of ruin that maddens—

God's vials of wrath were their bottles of wine!

Avert, God of mercy, that sorrow and sadness
That broke the fond hearts of Jerusalem then;

Permit not the spirit of murder and madness
To move with the form and the features of men!

Oh! let us not torture the treasures of heaven
To find where the secret of misery lies;

The stream as it ripples, the rock that is riven,

The pure draught of nature for mortal supplies.

The bonds of the bacchanal hence let us sever,
The draught that bewilders the reason,
resign;

The type of the prophet be cherished for ever—

God's vials of wrath were their bottles of wine!

DICK AND DAN.

BY BELLE WHITNEY.

STRETCHED out on the grass in the shade of a tree

Were two little boys, tired as tired could be,
For all that long, bright summer day

They had been so very hard at play.

And now, at the end of a great long race,

They declare that "this is a daisy place."

"What're you going to be when you're a man?"

Says merry Dick to thoughtful Dan.

"I'm sure I don't know; it's hard to tell;

But whatever I do I shall try to do well.

Sometimes I think the Lord will send me
To preach to the heathen across the sea."

"Oh! you are so pious you'll die while you're young;

I'm going to sow wild oats till I am twenty-one."

"Why Dick, have you forgotten what our teacher said last week?

That whatever we sowed we should surely reap."

"I know that they teach in Sunday-school
that a boy will lose his soul

If he don't keep as straight as a telegraph pole;

And I just think that Sunday-school is getting pretty dry;

If I can't find a jollier place 'twon't be 'cause I don't try.

And, Dan, you was a little goose to sign their pledge 'gainst cider;

It's just a good, refreshing drink, that couldn't hurt a spider."

"I'll tell you what I think, Dick, that cider leads to wine,

And that's why I was willing the temperance pledge to sign.

"My mother named me Daniel, after one who,
 long ago,
 When offered the king's wine to drink, dared
 to answer 'No.'
 She says she hopes I'll try to be just as brave
 and good as he ;
 So I knew it would please my mother when I
 signed the pledge, you see."
 "Well, you can be a goody boy, tied to your
 mother's apron-string,
 But I go in for having fun ; all pledges to the
 wind I'll fling."

How fast time flies ! They are almost men,
 Those little boys that were only ten,
 Yes, ten years have come and passed away
 Since, on that long, bright summer day
 When two little boys on the green grass lay
 And talked of the future, when tired of play.

And what has become of the brave little Dan ?
 I'm sure when we find him we'll find a tem-
 perance man,
 For he started in the right path when he was
 young and small ;
 I think we'll find him in the right path still,
 only a boy grown tall.
 Yes, the time is not far distant when to a
 foreign land
 He will carry the glad tidings as in youth he
 had often planned.

Poor Dick ! he has sown his wild oats, now he
 is reaping,
 While behind the prison bars his lonely watch
 he's keeping ;
 And often when I look at him his eyes are
 filled with tears
 As he thinks with deep regret of all the
 wasted years.
 Ah ! little he thought when he such seed did
 sow
 That the harvest would be nothing but sorrow,
 shame, and woe.
 And he says to all the boys : "If you want to
 make good men,
 Be very careful and start right when you are
 only ten."

OH, girls and boys, be good, be true !
 Be brave to speak, and plan, and do ;
 Let every good work find help from you.

THE RIGHT WAY AND THE WRONG WAY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

THE right way and the wrong way
 They nestle side by side,
 And one is narrow, straight, and rough,
 The other smooth and wide.
 Poor weary, burdened pilgrims,
 The weak and oft the strong,
 Turn from the narrow path of right
 And follow in the wrong.

And we, as Christian watchmen
 And pilgrims of the day,
 Should take our brother by the hand
 And lead him in the way ;
 Should turn the wavering footsteps
 Towards the gates of light,
 From journeying in the path of wrong
 To walking in the right.

The right way and the wrong way,
 So very plain to see,
 That e'en a child may choose between
 The two, all will agree.
 May angels fair attend us
 While journeying along,
 And lead us through the path of right
 And keep us from the wrong.

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Total Abstinence principles, and the greater knowledge we now possess of the dangers to health and morals which drinking multiplies, there is far less temptation in the homes of good people than there were fifty years ago. The custom of giving wine and spirits to guests is not so prevalent, and in thousands of homes no drink of an intoxicating nature is allowed to enter. These are all signs of progress the Temperance movement is making; and we labour in the hope that ere long the weight of public opinion, based on sound scientific and religious principles, will declare against both the sale and manufacturer of intoxicating drinks. Meantime, we shall have to deplore, even when we have done our best to train our children for useful and upright service, the falling away of some through strong-drink. So long as intoxicating drinks are sold and the sale fostered and protected by the state, so long will there be danger to our children, shield them as we may. Yet wise parents will not neglect to use every means for their children's safety, nor fail in their endeavour to make the very best impressions on their children's hearts from the first dawnings of intelligence.

TWO PATHS.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY LILIAN ARNOLD.

CHAPTER VI.

KATE that night, when a belated villager was hastening home, two figures were seen stealing down the leafy lane, and in the morning it was whispered that Jessie Barber had run away from home with the Squire's handsome son. It is needless to dwell upon the wrath and sorrow of the schoolmaster, the honest grief of the old Squire, and the ill-natured gossip of jealous friends.

Let us look two years forward and see what they brought to those connected with this history. It was an autumn evening, wild and stormy, the wind was howling in the chimney of a garret in a wretched London street. A

girl, for she was only nineteen, was sitting by the empty grate, her whole attitude telling of sorrow and care. Poor Jessie! how changed she was from the bright, beautiful girl who had eloped with Frank Daly only two years ago.

And she had been so happy. At first he had treated her like a princess, their home had been luxurious, and their life one whirl of gaiety; he had decked her with jewels and silks, and they had both been reckless as to the future till the awakening came. And it was, perhaps, well that they did awake, for Jessie herself might have become as hardened and worldly as her husband was.

