

## The Wreckers.

BY C. C. BURLEIGH.

HARK to the roar of the surges,  
Hark to the wild winds' howl;  
See the black cloud that the hurricane urges  
Bend like a maniac's scowl!  
Full on the sunken lee ledges  
Laps the devoted bark;  
And the loud waves, like a hundred sledges,  
Smite to their doomed mark!

Shrill the shriek of the seamen  
Cleaves like a dart through the roar;  
Harsh as the pitiless laugh of the demon  
Rattles the pebbled shore.  
Ho! for the life-boat, brothers:  
Now may the hearts of the brave,  
Hurling their lives to the rescue of others,  
Conquer the stormy wave.

Shame for humanity's treason!  
Shame for the form we wear  
Blush at the temple of pity and reason  
Turned to a robber's lair!  
Worse than the horrible breakers,  
Worse than the shattering storm,  
See the rough-handed, remorseless wreckers  
Stripping the clay yet warm.

Plucking at girlhood's tresses,  
Tangled with gems and gold;  
Tearing love-tokens from manhood's caresses,  
Clenched with a dying hold.  
What of the shrieks of despairing?  
What of the last faint gasp?  
Wreckers, who lived would but lessen your sharing:  
Gold—'twas a god in your grasp!

Boys in their sunny brown beauty,  
Men in their rugged bronze,  
Woman whose wail might have taught wolves a duty,  
Dead on the merciless stones.  
Tenderly slid o'er the plundered  
Shrouds from the white-capped surge;  
Loud on the traitors the mad ocean thundered—  
Low o'er the lost sang a dirge.

Friends! there are deadlier breakers,  
Billows that burn as they roll!  
Flanked by a legion of crueler wreckers—  
Wreckers of body and soul;  
Crested with wine redly flashing,  
Swollen with liquid fire,  
How the strong ruin comes fearfully dashing,  
High as the soul walks, and higher!  
What though the soul of a drunkard  
Be lost on the reefs of crime,  
What though his children by beggary conquered  
Sink in pollution's slime.  
Gold has come in to the wreckers,  
Murder has taken his prize;  
Gold, though a million hearts burst on the breakers,  
Smothers the crime and the cries!

## About being "The Captain."

I HEARD a droll story the other day about a company of little fellows who were formed into a club by their teacher. She had planned a great many delightful things for the club to do. They were to go on excursions, to play baseball, to have regular military drills, and I don't know what else, which boys take pride and pleasure in.

But all the fine plans came to nothing! Can you imagine why? When they met to organize the club, all the boys wanted to be "captain." No body would consent to be in the ranks; and, as all could not command, the little teacher gave up in despair.

It is very well to be "captain," boys, but Aunt Marjorie wants you to remember that before one can lead, one must always learn to obey orders. The great armies which have conquered in the battles of the world, have had splendid soldiers to command them; but they have also had columns of splendid men, who were glad to do just as they were told, without the least delay and without any shirking of duty.

A person who wishes to be "captain," must

learn, in the first place, to control himself. You know what the Bible says about this, do you not? "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

A captain who flies into a rage, or gets into a fright whenever there are difficulties in the way, will never be able to manage his forces. Control yourself, and then you may hope to govern others.

You see that though it is quite simple, yet the office of "leader" has its grave cares. Before you can guide you must know how to follow; and before you can rule others you must have yourself in hand.

Then, too, you must learn a great deal, and be quick to see what ought to be done, and prompt in ordering it. "King" means the man who "can" do a thing; and when a boy is "Rex," or "King," on the play-ground, or at the picnic, or in the school-room, you may make up your mind that he is a lad who can do some things better than his comrades, and of whom the other boys are proud.

