

Select Readings.

WORK TO DO.

There is work to do my sisters,
Work for every willing hand;
Cries for help to us appealing,
From our sorrow-stricken land.
When we see upon the waters
How the boats are tempest-tossed,
Shall we not go out to help them,
Lest they be forever lost?

On the dark and foaming billows,
See the life-boats rise and fall;
Or the rocks we hear them dashing,
While to us for help they call.
Sisters, will you light the beacon?
Throw to them a saving rope?
Point them to the shore of safety,
Lighted by the fire of hope?

There is work for you, my brothers—
Ready hands and earnest souls;
You have safely past this headland,
Shunned the hidden rocks and shoals.
But your work is still unfinished,
While, amid the rolling waves,
Helpless souls are hourly sinking,
Lost to sight in ocean waves.

By the hearts now crushed and broken,
By the blood and by the tears,
By the stream of living sorrow,
Flowing down the tide of years.
We entreat of you, our brothers,
Stay this fountain-head of woe;
And the blessings that will crown you,
Only God Himself can know.

—C. H. Jennings.

LICENSED TO DO WHAT?

To rob his patrons of their wealth,
Of thrift, of self-respect, of health,
To lay even genius in the dust,
And fire the breast with hate and lust.
To make calm eyes with frenzy glow,
To make kind hands deal murder's blow,
With anguish woman's heart to break,
With tears of woe bathe childhood cheek.

Licensed to cause the weak to fall,
Those once escaped, again to thrall.
Licensed unwary youths to snare,
Whelm struggling age in black despair,
To deaden the heart to words of love
Deaden to drawings from above,
Palsy the will, the conscience bar,
Deaden to all true hearts hold dear.

To kindle within the fires of hell,
Where vipers hiss, and demons dwell,
To shut the soul in sin's dark night,
And each pure aspiration bright,
Destroying demon, the brutes cry out,
"shame!"
And nature abhors thee. Accursed
thy name.
Thou art wrecker of homes and blaster
of hearts.

We pray for defence from thy death
dealing darts.—E. C. H.

"DIP YOUR ROLL IN YOUR OWN POT."

A cutter of stone was Richard Pell—
As plodding a man, so his neighbours
tell,
As ever a chisel wielded:
But a fault he had, and a sad one too,
(May it never be said of me and you)—
His manhood to drink he yielded.

His wife! much she might have said,
Herself and children needing bread,
And all Dick's wages spent:
Yet neither angry look nor word
Escaped her—though unseen, unheard,
She gave her sorrows vent.

Across the road a signboard swings
To tell you 'tis "The Jolly Kings."
And kept by Bridget Drainem;
A harsh virago she, they say,
When customers can't pay their way,
Or when she can't detain 'em.

Here you can have your "bitter" beer,
Your pipe and pot and ale so clear,
Your lemon'd gin-and-water;
But ponder, drinkers, while ye quaff—
Though Bridget deals in half-and-half,
She gives poor men no quarter.

Each night as soon as work was o'er
Would Richard seek the tavern door,
And in the chimney corner
He'd sit and drink, and drink, and
drink,
Nor once of his poor Mary think,
With scarce a rag t' adorn her.

Here with old Joe, and Tom, and Bill,
He'd talk and argue, smoke, and swill,
Till midnight found him fuddled;
Then homeward down the road he
reels,
To where yon half-thatched roof con-
ceals
His wife and children huddled.

One night ('twas pay night) Richard's
score
Reached half across the "parlor" door.
His pints had been so many;
And when at length the bill was paid,
All that was left, he found, dismayed,
Was but a single penny.

"I'm faint," cries he, "I'll have a roll."
But Dick was such a thirsty soul,
His eye for drink was gleaming;
And, thinking Bridget saw him not,
He dipped it in the savory pot
That on the fire was steaming.

Poor Dick! poor Dick! he little knew
How quick was Bridget's eye. She flew
Beside her steaming kettle.
And, arms a-kimbo, did so rail.
As made our hero quake and quail,
Although a man of mettle.

"HOW DARE YOU, SIRRAH, TOUCH MY
STEW?
MAKE BROTH, INDEED, FOR SUCH AS
YOU!

TO A FINE PASS WE ARE COME!
Such habits, sir, you should control;
Be off, I say, and DIP YOUR ROLL
IN YOUR OWN POT AT HOME."

Dick hurried out, and as he strode,
Jaded, along the moonlit road,
Deep thoughts rose strong and fast:
"Good! Dip your roll at home," mused
Dick;
"Ah, that I'll try to do right quick!"
And thus he's home at last.

The cash once squandered at "The
Kings"

Now many a solid comfort brings,
To hearts he loves to cheer;
And Sunday bells no longer chime
Reproving, as in former time,
His thirst for gin and beer.