The change came one night when Frank had gone out alone, at least it seemed to the young wife that it came then, for such changes cannot come at once. He was later even than usual, and Jessie grew fearful that he had

met with an accident, when she heard him coming through the hall with a strange, shuffling tread, and one glance at his flushed face and rolling eyes told her the awful truth. He was intoxicated. "Well, what of that? it was only once," someone may say. Oh but to Jessie it told a different tale. To her it was the realization of her fears, the love of wine which had been growing upon him since boyhood had all at once become his master.

And from that day the tide of their life turned. A little son was born a day or two later, and though at first it seemed to steady the young father the reaction came, and day by day Frank's ruling passion strengthened, till from wealth they sank to poverty, from luxury to actual want. Poor Jessie! And added to these troubles she had the reproaches of her accusing conscience to bear. Often and often she had been tempted to break her pledge and drown her misery as Frank did his conscience, but always the thought of Bessie or her father would hold her back. And to-night by her empty grate she was sitting thinking of that happy home she had left. A step on the stairs aroused her, and a moment later, with a fearful oath, Frank Daly stumbled into the room.

"What, no fire?" he grumbled, for he was sufficiently sober to look after his own comfort. "You'll be saying there's no supper next."

"Indeed, Frank, dear," she said with a sorrowful smile, "there is nothing in the house beyond a little milk for the child. You know you said you had no money this morning."

"All very fine," he growled. "It's a nice thing for a fellow to be told there's nothing to eat when he comes in hungry. No doubt you've been feasting your friends."

"Friends!" cried the girl bitterly, stung by his unkind words. "Oh, Frank, have I one friend left in the world?"

"It's your own fault if you haven't," he retorted. "Why did you run away from them for? You've ruined my life as well as your own."

A deep flush, more of shame than anger, rose to her cheek. "I do not think I am the cause of your ruin," she said sadly. "If you had done as I begged you long ago you might be happy to-night."

"Stop that nonsense once for all," he muttered roughly. "I won't be preached at by you. No doubt you consider me a confirmed drunkard!"

Jessie rose and going to him put her arms round his neck. "Oh, Frank! God knows what temptations you may have had; it's not for me to judge!"

"Then mind your own business," he growled, pushing her from him with an oath. "If you can't get your husband a bit of supper I'll go to somebody who can."

He stumbled out again, leaving the wife he had sworn to love and cherish to her misery. So powerful is the love of drink that it can change the noblest virtues into grovelling vice.

It were hard to say whether husband or wife was most to be pitied. Certainly both were wretched, and both had more or less wrong-doing to repent of. Perhaps but for that restraining pledge Jessie might have sunk to her husband's level. As she sat there that night a terrible temptation came upon her. A spirit-flask stood on the table before her, where Frank Daly had left it, and she looked at it at first shudderingly as she thought of the terrible ruin it had made of her husband's life, and then she began to wonder what subtle power it possessed to make men its slaves till they were ready to give up all and everything for it.

"Others take it, and it soothes them and makes them forget their troubles and stills their consciences," she thought.

"Oh, but you have bound yourself never to touch it," said her better self.

"Yet why should I try to serve God and do right, and keep my word, when no one cares? My life cannot be more wretched however I may sink in sin."

"Because Someone does care. You are sad and sorry to-night, but be brave and patient and you will find that joy cometh in the morning," persisted the voice of conscience.

"I am tired of waiting. Only this once let me taste a little of the world's pleasure."

She rose quickly, stifling the warning whispers, and uncorking the bottle she poured some out with a shaking hand. "I *must*, I am so miserable; just *once*," she murmured, and the treacherous draught touched her lips. "Jess, dear Jess!" It seemed like Bessie's

voice calling her. The dear old home with the little garden arose before her, and all the happy days of her girlhood which seemed so far away, and the glass fell from her hand and she burst into tears of sorrow and remorse.

"Oh, what would father say if he knew; what *would* he say?"

And as if by magic the door opened and her father, his face full of loving pity and forgiveness, stood beside her.

CHAPTER VII.

"FATHER, how did you find me, and why did you come? Can you really love me after what I did?"

"My poor Jessie! my dear girl," was all the schoolmaster could say. He, too, was changed; his hair was whiter, and his face care-worn, and more deeply lined, yet as he looked at his daughter, it brightened and softened wonderfully. "Even when I blamed you, Jessie, I loved you, and, God forgive me, you weren't the only one to blame. If I had not been so blind in my foolish pride I might have seen the wrong of parting two young people who had set their hearts on being married."

"Father, the wrong was all on our side. Do you forgive us? Oh, what a wicked girl I have been!" she sobbed, repentantly. "And yet I loved him so!"

"And love him still I hope," said her father, gravely. "He has chosen a thorny path for himself, and dragged you to it. Jess, I've signed the pledge. I thought once it didn't matter for me, but since I've seen Bob, strong and steady as he seemed, choose—nay, get drawn into the wrong path—I've grown humbler."

"Bob," cried Jess, remembering with shame and sorrow that he had followed her husband's example in fancying himself too secure to fall, and now both had proved their own weakness.

"Poor Bessie! Is she changed? She doesn't deserve her trouble."

"No; but, my dear, trials are not punishments, but proofs of God's love towards us. He sees what's right though we can't. He sent Bessie her trouble to make her brave and patient, not to break her heart."

"And what of Bob?" said Jessie.