## What One Glass of Wine Did.

MANY thrilling stories of saddened and ruined lives are heard in the Central Union Mission, but one of the saddest was told at a Sunday afternoon meeting a few weeks ago. It was a powerful temperance sermon in itself, as it showed the awful results—not from years of dissipation—but of one single night's debauch. A stranger, whose hair was prematurely gray, and whose face bore indelible marks of sorrow that had burned into his soul, and could never be effaced, rose one day to give his testimony. His story, told in hopes that it might save some one from the awful effects of a similar sin, was as follows:—

Eighteen years ago he started out from a happy home in the South, with high hopes and anticipations, to go to college, in New York. He got along finely in his studies, made friends, and kept out of temptation. He had promised his mother never to touch liquor, and he kept his promise. One night some of his lady friends gave a party, and, with other of his young companions, he was present. But there was wine among the refreshments, and a young woman foolish enough—in the light of experience we should say wicked enough—to offer wine to the young men who were her guests. This young man refused, and she laughed at him. He refused again; telling her of his promise to his mother—and she urged him still harder. Finally, when sneers were added to pleadings, he yielded, and tasted the wine. It was good, and he tasted again. The promise once broken, was forgotten; and again and again he drank.

When he and his chum, whom he loved as a brother, left the house at a late hour, it was to finish in a wild debauch in a saloon. What was done there he scarcely knew at the time, but he awoke from his drunken stupor in the morning to find himself in a police-cell, and to be told that, in that saloon, he had murdered his friend that he loved so well. He was tried, and sentenced to be hanged; but, through the interposition of friends, his execution was delayed. He lay for two years in the Tombs, in New York City, and then his sentence was commuted by Governor Fenton to life imprisonment.

The law was stern and relentless against this one mother's boy, whose first and only crime had been committed under the inspiration of wine, forced upon him by the demands of society, and whiskey drank in a licensed saloon. His whole

soul revolted against the sin he had committed, and the producing cause of it. There was no murder in his heart, but the law must take its course now. It let vile criminals, who hated society, and scattered death and destruction wherever they went, to escape; but this college boy must expiate his one crime to the full extent, and they felt that the limits of generosity were exceeded when his life was spared. Then he was taken to Sing Sing, and for long years he stayed there a hopeless prisoner.

There came a day when the love of a Saviour for such wretches as he dawned upon his darkened soul, and the joy of sins forgiven filled his whole being. For twelve years he lived only in that joy—his only comfort.

Through an accident, he had the opportunity of saving the life of a keeper that was threatened by a hardened criminal who was a fellow-prisoner. Because of this good act, his case obtained favourable notice, and he was pardoned by Governor Hill, and was now on his way to Atlanta, to see his mother. But, oh! how different from the way he had left it eighteen years before—his life before him, beautiful and bright and full of promise! Now, hopes are blasted—his young manhood gone—the future dark—the stain of a crime and a prison upon him—broken-hearted friends to look mournfully upon him—and all because of one glass of wine!—*American.*

## A Noble Offering.

THE superintendent of one of the street-car railways leading out of New York into the country, told a touching story to a friend, the other day, which found its way into a city paper.

Sitting alone in his office one day, a strange gentleman entered, who proved to be an officer in the army. He carried a little box in his hand. After some hesitation, he said—conquering great agitation:—

"I have a favour to ask of you. I had a little boy, and I have lost him. He was all the world to me. When he was alive, my wife used to search my pockets every night, and whatever loose change she found she would put away for the baby. Well, he's gone! Here is the box. We talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion we could not do better than to bring the money to you, to pay the fares of poor, sick children out of town during the summer. It would please him to know that he is helping to save the lives of other poor children. As soon as the box is empty we will fill it. While we live we will keep up the bank."

The box has been twice emptied and filled, and hundreds of sick or dying children have owed to this dead baby their one breath of fresh air this summer.

How much more tender and true is such a memorial of the beloved dead than a pretentious monument, or even a painted church window, beautiful though it be.

In England it is a frequent practice to build and furnish a life-saving station on the coast, in remembrance of a friend who is gone; and in this country memorial beds in hospitals are becoming a usual way of keeping in memory of those we have lost.

Surely, if the dead can look back on earth, they are better pleased to know that kind, living deeds are done in their name, than to see them emblazoned on cold stone in forgotten graveyards.—*Youth's Companion.*

A SABBATH-SCHOOL teacher once asked her class: "How did the Queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon?" A little girl answered: "She went on the cars; for it says that she came with a very great train."