



Two Tales.

There stood two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy, and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,

'Let us tell tales of the past of each other.
I can tell of banquet, and revel and mirth,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight.

'From the head of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his fortune a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.

'I've made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from its iron rail;
I've made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;

For they said, "Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all."
Ho! Ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
'Can you boast of deeds so great as mine?'

Said the water glass, 'I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host.
But I can tell of hearts that were sad
By my crystal drops made light and glad,
Of thirst I have quenched, and brows I've laved,
Of hands I've cooled, and lives I've saved.
I have leaped thro' the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Slept in the sunshine, and dipped from the fountain;
I have burst my cloud fetters and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.

I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have uplifted, and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
And gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me.'

Those are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine, and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
—'Irish League Journal.'

An Instance.

One day, it matters not when, we entered a large building in company with a young companion. The building was for the use of the public. All classes of society frequented it. The builder intended that it should promote the cause of virtue. Accordingly it was ornamented with statues of different personages, and here and there with stained glass windows portraying some phase of well-doing. These different objects of art, we may mention, are placed in this building by citizens of estimable character. It was all very beau-

tiful, and we fired our young friend with the hope that he also might be worthy of donating statue or window and of having his name perpetuated from generation to generation. Whilst talking this wise, we stopped in admiration before an artistic stained glass creation. The name of the donor was there, and, impelled by a desire to carry away a souvenir of the building, we cast about us for information about him. 'Who was he?' we asked an habitue of the place. 'A rum-seller' was the answer. 'Just slung drinks over the counter and made his pile.' But we ventured to say that we thought that no one but the citizen who stood for the interest of the community was allowed to decorate this building. 'Shucks,' came the rejoinder, 'that don't count. He had the ducats and that was enough. He mixed drinks and washed beer mugs and doctored his liquor and collected dimes and half-dimes from black and white, male and female, and he managed to have enough cash to enable him to put his name on the walls of this building.' Striking object lesson for the young! Shows how the path of fame and affluence is within the reach of all! It conjures up for the youth visions of the time when he may be resplendent in white coat and apron and weary his brain with the serving of rum to customers. He may grow despondent—but then there is the window.

We could not help thinking that a citizen talking on temperance or any other subject of moment in that building would be sorely handicapped by the window of the gin slinger. However, money talks, and can get a hearing in most places.—'Catholic Record.'

Do Cigarettes Lead to Crime?

That cigarette smoking has something to do with leading a boy into crime seems to be proven by the fact that of the ninety boy criminals who were arrested and locked in jail within the last six months, all but two were victims of the cigarette habit. Those of the boys who were induced to give up the habit were reformed and, when released on parole, lived aright and did well. The few who could not be broken of the habit turned out badly when given a chance to do better.

These facts are contained in a report submitted to the Men's Union of W. C. Johnson, the probation officer of the county jail, Kansas City, who has charge of the boys in the jail and the boys released on parole. This report covers the six months ending March 31. Mr. Johnson says in his report that of the ninety boys incarcerated in the jail in the last six months not one was at work or at school when arrested, and all but two were cigarette fiends.

We sometimes hear boys of 12, 15, or 20 years of age declare that they cannot give up cigarettes, and often they have not sufficient energy or will power to even make the attempt. Sad, indeed, is their fate; poor, weak-minded boys, slaves to this insatiate monster, the cigarette. The poison of the nicotine finds its way right through the body and gives it a very unpleasant odor. It injures the nerves of the heart and thus weakens its healthy action. This is called 'tobacco heart.' In fact, tobacco is one of the most virulent poisons in nature. A single leaf dipped in hot water and laid upon the pit of the stomach produces a powerful effect by mere absorption.

The youth who was smoking a cigarette near the monkey's cage took another one from his pocket. 'Would it do any harm?' he asked, 'if I should offer him one of these?' 'Not a bit,' responded the attendant. 'He wouldn't touch it. A monkey isn't half as big a fool as it looks.'—Chicago 'Tribune.'

The formula of the patent medicine ought to be on the label of the bottle. The alcohol habit and the cocaine habit have been caused by the use of patent medicines. Many patent medicines have ingredients that should be sold only under their own names.—Prof. H. W. Wiley.

The Tame Anaconda.

(T. O. Keister, in the 'Evangelical Monthly'.)

A few years ago a noted wild-beast tamer gave a performance with his pets in one of the leading London theatres. He took his lions, tigers, leopards and hyenas through their part of the entertainment, awing his audience by his wonderful nerve and control over them. As a closing act of the performance he was to introduce an enormous boa-constrictor, thirty-five feet long. He had bought it when it was only two or three days old; and for twenty-five years he had handled it daily so that it was considered perfectly harmless and completely under his control. He had seen it grow from a tiny reptile, which he had often carried in his bosom, into a fearful monster.

The curtain rose upon an Indian woodland scene. The weird strains of an Oriental band stole through the trees. A rustling noise is heard, and a huge serpent is seen winding its way through the undergrowth. It stops. Its head is erected. Its bright eyes sparkle. Its whole body seems animated. A man emerges from the heavy foliage. Their eyes meet. The serpent quails before the man—the man is victor. The serpent is under the control of a master. Under his guidance and direction it performs a series of frightful feats. At a signal from the man it slowly approaches him, and begins to coil its heavy folds around him. Higher and higher do they rise, until man and serpent seem blended in one. Its hideous head is reared aloft above the man's. The man gives a little scream, and the audience unite in a great burst of applause, but it freezes on their lips. The trainer's scream was a wail of death agony. Those cold, slimy folds had embraced him for the last time. They had crushed the life out of him, and the horror-stricken audience heard bone after bone crack, as those powerful folds tightened upon him. Man's plaything had become his master. His slave for twenty-five years had now enslaved him.

In this horrible incident is portrayed the whole story of intemperance. The man who has taken the first glass of intoxicating liquor has the boa of intemperance in his bosom. If he throttles the monster now, it is easily done. But if he permits it to live, feeds and nourishes it, he may control it for even twenty-five years, but it is continually growing, and some day its soul-destroying folds will encircle his soul, and bear it to those regions of woe 'where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'

Result of Children Smoking.

A Board school teacher, the other day, wishing to ascertain how many out of his school of 400 boys were smokers, took the trouble to examine their hands. Discarding doubtful cases, over thirty boys, some of very tender years, proved by the discoloration of the fingers to be habitually addicted to the cigarette. All of these thirty boys, with a solitary exception, were all worthless as scholars, dull of memory, and practically devoid of anything resembling moral principles. It is perfectly scandalous, says the London 'Christian Herald,' that tobaccoists are permitted to make sales to very small children as they do.

A private in opposing the re-establishing of the army canteen in the United States, says: 'As a soldier in the ranks, I wish to give my conviction upon the subject of inebriety in the army. I have read in the Army and Navy Register the reports of some of our officers in which they invariably demand, or advise, the return of the army canteen, and they say that the soldiers desire it. I do not desire it, and eighty-five percent of the soldiers who drink to excess, instead of asking for the return of the saloon, cry: "I wish the curse were wiped out so that I could not get it, for as long as I can get it I will drink."'

—'Ram's Horn.'