"Ah, when Bob first started bad ways, we tried our hardest to keep him back from them. But it was all no good, and after a while Bessie gave him up. After that he went from bad to worse, took to drinking and gaming, and was on the high road to ruin when who should he come across but poor Tom Greaves. But I ought not to call him poor now, for he was the means of saving Bob from utter ruin. About a year after he (Tom) left home he was run over, and nearly killed, and was taken to the hospital, where every one was very kind to him, and saved him body and soul. When Bob met him he was working in a humble but honest way, and was leading a sober, respectable life, and knowing all about it himself, found the way to turn Bob's heart. He persuaded him to sign the pledge, and shewed him where to find strength to keep his word. Well, how do I know all this? Why, a year ago, they both came back and told me, and now Tom Greaves is his mother's pride as Bob is Bessie's."

"How glad I am," cried Jess. "Is Bessie married?"

"Yes, a month ago; and I, feeling lonely, came to find my lost sheep, and take her home with me."

"Oh, father, I couldn't go back now—never without Frank."

"I will urge him to come too. He will be better there than here."

"But he will never go."

"I hope he will. When the old Squire dies he must come to the hall."

"That is looking far forward, father. Who knows what will happen before then?"

Who, indeed, can tell what an hour will bring forth? A moment later there was a step on the stairs.

"It's Frank!" said Jessie. "What will he say?"

"My dear, he will not touch you. Surely you don't *fear* him?"

Before she had time to reply the door burst open, and her husband stumbled in, his manner wild and fierce, muttering hoarsely under his breath. He reeled forward, and stared stupidly at his father-in-law.

"What's this?" he shouted. "How dare you invite men into my house when I'm out of it, eh?"

"Don't be angry, Frank," she began, timidly. "This is father." But he was too confused and heated to understand.

"I tell you I won't have it. You brazen-faced creature, with your pretence of love and humility—take that, I say!" He sprang forward with an oath, and up-lifted hand, and would have felled her with a blow, but the schoolmaster dragged her aside, and Frank Daly fell heavily forward, striking his forehead with terrible force on the little fender. In a moment his wife was on her knees beside him.

"Is he dead, father? Oh, say he isn't killed!"

"No, he's not dead, but terribly hurt I'm afraid. Hold up his head while I run for a doctor."

What an agony Jess suffered while her father was absent. "Supposing Frank should die in that terrible plight, unrepentant, unforgiven?" It seemed a lifetime, instead of ten minutes, till the doctor came.

"He is not dead, but I am afraid it will be a serious case. You see he was in a dangerous state. Men don't know what alcohol does for them," the physician said, in a low voice, to the schoolmaster, after the patient had been attended to. "He was a fine young fellow once, but the drink has done for him."

"As it has done for so many others," said the schoolmaster. "Do you think he will recover?"

"He may," said the other, evasively. "I hope so, if it will do him any good."

"It will give him time to mend his ways," replied the schoolmaster. "And for my daughter's sake, I hope he will get better."

But in the morning Frank Daly was in a raging fever. For days Jess nursed him with unremitting tenderness, praying that he might be spared to begin a new life in the true sense of the word.

One night, after a day of delirious ravings, he returned to consciousness, but so utterly feeble that he could only speak a few words in a whisper.

"Jess, wife!" he muttered, hoarsely.

"I am here, Frank," she said, shedding tears of pity, as she gazed at the terrible wreck drink had wrought.

"Jess, I feel as if I'd thrown away my last chance; I believe I shall die!"

"Oh, Frank, no! You will get well now." "I'm afraid not. I'm too weak. I've done for myself. Do you remember the night young Pritchard wanted me to sign the pledge?"

"I do, indeed."

"It's haunted me since. I felt then that we were both standing between two paths, to choose one or other; and, God forgive me, I choose the downward one—dragged him into it too!"

"God grant you may still take the safe one, as Bob has done. Dear Frank, how I have prayed for you!"

"You have been my good angel, Jessie, and how thoroughly bad I have been to you I dare not think. And yet I feel you have forgiven me, and love me still."

"I do, indeed; and, perhaps, dear, we shall be happy still."

"In heaven, perhaps, if God forgives me, but never here; it's too late."

"God is love," whispered Jessie, kneeling, weeping, by the bed. "Whatever is good for us He will give us."

Her sorrows had taught her to trust the Heavenly Father; and even, when a day later, He took her husband from her, she could still say, "It is well!" And, oh! how much lighter would many a heavy burden be, if we could remember that troubles are sent in love, and not in anger, as so many seem to think.

And now, what more remains to be told? Cannot the reader, looking forward, see in imagination the peaceful home where Jessie found joy in living for her father and her child, the little son who filled the place that had been his father's in the old Squire's heart? And Bessie, grown stout and matronly, as happy as a queen, with her husband and their big bonny lads, who are all enrolled under the flag of Temperance, and bid fair to march under it, upon the path of prosperity and honour.

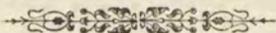
[THE END.]

OUR HEARTS.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

OUR hearts are watches, and every beat
 Is a tick that registers Time retreat;
 In the Father's mansion, with marvels rife,
 Is the key that has wound them up for life.

COLD WATER SONG.



Words by GEO. W. BUNGAY.

Music by ASA HULL.

The ra-diant flowers of beau-ty hold Their fra-grant cups of blue and gold,

KEY AB.

{	<u>d</u> .r	m .m : m :-s	d .r : m :-m	r .de : r :-s,	d .r : m	
	<u>m</u> .f	s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ :-s ₁	m ₁ .f ₁ : s ₁ :-d	t ₁ .l ₁ : t ₁ :-s ₁ ,	s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁	
	d	d .d : d :-m	d .d : d :-s	s .s : s :-t ₁	d .t ₁ : d	
	d ₁	d ₁ .d ₁ : d ₁ :-d ₁	d ₁ .d ₁ : d ₁ :-d ₁	s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ :-s ₁	m ₁ .s ₁ : d	

With star-drops shin - ing quick-ly through, To catch the crys - tal rain and dew.

