

tor is not sorry. He does not dispute that temperance may have been beneficial, but at the same time he believes that his general treatment has had a desired effect. As for the landlord of "The Flapwing," he is very irate, and asks what "the country" is coming to when "vested interests" are being knocked to pieces "by a parcel of tea-drinkers."

By-and-by he may learn that our drink-ridden land has come fully to its senses, and turned its back on brewer and distiller and all that appertains to their destrutive business.

The temperance banner is up; it floats bravely, and many are rallying round it. What is the duty of these now sober people? To stand fast to their colors through all, and not to budge, though the shafts of ridicule assail them.—*Canadian Band of Hope.*

### For Girls and Boys.

#### GOOD FOR EVIL.

Let's go off by ourselves—he shan't come," said Edward Morrison to his cousin, Johnny Slade. He was speaking of Rob Carpenter, a boy whom Johnny was inclined to like; indeed, down in his very secret heart Johnny liked Rob better than he did Edward; but Edward was his cousin, and had always ruled with gentle little Johnny.

"Mother likes Rob," said Johnny, doubtfully.

"Well, my father says Mr. Carpenter is nothing but a drunkard," rejoined Edward.

"That's all the worse for poor Rob. Oh! do let's ask him. We're going to have chicken and ham sandwiches and milk and cake; he don't get that sort of dinner home, I bet."

"I don't care; if Rob's asked I wont go, and then you can't take Touser."

Edward knew that would decide the matter with Johnny, for Touser was his great pet and admiration, and, sure enough, the little boy said no more about inviting Rob. It was arranged that early on Saturday morning Edward should bring over his fishing-rod and Touser, and the cousins should start for a day in the woods.

But, though they knew nothing of it, Rob had heard their conversation; his face had grown hot with shame as he heard his father called a drunkard; his angry temper had calmed as he listened to kind little Johnny pleading to share his nice lunch with him.

"I just hate that Ed. Morrison," he said that night to his mother. "I might have gone to the woods to-morrow with Johnny Slade if it hadn't been for him. I'll pay him up for it."

"But if you do you cannot pray for father," said Mrs. Carpenter, quietly.

Rob looked uneasy. "Won't God listen?" he said at last.

"No, not if you are unforgiving and angry. And after all, Bob, isn't it natural that Ed. should like to get off alone with Johnny? Wouldn't you like better to be with Johnny alone, than with Johnny and Edward?"

Rob knew very well he would, and could say nothing.

"No, no, dear," Mrs. Carpenter went on, "if you can do some kindness for Edward, do it for Christ's sake, and the answer may come all the sooner to your prayer. If only poor father had work again, I really think he would not drink."

"If"—how Rob longed to find some position for his father—that father seemed so clever when he had not touched liquor for a day or two! Rob wandered off after tea thinking of this and hardly noticing where he was till he heard some words, which attracted his attention and made him walk very softly and listen eagerly. It was quite dark, and two men just in front of him were talking in low tones, yet Rob, whose ears were very sharp, could catch every word.

"We must poison the dog—he's a yapper. I'll throw a piece of meat to him in the afternoon. The boy will have him off in the woods, and I can easily meet them and give a bit to the dog when the boy's not lookin'."

"Then we can get it at night. They go to bed early Saturdays."

Rob trod on a little twig just then that cracked beneath him, and the men hearing the step said no more and turned off at the next corner. But Rob had heard enough. He said not a word to his mother. Ed. would be well punished; they would poison Touser. But then it flashed across him that the men intended to rob Mrs. Morrison. He remembered, too, what his mother had told him. The boy could not sleep for some time trying to decide what to do, and when he did fall asleep he slept so heavily that it

was late on Saturday morning before he was up. His usual Saturday "chores" kept him busy for quite a time, so that when he could leave and run up to "Squire" Slade's he found the boys had started for the woods an hour before. But Rob was eager to save Touser now, it was not so much that he forgave Ed. that he thought of the poor little dog, and of the dreadful robbery that might follow. So he hurried through the woods, turning here and there, till suddenly, pushing aside the leaves of a low tree, he came upon the boys, with Touser between them, about to eat their lunch. Ed's face looked vexed enough, but Rob pretended not to notice, told what he had heard, and certainly made a great impression.

"So they wanted to poison Touser!" exclaimed Ed. "I say, I'll lead him home by this cord, and we'll see the fellows, and then father'll get them arrested. Father will be mighty thankful to you, Rob," said Edward, quite forgetting his prejudices.

Mr. Morrison was indeed thankful, and when the men were safely locked up, for other robberies had been committed by them, he asked Rob if there was not anything he could do for him.

"You're too young for business yet, my boy, but come to me in three years and I'll take you."

"Oh! sir, if you could. There's father—could you give him a place?"

Mr. Morrison hesitated. He did not like to tell a boy his father drank! But Rob went on:

"Mother says if he could only get a steady place he wouldn't drink, sir. And if I get him to take the pledge will you try him?"

"But what can he do, boy?" asked Mr. Morrison, touched by the boy's earnestness.

"He can keep books, sir, and write letters, and—"

"Well, we happen to need an assistant at the books. Let him call to-morrow if he has signed the pledge—that is understood between us, boy."

Rob nodded and ran off to tell the good news. Luckily he saw mother first, and she took the matter of telling his father what had happened upon herself.

At first Mr. Carpenter would not hear of signing any pledge, but when he found that his boy had been praying for him, and how God had sent this opening so evidently in answer to the boy's prayers, the father's heart was touched, and he signed the pledge, and did it with earnest purpose to keep it. Thus far he has kept true to it, and if Ed. should want to get Johnny off by himself, at least he cannot say of Johnny's great friend and playmate, "his father is a drunkard."

But Ed. does not coax Johnny off alone; he is less selfish now, and has not forgotten that, but for Rob, Touser would have been poisoned.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

#### CIDER.

BY LIZZIE T. LARKIN.

I curse the day, said Farmer Brown,  
That ever I made a drop;  
For there's my Fred to ruin gone;  
I doubt if he can stop.

And yet I've made it year by year,  
And in my cellar stored;  
I've drunk it with my family  
Around the social board.

And if a neighbor happened in  
To have an evening chat  
'Twas, "Have some cider with us, friend,"  
Ere he could doff his hat.

And so the cider-mug went round,  
And all must have a drink;  
How strange it seems to me to-day  
I didn't stop and think!

There's Harry, too, he loves the taste;  
I see it more and more,  
I've been a fool, it seems to me,  
To be so blind before.

I saw him going up the road  
A day or two ago,  
And wondered why he looked so queer  
And walked so very slow.