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Selections.

THE MEN WE NEED,

The World needs noble men and great
To shape with labor of the hand
And head the destiny of State,—
To lift to higher planes the land
And save the nation from the fate
Of kingdoms buried in the sand,
And bear aloft with joy elate
Their flag where peace and honor
stand.

The age needs heroes brave and just
To fight the battles of the time;
True heroes who shall put their trust
In God and grapple with the crime,
Which, like the serpent in the dust,
Leaves on its trail a poison slime;
Bold leaders who shall conquer lust,
And stand on mountain heights
sublime.

The times need thinkers, whose great
thought
Shall blossom into speech and song,
So that the people may be taught
To love the right and hate the
wrong;
For there are battles to be fought
With cunning foes, who would
prolong
The tyranny that always sought
The sway of sceptres, mean and
strong.

The school needs sages who can strike
Hard blows that echo round the
world;
Whose golden hammers drive the
spike
Where freedom's banners are
unfurled.
And every land the truth alike
As a bright crown shall wear
impealed.
And gun and battle-axe and pike
Into oblivion shall be hurled.

The church needs kingly men to light
The race upon the road that leads
To altitudes of loftiest height:
Bright men of thought, brave men
of deeds,
Who'll stand up in the gallant fight
To wound, and heal the wounds that
bleed;
Whose souls outshine the stars of
night;
Whose hearts are holier than creeds.

—George W. Bungay.

A WORLD WITHOUT STRONG
DRINK.

A world—our world—without "the
drink!" No heart
Made to inflict, or bear, drink's cruel
smart;
No passion stirred by drink to
murderous hate;
Careless of death and hell's tremendous
fate;
No manly form laid low by drink in
shame;
No woman robbed by drink of virtue's
name;
No child bereaved, or worse than
orphan left,
Of parent's love and home's sweet joys
bereft!
Oh, blessing, worthy of our God to
give!
Oh! boon, for which each one should
work and live!

A priceless boon to our humanity,
Which would at once its great
possession be.
If all would but consent no drink to
make,
God's laws to reverence and not to
break,
Not to create by evil art this curse,
Of direst ills chief mother and the
nurse.
One act of wisdom and of self-restraint
Would free the world of this most
loathsome taint,—
This thing of deep disgust and horror,
scorn,
Which in all lands from strong drink
has been born.

A world without strong drink for use
or view
Would be a world blest with great
mercies new,—
New life, new hopes, new order and
new praise,
For brighter skies and summer-smiling
days.

—Dawson Burns.

THE KHAN'S DEVIL.

The Khan* came from Bokhara town
To Hamza, santonz of renown.

"My head is sick, my hands are weak;
Thy help, O holy man, I seek."

In silence marking for a space
The Khan's red eyes and purple face,

Thick voice, and loose, uncertain
tread,
"Thou hast a devil," Hamza said.

"Allah forbid!" exclaimed the Khan.
"Rid me of him at once, O man."

"Nay," Hamza said, "No spell of mine
Can slay that cursed thing of thine."

"Leave feast and wine, go forth and
drink
Water of healing on the brink

"Where clear and cold from mountain
snows
The Nahr el Zeben downward flows.

"Six moons remain, then come to me;
May Allah's pity go with thee!"

Awe-struck, from feast and wine,
the Khan
Went forth where Nahr el Zeben
ran.

Roots were his food, the desert dust
His bed, and water quenched his
thirst.

And when the sixth moon's scimitar
Curved sharp above the evening star,

He sought again the santonz door
Not weak and trembling as before,

But strong of limb and clear of
brain;
"Behold," he said, "the fiend is slain."

"Nay," Hamza answered, "starved
and drowned,
The curst one lies in death-like
swound.

"But evil breaks the strongest gyves,
And jinst like him have charmed
lives.

"One beaker of the juice of grape
May call him up in living shape.

"When the red wine of Badashkhan
Sparkles for thee, beware O Khan!

"With water quench the fire within,
And drown each day thy devilkin!"

Thenceforth the great Khan shunned
the cup
As Shitan's own, though offered up,

With laughing eyes, and jewelled
hands,
By Yarkand's maids, and Samar-
cand's.

And in the lofty vestibule
Of the medress of Kaush Kodul,

The students of the holy law
A golden-lettered tablet saw,

With these words by a cunning
hand
Graved on it at the Khan's command.

"In Allah's name, to him who hath
A devil, Khan el Hamed saith,

"Wisely our Prophet cursed the vine:
The fiend that loves the breath of
wine.

