

**The Way Pins Save Lives—A Boy's Essay.**

BY PARSON KAY.

A recitation for Juvenile Temperance Societies.

Come, friends, and hear my story,  
I will tell it if you'll hear,  
How Tommy won his glory,  
By an essay very queer—  
An essay read in a school in town,  
By a little boy named Tommy Brown,  
Who regularly went to school.

He was a boy who tried to think for himself,  
Spoke out when he wanted to;  
And sometimes caused the children to laugh,  
With the comical things he would do.  
One day the teacher set the children a task,  
"What was it?" I almost hear you ask,  
Required of that week-day school.

"I want an essay from every girl and boy,  
On any subject you please,  
Something to show how well you can write—  
From a grindstone to a cheese."  
Great consternation seized every heart,  
Not one could tell the way to start,  
Not one in that puzzled school.

At last they hit upon a plan,  
And each made choice of topic,  
Some chose a subject, large indeed,  
And some were microscopic,  
But Tommy Brown the laurel wins,  
With an marvellous essay on the subject of pins,  
The strangest of all in the school.

He had evidently heard—or stolen, 'tis clear—  
The subject was perfectly planned,  
He told of things, which many, we fear,  
In that school did not understand.  
His beginning was good, and continued to be,  
But his conclusion 'most shocked the modesty  
Of the children in that school.

After he had told of the wire they used,  
How they pointed and headed the pin,  
He closed up his essay in a manner most strange,  
Amidst a school-room din—  
He not only told of their use to house-wives,  
"But they have been known to save people's lives,"  
Said this funny boy of that school.

'Tis the teacher's turn now to look puzzled,  
And a shadow crosses her brow—  
"Pins have been known to save people's lives!"  
"Come, Tommy, and tell us how?"  
"It's easy enough to do that," said he,  
"By simply not swallerin' 'em—don't yer see?"  
Asked this comical boy of that school.

Supposing we learn a moral from this,  
For many will tell us, I know,  
That the use of intoxicants saves people lives,  
And the drinker makes out it is so,  
But don't you think those who are helped by the cup,  
Are those who are never found swallow-ing up  
The drinks in the drunkard's school?  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

**THE DRUMMER AT THE SCHOOL.**

Offie Downs, the thirteen-year-old drummer boy in the Dodge Street School, Omaha, proved himself a genuine hero the other day by calming a panic, and preventing a great sacrifice of life among the five hundred children in the school. The little fellow is the drum-major of the school, his business being to stand at the foot of the stairs and drum out the children to the step of an army march. This exercise was called the fire drill, and every noon and evening the house was emptied to the beat of Offie's drum. All the pupils, from the infant class up, knew their places, and had been taught that there must not be a moment's delay when the drum tapped. The young soldiers had been so well trained that the principal after declared that in case of fire the big building could be emptied in two minutes. But despite the good discipline he had hoped that the dreadful calamity would never happen. It did happen, however, and regardless of his confidence in his own self-possession, his presence of mind forsook him, leaving him to manage half a thousand of panic-stricken children as best he could. He was hearing a recitation in his own room when one of the teachers dashed in, screaming, "Fire!"

Her wild cry alarmed the pupils and teachers all over the building, and in a minute after the alarm was given there was a general rush for the stairs, and in the excitement no one seemed to think of either fire rules or drummer boy. But, notwithstanding Offie's reputation of cowardice, he kept his head in the general stampede. It was the crisis for which he had been trained, and his courage in the midst of the crying of the children and the excitement of principal and teachers saved a long list of dead and injured.

The moment he saw the smoke pouring out through the register he left his place, and, passing rapidly up the aisles, ran swiftly down the two flights of stairs and into the principal's room, where his drum was kept. Taking the instrument down from its hook, he slung the strap over his shoulder and rushed into the hall. By this time the smoke was so dense that he could scarcely see objects almost within touch, and on the floor above he could hear the shouts of the teachers trying to keep the pupils from trampling each other in their efforts to crowd down-stairs. The rattling of fire engines outside added to the general confusion; but, like a soldier in battle, Offie Downs stood bravely at his post. Pushing his way through the smoke to the bottom of the stairs, just when a panic seemed unavoidable, he began beating his drum as though the gong had sounded for the close of the afternoon session. The very first tap acted like magic in bringing teachers and pupils to their senses. Remembering that they were soldiers under marching orders, the stampede was checked. The principal pulled three or four little ones from under the feet of the rushing children, and commanded them to keep step to the music. Instantly the line that the teachers had tried in vain to form was straightened out, and, like the young soldiers they proved themselves to be, the five hundred pupils filed down the two long flights of stairs, as they had done a thousand times before. The entire building was now black with smoke; but, notwithstanding the choking sensation experienced, there was no breaking of ranks, and in just one minute from the time the drum sounded out its call to order, the house was empty. Offie remained steadfast. With the smoke blinding and almost suffocating him, he stood cool and determined, defying all danger until his duty was done.