A year has fled, but what a change!
(His late companions think it strange)
Drink Richard has forsworn!
Now, 'mid his books, by Mary's side,
At his own hearth he loves t' abide
When evening shades return.

—The G. T. Watchword.

HOW WE GOT NED TO SIGN.

BY DINNIE M'DOLE HAYES.

We just had a dreadful time at our
house this morning. Papa looked so
stern and yet so sorry, and Mamma
was sick, and cousin Clare's eyes were
all pink with crying.

May and I didn't know what it all
meant, only we guessed that our
brother Ned had been doing something
very, very naughty; for he didn't come
to breakfast till we were most through,
and then papa was so angry at him,
though he didn't say much.

Ned just drank a cup of coffee for
his breakfast, and as soon as he could
get away he went off for a ride.

After a while cousin Clare told us to
put on our things, and we would take
a walk together. She wasn't a bit like
herself that day, for she walked along
so quiet and solemn, and only said
"yes" and "no" to what May and I
said. Pretty soon Ned rode up behind
us, and got off his horse and walked
along beside cousin Clare.

May didn't pay much attention;
she's a little thing—only six and a half;
I'm eight, and I listened to what they
were saying, and I tell you it was just
awful! I heard Ned say:—

"I want to know just how it was: I
want to get at the bottom of this
thing."

She just bit her lips as if she were
trying to keep from crying, but she
kept still till he said:

"Let me feel that I know the worst."
Then she spoke up real firm, though
her voice trembled:

"Aunt and I were sitting up
when we heard a noise of stumbling
and shuffling, and then the bell rang.
When the door was opened you were
held up by two or three men, all of them
tipsy; and when you got inside you
fell down."

"Say it out," said Ned, real excited.
"I was dead drunk or beastly drunk
—whatever you call it."

Clare kept still, though the big tears
kept dropping to the ground.

"And—how—did—mother—take—
it?" he said, as if every word hurt him.

"She thought at first you were hurt
or sick, but when she found it was
worse, she clasped her hands and look-
ed as if she wanted to die."

"Well," he said, I hadn't any idea
that I was taking more than usual, but
I suppose I did, and made a fool of my-
self."

That's just what he said, truly. My!
but I did feel badly! I told May when
we got home, and we just cried and
cried. Then we went to cousin Clare,
and had a long talk with her about it.

She told us then that the wrong was in
taking it at all. May and I were
surprised at that, for didn't papa have
his glass of sherry every day after din-
ner? But Clare said that if no one
ever tasted it, no one would ever be a
drunkard.

We both said we would never *never*
touch it, and she wrote out a pledge,
and we put our names down, and so
did she. I like cousin Clare; I'm going
to be a young lady just like her when
I grow up.

All at once May looked at me, and
I looked at her. We both thought the
same thing.

Why couldn't we try to get papa and
Ned to put their names down too?

We took the paper to mamma's
room, and she kissed us and said we
might try. But before we went, she
had us kneel down with her, and she
prayed that God would save her boy
and help us all to do right.

I tell you we felt solemn! We most
wanted to give up—that is, I did, but
May said she was going to go anyhow,
and I felt 'shamed to have a little thing
like that beat me; so we waited till
after dinner, and went to the dining-
room when everyone was gone and
papa was alone with his glass of sherry.

He looked 'stonished when we walked
in and laid the paper and pen and ink
before him, and then we thought he
was angry, he looked so for a minute.
I wanted to run, but I said:

"It's to save brother Ned, Papa."

Then he put his head down on the
table and cried, and said, so dreadful-
like, just as if his heart was breaking.—
"Oh, my son, my son! would God I
had died for thee!"

We would have gone away, but he
hadn't signed yet. May kept her arm
over his neck and stroked his hair, and
petted him lots—she's the loveliest
little thing!

By and by when papa raised his head
and put his arms around us, I said
again,—

"Papa, please; and then we can ask
Ned."

He took the paper and read it all over
again; and then he put us down and
walked up and down the room for the
longest time; and there was the glass
of sherry he hadn't tasted yet.

At last he went to the table took up
the glass—and we felt disappointed,
for we thought he was going to drink
it; but he took it up and threw it—
smash! right into the grate, and the
bottle after it.

"There," he said, "I'll see if you'll
stand between me and saving my boy!"
and then he reached for the pen and
wrote "Herbert Standish," in those
great big letters of his.

We didn't stay long, only to hug and
kiss him, and then we skipped upstairs
where mamma and Clara were sitting
so white and anxious. They could hard-
ly believe it, but there it was—papa's
name.

They consulted with us a while, and
then they decided that as we had had
such good success with papa, we might
try alone with Ned.