"No prayer can slay, no marabout §
Nor Meccan dervish can drive out.

"I, Khan el Hamed, knew the charm
That robs him of his power to harm.

"Drown him, O Islam's child! the
spell
To save thee lies in tank and well!"

*A Governor. †A Turkish Priest, a kind of
dervish. ‡Demons. §A Mohammedan Saint,
—J. G. Whittier.

WHAT MADE LITTLE ROSE SICK.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

Little Rose had come with her father
and mother to visit at Grandpa
Joslyn's, and Uncle Fred was there
also.

He had been in New York a few
years, and had not seen Rose since she
was a baby. As she was his only niece,
and a lovely child, he was very fond of
her, and took her on his knee as soon
as her cloak was removed.

While he was talking with her papa,
he would pause to say: "What a
darling little girl you are!" and then
he would kiss her.

Rose enjoyed this for a time, and
then she grew very uneasy. By and
by, her mother happened to look at
her, and was startled; for her face was
very white, her blue eyes full of tears,
and her lips twitching as if she must
soon cry.

"Why, Rose, you are sick!" she
exclaimed, and then carried her out
very quickly.

Rose was sick indeed. Her poor
little stomach was soon empty, and
even then she could not rest, but
choked and gagged so badly that they
were frightened and soon sent for a
doctor.

"Poor little girlie! what could have
made her sick?" asked Uncle Fred.

"I cannot imagine," replied Rose's
father. "She is always so well.
Perhaps she has been exposed to the
measles."

"When the doctor came he felt of her
pulse and looked at her tongue.
H'm!" said he, looking over his
spectacles in a very wise way; "has
she been eating candy? This seems
like the effect of poison."

"Oh, no! she has had no candy
to-day," replied the mother.

"Well, it may be chicken-pox. I
have several cases just now."

"It isn't chicken—anythin'," said
Rose in a weak little voice; "it's but
just the smoke smell on Uncle Fred."

"Smokes, does he? Well! well! I've
heard of such cases," said the doctor
with a smile. "I will leave a powder
for her, and I think she will be all
right in the morning."

"I noticed the odor myself, and I
wonder I didn't think of it, for I am
often sick if I have to stay in a room
full of tobacco-smoke," said Rose's
mother.

The good old doctor gave Rose a
powder that did not taste bitter, and
after a while she fell asleep.

You can imagine how sorry Uncle
Fred was when he was told the cause
of the trouble. "Who could believe
it!" he exclaimed. "She must be
very sensitive to odors. Did you ever
hear of such a case before?"

"Oh, yes!" replied his sister.

"Sometimes in the cars I have been
obliged to stay near a gentleman who
had been in the 'smoker,' and felt as if
I could not endure it. Oh, it was
dreadful!"

Then grandma said: "I think
smoking makes a man very selfish.
He doesn't stop to think, but that every-
body loves tobacco as well as he does.
I'm very sorry one of my boys has
learned to smoke."

When Rose awoke she felt much
better and wanted to see Uncle Fred.
He washed his face and hands very
thoroughly with warm water and
scented soap, and put on one of her
father's coats before he went into the
room.

She held out her little hand, and
said very sweetly: "Please 'scuse me,
Uncle Fred, but I couldn't shut up my
nose."

Then they all laughed; but one tall
man felt very much ashamed.

Rose said: "You've got on my
papa's coat now, haven't you? Don't
you think he is a sweet man? He
doesn't have any smoke-pipe."

"Do you think I would be as good
as he is if I did not have a smoke-pipe?"
asked Uncle Fred.

Rose nodded and smiled.

"And would you love to kiss me
then?"

Again Rose nodded. "I guess God
made you with very nice lips," said she.

"You're a funny little girl," replied
Uncle Fred, and then he went out,
throwing her a kiss with the tips of
his fingers.

A few days later grandma said: "I
do believe Fred is going to stop
smoking. If it should be so, I shall
thank little Rose as long as I live."

And that was just what came to pass.
Uncle Fred said that if he could not
kiss a little girl without making her
sick, he thought it was time for him
to reform. So he broke his "Smoke-
pipe," and threw away his tobacco.
—Y. T. Banner.

CONNECTICUT.

The fortieth annual session of the
Grand Lodge of Connecticut was held
in Bristol, September 24th and 25th,
and is reported as a very interesting
session. A gain in members and a
better financial condition is reported.
Dr. Mann, R. W. G. T., and Sister
Forsyth, R. W. G. S. J. T., were in attend-
ance and greatly added to the interest
of both public meetings and business
sessions.