### SAVE THE CHILDREN.

(The Cheltenham Branch of the Brit sh Women's Temperance Association has adopted and issued pledge cards, whereby parents promise not to send their children to the public house.)

In Industill men worship gods, Like Kali, Ram, and Shiv, And even gods of wood and stone, Things that can never live.

In other lands, and Israel too, They worshipped Baal as sire; And Moloch grim, with citel rites, And children burnt in fire.

We make no gods as Israel did, And as did Greece and Rome; But, lest we think too ill of them, Let us first look at home.

Mammon and Baccious are not dead. Nor even growing old, If we may judge from what men drink, And things they do for gold.

Where Moloch claime ta single child, Bacchus kills full a score, And at his shrine, en offer up All they should most adore.

All, all a + drowned in drink; And yet Drink's chain they will not break.

And never stoop to think.

We see it all, yet aid by law This vampire demon Drink: And some buy shares to get more gold, Gold that will make them sink.

We sing "Brittania rules the waves," And think we're free men all; But they are truly abject slaves, Whom Drink and Gold enthral.

XX. CENTURY.

### YOUNG MEN.

A man in Hartford, Conn., came home His little boy, from three and to meet his father. Had that father been sober, the boy would have been nestling in his bosom; but he was drunk and seizing the little fellow by the houlder, he lifted him right over his head, and dashed him out of the second tory window, through sash, glass and all; and on the pavement below they picked up the poor boy, with both his thighs broken. When a man is drunk he does not know what he is about: he has dethroned reason. And so, whether you laugh or cry at some of the follies of drunkenness-whether you hold your sides with merriment, or the marrow stands cold in your bones-yet remem ber that drunkenness is debasing, blightmg, blasting, scathing, mildewing, and paining to everything that is bright, noble and beautiful.

Young men, let me say to you—what an awful risk you run! Did you ever wake up in the morning, and wonder how you got into your bed? Did you ever he in the morning, unable to think for the life of you what you did last night? Down on your knees, down on your knees to night, and thank God, that as you staggered forth, not knowing that as you staggered forth, not knowing what you were doing, he did not take on his favorite theme. "Now, boys, your guardian angel from you in that when I ask you a question you must not hour, and leave you to plunge into utter

my friends were at the wedding a Your fathers own them, do they not? Fifteen hundred dollars was the price paid for the flowers, sent expressly from New York. The house had been enlarged for the dancing. A fast young man and a beautiful girl were united. It was a gorgeous wedding, very merry and jolly, plenty of wine; but the bride groom got drunk, and with his clenched tist, two hours after they had been married, he struck his bride in the mouth. "Hush! hush! don't say anything about it; don't let it get abroad Hush! hush! it is only known to those here. He was drunk, and did not know what he was doing; cover it up." So they did. He went on his wedding excursion. Six weeks afterwards he got drunk again, and drew a pistol on the wife that loved him. She felt her life was not safe, and went back to her father's house. He came directly to Toronto, in Canada. He got drunk true.—League Journal.

again, killed a policeman, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, in less than ninety days after his wedding. Some friends interceded with the Government, and he is now in Kingston Penitentiary for life. Three drunks! Three times intoxicated! Oh, young men, if God has spared you, and you have ever been drunk in your lives, down on your knees, and, in the grati-tude of your souls, declare that you will never again touch that which dethrones

There are those of us who have come out of the fire, those of us who are scarred and bruised, those who will never be what we might have been had it not been for the accursed drink. As year after year rolls on, and brings us nearer and nearer to the end, what would we not give, brethren, could we wipe out our record!

On! That Awret Record, young man! You are writing your record new, every day. You begin in the morning with a clean page, perfectly clean, and at night it is smeared, and smudged, and blotted, when you hastily turn it over and think it is gone. No! You can never wipe out a word of your record. Love, honour, conscience, wife and one. No sir! You are making your record.

What a grand thing it is to be a young man, sent out with life all before ou, to make of it what you choose, just as you choose—to mould it as you will—to make your life just what you please to make it!

How many of you, young men, are going wrong? And you know you are going wrong. I never knew a man going wrong who was not aware of it.
Going wrong! You do not hear them
defend it, never—but excuse it. "Oh,
it will all come right in the end." What will? "Oh, voung men must sow their will? "Oh, voung men must sow their wild oats." Yes, and they must reap too. "It will be all the same a hundred years hence." What will? "wo diverging lines go on widening to all eternity.
There is no cross-cut If you begin wrong, voung man, you can never get right till you come back with bleeding feet, and torn flesh, and streaming tears. and broken heart. And many a man has died in the effort to get back. Oh, the beginning! So many go into ruin with all of life before them.

You are like a switchman, as we call him, on the railway. Here comes the locomotive and the train of cars, freighted with human life, hopes, and happiness; and your hand is on the switch You can turn that train on to the main tract; you can turn it on to the siding; you can turn it down the bank; but when it has passed by, your control over it is gone forever. Never will you have another such opportunity, and oppor-tunities are passing you day by day, day by day. By and by some will say as poor Churchill did on his death-bed. "All gone! every opportunity lost! What a fool I have been!"

Young man, is that to be the end of your life, with all its prospects and all its bright hopes?—John B. Gough.

## IT SOUNDED AWFUL.

be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all those Why, what is it to get drunk? Here tine houses, farms and cattle, do you so one case that I knew: and many of ever think who owns them all now.

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices. "Where will your fathers be in twenty

"Dead," shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own this property then?

"Us boys," shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now tell me, did you ever m going along the street notice the drunkards lounging around the public-house door waiting for some one to treat

"Yes, sir, lots of them."
"Well, where will they be in twenty

years from now?" " Dead," exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards

then? "Us boys."

Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awful! It was awful, but it was

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