

LEAVE THE LIQUOR ALONE.

I'm anxious to tell you a bit of my mind,
If it won't put you out of the way;
For I feel very certain you'll each of you find
There's wisdom in what I would say.
We've maxims and morals enough and to spare,
But I have got one of my own
That helps me to prosper and laugh at dull
care,
It's leave the liquor alone.
Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
Leave the liquor alone;
If you'd win success and escape distress,
Leave the liquor alone.
To avoid neglect and to win respect
Leave the liquor alone.

The brewer can ride in a coach and pair,
The drinker must trudge on the road;
One gets through the world with a jaunty air,
The other bends under a load.
The brewer gets all the beef, my lads,
And the drinker picks the bone;
If you'd have your share of good things, take
care,
And leave the liquor alone.
Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
Leave the liquor alone;
You'll enjoy good health, and you'll gain
in wealth,
If you leave the liquor alone.
A man full of malt isn't worth his salt;
Leave the liquor alone.

A drinker is ready to own at last
He played but a losing game;
How glad would he be to recall the past
And earn him a nobler name!
Don't reach old age with this vain regret
For a time that's past and gone;
You may win a good prize in life's lottery yet
If you'll leave the liquor alone.
Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
Leave the liquor alone;
You'll find some day it's the safest way
To leave the liquor alone.
Resolve like men not to touch again;
Leave the liquor alone.

—*Youth's Banner.*

A POCKET MEASURE.

NOW what is it all for? Here
you have been working
over that wonderful box
every evening for a week.
I believe you are a miser, and that
box is to hoard up your treasure in."
And pretty Eva Trumbull fixed her
roguish eyes on Rufus, the farmer boy,
and waited to see what he would say.
"Why, I just as soon tell you about
this box," he said. "You'll laugh, of
course; but I don't suppose that will
hurt me."
"I won't laugh a bit, unless it is
something funny."
"Well, it's a money-box."
"A money box. I told you you
were going to be a miser."
"Well, I'm not," said Rufus, laugh-
ing. "I'm planning to spend it, not
to keep it; but I like to be sort of
systematic about things. You see, I
know just about what I'm worth
now-a-days. There's about six months
in the year that I am earning money;
and, in one way and another, I earn
about \$60, besides my board. Now,
it happens that there are ten things
for which I need to spend that money,
and, as nearly as I can calculate, it
might be equally divided between
them; so thinking it all over, I con-
cluded that the systematic way would
be to have a box with ten compart-
ments, all labelled, and drop the money
in \$1 at a time, may-be, or 10 cents
at a time, just as I happen to be
paid."
"That's a real nice idea," said Eva,
admiringly; "but I can't imagine how
you can have ten different things, for
which you used to spend money regu-
larly. Now, I have a hundred differ-
ent ways of spending money, but
hardly any of them regular." Here
she gave one of her merriest laughs.

"O, well, it's different with me,"
explained Rufus. "You see, I don't
know much about spending money; for
things I might happen to like to buy.
I have to spend mine for the things
that must be bought anyhow; and so
it's easier to calculate."

"Still," persisted Eva, "I don't
know how to make ten."

"Well, I'll tell you." There was a
little flush on Rufus' face, but Eva
looked so sober and so interested, that
he determined to trust her. "In the
first place, there's mother; I shall
paint her name on this first depart-
ment, and one-tenth of everything I
ever earn is to pop in there. Then
there's clothes for me, they will take
another tenth."

"A tenth for clothes! That will
be only six dollars a year, Rufus
Briggs! Do you mean to dress in
birch bark, that you think you can
make six dollars a year do it?"

"Well," said Rufus, in a determined
tone, when a fellow has to, you know,
why, he has to; besides, that's only
for general clothes; I've got a depart-
ment here for boots and shoes, and
another for shirts, and if I have to
borrow from one of those departments
for the other, why, it will do no harm."

But still Eva laughed; she knew
that six, twelve, or eighteen dollars a
year were of no account so far as
clothes were concerned. Didn't she
wear clothes? She knew what they
cost.

"They can't cost more than you've
got to buy them with," Rufus said,
firmly, and went on with his plan.
"There are Mamie and Fannie, my
two little sisters; I've given them
each a department. Of course mother
will spend the money for them, but I
kind of like to put it in their own
name. Then here's the corner for
books; I need school books and paper
and pens, and all such things you
know; but they must all come out of
this general fund. Then here's the
housekeeping; I have a corner for
that, because mother must be helped,
you know; that place where her name
is means for her own private use, and
here's the rent corner; mother has
hard times bringing that in every
month. Now, you see, I've got mine,
and I haven't looked out for sickness
at all, that troubled me at first, but
then I concluded that if any of us
were sick we shouldn't need so many
clothes or books, and that it would
even itself out; so here's my last
corner." And very carefully Rufus
printed the words, "Benevolence,"
over this compartment.

"Benevolence," spelled out Eva,
and now she was too much astonished
to laugh. "Why, Rufus Briggs!
Just as though you could afford to
give six dollars a year to benevolence."

"Why, it's only a tenth," said
Rufus stoutly; "and it's got to be
divided up more than any of the others,
there are so many things to give for."

"The idea!" said Eva. Just then
her aunt called her, and she went
away thinking about the wonderful
box with its many compartments, and
only sixty dollars to put into them all.
"And six of them to put away!" she
said again, and she thought of a dollar
and a half a week that her father gave
her for "pin money," out of which she
had never given a cent for benevo-
lence in her life. Who are going to
try to be like Rufus or Eva?—*The
Pansy.*

DANGERS OF IDLENESS.