{	<u>d</u> .r	m .m : m :-s	d .r : m :-m	r .de : r :-l	s .t ₁ : d	
	<u>m</u> .f	s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ :-s ₁	m ₁ .f ₁ : s ₁ :-d	t ₁ .l ₁ : t ₁ :-t ₁	t ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁	
	d	d .d : d :-m	d .d : d :-s	s .s : s :-r	r .f : m	
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Cold wa - ter is the spark - ling drink Of vi - o - let, and rose, and pink,

{	t_1 .. d	r .de : r : s, f	m .ri : m : m	r .de : r : s	s .fe : s
	s .. l_1	t_1 . l_1 : t_1 : t_1	d .d : d : d	t_1 . l_1 : t_1 : t_1	t . l_1 : t_1
	r	s .s : s : s	s .s : s : s	s .s : s : r	r .r : r
	s_1	s_1 . s_1 : s_1 : s_1	d .d : d : d	s_1 . s_1 : s_1 : s_1	r . r_1 : s_1

And lil - ies of the val - ley sweet, And dai - sies smil - ing at our feet.

{	d .. r	m .m : m : -s	d .r : m : -m	r .de : r : -l	s . t_1 : d
	m_1 .. f_1	s_1 . s_1 : s_1 : - s_1	m_1 . f_1 : s_1 : -d	t_1 . l_1 : t_1 : - t_1	t_1 . t_1 : d
	d	d .d : d : -m	d .d : d : -s	s .s : s : -r	r .f : m
	d_1	d_1 . d_1 : d_1 : - d_1	d_1 . d_1 : d_1 : - d_1	s_1 . s_1 : s_1 : - s_1	s_1 . s_1 : d_1

2 The sweet birds dip their songful bills
 In the clear fountains and the rills ;
 Then their fair heads they gently raise,
 As if they offered grateful praise.
 The bright-plumed singers of the air,
 So light of wing, so free of care,
 Drink only water clear and bright,
 Inspiring songs of " pure delight."

3 The blessed rain that comes in showers,
 Reviving happy birds and flowers,
 Weaving with sunbeams in the air
 The bow of promise wondrous fair,
 Is a free gift that God has given,
 Poured from His cup of clouds in heaven,
 Free as the fountain of His love,
 That comes unhindered from above.

THE TRUE VERDICT.

A DIALOGUE BY W. HOYLE.

CHARACTERS:

Mr. Simpkins.....A Teetotaler.
 Thomas.....One who almost becomes converted to
 Temperance.
 John.....A Moderate Drinker of long standing.

Thomas (sits down and looks at his watch).

MY friend is a long time—he promised to meet me at six-thirty and 'tis now seven o'clock. I cannot tell what is keeping him—it is very strange—I never knew him to be behind the time before.

(A knock.)

T. Come in—O! it's you, Mr. Simpkins—ah! how glad I am to see you. I presume you have been delayed?

Simpkins. I am sorry to say that I have been detained on a jury, or I should have been here in time.

T. Was there anything special in the case?

S. We were a long time before we could decide upon the verdict because of my opposition.

T. How was that?

S. It was simply this:—A man was found dead in bed. I have known that man for twenty years to have been a constant drinker of intoxicating liquors. It was never what people call drunk—he would have a glass or two in the morning, a glass or two at dinner, the same after dinner, and so on, but never was seen drunk.

T. Well, and what was the evidence submitted to the jury?

S. A post-mortem examination took place, and it was contended that he died through disease of the heart.

T. What was your view of the case?

S. I admitted that heart disease was the secondary cause, but not the primary cause.

T. Not the primary cause!—very well, go on.

S. It had to be explained to some present that the primary cause was the first or principal cause, and that the secondary was generally the result or manifestation of the primary cause. After this explanation I endeavoured to prove that the primary cause of death was the constant drinking of alcoholic liquors, and I insisted that the true verdict would be:—"Died by alcoholic poisoning." I was determined that for once, at least, a true verdict should go forth to the world.

T. Well, how then?

S. I stood firm as a rock, and at last my view prevailed, and the verdict was published—"Died by alcoholic poisoning."

T. That would be a strange verdict.

S. No more strange than true—if doctors and juries would give the *primary* cause in cases of death, it would occasion such an enquiry into the physiological action of alcohol as would tend greatly to reduce the amount of drinking.

T. I don't exactly see with you in this matter; that is, I cannot think that a man who has never been drunk can be said to be poisoned by drink. I can understand how a sailor may drink a pint of rum all at once, and fall down dead; but I cannot see how drink can kill a man who only takes a few glasses daily.

(Enter an old man with a stick.)

T. Come in, John; you're just the man we want.

J. You want none of me, I know;—what can you want with an old man of seventy, old enough to be your grandfather?

S. But you have experience on your side, sir, and that may be profitable to us.

J. Aye, dear! I've seen a great deal in my time *(sneezes and wipes his nose)*.

T. Bad cold, John.

J. Very bad cold, sir, very. I've seen a good *(sneezes again)* a good deal, I have. I remember the time when we had no railway, nor telegraphs, nor daily paper, nor penny postage. People used to stop at home and mind their own business then.

S. Indeed, John.

J. Yes, I remember when there was not a house in all Boswell Street, not one; except old Goodall's farm. I have seen rose-trees blooming where Thompson's warehouse now stands; I have heard the lark singing right over where Wilson's manufactory now is. Ah! those were the good old times.

T. I suppose they were, John.

J. Yes, you are right there. Old Squire Dobson used to call all his tenants together every quarter, and give them as much to eat and drink as they could put into them; he kept the finest wine that ever I tasted.

S. I should think you are fond of wine, John?

J. Very, sir, very! I have drunk a bottle of wine each day for the last forty years, without a single day's exception!

S. Now, sir, you are making a most important statement; let me ask you if you are quite sure about it?

J. It is true as gospel, sir.

T. Why should you question the old gentleman's word—there is the fact, a bottle of wine every day for forty years, and still a hearty old man!—are you not, John?

