



Where the Sunbeams Shine.

(RECITATION FOR SIX GIRLS.)

(M. S. Haycraft in 'Temperance Record.')

FIRST GIRL.

Where the golden sunbeams shine
All the happy day;
Where the smiling flow'rets twine,
'Tis the Temperance way.
Come, oh, come, and with us tread
Where the skies are bright o'erhead.

SECOND GIRL.

In the morning of our life
Onward we will go,
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
Where the sunbeams glow.
Temperance paths are safe and blest,
Calm and fair, and ever best.

THIRD GIRL.

In the ways of Drink are woes,
Perils, wounds, and tears;
There the heart in shadow knows
Bitter grief and fears.
Leave the road of wrong and night,
Choose ye freedom, choose the light.

FOURTH GIRL.

Here is sunshine glad as May,
Here doth music sound;
Voices loving, voices gay,
Ring good news around.
Temperance ways with Hope are sweet,
Heartsease twineth round our feet.

FIFTH GIRL.

Some may tempt us to forsake
This, the Temperance way:
But this path we'll ever take,
And unfeared say
Unto Drink, where'er we go,
One and all, for ever 'No!'

SIXTH GIRL.

Start with us this happy hour,
Join the glad and free,
Shaking off Drink's darksome power
Through all years to be.
With the band of Temperance move
Up the sunny ways of Love.

ALL.

Hand in hand the Temperance band
Onward, upward goes;
Heart to heart we'll do our part
Lifting shade of woes.
Calling, calling to the light,
To the sunlit road of right.

Why Tom Dean Took the Pledge.

Tom Dean was driving his master's children home one night. It was a close, still evening, and dark in the lanes between the high hedges. Tom was deep in thought. He had been persuaded to go to the temperance meetings which were often held in the village, and he was more than half-minded to join the good cause and take the pledge. But Tom was a sober lad, and said to himself, 'What's the use? I never drink anything to do me harm as it is, and how should I be the better for promising that I never would?' He was rather afraid of being laughed at, too, and of being thought a silly. He wanted to join, really, but he was a little afraid, as so many are, of taking the first step. Blackthorn was trotting out briskly, and Tom's thoughts were suddenly checked by the horse stopping suddenly and swerving to one side. The steep bank threw a dark shadow, and in it Tom could see nothing, and urged his pony on. But Blackthorn only moved a step, and swerved more to one side, and showed as plainly as he

could that he was not going on for anyone. Tom could not understand it, and gave him a sharp cut, which made him dance and throw up his head, but not one step forward did he go.

'There's something the matter!' said Tom, and down he jumped to see. A few paces in front of wise Blackthorn, quite hidden in the shadow, lay a long dark object in the road, Tom peered anxiously at it—was it a dead man? A horror crept over him—what should he see, and how should he tell the poor children, who were beginning to call out to know what was the matter? Blackthorn stood still enough, and Tom bent over the prostrate form, and uttered a growl of disgust when he found who it was—George Mason, lying perfectly unconscious in a drunken sleep, just where he had fallen. It was George Mason who had laughed at him the other day for going to the temperance meeting, and who had called him a milksop, and whose ridicule he dreaded, although he hardly liked to confess it to himself. And here lay George Mason, dead drunk on the highroad, in danger of being run over at any moment, his life saved by wise little Blackthorn.

Tom told the children what had happened, then he rolled George Mason, not too gently, into the hedge, where he was pretty safe, and mounting to the box again drove home with a fresh subject for his thoughts.

George Mason had said 'He could take care of himself! he wasn't going to tie himself down never to take a drop in moderation! etc., etc.,' and here he was lying out all night, helpless, incapable, owing his life to the pony, who was much, oh! so much the wiser of the two—'And the better of the two,' said Tom, as he patted Blackthorn's neck, when he was making him comfortable for the night.

'That's the drink for you and me, my Blacky!' cried Tom, as he saw the pony take a long drink of the water he had carried into his stable. 'I'll never taste no other, lest I come to lie on the roadside along with George Mason some fine summer night.'