We heard him practising the violin
in his room, but when we knocked
hard he said:

"Come in."

Well we were even more scared than
when we went to papa; but he took
the paper and read it, and when he
saw papa's name he whistled right out,
"w-h-e-w!"

Then his face began to work, just like
May's does when she is going to cry,
and he walked to the window and blew
his nose hard. May, she took the pen
and paper to him, and said:

"Please, brother Ned, won't you
write your name here?" And then
she told him, so sweetly, about papa's
feeling so bad and throwing the wine
into the grate.

He trembled some, but he said:

"Yes I will. I'll keep it too, God
helping me. If father can, I can."

And that's how we got Ned to sign,
and we are all so happy now.—Royal
Road.

THE IRISHMAN'S DOCTOR.

NO TOOTH, NO TOOTH-ACHE.

The story given below carries its
application with it:

"You can't make a man sober by
act of Parliament."

So they said. I thought it over. It
didn't seem to me a self-evident prop-
osition.

"Why not?" said I. Then came a
crusher.

"You might as well try to cure the
tooth-ache by act of Parliament."

This made me reflect. I had been
troubled with tooth-ache, worried by
it, maddened by it, kept from my work,

my meals, my happiness by it. My
health was failing in consequence. My
temper was gone. My mind was going.
I was invited to try various remedies.

"Stop it," said some.

"But how?" I inquired

"Fill the tooth with gold," they
explained.

The tooth was thus primed, but the
tooth-ache went on.

"Clear it out," said others.

"How—how?" was my agonized
exclamation.

"Cleanse the blessed thing," they
told me.

I did. Got it inspected, illuminated,
syringed, fumigated, made beautiful
with camphorated chalk, bath-brick,
plate powder, and floriline.

"Give it rest on Sundays," said a
clerical friend.

I tried this. Even on Sundays their
were some hotel guest twinges; on Mon-
days it was as bad as ever. What was
I to do?

"Be extra careful what you let into
it," advised a civic functionary.

Nothing could exceed my care.

Three magistrates certified the good,
harmless, excellent character of all I
put into my tooth. I felt safe. Not
for long. I soon felt sold. The results
were disappointing, distressing, excru-
ciating. Somehow the certificated ap-
plication lost its virtue the moment it
got inside.

"Hold a drink of water in your
mouth, and sit on the fire until it
boils," urged a knowing one.

I began to think this was the only
remedy. At last I took counsel of a
fanatic.

"Try the parliamentary cure," said
he.

"What's that?" said I.

"Have the tooth pulled out: a short
act will do it."

This seemed drastic. It would leave
a gap in my social system. I should
miss an old friend. The tooth had a
vested interest. I hesitated. I took
courage.

"Let the operation cost what it may,
it must come," I cried.

So I summoned the dentist.

"I am ready for the parliamentary
cure," said I.

It took a strong pull. It was done.
The tooth was gone. So was the
tooth-ache. I was happy.

Once more I reflected. Extraction
cures tooth-ache. I had never realized
this before. No tooth, no tooth-ach.

This was strange, but true. And yet
you can make a man sober by an act of
Parliament?

Let us see. No tooth, no tooth-ache.
Granted. No drinking-traffic, no drink.

Eh, what! Is that a fact? No drink-
traffic, no drink. I never thought of
that. No drink, no drunkenness. I
see. A mule with no hind legs doesn't
kick. He is quiet. If a man can get
nothing to drink, he doesn't drink.

He is sober. An act of Parliament
can make him so. By whitewashing
the saloon? Not quite. Sanctifying it
on Sunday and election days only?

Scarcely. What, then, do you want
Parliament to enact? Prohibition.

Irish Temperance League Journal.

LITTLE ITEMS MEANING MUCH.

King Humbert I. of Italy is a strict
teetotaler. He refuses to touch even
the mildest and least alcoholic of wines.

A law in Denmark provides that all
drunken persons shall be taken to their
homes in carriages at the expense of
the publican who sold them the last
glass.

The school boards of Nottingham
and Brighton in England have passed
resolutions requesting their magistrates
to do all within their power to prevent
the serving of liquor to children.

In addressing a jury, the coroner of
Bury, England, said they had got hold
of a "pretty fiction," that if a man
took too much drink and died from the
effects of that drink, he died from
natural causes.

"Liqueur Beans" are a sweet which
has had an enormous sale among
children. A Leeds, Eng., chemist
has found them to contain about 7.21
per cent. of proof spirit, or about as
much alcohol as in ordinary ale.

In London, the week before Christ-
mas, the death rate was 16 per 1,000.
In Christmas week the death rate was
27 per 1,000. There were 1,555 deaths
in London the week before Christmas.
There were 2,300 deaths in Christmas
week.