J. Yes, sir, my health is good, I am thankful to say.

T. I repeat, Mr. Simpkins, there is the fact, which I require you to reconcile with your former statement, that the moderate use of drink will destroy life.

S. I said, that in the case over which the jury sat, the constant moderate use of intoxicating liquors was the primary cause of death; and that the true verdict was—"Poisoned by alcohol." My argument is this: Alcohol is a poison—always a poison—in whatever form or measure taken; and that its paralyzing effects are in proportion to the quantity taken. Now I know nothing of this gentleman beyond what I have heard this evening, but if he will answer my questions freely, I dare stake my life that even his apparently anomalous case will demonstrate the truth of my statement.

T. (*looks at his watch.*) Proceed, sir.

S. (*turns to John.*) You live in a good situation, sir?

J. That I'm sure I do—none better.

S. You live well, and not extravagantly?

J. O yes, yes!

S. What sort of a lady is your wife?

J. Aye, bless her!—there's not a nicer woman in all Boswell Street, old as she is!

S. Understand me, if you please—is your wife a very moderate woman?

J. She weighed sixteen stone, to a pound, last wakes-day; I saw her weighed myself!

S. Now listen to me. Does your wife eat good food, and live in a moderate way?

J. O yes, yes; O y-e-s. I—

S. And she is pretty healthy?

J. O yes—healthy and pretty—yes, yes.

S. Then I should think you have not had much sickness in the family?

J. (*sobs and wipes his eyes.*) Nobody knows but myself what we have had to suffer through sickness.

S. What family have you?

J. We have had thirteen children.

S. Indeed!—how many have you now?

J. Six.

S. (*turning to T.*) This is very singular, for I suppose you believe in the law that like produces like? Is there any more certain principle in physiology than that good food makes good blood; good blood good structure, and good structure transmits good structure? When the parents are healthy the children are healthy.

T. I cannot deny that.

S. Now there is something to be accounted for—six children are living, seven are dead; (*turning to John*) but what can you say of the six?

J. Ah, sir, there is something to do with them

all; one is afflicted in the head, another is in the asylum, and another—

S. That will do, sir; without proceeding further (*turning to T.*) nothing is more certain than that some great and serious law of life must have been violated; and upon the face of it, the one bottle of wine a day for forty years may have been the violation.

J. Nay, nay, I can never believe that, never!—good wine can do nobody any harm. (*Exit.*)

S. (*turns to T.*) Do not be deceived, sir. You cannot sin against yourself without sinning against your children. The penalty we can never escape for ourselves, though our infirmity is only apparent. But certainly the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the second and third generation, until by God's goodness it ends in the extinction of the race; for it is not fit that organs so depraved and deteriorated should be perpetuated.

T. You have almost made a convert of me this time.

S. I want you to read and think for yourself, and if you do so, with a mind free from prejudice, I fear not the issue. (*Exit.*)

GOING ON AN ERRAND.

A POUND of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My mother gets in such a pet.

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There's Teddy White flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand, I declare;
I'd like to try to make it fly up sky high,
Ever so much higher
Than the old church spire,
And then—but there—

A pound of three and one at tea,
A pot of new-laid jam,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop,
And run my orders through again.
I haven't forgot—no ne'er a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new-laid jam.

—*Sunrise.*

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

DON'T look for the flaws as you go through
life ;

And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the good behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding ;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your face 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
But bend and see it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter ;
Some things must go wrong your whole life
long,

And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wiser man shapes into God's plan,
As the water shapes into a vessel.

—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

The following has been received from the Rev. JOHN T. HODGE, Methodist Free Church Minister, Bristol :

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THE LOST GRACE.

BY S. E. KENNEDY.

I LOOKED upon my baby's face
With loving mother-pride,
And thought, There's nothing half so fair
In all the world beside.

I learned each pretty curve to trace,
Each charming grace to tell,
And saw there naught but loveliness,
Pure as the lily-bell.

I met a being on the street
Of ev'ry grace bereft,
With bloated face and reeling form,
No trace of manhood left.

This wretched face, so scarred and wild,
Was once *some* mother's pride ;
Some heart hath said, "There's naught so
fair
In all the world so wide."

Some tender mother's yearning gaze
Hath traced each dainty line,
Some mother looked on baby-face
As sweet and pure as mine.

ENLIST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

BE brave, little soldiers, to battle for right ;
Before and behind you the foe is in
sight.

Beware of the pitfalls in pathways untrod ;
Be true to your manhood, to honour, and God.
Enlist in the army whose flag is pure white ;
Enlist, little soldier, and strike for the right.

You need for your weapon a heart that is pure,
A will that is ready to do and endure,
And hands that are willing right bravely to
work,

Resolved in the battle no duty to shirk.
Enlist in the army whose flag is pure white ;
Enlist, little soldier, and strike for the right.

Be faithful, be steadfast, each one at his post,
When battling the evils in wrong's mighty host.
The enemy's crafty, in league with all sin :
But the ranks of true manhood the vict'ry will
win.

Enlist in the army whose flag is pure white ;
Enlist, little soldier, and strike for the right.

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BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

No. 252.—December, 1890.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



A WINTER STORY.

A WINTER STORY.



HEW! How the wind did blow on that December afternoon of which I write, drifting the snow into hillocks, and whirling it against doors and windows and into out-of-the-way corners. The cold was keen, nipping the toes and fingers and noses of those compelled to go out of doors, even when warmly clad, and terrible for the poor creatures whose garments were thin and scanty.

Hetty and John Ferries sat looking through the window of their cosy cottage at the wintry scene without, and chatted and laughed as they saw the scurrying snow-flakes. Their mother, a widow in fairly comfortable circumstances, had gone to lie down, as she had a severe head-ache, and the children were left to themselves.