And he never did. Tom took the pledge at the next temperance meeting, and before long he had persuaded George Mason to come with him too and give up the hateful drink. It was a bit of a pinch for him at the first, for it did not only mean doing without beer and spirits, but it meant breaking with his old companions and old habits—giving up a cheerful hour in a bright, warm public-house; it meant being called after in the street, and being laughed at by his old friends. But Tom and George stuck together, and they lived to be wise and faithful men, who prospered in life, and who were wont to say that they owed their first step on the ladder of life to little Blackthorn!

'The pony taught us a lesson, Tom/George would say; 'I know who had the best right to the name of brute that night!'

'Yes, we have learned to drink with the beasts since then,' Tom would answer; 'and if all men would drink what the good God has made for them and us and take nothing else, as they do, the world would be a happier and better place for millions.'

I think Band of Hope children will like to know that the story about Blackthorn is quite true, and that a poor, wretched, drunken man did indeed owe his life to the wise little pony.—'The Adviser.'

International Temperance

An excellent friend of the temperance cause, who, in addition to active service with the ordinary temperance societies, makes much effort to induce the churches within reach of his influence to take up this branch of the Christian enterprise, observed that

many persons attending places of worship did not attend temperance meetings or purchase temperance literature. After some consideration he decided that if a person would take sufficient interest to act as secretary—quietly take the names of persons above fourteen years of age who were abstainers, and supply them with a card of membership and quarterly circular—there are many who would willingly pay a penny a year, and by this means be kept in touch with the temperance world. He believed it would be an excellent way of retaining a hold on Band of Hope members, and keeping them interested in the work. In consequence, he named the matter to the executive of the British Temperance League, who, after inquiries, authorized the secretary to make the attempt. The name is ambitious, but it is hoped that the work will spread, and be helpful not only in the United Kingdom, but in other lands. The great difficulty is the simplicity of the scheme and the small subscription. There is no margin for large expenditure, and the work will have to make its way largely by its proved value. There is no committee needed, no public meetings required, only a genuine earnest secretary, who will, in the church he or she attends, look up the people, gather their pence, and then distribute the circulars as the quarters come round. It is earnestly hoped that the venture will be found of service in the widening and deepening of interest in the great work of the Temperance Reformation. — 'Temperance Record.'

The Non-Smoker's Song.

(Wm. Kitching in 'Temperance Record.')

Oh, who would be a chimney, boys,
The air with smoke to fill,
To dim the light, and bear the sight,
Just like a walking mill?

Oh, who would dull their senses, boys,
With that narcotic weed,
That Raleigh brought, who vainly thought
From bondage to be freed?

Oh, who would be a captive, boys,
To habits unrefined,
That dull the brain and nothing gain,
But enervate the mind?

Oh, who would seek temptation, boys,
Where Bacchus reigns supreme,
Where smokers drink, while glasses clink,
And life is but a dream?

Oh, who would waste their money, boys,
On what no profit brings?
No fruitful sheaves tobacco leaves
But mounts on sable wings.

I hate the smoke of city folk,
No pleasure 'tis to me;
From all the world if smoke upcurled,
No smoker would I be!
Clevedon, Somerset.

A gentleman said to us, 'I do not favor prohibition. It would be an injustice to the men in the business; besides, it would throw thousands out of employment.' We replied, 'You do not look at the issue from the right side. You take a contractor's view. Just before the war closed, a government contractor said in a car, "I do hope the war will not close under two years. I shall lose thousands of dollars; besides many men will be turned out of employment from the government works." A lady passenger, clad in robes of mourning, rose to her feet, and with a tearful voice said, "Sir, I have a brave boy and a husband sleeping the sleep of death in a soldiers' cemetery. I have only one boy left, and he is in front of the foe. Oh, God! I wish this cruel war would close now." He saw the point. Do you? It may be your boy or your girl, that will fall next victim to the drink 'industry' (?) Do you consider the 'trade' worth such a price? - If not, for your own sake, and for the sake of other fathers and mothers, stop the murderous traffic.—'Irish League Journal.'