

ONLY SIXTEEN.

ONLY sixteen! So the papers say,
Yet on the cold stony ground he lay
'Tis the same sad story, we hear it every day.
"He came to his death on the public high-
way."
Full of promise, talent and pride,
Yet the rum-bellied conqueror him, so he died.
Did not the angels weep o'er the scene,
For he died a drunkard, and—

Only sixteen.

O! it were sad he must die all alone;
That of all his friends, not even one
Was there, to list to the last faint moan,
Or point the suffering soul to the "Throne
Of Grace," if not, hence, God's only Son
Might say, "Whoever will, may come."
But we hasten to withdraw a veil o'er the
scene
With his God to leave him—

Only sixteen.

Ye rum-sellers, come show the work you have
wrought,
Witness the suffering and pain you have
brought
To that poor boy's friends. They loved him
so well,
Yet you dare the wild beverage to sell
That beclouded his brain, his reason dethroned,
And left him to die out there, all alone.
What if 'twere your son instead of another,
What if your wife were that poor boy's
mother,
And he—only sixteen.

Ye citizens, who vote for license to grant
Permission to sell? Do you think you will
want
That record to meet you in the last great day,
When the heavens and the earth shall pass
away,
When the elements, melting with fervent
heat,
Shall proclaim the triumph of right complete?
Will you wish to have his blood on your hand
When before the great throne ye both shall
stand?

And he—only sixteen.

THE ALMIGHTY HELPER.

IF we do not seek God's almighty
help, in vain do we try to bring
this contest with drink to a
victorious end. All our efforts
will come to nought, and we shall be
overwhelmed with disaster and defeat.

While the American civil war was
raging, a deputation of Christian gen-
tlemen waited on President Lincoln,
making a request that he would ap-
point a day of national humiliation
and prayer that the war might be
brought to a successful termination.

"You know," said one of them,
"the Lord is on our side." "There is
something else," said the President,
"I think is of more importance."
"What can that be," they asked, with
a look of great surprise, and almost
horror.

"That we be on the Lord's side,"
replied the President.

There is no doubt what side the
Lord is on, in this battle with drink.
The great thing is for us all, old and
young, to be on the Lord's side in this
matter. God alone knows all the
miseries that intoxicating liquor has
brought on millions in this afflicted
world; and He alone has been the
Helper of multitudes who have inno-
cently suffered from its cruel power.

A good man was once making some
charity calls among the wretched tenement
houses of a large city. He
climbed to the upper room of one of
these houses. He saw a ladder pushed
through the ceiling. Thinking that,
perhaps, some poor creature had crept
up there, he climbed the ladder, drew
himself through the hole, and found
himself under the rafters. Soon he
saw a heap of chips and shavings, and
on them a boy about ten years of age.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush! don't tell anybody, please,
sir; I'm hiding!"

"What are you hiding from?"
"Don't tell anybody, please, sir!"
"Where's your mother?"
"Please, sir, mother's dead!"
"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell
him, but look here!"

He turned himself on his face, and
through the rags of his jacket and
shirt, could be seen the broken skin
and black bruises on his poor little
body.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like
that?"

"Father did, sir!"
"What did he beat you like that
for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat
me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"
"Yes, sir, I was a street thief once!"
"And why don't you steal any
more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission
school and they told me there of God,
and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they
taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and
I'll never steal again if my father kills
me for it. But please, sir, don't tell
him."

"My boy, you must not stay here,
you'll die. Now wait patiently here
for a little time. I'm going away to
see a lady. We will get a better place
for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please sir,
would you like to hear me sing a little
hymn?" "Yes, I will hear you sing
your little hymn." He raised himself
on his elbow and then sang—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee
Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir, good-
bye."

The gentleman went away, came
back again in less than two hours and
climbed the ladder. There were the
chips, and there were the shavings,
and there was the boy, with one hand
by his side and the other tucked in his
bosom underneath his little ragged
shirt—dead.—*Rev. J. C. Seymour's
Temperance Battle-Field.*

HOW THE LITTLES GROW.

THE wife of a Presbyterian min-
ister canvassed a part of the
parish to obtain pledges from
the people to give a specified amount
for the conversion of the world.
Among other places she entered a shoe-
maker's shop, and inquired of the old
man on the bench if he would be will-
ing to pledge \$18.25 a year in weekly
instalments for the salvation of the
world. He replied:

"Eighteen dollars and twenty-five
cents! No indeed, I seldom have such
an amount of money. I would not
promise one-half so much."

"Would you be willing to give five
cents a day, or thirty-five cents each
Sabbath for the cause of Christ?"

"Yes, and my wife will give as
much more."

"I do not wish to play any tricks
nor spring any trap on you. If you
will multiply five cents by 365 days it
will just make \$18.25."

"Don't say anything more to me
about the \$18.25. I am good for five

a day. Let me take your memor-
andum."