A MAN who wastes his time and
his strength in sloth offers
himself to be a target for the
devil, who is a wonderfully good
riflesman, and will riddle the idler with
his shots; in other words, idle men
tempt the devil to tempt them. He
who plays when he should work has an
evil spirit to be his playmate; and he
who neither works nor plays is a work-
shop for Satan. If the devil catch a
man idle, he will set him to work, find
him tools and before long pay him
wages. Is not this where the drunken-
ness comes from which fills our towns
and villages with misery? Idleness is
the key of beggary, and the root of all
evil. Fellows have two stomachs for
eating and drinking when they have
no stomach for work. We have God's
word for it that "the drunkard and
glutton shall come to poverty," and to
show the connection between them,
it is said in the same verse "and
drowsiness shall clothe a man with
rags." I know it as well as I know
that moss grows on an old thatch, that
drunken, loose habits grow out of lazy
hours. I like leisure when I can get
it, but that is quite another thing;
that's cheese and the other is chalk.
Idle folk never know what leisure
means; they are always in a hurry
and a mess; and by neglecting to work
in the proper time, they always have
lots to do. Lolling about hour after
hour, with nothing to do, is just making
holes in the hedge to let the pigs
through, and they will come through
and no mistake, and the rooting they
will do nobody knows but those who
have to look after the garden. The
Lord Jesus tells us himself that when
men slept the enemy sowed the tares;
and that hits the nail on the head, for
it is by the door of sluggishness that
evil enters the heart more often, it
seems to me, than by any other. Our
old minister used to say "A sluggard
is fine raw material for the devil; he
can make what he likes out of him,
from a thief up to a murderer." I'm
not the only one that condemns the
idle, for once, when I was going to
give our minister a long list of the sins
of one of our people that he was asking
after, I began with "He's dreadfully
lazy." "That's enough," said the old
gentleman; "all sorts of sins are in
that one; that's the sign by which to
know a full-fledged sinner."—*John
Plowman.*

THE SOLDIER AND HIS BIBLE.

DURING my residence in India
I frequently visited a British
soldier who was under sen-
tence of death for having,
when half intoxicated, wantonly shot
a black man.

In some of my visits to the jail, a
number of other prisoners came and
sat down with this man to listen to a
word of exhortation. In one instance
I spoke to them particularly on the
desirableness of studying the Bible.
"Have any of you a Bible?" I enquired;
they answered "No." "Have any
of you ever possessed a Bible?"—a
pause ensued. At last the murderer
broke silence, and, amidst sobs and
tears, confessed that he once had a
Bible. "But oh," said he, "I sold it for
drink. It was the companion of my
youth. I brought it with me from
my native land, and have since sold
it for drink! Oh, if I had listened to

my Bible I should not have been
here"

Will not the lamentation of this
soldier be the bitter lamentation of
multitudes in the bottomless pit, to all
eternity! Amidst the shrieks and
agonies of the lost, will they not
be heard exclaiming, "Oh, if I had
listened to my Bible I should not have
been here!" Reader, take care how
you trifle with the invitations, the
promise, and threat nings of the Bible.

NEWTON'S CHILDHOOD.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON is the
greatest of modern philoso-
phers and mechanics. When
he was born, December 25,
1642, three months after his father's
death, he was so small and feeble that
no one supposed he would live a day,
but the weak infant grew to be a
healthy, robust man, who lived until
he was eighty-four years old. He
began to invent or contrive machines
and to show his taste for mechanics in
early childhood. He inherited some
property from his father, and his
mother, who had married a second
time, sent him to the best schools, and
to the University of Cambridge. At
school he soon showed his natural
taste. He amused himself with little
saws, hatchets, hammers, and different
tools, and when his companions were
at play spent his time in making
machines and toys. He made a
wooden clock when he was twelve
years old, and the model of a wind-
mill, and in his mill he put a mouse,
which he called his miller, and which
turned the wheels by running round
its cage. He made a water-clock four
feet high, and a cart with four wheels,
not unlike a velocipede, in which he
could drive himself by turning a wind-
lass.

His love of mechanics often inter-
rupted his studies at school, and he
was sometimes making clocks and
carriages when he ought to have been
constructing Latin and Greek. But
his mind was so active that he easily
caught up again with his fellow-
scholars, and was always very fond of
every kind of knowledge. He taught
the school-boys to make paper kites;
he made paper lanterns by which to
go to school in the dark winter morn-
ings, and sometimes at night he would
alarm the whole country round by
raising his kites in the air with a paper
lantern attached to the tail; they
would shine like meteors in the dis-
tance, and the country people, at that
time very ignorant, would fancy them
omens of evil and celestial lights.

He was never idle for a moment.
He learned to draw and sketch; he
made little tables and sideboards for
the children to play with; he watched
the motion of the sun by means of
pegs he had fixed in the wall of the
house where he lived, and marked
every hour.

A FLOWER has been discovered in
South America which is only visible
when the wind is blowing. The shrub
belongs to the cactus family, and is
about three feet high, with a c c o o k at
the top, giving it the appearance of a
black hickory cane. When the wind
blows a number of beautiful flowers
protrude from little lumps on the
stalk.

Let us love life and feel the value
of it, that we may fill it with Christ.