

FERMENTED WINE.

You know that when Joseph was imprisoned in Egypt, there was a butler and a baker in the prison with him, and they both dreamed a dream which Joseph interpreted for them. The butler dreamed that he was back in the palace where he had been, and that he was squeezing the juice of some grapes into the king's goblet for him to drink. So when any one tells you that the Bible speaks of wine you can tell them that people in the Holy Land very often drink the juice of the grapes, freshly pressed, and not fermented at all, and therefore, having no alcohol in it. Perhaps they will tell you that our Saviour drank wine himself at the Last Supper, but if they do, you can tell them that the Jews were not allowed by God, to have anything fermented at the Passover feast, not even leavened bread, or bread with yeast in it, but they did drink the fresh grape juice there, so it is not probable that Christ sent out for fermented wine to drink with his disciples for the last time, is it? You remember that when He was dying He would not take the vinegar and myrrh offered to him, because it would make him unconscious, so I don't think He would have wanted to make His disciples *drunk*, when He was about to leave, do you? Another thing: Christ never called it wine, but "the fruit of the vine," and *wine* is the fruit of rottenness and decay.—*Chicago Lever Liberator*.

Girls and Boys.

THROW THE PIPES AWAY.

Let's throw the pipes away, boys,
Let's throw the pipes away!
We want no smoke to crack a joke
Or garnish what we say.
Our minds are cast in finer mould,
Our thoughts supremely higher,
But pipe and bowl enslave the soul
And stifle pure desire.

The quacks who sell tobacco, boys,
What are their statements worth
Who always place the smoking race
The happiest upon earth?
With lies they push their trade, boys;
What care they for the truth?
They never stay for reason's sway,
Or pray to save our youth.

Are smokers better men, boys?
What is there in the weed?
A poison rife, a foe to life,
A drug we never need.
It never paints the youthful cheek
With tints of rosy bloom,
But many a slave gets near the grave
With vile tobacco fume.

Some call it but a trifle, boys—
A harmless luxury;
But hidden there lies deep a snare
To manacle the free.
The smallest streams that murmur low
To mighty oceans run,
And darkest deed, through lust or greed,
By trifles is begun.

Let's throw the pipes away, boys,
Let's throw the pipes away,
The pallid cheek and muscle weak,
And memories of the clay.
And he who loves the pipe, boys,
May soon the bowl embrace,
And see too late his wretched state
Of folly and disgrace.

'Tis nobler far to fight, boys,
Than bend to custom's rule;
To feel we're free as waves on sea,

Though some would call us "fool."
The bravest of our race, boys,
The men of noblest mind,
Have suffered most, their lives have lost,
To benefit mankind.

And shall not we, their children,
Whose life-blood flows within,
Their spirit show, to smite each foe
That fills the world with sin?
Let's emulate their deeds, boys,
With one united stroke,
And write our name, on the scroll of fame,
"The boys who would not smoke."

—*Canadian Band of Hope*.

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

A dude, wishing to be witty, accosted an old rag-man as follows
"You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes
jump in! jump in!"

"Where is the island of Java situated?" asked a school-teacher
of a small, rather forlorn-looking boy. "I dunno, sir." "Don't
you know where coffee comes from?" "Yes, sir, we borrow it
ready parched from the next-door neighbor."

Two old ladies, evidently from out of town, were walking along
the street one day recently, when one of them discovered a bunch of
bananas. Stopping she looked at them, she adjusted her glasses and
exclaimed: "Well, I do declare, if them ain't the biggest string
beans I ever saw in my life."

A Dutchman was relating his marvellous escape from drowning when
thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and
he alone was saved: "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of
the hearers. "I tid not eo in te pote," was the Dutchman's placid
answer.

"You look like a poet," laughed the funny editor, as the hand-
somenly-dressed youngster entered. The boy smiled, and began
fumbling in his pocket. "Maybe you write songs, too," suggested
the newspaper man. "Yes, sometimes," was the answer. "Have
you got one for me?" "Yes, I think I have." "Is it sung by long
or short meter?" By this time the young man had fished out a docu-
ment, which he threw down, yelling excitedly: "Neither, my
friend; it is sung by the gas-meter." It was a gas bill for \$10.

"How fresh and green everything looks," murmured Charibel, as
they wandered along the road.

"Everything?" questioned Adolphus, looking down into her
violet eyes.

"Yes, everything," she replied abstractedly.

He wanders with another girl now.

"Yes," said old Mr. Squaggs, "the doctors are getting mighty
smart now-a-days. Why, they've got instruments and things made
so's they can see clean through you."

"Humph!" replied old Mrs. Squaggs, "I don't see nothing very
smart in that. I've seen through you this many a year, and I ain't
no doctor neither."

Mr. Squaggs rubbed his bald head thoughtfully, and, after a
pause, discreetly resumed his reading.

The young postmaster of an out-of-the-way German village was
busy at work in his office, when a gentle knock came to the door,
and in stepped a buxom young country lass. Walking up to the
desk, she handed the official, with a bashful smile, a post office order
which he closely examined and then paid the young woman the
sum inscribed. At the same time he asked her why she had not de-
tached the coupon from the order, as the sender had written on it a
further communication for her. "Indeed!" said the girl. "Well,
you see, I can't read. Perhaps you'll be so kind as to read it for
me." The postmaster read as follows: "I send you herewith three
florins and a thousand kisses." Glancing at the young person, he
added, with his accustomed official gravity, "you have now got the
money, and I am ready to give you the kisses at once." The young
peasant-woman accepted the balance of her order. On reaching
home, she said to her folk, "Eh, but it's a grand concern—this post
office! You can now get kisses sent along with your money-
orders."