He pledged himself for thirty cents
a Sabbath. He took the book to his
wife, for she took in washing and iron-
ing, and so had an income. She cheer-
fully gave her name for five cents a
day. Their daughter was a seamstress
and she wrote her name for four cents
a day. Weeks came and months
passed, and the shoemaker said:

"I enjoy this, for I can give thirty-
five cents a week and not feel it. It
goes like current expenses; and then
it amounts to so much more than I
ever gave before; it gives me a manly
feeling. I feel that I am doing my
duty."—*Exchange.*

[The above furnishes a solution of
nearly all our Church financial prob-
lems. On this plan the comparatively
poor members would do more for the
support of missions than is now done
by the rich and poor together, and if
the rich would give in like proportion
there would be no lack of money for
any good enterprise.]

A MOTHER'S PLEDGE.

DR. MARK HOPKINS tells of
a mother who sent four sons
into the world to do for them-
selves, taking from each of them as
they went a pledge not to use intoxi-
cating drinks or tobacco, before he was
twenty-one years of age. They are
now from sixty-five to seventy-five
years of age; only one has had a sick
day; all are honoured men, and not
one of them is worth less than a
million of dollars.

Not every boy who abstains from
intoxicants and tobacco will live to be
seventy-five years of age, but it is safe
to say that he will live longer than if
he uses them; for there can be no
question that the use of these, especi-
ally in boyhood, does shorten human
life. Not every boy who abstains
will be free from sickness, but he will
have less than if he uses them; for
they injure the health, make one more
susceptible to disease and less able to
resist it when it comes. Not every
one who abstains will accumulate a
million dollars, but he will certainly
gain far more than if he indulges; for
these habits are expensive and waste-
ful ones. Mothers, bring up your sons
as this one did. Boys, follow the ex-
ample, take the pledge and keep it.

BOYS AND GIRLS, SIT ERECT.

ONE of the worst habits young
people form is that of leaning
forward too much while at
work or study. It is much
less tiresome, and more healthy to
sit or stand erect. The round should-
ered, hollow chested, and almost deformed
persons one meets every day could have
avoided all the bad results from which
they now suffer had they always kept
the body erect, the chest full, and
shoulders thrown back. A simpler
rule is, if the head is not thrown
forward, but held erect, the shoulders
would drop back to their natural
position, giving the lungs full play.
The injury done by carelessness in
this respect is by compressing the lungs,
preventing their full and natural action,
resulting in lung diseases, usually
consumption. Sit erect, boys and
girls, and look the world in the face.
—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

DON'T DRINK.

Don't drink, boys, don't!
There is nothing of happiness, pleasure, or
cheer
In brandy, in whisky, in rum, ale, or beer;
If they cheer you when drunk, you are certain
to pay,
In head-a-ches and crossness, the following day.
Don't drink, boys, don't!

Boys, let it alone!
Turn your back on your deadliest enemy,
Drink!
An assassin disguised; nor for one moment
think,
As some rashly say, that true women admire,
The man who can boast that he's playing with
fire.

Boys, let it alone!

No, boys, don't drink!
If the habit's begun, stop now! stop to-day!
Ere the spirit of thirst leads you on and away
Into vice, shame, and drunkenness. This is
the goal
Where the spirit of thirst leads the slave of
the bowl.
No, boys, don't drink.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

THE FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

ALL the Apostles were insulted
by the enemies of their Master.
They were called to seal their
doctrines with their trials.

Schumacher says:
St. Matthew suffered martyrdom by
being slain with a sword at a distant
city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark expired at Alexandria,
after having been cruelly dragged
through the streets of that city.

St. John was put in a cauldron of
boiling oil, but escaped death in a
miraculous manner and was afterwards
banished to Patmos.

St. Peter was crucified at Rome with
his head downwards.

St. James, the Greater, was be-
headed at Jerusalem.

St. James, the Less, was thrown
from a lofty pinnacle of the temple,
and then beaten to death with a
fuller's club.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross,
where he preached to his persecutors
until he died.

St. Thomas was run through the
body with a lance, at Coromndael, in
the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with
arrows.

St. Mathias was first stoned and
then beheaded.

St. Barnabas of the Gentiles was
stoned to death by the Jews at
Salonica.

St. Paul, after various tortures and
persecutions, was at length beheaded
at Rome by the Emperor Nero.

Such was the fate of the Apostles,
according to traditional statement.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

AN Arab miller was one day
startled by a camel's nose
thrust through the window
of the room where he was sleeping.
"It is very cold outside," said the
camel; "I only want to get my nose
in." The nose was let in, then the
neck; finally the whole body. Pres-
ently the miller began to be incon-
venienced at the ungainly companion
he had obtained in a room certainly
not large enough for both. "If you
are inconvenienced you may leave,"
said the camel; "as for myself I shall
stay where I am."