

Nothing and Something.

It is nothing to me, the Beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
The man is weak, if he can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with
pain.

It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched with burn-
ing tears,
When her husband came with diabolic
frown,
And hand upraised to strike her down.

It is nothing to me, the Mother said:
I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name.
It was something to her when that only
son

From the path of right was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body and a sin-wrecked soul.

It is nothing to me, the Merchant said,
As over his ledger he bent his head,
I'm busy to-day with care and trot,
And have no time to fume and fret.
It was something to him when over the
wire

A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train
And his wife and child were among the
slain.

It is nothing to me, the Young Man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—
I heed not the dreadful things ye toll,
I can rule myself, I know full well.
'Twas something to him when in prison
he lay

The victim of drink, life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and
wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted
life.

It is nothing to me, the voter said;
The party's loss is my greatest dread,—
Then gave his vote to the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunk-
ards made.

It was something to him in after life,
When his daughter became a drunkard's
wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

Is it nothing for us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils
keep,

To gather the young and thoughtless in—
And grind in our midst a grit of sin?
It is something—yes, all—for us to stand,
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand;
To learn to labor, live, and fight,
On the side of God and changeless right.
—F. E. W. Harper.

Home-Brewed Beer.

THE harvest of rich and golden sheaves
Had been safely gathered in
From the well-tilled fields of Farmer
Brown,

And the feast and the mirth began.
There was good roast beef, there were
puddings rich,

And plenty of wholesome cheer;
But the glasses were filled from the crystal
spring,

Instead of with home-brewed beer.

And visitors wondered to see the change,
For William Brown's farm-house
Had long and far been famed for the skill
Of his clever, thrifty spouse.
And specially was it whispered round,
In homesteads far and near,
That none to beat her could be found
In her tap of home-brewed beer.

"I'll tell you, my friends," the farmer
said,
As he met inquiring eyes,
"Why water instead of home-brewed beer
To-day each glass supplies.
My first-born son, dear to my heart—
Words can not tell how dear—
To-day a homeless wanderer roams
Because of our home-brewed beer.

"He learned to love it whilst a boy,
And the taste grew with his years.
I saw his danger when too late,
I sought with bitter tears
To win my boy, my first-born back
From the power of the deadly snare;
But all in vain—he cared for nought
But to quaff the accursed beer.

"One day when drink had made him mad,
And passion had made me wild,
I struck him, and he returned the blow,
And I savagely fought my child.
I cast him forth from his childhood's home,
I banished him—though 'twas sore
He had learned to love the dangerous
taste
Of his mother's home-brewed beer.

"But oh! since then my stricken heart
Hath enlightened my once dark eyes
To see my folly, and though so late
To choose a course more wise,
No child of mine again shall learn

From father or mother here,
Nor servant be taught by me to love
The taste of home-brewed beer.

"And oh! may God to my yearning
heart

The wanderer bring again"
And from many a quivering lip was heard
A fervent, deep "Amen!"
The feast was over, the guests dispersed,
With sober heads and clear,
Acknowledging they were none the worse
For want of the home-brewed beer.
Mrs. E. C. A. Allen.

The Old Man's Warning.

It was when I had just completed
my fifteenth year, and my parents had
decided on taking me away from school
to put me into a large merchant's ware-
house in London, that I heard the fol-
lowing story, which I believe has exer-
cised an influence for good over my
whole after life.

"Now for a spree on the common,"
cried some boys, of whom I was one, as
soon as we got clear of the school, at
about five o'clock in the afternoon. In
our progress to the common, we had to
cross the village churchyard, which was
an exceedingly pretty spot, situated
very pleasantly on an elevation at the
back of the town of — We were
very soon at the churchyard, and were
taking a cut across it, playing at leap-
frog over the gravestones, when we
came suddenly upon an aged man, sit-
ting at the foot of a lowly grave in a
very sorrowful attitude. We had often
seen the same old man there, but he had
never seemed so sorrowful as now. We
were, boy-like, bounding away over the
graves towards the common, when he
called us back and said he had some-
thing to tell us which he thought would
interest us. We rather reluctantly
complied with the request, but I be-
lieve, I at least, have reason to be
thankful for so doing. He thus began
his tale:—

"It is a great many years ago when
I got married, in a village a good way
from this, to a good and loving a
young woman as ever breathed, and
who after we were married, did every-
thing she could to make me happy. We
had three children—one boy, the eldest,
and two girls. I was by trade a car-
penter, and earned about 19s. or 20s. a
week, and I was continually thinking
that if I could better my condition, I
would do so very quickly. Not long
after our marriage, I received a letter
from a friend at London, stating that
if I were to come up there, I might
have a constant place of work at a
great deal better remuneration than I
was receiving at — I consulted my
wife about it, and she thought that we
had better remain where we were; but
finding that I was bent on going, she
soon desisted from opposing my wishes.
I therefore sent word to my friend that
I would avail myself of the chance, and
come up and take it as soon as possible.
So I set about making preparations di-
rectly, and in about a fortnight was
safely housed in my new abode in the
outskirts of London. But since that
time I have had cause infinitely to re-
gret my determination, and I would,
did I possess them, give words to re-
call the bright period of my early mar-
riage days, whose happiness I have
long since ceased to feel.