While looking out they saw a shivering, ragged boy approaching the cottage. "A beggar, no doubt," said John to his sister. "Poor thing, how cold and hungry he looks; and see, he has no shoes or stockings on his feet, and his jacket and coat are full of holes; I'm sure he must feel very bad to be out on such a day!"

Hetty said nothing for a moment or two, but a tear was in her eye, and she was wondering if they might open the door and let the poor boy come in and warm himself at the fire. They heard him timidly knocking at the door, and they could just see his pale, hungry-looking face and his red, bare feet! "What shall we do?" asked John, looking at Hetty. "Mother is asleep and I don't want to disturb her. I'm sure, though, she would not send the poor boy away without giving him something to eat. Do you think she would, Hetty?"

"I'm sure she wouldn't," Hetty answered, fervently. "Let us open the door and bring the boy in to the fire."

"But, supposing he's a bad boy, Hetty?"

"I don't think he is a bad boy. Poor thing! Come, let us open the door."

John went to the door, followed closely by Hetty. The bolt was drawn, the latch lifted, and the door flew open, the cold wind and flying snow making the children shiver. "Come in, little boy," shouted John. "Be

quick," said Hetty. In a few seconds the door was closed and barred, and the ragged stranger was standing on the soft rug before the blazing fire, with Hetty and John looking on in pity at his wretched condition. He looked as if he could devour the flames, so welcome was the warmth to his chilled limbs. Hetty brought a chair and told him to sit down, and John went to the pantry and brought a piece of pie left over from dinner. Just as these arrangements were completed, Mrs. Ferries entered the room. She was surprised to see a ragged boy sitting before the fire, but on John and Hetty drawing her on one side and telling her how much they pitied him, her face became beautiful with gladness, and she stooped down and kissed her children, for such a spirit of love and mercy as they had displayed was to her a source of great joy.

But the strangest part of the story has yet to be told. On Mrs. Ferries questioning the boy she found he was her nephew, the son of her only sister. It appears her sister lived in a distant part of the country, and she had heard nothing of her for a long time, possibly because her husband had turned out to be a drunkard, and they were very poor. She had died, through sorrow, the boy said, and after her burial the father deserted his child—left him to starve and die, for all he cared; so hardened does strong-drink make those who indulge in its excessive use. The boy knew he had an aunt who lived a long way off, and had set out to find her. Weary, hungry, and foot-sore he had travelled the miles which separated him from his relatives, and now had found them, to the joy of all. I need not say how kind Mrs. Ferries was to her poor nephew—how she fed and clothed him, and was a mother to him. Nor need I say how delighted Hetty and John were to find they had been the means of befriending their little cousin. Harry—for that was the boy's name—grew up to be a man, and repaid his aunt for her great kindness. You may be sure he never touched strong-drink—it was *that* had caused his mother's death, his father's cruelty, and his own suffering. And it is *that* we must all avoid if we would be happy.

BABY'S SHOES.

BY CALLIE L. BONNEY.

A MAN with tattered garments old,
Upon whose face
Want and despair, in letters dark,
Had left their trace;

With wavering step by wine unnerved,
That heavy falls,
Paused, where low gleamed in twilight mist,
Three golden balls,

'Neath which he entered, as if were
No time to lose,
And on the counter laid in shame
Two baby shoes.

"Take them," he said, "I must have drink."
The clerk said, "Nay,
It were a shame the baby's shoes
To take away."

"She will not need them; cold and still
She lies asleep,
And Heaven will now the baby's feet
In safety keep."

"I have a baby, too, at home,"
One listening said,—
And at the thought, in gratitude
He bowed his head,—

"The little feet not still, thank God!
How could I lose,
In ruin's crimson flood of wine,
My baby's shoes?"

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

ID like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting-house full of toys,
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For poor little girls and boys;
Up the street, and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one
Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jackknife
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut;

One would ask for a china set
With dishes all to her mind;
One would wish a Noah's ark,
With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll's cook-stove
And a little toy wash-tub;
Some would prefer a little drum
For a noisy rub-a-dub-dub.
Some would wish for a story-book,
And some for a set of blocks;
Some would be wild with happiness
Over a new tool-box.

And some would rather have little shoes
And other things warm to wear;
For many children are very poor,
And the winter is hard to bear.
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
And a thousand stockings or so;
And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels,
And candy of every kind;
And buy all the almonds and raisins up
And toffy that I could find.
And barrels and barrels of oranges
I'd scatter right in the way;
So the children would find them the very
first thing
When they woke on Christmas Day.

TOO MUCH PIG.

A MAN raised a good fat pig, and, when he
thought it of sufficient size to bring in
a good sum of money, started off with it to
town. Unfortunately he passed a number of
beer-saloons on the way, and, being thirsty,
he bought enough beer to make him drunk;
and then piggy was forgotten. The pig wan-
dered off of his own sweet will, and his master
never saw him again. He returned home
much chagrined and loath to tell his wife
who was famous for using her tongue.

If he never again heard the musical squeal-
ing of the pig, his wife did not let him forget
the loss or his own misdeeds.

A few weeks afterward some one asked him
if he had heard anything of the pig yet.

"Heard of 'im!" he answered—"heard of
im! Oh! ay, I hears of 'im most days."

48.—Sweet Zion Bells.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE.

O'er heav'n-ly plains the gold-en chimes of Zi-on ring to -

KEY. F.

{	<u>d</u> . <u>r</u>	m : d	s : m	m : r	r : <u>r</u> . <u>m</u>	f : r	s : f
	d	d : d	m : d	d : t,	t, : <u>t</u> . <u>d</u>	r : t,	m : r
	<u>m</u> . <u>f</u>	s : m	d : m	s : s	s : s	s : s	s : s
	d	d : d	d : d	s, : s,	s, : s,	s, : s,	s, : s,

day, For pass-ing souls those chimes are rung, To guide them on their

{	m : -	- : <u>d</u> . <u>r</u>	m : d	s : m	m : r	r : <u>r</u> . <u>m</u>	f : f	m : r
	d : -	- : d	d : d	m : d	d : t,	t, : <u>t</u> . <u>d</u>	r : r	d : t,
	s : -	- : <u>m</u> . <u>f</u>	s : m	d : m	s : s	s : s	s : s	s : f
	d : -	- : d	d : d	d : d	s, : s,	s, : s,	s, : s,	s, : s,

way. Sweet bells. Sweet chim-ing Zi-on bells, Sweet chim-ing Zi-on Sweet bells.

