

HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, JULY 5, 1884.

[No. 14.]

Who'll Buy.

Forty casks of liquid love
Who'll buy?
Murder by the gallon, oh!
Who'll buy?
Larceny and theft made thin,
Beggary and death thrown in,
Packages of liquid sin,
Who'll buy?

Foreign death imported pure
Who'll buy?
Warranted not slow but sure—
Who'll buy?
Empty pacifics by the cask,
Tangled brains by pint or flask,
Vice of any kind you ask,
Who'll buy?

Competition we defy
Who'll buy?
Barrels full of pure soul-dye
Who'll buy?
Dye to make the soul jet black,
Dye to make the conscience
slack—
Nothing vile do our casks lack:
Who'll buy?

Which is the Wiser, Man or Brute?

THE Dutchman in the picture thinks it a capital joke to try to make the goat drink a mug of beer. But Billy has more sense than Hans, and repels with indignation the proffered draught. I am sure he exhibits more wisdom than the whole drinking crew. They say goats will eat almost anything, from old boots to tin cans. But not a goat in Christendom will eat the stinking weed tobacco which Hans seems so to like. Beg pardon for using the nasty word, but no other will describe the nasty thing. When will men, created in the image of God, and destined for immortality, learn to be as respectable in their habits as the beasts that perish.

Mortimer Hudson: or, The Old Man's Story.

I NEVER shall forget the commencement of the Temperance Reform. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my parents idolized me, their child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the glass. One Sunday, at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I know nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor

said that on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address on the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drink. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course

ing clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn the strange thing. My father said it was some scheme to unite Church and State!

The night came, and groups of peo-

ple gathered on the steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the neighbouring tavern. I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on

his hat and we passed across the green. I remember well how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In a corner of the building was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of his friends.

For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair houseful. All were curiously watching the door, wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in, and took his seat with the air of one doubtful of the propriety of being there at all.

Two men finally came in, and took their seats in front of the audience. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness prevailed.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short and thick-set in build, the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and a quiet, good-natured look, as he leisurely looked round upon the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height, look'd giant-like as he strode up to his seat. His hair was white, his brow deeply-seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth lines of calm and touching sadness. His eye was black and searching, and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheeks.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with a prayer.

The pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer and address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks.

The pastor rose from his seat, and attacked the positions of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since from many others, by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddling fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honoured usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and



TRYING TO MAKE "BILLY" DRUNK.

it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I eagerly questioned my father about it. The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hear-

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