

### "I Have Drunk My Last Glass."

No comrades, I thank you, not any for me!  
My last chain is riven—henceforward I'm free;  
I will go to my home and my children to-night,  
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight,  
With tears in my eyes I have begged my poor wife  
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.

"I have never refused you before!" Let that pass;  
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys! in rags and disgrace,  
With my bleared, haggard eyes and my red, bloated face!  
Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied hand,  
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand.  
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,  
Alike warmed by the sun, or chilled by the breeze.  
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;  
But I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,  
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my brow;  
That she kissed me and blessed me, her darling, her pride,  
Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side.  
Yes, with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,  
Bidding me meet her there; then she whispered, "Good-by."  
And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass;  
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,  
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait  
On a fellow who's left every cent in their till,  
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill.  
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!  
And I begged for one glass—just one would have cured—  
But they kicked me out doors! I let that, too, pass;  
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

At home my pet Susie, so sweet and so fair,  
I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer;  
From her pale, bony hands her torn sleeves were strung down,  
While her feet, cold and bare, shank beneath her scant gown;  
And she prayed—prayed for bread, just a poor crust of bread,  
For one crust—on her knees my pet darling pled!  
And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!  
But I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-old,  
Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,  
There on the bare floor, asked God to bless me!  
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will; for you see  
I believe what I ask for!" Then sobered,  
I crept away from the house; and that night when I slept,  
Next my heart lay the PLEDGE! You smile, let it pass;  
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love  
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above;  
I will make her words true, or I'll die in the race,  
And sober I'll go to my last resting-place;  
And she shall kneel there, and, weeping, thank God  
No drunkard lies under the daisy-strewn sod!  
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass;  
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,  
I have drunk my last glass.

### What One Moody Hour Did.

At a late hour one night, a poor old man, weak with hunger, and stiff with cold, entered a police station to ask for lodgings. While he sat by the stove, they heard him groan like one in distress, and the captain asked:

"Are you sick, or have you been hurt?"

"It is here," answered the old man, as he touched his breast. "It all came back to me an hour ago, as I passed a window and saw a bit of a boy in his night gown."

"What is it?" asked the captain as he sat down beside the man.

"It is heart-ache. It is remorse," the old man answered. "I have had them gnawing away at my heart for years. I have wanted to die—I have prayed for death—but life still clings to this poor old frame. I am old and friendless, and worn out, and want some wheel to crush me, it would be an act of mercy."

He wiped his eyes on his ragged sleeve, made a great effort to control his feelings, and went on:

"Forty years ago I had plenty. A wife sang in my home, and a young boy rode on my knee, and filled the house with his shouts and laughter. I sought to be a good man and a kind father, and people called me such. One night I came home vexed. I found my boy ailing, and that vexed me still more. I don't know what ailed me to act so that night, but it seemed as if everything were wrong. The child had a bed beside us, and every night since he had been able to speak, he had called to me before closing his eyes in sleep, 'Good night, my pa!' Oh, sir, I hear those words sounding in my ears every day and every hour, and they wring my old heart until I am faint."

For a moment the poor man sobbed like a child, then he found voice to continue:

"God forgive me, but I was cross to the boy that night. When he called to me good night, I would not reply. 'Good night, my pa!' he kept calling, and wretch that I was, I would make no answer. He must have thought me asleep, but finally cuddled down with a sob in his throat. I wanted to get up and kiss him, but kept waiting, and waiting, and finally I fell asleep."

"Well!" queried the captain, as the silence grew long.

"When I awoke it was day. It was a shriek in my ears which broke my slumbers, and, as I started up, my poor wife called, 'Oh, Richard! Richard! our Jamie is dead in his bed!' It was so. He was dead and cold. There were tears on his pale face—the tears he had shed when he had called, 'Good night, my pa!' and I had refused to answer. I was dumb. Then remorse came, and I was frantic. I did not know when they buried him, for I was under restraint as a lunatic. For five long years life was a dark midnight to me. When reason returned, and I went forth into the world, my wife slept beside Jamie. My friends had forgotten me, and I had no mission in life but to suffer remorse. I cannot forget. It was almost a lifetime ago, but through the mist of years, across the valley of the past, from the little grave thousands of miles away I hear the plaintive call as I heard it that night: 'Good night, my pa!' Send me to prison, to the poor house, anywhere, that I may halt long enough to die! I am an old

wreck, and I care not how soon death drags me down."

He was tendered food but he could not eat. He rocked his body to and fro, and wept and sobbed; by-and-by, when sleep came to him, they heard him whisper:

"Good night, my boy; good night, my Jamie."