{	d :	: s	f : s	m : f	r : -	- : s	f : s	m : f
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	m : s	s : -	- : -	- : -	- : s	s : -	- : -	- : -
	d :	:	:	:	:	:	:	:

bells, Sweet bells, They cheer us on our pleasant way. Sweet chim - ing

{	r : - - : f	m : s	f : l	s : d' l : f	m : - r : -
	t, : - - : t,	d : - t, : -	d : - - : d	d : - t, : -	d : - t, : -
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	: : s,	d : - r : -	m : - f : f,	s, : - s, : -	s, : - s, : -

bells, They cheer us on our pleasant way, Sweet chim - ing bells.

They cheer our way.

{	m : - - : <u>d</u> .r	m : s	f : l	s : d' l : f	m : - r : -	d : - -
	d : - - : d	d : - t, : -	d : - - : r	d : - t, : -	d : - t, : -	d : - -
	s : - - : <u>m</u> .f	s : - - : -	- : - f : l	s : - - : f	m : - -	m : - -
	d : - - : d	d : - r : -	m : - f : f,	s, : - s, : -	s, : - s, : -	d : - -

2 And we, who walk in earthly vales,
 Their joyful music hear,
 In melody divinely sweet,
 So faint, and yet so clear.

3 They call us home—not here our rest,
 They softly seem to say;
 Beyond the gates of Zion fair,
 There shines a brighter day.

LITTLE BESSIE.

A DIALOGUE BY W. HOYLE.

CHARACTERS:

Little Bessie.....A Band of Hope Girl.
 Bessie's Mother.....A Thoughtless Woman.
 Mrs. Johnson.....A Teetotal Neighbour.

Mother.

BESSIE, where have you been all this time?
 Here I've been looking for you everywhere?

Bessie. I've been to the Band of Hope, mother.
 There were plenty of ladies and gentlemen there.
 I wish you had been there, mother.

M. What do I want with ladies and gentlemen?
 You know I've no fine clothes to put on.

B. O, mother, they speak so kindly, I'm sure
 it would do you good to hear them.

M. Are they wiser than other people? What
 can they tell me that I don't know?

B. They would tell you about an enemy that
 is trying to rob people, and take away their lives.

M. What enemy is that?

B. They said his name was Alcohol.

M. What is Alcohol.

B. They said it was that which got into
 people's heads and made them drunk, mother.

M. If that's all they've got to tell you at the
 Band of Hope, you shan't go any more. Do you
 hear me now? (*Bessie hangs her head and wipes
 her eyes.*) What are you crying for?

B. Do let me go to the Band of Hope, mother;
 t is a very good place.

M. Not an inch shall you go. I'll have none
 of their rooting into other people's business. Let
 them stay at home, like me, and mind their own
 affairs. You go and bring me a bottle of beer.

B. O, mother—

M. Not another word now; go, I tell you, at
 once! (*Bessie moves off.*) A fine thing, indeed,
 that a woman of my years must be taught what
 to drink and what to avoid, by people who know
 nothing about me. They shan't dictate to me,
 however; I'll take care of that. Let everybody
 mind their own business, that's what I've got to
 say.

(*Enter Mrs. Johnson.*)

M. How do you do, Mrs. Johnson?

Johnson. I'm very well, thank you; how are
 you?

M. I'm as well as can be expected, considering
 what I have to endure.

J. Does your husband keep sober now?

M. I'm sorry he does not. Last week he was
 off work three days through drinking, and things
 are getting so bad with me, I'm sure I don't know
 whatever I must do.

J. What a pity he drinks so! I wish there
 was no drink!

M. It'll be the ruin of us all, ma'am, if he does
 not alter soon.

(*Enter Bessie, with a bottle in her hand, stretching
 her arm out to keep the beer a long way from her
 mouth.*)

M. Who told you to carry beer that way,
 Bessie?

B. A gentleman at the Band of Hope said
 that if mother sent us for beer, we must keep the
 beer a long way from our mouth, lest we should
 be tempted to drink.

M. I'll give you Band of Hope, if I catch you
 there again. Remember what I've told you now.
 Put that beer away, and go and tell Mrs. Roberts
 that I want to see her in the morning.

(*Bessie goes off, taking the bottle with her.*)

J. Don't speak so unkindly to your dear child.

M. I'll make her do my way, or else I'll see!

J. But what if your way is not God's way?

M. I know what I'm doing. I go to church
 and read my Bible.

J. The Bible says, "Parents provoke not your
 children to wrath, but train them up in the nurture
 and admonition of the Lord."

M. I said that she must not go to the Band of
 Hope, and she shan't.

J. Suppose, now, that near your house here
 there were some dangerous rocks, and it was found
 that many persons had lost their lives by venturing
 too near the edge of these rocks,—what advice
 would you give your child?

M. Why, I would say, "Bessie, you must keep
 a long way from the rocks, for if you go near them
 you might fall over and be killed."

J. Did you ever hear of anybody being killed
 through drink?

M. Yes, scores! I've told my husband that
 drink will kill him some day, if he does not alter.

J. Just think, now, how thoughtless you have
 been. You admit that drink is like fearful rocks,
 on which many have lost their lives; you say the
 best way to avoid the danger is to keep away from
 the rocks, and yet you continue to drink yourself!
 Don't you see how you are putting yourself on the
 rocks! How can you expect to save your husband,
 or preserve your child, while you yourself are on
 the place of danger!