"I did not get settled there till
about a fortnight after my arrival, dur-
ing part of which time I was surveying
some of the wonders of the modern Ba-
bel, accompanied generally by James
Williams, the friend by whose recom-
mendation I had come to London. In
about a month I was in full swing, and
found myself very comfortable, and my
wife very contented. This quiet state
of things continued for four or five
years, during which time my two eldest
children were born. Frederick, the
eldest of them, was a plump, rosy-
cheeked urchin. I say rosy-cheeked,
and this may be accounted for by the
fact of our place of abode being in the
suburbs of London. Emma, the young-
est of the two, was a fair-complexioned,
brown haired babe, three years younger
than Frederick. One night, about five
years after coming to London, the
friend of whom I have before spoken,
asked me whether I would join a con-
vivial party, to which he was invited,
and requested to bring a friend. I
rather objected at first, but on being
pressed, I at last reluctantly consented
to go, and as the time was at hand
when we ought to have been there, I
went without letting my wife know
where I was going. From that moment
I can trace all the evil that subsequent-
ly fell upon me. I went to the party
and found the company already assem-
bled, and very friendly and agreeable
they all seemed. But the Devil pre-
sides at such meetings in the person of
one of his emissaries, and the emissary
I refer to is alcohol. During the even-
ing songs were sung and toasts drunk,
and all passed on very mirthfully and
pleasantly, and we gradually became
exhilarated more and more, so that at

last, on being asked to sing, I said I
had no objection, and therefore obliged
them with a boisterous ditty, in the
chorus of which they all joined uproar-
ously. The proceedings continued till
a late hour, when we all retired to our
houses, myself, at least, the worse for
drink.

"When I arrived home, I found
my wife sitting up for me in a state
of great anxiety. She seemed very
glad when I went in, and asked me
where I had been; to which question
I returned some growling answer, and
requested her to take up the candle,
and go to bed. I slept very uneasily,
and in the morning felt very much
displeased with myself, but did not
make any excuse or apology, consider-
ing it beneath my dignity so to do.
She seemed very melancholy and low-
spirited at my behavior, but said
nothing. I got my breakfast in silence,
and went off without saying a word.
I pondered all the morning upon my
unkind conduct to my affectionate
wife, and determined for the future to
be careful how I hurt her feelings, so
when I went home for dinner, I asked
her forgiveness, which she very readily
accorded. Thus the first breach was
healed up easily enough, and all things
went on as smoothly as before. But
having once tasted of the social pleas-
ures hold out to young men in the
metropolis, the demon of discontent
soon began to play havoc with me,
and being constantly with the friend
who had first induced me to go to the
tavern, I was continually hearing of
social parties, at which he had been
present, and to which he had always
invited me, telling me how he had en-
joyed himself, and promised me the
same enjoyment were I to go. But I
resisted them all for some time, till at
length he acquainted me with the fact,
that a first-rate affair was to come off
in about a week, at which there were
to be two capital fellows, men who
could sing songs, crack jokes upon any-
body and everybody, and make an
evening pass as easily and pleasantly
as could be desired. After much
solicitation on his part, and cogita-
tion on mine, I agreed to go, provided
I got the consent of my wife.

"The consent of your wife," echoed
my friend; "well I might be for ever
at home, were I to stop till I got my
wife's consent, but I am not so apron-
string-tied."
"I felt rather crest-fallen at this
sally of his, and to show him that I
was as independent as he was, I prom-
ised to go whether or no. But how-
ever, when I got home, I acquainted
my wife with my determination, and
she did not seem at all to relish the
idea, and tried to persuade me not to
go. But I told her I thought I had
never hardly gone out at all before,
and I did not see the least harm in a
little social enjoyment with a few
friends, but I promised to be home
again at ten o'clock. Seeing that I
was thus bent upon going, she at
length gave up the point.

"Accordingly went with my friend
at the appointed hour, and not to dwell
upon detail, the same scene as before
was repeated, only on a more extended
scale, and instead of being home at the
stated time, I did not arrive until the
morning, and withal very much intoxi-
cated. My wife was very sad, and
said little. This and the other meet-
ings were the commencement of a
career of nightly carousals and drunk-
en brawls, which increased in the same
ratio as the appetite for intoxicating
drinks grow upon me, until they be-
came almost of constant repetition.