When the principal told him that every one was out, he followed, rattling away at his drum as he came down the front steps. The crowd cheered as he made his appearance in the door, and the teachers pressed around him to express their gratitude for their own safety and that of their respective flocks. His heroism alone prevented a panic, several children having fainted and fallen during the first few minutes of the excitement.

The fire originated in an overheated furnace stack, and, although the flames consumed one floor, it was easily extinguished by the fire department.

Offie's praises were sung in many homes that night, and as families gathered around their hearthstones, happy hearts turned gratefully to the little hero, who by his faithfulness to duty, had kept the death angel from their homes.—Sunday-school Advocate.

**THREE THINGS TO AVOID.**

There are three things which boys, and girls, too, who wish to grow up good and noble men and women, must always avoid—but especially the boys, as these are not the sins which usually beset the paths of girls. Sometimes, indeed, we hear of women who are so lost to all good that they are guilty of all three; but, thank God! not often.

The first thing and worst thing you may easily guess. It is whiskey.

O boys, I want you all to make a resolution now, while you are so young, never to use, buy, sell, make, give, or take that terrible thing called strong drink! Include the whole class—wine, cider, beer, whiskey, brandy, rum, gin, alcohol—anything and everything which can intoxicate. They never bring good, but always do harm. The best physicians say that even where they are used in sickness, the patient would be better off without them, and that no life has ever been prolonged by their use.

The next thing to avoid is that nasty, filthy thing called tobacco. Oh, how much money, time, health, honesty, morality and happiness have been sacrificed to that terrible old tobacco worm!

O boys! as you hope to be men, don't chew it! Neither chew it, nor snuff it, nor smoke it in pipes, cigars, or those little evil things called cigarettes, which lead as surely to the greater wrong, as a shadow follows a substance. Don't

use tobacco in any form, at any time, in any place, and you will be better and happier for it.

The third thing to avoid is profanity. Oh, if God should take swearers at their word, when they call upon him so impiously, what a fearful fate would be theirs! Dear boys, don't open your lips to curse and swear. There is nothing manly or good about it. Keep your lips and your lives pure, and the world will be better because of you.

**THE PINT OF ALE.**

A Manchester (England) calico printer was, on his wedding-day, asked by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day, as her share of extra comforts. He made the bargain, but not cheerfully; for though a drinker himself—fancying, no doubt, that he could not well do without—he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard. John loved his wife, but he could not break away from his old associations at the ale-house; and when not in the factory or at his meals, he was with his boon companions. His wife made the small allowance meet her house-keeping expenses, keeping her cottage neat and tidy. He could not complain that she insisted upon her daily pint of ale, while he, very likely, drank two or three quarts.

They had been married a year, and the morning of their wedding anniversary John looked with real pride upon the neat and comely person of his wife; and with a touch of remorse in his look and tone, he said:

"Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed, and only that I haven't a penny in the world, we'd take a jaunt to the village, and see the mother."

"Would thee like to go, John?" she asked.

There was a tear with her smile, for it touched her heart to hear him speak tenderly, as in the old times.

"If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat."

"Thou stand treat, Mary! Has got a fortin' left thee?"

"Nay, but I've got the pint of ale," said she.

"Got what, wife?"

"The pint of ale," she repeated.

Thereupon she went to the hearth, and from beneath one of the flags drew forth a stocking, from which she poured upon the table the sum of three hundred and sixty-five threepences (\$22.81), exclaiming:

"See, John, thee can have the holiday."

"What is this?" he asked, in amazement.

"It is my daily pint of ale, John."

He was conscience-stricken, as well as amazed and charmed.

"Mary, hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll have no more from this day."

And he was as good as his word. They had their holiday with the old mother; and Mary's little capital, saved from the "pint of ale," was the seed from which, as the years rolled on, grew shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat and carriage, with health, happiness, peace and honour.—Presbyterian.

**A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.**

BY MAY F. M'KEAN.