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 feelings  
Ne'er before by anger stirred,  
Oft are rent, past human healing,  
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,  
Bitter poison-drops are they,  
Weaving, for the coming morrow,  
Saddest memories of to-day.  
Angry words! O let them never,  
From the tongue, unbridled slip;  
May the heart's best impulses ever  
Check them, ere they soil thy 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 stirred,  
Brightest links of life are broken,  
By a single angry word.

### Moffat and the Savage Chief.

In a quiet street of London, "on the south side of the Thames," resides a venerable minister, still strong and active at the age of eighty-seven, whose life story grandly illustrates the sweet text, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."

This wonderful man, the father-in-law of the equally famous Livingstone, passed sixty years of his life among cruel barbarians, and early showed himself divinely qualified to do good, and divinely protected in doing it.

When Dr. Moffat was only twenty-one years old, he went to South Africa to preach to the negroes.

Far in the interior, beyond the Orange River, lived at that time a savage chief, whose wars and depredations kept the whole country in dread. The name of Cetewayo never inspired half so much terror as did that of Africaner, the Namaqua king.

Young Moffat was warned against him, but he felt no fear. He had come on purpose to tell the Hottentots about Christ, and he knew his Master's business, and loved it.

So among the Hottentots he went, into the interior of Namaqua-land, and to the hut of Africaner himself. The boldness of the peaceful white man, and his strange, pure words, soon disarmed the fierce chief, and he not only allowed him to stay among his people and preach to them, but built him a hut close to his own.

Mr. Moffat, by his rare tact and wisdom, not only completely won Africaner's friendship, but made him his daily listener and pupil. The haughty Hottentot came to regard him as his family chaplain. His interest in the good man's teachings increased, and he gradually forgot his ferocity.

Before Moffat had been with him two years, he renounced his heathenism and became a humble disciple of Christ. The brave faith of the preacher had dared to look for this result, but when it came it was almost too much to realize. Time and trial, however, proved the chief's sincerity, and by-and-by, when it became necessary for Mr. Moffat to visit Cape Town, he told Africaner that he wished to take him with him.

"How can I go in safety?" asked the astonished chief. "I am known everywhere, and a reward of a thousand pounds is offered for my head!"

"Yes," said Mr. Moffat, "but I risked my life when I came into your country, and none expected ever to see me return. You protected me. It is my turn now. I will protect you. Only we must change places. I must be king, and you must be my servant." At last Africaner consented and went.

No one recognized him in the guise of a servant. At one house where the two stopped for refreshments, the family had known Mr. Moffat, and they were all frightened, believing him to be "the ghost of the man that Africaner killed." But he soon reassured them, and before he left them he completed their amazement by introducing Africaner himself.

The amazement was no less when he arrived with the Christian chief at Cape Town, and the people saw for themselves what a change had been wrought in the terrible savage.

### The Lights of Home.

In many a village window burn  
The evening lamps.  
They shine amid the dew and damps,  
Those lights of home.

Afar the wanderer sees them glow,  
Now night is near;  
They gild his path with radiance clear,  
Sweet lights of home.

Ye lode-stars that forever draw  
The weary heart,  
In stranger lands or crowded mart;  
O! lights of home.

When my brief day of life is o'er,  
Then may I see;  
Shine from the heavenly house for me  
Dear lights of home.

### Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

- 48.—O bad i ah. Kings ley.  
49.—London, Rome, Douer, Bangor.  
50.—'Tis first the true and then the beautiful; not first the beautiful and then the true.  
51.—Crash, rash, ash. Wheat, heat, eat, at.

### NEW PUZZLES.

#### 52.—CHARADES.

A kind of meat, a pool.  
A Methodist Bishop.  
Vegetables, an insect. A rustic.

#### 53.—ENIGMAS.

My 8, 7, 9, a small animal; my 1, 2, 6, 4, a man's name; my 3, 7, 5, a verb. An author of an English grammar.

My 1, 10, 7, 6, 3, is used in building; my 2, 4, 12, 13, is high; my 3, 9, 5, is part of the body; my 8, 11, 6, is a colour. A command.

#### 54.—WORD SQUARES.

A building; a disease; slow oxidation; fish catchers.  
A water lizard; a pitcher; a part of the verb to be; a plant.

#### 55.—CHANGED HEADINGS.

Change the head of the organ of intellect, and have the fruit of plants; again, and have that which draws along.

#### 56.—CURTAILMENT.

Curtail a part of the body, and have to listen.

Curtail a fraction, and have full value; again, and have a relation; again, a letter.