"I was thus fairly launched upon
the drunkard's voyage, whose destined
ports were those of destitution, want,
misery, and death to himself and those
linked to him, all of which (save one,
death to himself) were reached in their
due course.

"Before I entered upon this career
of wickedness, my house was like a
little palace, well furnished, and as
comfortable as it was possible for a
working man's home to be. But I had
not long indulged in this course before
I found things began to assume a very
different aspect; for instance, I never
had any of those little niceties with
which I used to be indulged on coming
home at night after work. Then I
was sometimes told by my wife that I
did not give her enough money to go
through the week, and I was applied
to for more when I had none to give.
When this was the case, I invariably
laid all the blame upon my poor wife;
and then we were obliged to run into
debt, and pay it off when and as best
we could. Things went on in this way
every week increasing our account at
the shop, and lessening our ability to
pay it off, until we were over head and
ears in debt. At last the shopkeeper
told us that unless we could clear off
the old score, he would not trust us
again. So, to satisfy his demands, we
were obliged to sell part of the furni-
ture. But this did not lessen my de-
sire for intoxicating drinks; on the
contrary, I indulged more than ever in
the habit of frequenting the taverns,

in order to stifle conscience and drown
care.

"I will not dwell longer upon this
phase of my life; suffice it to say that
ten or eleven years pass, during which
time events occurred which, could they
be recalled, I would rather sacrifice my
life than go through the same course
of wickedness again, and thereby in-
curring the penalty, and such a penalty.
Oh! the recollection of that period
seems my very brain, and seems to
consume me as with a living fire. Oh!
the thought of the suffering
ones, who, though dragging on a
miserable existence, and pining
and starving from the want of the com-
mon necessities of life, still loved the
author of all their miseries, and always
smiled when he appeared. Through all
privations they never uttered an up-
braiding word; the loving smile, the
soothing word, were always ready, even
when (the body fast wearing away, un-
able to bear up any longer) approach-
ing the borders of the grave, the smile
was still for the loved but sinning
father and husband. I say the thought
was then a severe sting to my con-
science, even in that brutalized and
fallen condition. Boys, what must it
be now, now that the mind is unclod-
ged, the spirit free to take its flight to
the days of its pure and unalloyed hap-
piness, and then trace its way through
all its fallen and degraded condition;
seeing those who loved him and whom
he once loved, to the cold and silent
tomb, ere, to some of them, the sun of
life had half reached its meridian. Re-
morse, bitter, sleep unending but with
death, is the reward I feel. But I will
continue my sad tale. During this
long period my last child was born.
But she was a child of sorrow—a puny,
sickly babe, but, even for her weak-
ness, I with all my degradation, loved
her more than all the rest. But like a
flower which springs forth in winter,
the frosts of want nipped her in the
bud, and she withered silently away,
and the place that once knew her, for a
short time knew her no more.

"One night, on my proceeding homo
very late, I walked upstairs as well as
I could, and the first object that caught
my drunken gaze, was my wife kneel-
ing by the bedside, and weeping with
bitter anguish. On my approaching
nearer to ascertain the cause of her
grief, the dead body of my infant was
revealed to my view. I stood as if
petrified, gazing at the scene of which
I had been the sole cause. Thoughts
crossed my mind, and scaring as they
went as with a hot iron. Oh! the
misery of that hour! how I cursed my-
self and all those by whose means
things were brought to this dreadful
pass. But I did not, I could not, long
endure my maddening thoughts, so,
instead of from that hour ending my
horrible habits, and saving if possible
those who were still left me, I, on the
contrary, indulged more than ever in
them. Thus the blow that was intend-
ed as a warning, only made me a greater
villain; the good that was in me not
being able to master my debased
nature.

"Thus passed the first sacrifice to my
drunken passion, and it was not long
ere another was added. My wife, my
loving fond wife, was shortly after laid
low by death's sickle; for the loss of
her precious babe and want of suffi-
cient sustenance, co-operated to the
speedy dissolution of her fagged frame,
and she died, blessing the cause of all
her miseries to the end, and her last
breath was a prayer to the God of
mercy to turn him to the way of grace;
and when death's film was closing
over her once bright eyes, they fondly
gazed upon him who had caused her
early death, and a smile of undying
love lighted up her wasted features as
she passed away from earth. But be-
fore she died she made me promise to
abstain from the intoxicating cup, a
promise that cost me no pain to make,
for when I saw how matters stood I
would have given my soul away to re-
call her to health again. But this was
not possible. From that time remorse,
deep and bitter, took possession of my
mind, and when she ceased to exist, my
nervous system gave way, and I was
completely prostrated, and remained in
a very doubtful condition for several
weeks. But at last, by the untiring
patience and energy of my daughter, I
was recalled to this world, to endure all
the tortures that it was possible for the
self-accusing mind to undergo.