M. I never looked at it in that light before!
 What would you advise me to do?

J. Why, be teetotal, like me, I can wash and
 bake and do all my house-work without strong
 drink. I have brought a family up without it,
 and you can do without it too if you will try.

Who can tell but that God will make you the means of saving your husband from a drunkard's grave. What a comfort that will be to you! Then there is your dear child—

M. (*Wiping her eyes.*) God bless her, she is a good child. I'll not keep her from the Band of Hope.

J. She will be a comfort to you while you live, if you encourage her to do what is right.

(*Enter Bessie.*)

B. Mother, are you not well this evening?

M. Never mind, Bessie, I shall be all right soon.

B. Mother, we've learned such a beautiful melody at the Band of Hope, and Mrs. Johnson knows it, too. May I sing it, and Mrs. Johnson will perhaps help me?

J. Not to-night, dear; you can sing it for another to-morrow.

B. You will not keep me from the Band of Hope, will you?

M. No, dear, you shall go as often as you like.

B. Will you come with me next time, mother?

M. You will see, dear, when the time comes.

B. Mother, I've been praying for God to bless you and father, and make you both teetotal.

M. (*sobbing.*) God bless you, my dear; I hope we shall be soon. Mrs. Johnson, have you a pledge book?

J. Yes, ma'am; come across to my house, and you may sign now.

B. Yes, do, mother; and then we can both pray that father may sign. Shan't we be happy then, mother? (*Exit.*)

CHRISTMAS WISHES.

BY E. A. KNIGHT.

"A MERRY Christmas" to you, dears,

And happy "New Year," too;

May Fortune bring you fairy gifts,

Like Cinderella's shoe.

And may you, like "Dick Whittington,"

In future life succeed;

But always at each Christmas-tide

Remember those in need.

And in these happy holidays,

When merry parties come,

And you are asked to join them too,

In many a pleasant home,

May you enjoy the frolic, dears,

The Christmas-trees and toys,

But never once forget that you

Are temperance girls and boys.

WOULD YOU?

BY AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

IF I had lots of money,
I know what I would do;
I'd make a happy Christmas
For every child. Would you?

And when they ask for something
To make the Christmas merry,
I wouldn't give a penny,
Like Mr. Elder Berry.

They say he's rich as Cræsus,
But he forgets, I s'pose,
To put ought else but copper
Into his Sunday clothes.

I'd give a golden sovereign,
And throw it on the plate,
And make it ring and jingle
Like Mr. Deacon Haight.

If I had lots of money,
I know what I would do,
I'd make a merry Christmas
For every child. Would you?

KEEPING HIS WORD.

"ONLY a penny a box," he said;
But the gentleman turned away his head,
As if he shrank from the squalid sight
Of the boy who stood in the failing light.

"Oh, sir!" he stammered, "you cannot know"
(And he brushed from his matches the flakes
of snow,

That the sudden tear might have chance to
fall.)

"Or I think—I think you would take them
all.

"Hungry and cold at our garret-pane,
Ruby will watch till I come again,
Bringing the loaf. The sun has set,
And he hasn't a crumb of breakfast yet.

"One penny, and then I can buy the bread!"
The gentleman stopped: "And you?" he
said;

"I—I can put up with them,—hunger and
cold,

But Ruby is only five years old.

"I promised our mother before she went—
She knew I would do it and died content—
I promised her, sir, through best, through
worst,
I always would think of Ruby first."

The gentleman paused at his open door,
Such tales he had often heard before;
But he fumbled his purse in the twilight
drear,

"I have nothing less than a shilling here."

"Oh, sir, if you'll only take the pack
I'll bring you the change in a moment back;
Indeed you may trust me!" "Trust you?—
no!

But here is the shilling; take it and go."

The gentleman lolled in his cosy chair,
And watched his cigar-wreath melt in air,
And smiled on his children, and rose to see
The baby asleep on its mother's knee.

"And now it is nine by the clock," he said,
"Time that my darlings were all a-bed;
Kiss me 'good-night,' and each be sure,
When you're saying your prayers, remember
the poor."

Just then came a message—"A boy at the
door,"—

But ere it was uttered he stood on the floor
Half breathless, bewildered, and ragged, and
strange;

*I'm Ruby—Mike's brother—I've brought you the
change.*

"Mike's hurt, sir; 'twas dark; the snow made
him blind,

And he didn't take notice the train was behind
Till he slipped on the track; and then it
whizzed by:

And he's home in the garret; I think he will
die.

"But nothing would do him, sir—nothing
would do

But out through the snow I must hurry to
you;

Of his hurt he was certain you wouldn't have
heard,

And so you might think *he had broken his
word.*"

When the garret they hastily entered they saw
Two arms mangled, shapeless, outstretched
from the straw.

"You did it—dear Ruby—God bless you!" he
And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back—and
was dead.

—*The Public Reciter.*

WHAT STANLEY SAYS.

WHE more our girls and boys learn about
the nature of alcohol, the better. A
healthy system needs no strong drink. We
are better off without it in hot weather, in
cold weather, in warm climates and cold.

Africa is said by some to be a very unhealthy
climate. Henry M. Stanley, the noted explorer,
whose opinion is of great value, says that the
climate of equatorial Africa is healthy for
white men "if they absolutely refrain from all
intoxicating liquor, and are protected from the
sun and from stormy weather." He says that
"those who declare that the climate of the
Congo has caused the death of a number of
white men will not tell the real cause of death,
which in a large majority of cases was liquor."
He knows of several men who died in a few
hours after indulging in wine or brandy. He
employed more than one hundred men on the
Congo, but only four had died. Common
sense is needed in that country as well as
others.

NOTICE.

No. 51 (Just Issued) of EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S
RECITER, by S. KNOWLES, contains "*Old Father
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