"Good evening, gentlemen! Are you too busy to attend a prayer-meeting?"

It was, perhaps, an odd scene, and the words sounded oddly in their presence; but Chaplain Green was a man who was not afraid or ashamed to show his colours at any time or in any place; and now he was going about among the tent inviting the soldiers to attend the evening prayer-meeting.

In other tents he had been as little welcome as he was here. He had been pained over and over again by the rough jest and the flow of ruddy wine, and the infatuation of the card-table. But Chaplain Green had a message and an invitation from the King of heaven. Perhaps some heart would be inclined to hear; so he went faithfully, undauntedly on from tent to tent, asking the inmates to the meeting.

"Yes, we are too busy. We have more important business on hand just now," replied one of the men addressed, looking up from his cards.

"What do we care for your prayer-meetings?" asked another in a quarrelsome tone.

A third looked up with a sneer on his face. "We'll deputize you to pray for us while we continue our game," he said. Chaplain Green bowed. "I will be glad to do so; will you tell me your name, please?"

"My name? What do you want with that?" demanded the man, still gruffly.

"That I may present your case per-

sonally to the Lord," was the quiet answer.

"See here! You needn't bother the Lord about us! We don't need your prayers. When we need any praying done we'll attend to it ourselves," said the first of the men.

"But I have been deputized to pray for you, and promised to do so. I shall fulfil my promise. Good-evening, gentlemen," said the chaplain, as he retired.

The game dragged slowly after that. All interest in it seemed lost; and presently the men throw down their cards as one of them said:

"I wonder if that old fanatic is keeping his promise? Let's go and see, and have some fun at his expense."

The others agreed, and as they reached the tent they heard the chaplain's clear voice in prayer. He was praying for them, that the Lord would touch their hearts with the divine power of his love, and make them his obedient servants, his saved children.

But they did not have any "fun at the chaplain's expense." They parted company, but all did not go beyond the sound of the preacher's voice; and through that earnest prayer, the very one who had deputized him to pray for the party, was convicted of sin and led to Christ.

Not one of the other three forgot that evening either, and when a little later they too were led to the foot of the cross, they dated their first serious convictions to those words fitly spoken.

Thus does God abundantly bless the efforts of his faithful servants. It may be the words are spoken in very weakness, but he will take them up and use them for his glory.

Dear boys and girls, we may not be chaplains or ministers or missionaries, or hold any public place where we have the opportunity to do great things for Christ; but let us be true to our colours, and the blessings of our Father will be upon the words which we may speak for him.

**UP THE NILE.**

As we go up the Nile, a never-ending variety of charming scenery is presented to view. In some of the tombs the hieroglyphics show the manner of Egyptian irrigation three thousand years ago. It is the same to-day. There are the never-ending ditches, channels, and canals, interlacing the soil with silvery threads of fertility and life. Here are still the poor fellows with their buckets lifting the water from the Nile. They stand there all day, in the sun, and dip their buckets and lift and empty them. I counted the bucketfuls, and found that in a day of ten hours a man would lift six thousand buckets of Nile water, for which he receives a trifle of over ten cents a day; yet they never go on a strike. But, day after day, hour after hour, those lithe, naked forms bow down and bring up water from the Nile as they did three thousand years ago.

Up the Nile a farm-hand gets fifteen cents a day, a carpenter twenty cents, and a mason forty cents. No wonder that with wages so low, and with such crowds of slaves, the old Egyptian kings could build up the pyramids and construct wonderful tombs.—New York Observer.

**THE NOBILITY OF SAVING.**

The rescue work carried on by the Salvation Army and other Christian organizations in the large cities is one whose value and importance cannot be overestimated, when the worth of a single soul is fully realized and its relation to society rightly understood.

If we call him "who makes two blades of grass grow where only one has grown before," a benefactor, what term shall we apply to one who helps to save a soul, thereby turning all its powers into helpful channels? Truly he is only second in greatness "to the God who makes!"

"Make me a man," called the king to the artist.

And he cut a superb figure from stony marble, and brought it to the palace.

"It can't breathe," cried the king; "make me a man."

And again, the artist made a figure of wax, with rich colour, and the blood seemed almost beating through the veins.

"It is cold," cried the king; "make me a man."

And then the artist took a poor beggar from the streets and cleansed him and dressed him, and took him by the hand and led him to the king, saying, "O king, I could not make a man myself, but here is one whom God made and whom I have found."

And the king said, "The man who saves is nearly like in greatness to the God who makes."