"When I arose from the bed of sick-
ness, the first thing I endeavored to ac-
complish was my son's discharge from
the army, in which he had enlisted, on
account of my brutal behaviour to him,
a few months previous to the death of
my wife. For this purpose I worked
night and day to accumulate the sum
necessary, and lived with the utmost
economy, in order the sooner to obtain
his release. But all my endeavors were
vain, for I was informed that, not on
any account, could a single man be
spared; in addition to which I was in-
formed he was in India, on active ser-
vice.

"Disappointed and conscience smit-

ten, I returned to my dwelling, only to
experience a greater blow; for my
daughter, who had long been getting
weak, brought on by a lack of suste-
nance, and worn out by her long and
continued attendance upon me during
my illness, insensibly grew worse and
worse, until, on the day on which I re-
turned from my unsuccessful appeal for
my son's release, I found her lying on
the bed completed exhausted. I im-
mediately sent for the doctor, who, after
a minute examination of the symptoms,
pronounced her in a dangerous con-
sumption, and privately informed me
that there was no hope for her unless
we removed immediately to the country,
and then he could not give me hope of
her holding out for any length of time.

"On receiving this information, I
hesitated not a moment as to which
course I should pursue, for anxious to
save if possible the last one who was
left me, I immediately made prepara-
tions for a removal to the country, and
ere a week had elapsed from that time,
I had obtained work in this place, and
removed my daughter thither as care-
fully as possible.

"At first, for a short time after our
arrival, the pure air, combined with
the exercise which she was enabled to
take, seemed to have a beneficial effect
upon her system, and a slight color re-
visited her once blooming cheeks. But
all this only delayed the last stage, to
make it the more unbearable when it
did come, after having buoyed one up
with some portion of hope. Before
long I was compelled to recall to mem-
ory the words of the doctor—"I cannot
give you hope of her holding out any
length of time even in the country." This
was too true. The color in her
cheeks was only the deceptive
hectic flush of the disease under which
she was suffering, and it soon dwindled
down to a small bright spot in the
centre of each cheek, and her eyes
shone out with a brilliancy I had
never observed before, and seemed to
foretell from their unearthly bright-
ness a speedy extinction in the black-
ness of death. And extinguished they
soon were, for her dissolution rapidly
and silently approached, until she was
at the edge of the dark valley, and
then praying for and blessing me
while departing, she sank calmly and
silently to the grave; and when death
had set his seal on the so lately ani-
mated countenance, there still remain-
ed the sweet smile which she gave me
at parting. Now, indeed, I thought
my misery complete. But it was not
so. The cup was filled to the brim
and running over, and I was destined
to drain it to the very dregs. Not
long after my daughter's death, my
son, who had enlisted for a soldier, re-
turned, and as I hoped, to shed some
rays of comfort on my miserable ex-
istence. But my punishment had not
been completed, and it seemed as if he
had returned to brighten, for a few
fleeting moments, my dark and weary
path, only to leave me in blacker dark-
ness when he should depart.

"Such was indeed the case, for my
son having gone through an Indian
campaign, and having been wounded
several times, with a broken and rapid-
ly decaying constitution, he returned
to England, and sought me out that
he might die in peace, free from the
bustle of the world. AND HE TOO
DIED.

"Then, oh, then, I felt that the last
bolt had been launched, for I stood
alone, a withered and scathed trunk;
my branches had each been riven off
by the lightning of God's just wrath,
and now it would have been mercy to
have felled the parent stem. But I
stood, and still stand, seared and leaf-
less, a monument and a warning to
others; and I have learned through
all my punishment to see the finger of
God; and to wait with patience till His
Almighty hand shall level me with the
dust, and my spirit shall, through His
infinite mercy, join those who have
gone before. Thus finishes my tale of
woe, and oh, were it possible, I would
hinder it through the wide world, and
impress on the minds of men, that he
who indulges in unbridled appetite,
must sooner or later experience the
consequent result.

"This, my young friends, is what I
had to communique, and that it may
make a lasting impression on you, is
the prayer of one who has suffered and
still suffers deeply."

For my part, the old man's tale has
proved effectual in restraining me
when tempted to indulge in the ruby
cup; and I also hope it may prove so
to others, who may be placed in the
same situation as I am.—Norwich
Cheap Tract.

Laundrywomen are the most humble
and forgiving beings on earth. The
more cuffs you give them, the more
they will do for you.

Augustus Popinjay—"Good morn-
ing, Snooks. I understand you have
been indulging in puts and calls lately."
"Well, yes—that is, I did the calling
and her father put me out."