

IT IS COMING.

BY M. FLORENCE MOSIER.

Do you hear an ominous muttering as of thunder gath'ring round?
Do you hear the nation tremble as an earthquake shakes the ground?
'Tis the waking of a people—'tis a mighty battle sound.

Do you see the grand uprising of the people in their might?
They are girding on their armour, they are arming for the fight,
They are going forth to battle for the triumph of the Right.

For the power of Rum hath bound us and the power of Rum hath reigned,
'Till baptismal robes of Liberty are tarnished, torn, and stained,
Till the struggling nation shudders as its forces lie enchained.

It has filled the scales of justice with unhallowed, blood-stained gold.
And her sword to smite crime's minions, now lies powerless in her hold.
For the serpent of the still hath wrapt around it fold by fold.

It hath trampled o'er the hearthstone and hath left it desolate;
It hath slain the wife and mother, it hath filled the world with hate;
It hath wrecked the noblest manhood and hath laughed to scorn the great.

Shall it longer reign in triumph, longer wear its tyrant crown?
Shall it firmer draw its fetters, firmer bind the nation down?
Shall this grand young country longer bow and tremble 'neath its frown?

No! let every heart re-echo; rouse, ye gallant men, and true!
Rouse, ye broken-hearted mothers! see the night is almost through;
Rouse ye, every man and woman—God is calling now for you.

—Southern Herald.

Tales and Sketches.

PAPER BULLETS FROM POLLY'S AMMUNITION-BAG.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mrs. Cynthia Berry to herself, looking out through the slats of the closed blinds of a front window. "What is Polly up to now? There she goes to Miss Trefethensen's door and leaves something, and now she's a-steerin' 'cross here, a paper in her hand."

The old lady's curiosity was not satisfied with a look through the blinds. That only aroused a desire to definitely know what might be Polly Cheeney's intention in thus visiting different houses. Mrs. Cynthia Berry never had the "rheumatiz" when she wanted to hurry off to obtain news, though she was quite sure to have it Sunday morning. It did not hinder her now from going to the door and inquiring:

"Polly, what on airth are you up to?"

"Oh! the young women in our Woman's Union want to do something for temperance, and I tell them we can fire off some paper bullets at the enemy; and I call this my ammunition-bag."

Polly now held up a bag stuffed with temperance papers.

"I am leaving these at the different houses, Aunt Cynthia," she added, calling the old lady by the name the neighbors had given her.

"Well, there's a target for you. See if you can hit him, Polly." Aunt Cynthia pointed at a sorry specimen of humanity strolling along in the shadow of a fence.

"Jason Howe! That is a hard target to hit," answered Polly.

"Jason, you know," said Aunt Cynthia, "is my nephew. And I tell sister Ann, who will harbor him, that the poorhouse is the place for such a vagabond."

Polly continued her walk, and Aunt Cynthia went back to her observation tower at the window-blind up-stairs to see if Polly would venture to approach Jason. She did venture, but it was a very timid approach.

"I was—leaving—these at—the houses—Mr. Howe," said Polly hesitatingly, "and I—would be—much obliged—if you would—take this—to your house."

Jason did not know whether to look offended or not when he saw "Temperance" at the head of the paper, conscious that he practiced the opposite; but was not Polly leaving the papers at *all* the houses? There was certainly nothing personal in the matter, he argued. He took the paper. There was a paragraph that caught Jason's eye as he turned away and walked toward his mother's: "There is for every one of us a round in a ladder just above our heads. No matter how low down we may be, there is a ladder right at hand by which we can climb up. Can't you find that ladder-round. Do you say you have tried? Put up your hand and pray. You will clasp the ladder-round."

The words went down into Jason's heart like a stone sinking into deep waters.

"Low down?" said Jason to himself. "God knows I am!" And the tears began to come to the eyes that ordinarily were reddened only by rum. He went into the house, but stayed not in the kitchen, where he was wont to spend his time at home, loafing behind the stove. He passed to his bed-room, and, throwing himself upon his bed, sobbed out his wretchedness. It was a new thing in his life to hear anything upon the subject of temperance apart from his mother's words, so fully had society given him up. It was the first time words about his need seemed to come home so forceful as those in the little paper, and the first that had gone so deep.

"Jason, what's the matter?" asked his mother, coming into his room. "Sick?" said the weary old heart.

Jason shook his head.

"What *can* be the matter?" wondered the anxious mother. "Something has struck in, sure. I don't know what to give him, camp-fire, laudanum, or penny-royal. Guess I must send for Cynthia."

Cynthia came and looked at the patient, who had nothing to say, but made a great deal of noise moaning. Cynthia shook her head. "Gin it up," she said; "gin it up, sister. But what's that?"

She noticed a paper clutched in Jason's hand, and stooped down to examine it. Then she went out into the kitchen, beckoning her sister after her.

"Ann," said Cynthia to her sister, "Jason has been hit by a paper bullet. That's the matter!"

Yes, he was seriously wounded. There upon his bed he lay, thinking his miserable life over. At last he arose and fell on his knees.

"I'll take hold of that round," he said. "P'raps God will help me climb."

And up into a new manhood, lifted by the hand of God, passed Jason Howe.—National Temperance Advocate.

BLUE BELLS, OR THE BOOTBLACK'S STORY.

BY MRS. M. ORRELL.

One fine morning as I was leisurely walking down Main street, with no particular object in view, my attention was attracted to a little bootblack. Some one in passing had dropped, or carelessly thrown away a small bunch of blue bells. My attention was first attracted to the little fellow by his stooping to pick them up, but what was my amusement to see him tenderly kiss them and then carefully fasten them in the button-hole of his faded jacket. My curiosity was aroused, I made up my mind to quiz the boy, so I walked up to him and asked him for a shine. I looked at the boy carefully, he was very small and very poorly dressed, he was pale and thin, and the large blue eyes looked as if they were full of unshed tears.

"Half-a-dim," he said, when he had put a fine polish on my shoes.

I took out a quarter, and said, as I balanced it on my forefinger. "Here is ten cents for the shine and fifteen cents for those flowers," pointing to the blue bells in his buttonhole.

He put his small hand over the flowers quickly, and gave a quick gasp.

"No, sir; I can't sell them, if I was starving I wouldn't sell a blue bell."

"And why not, my little man?" I enquired.

He looked at me so piteously that I was almost sorry I had asked him. I put my hand on his head and said:

"Excuse me for asking, you need not tell me unless you wish to, and you can keep the quarter besides."

He looked up at me a moment and then said:

"I like you, and if you care to listen I'll tell you."

"Of course I am anxious to hear why you love the blue bells."

"I will commence at the first and tell it all to you, but first let us go down there and set down," pointing to some dry goods boxes not far from where we stood.

We went, and after seating ourselves on a small box behind some larger ones, where we would not be observed, he took the blue bell bouquet and holding it carefully in his hand began by saying:

"It is just a year this month, and it has been such a long year I thought the blue bells never would come," and then he stopped and put his hand over his eyes as if trying to shut out some horrid sight; I did not interrupt his reverie. Presently he took down his hand, and said abruptly:

"My father was a drunkard. We once owned some fine property, I've heard mother say, but that was before I was born, for we have always been poor as far back as I can remember. Mother says that father drank up the farm, the oxen, horses, sheep, cows, hogs, furniture and everything else. We got so poor that mother had to go out and wash by the day to get food, for baby Bess and me to eat. We lived in a little log house a quarter of a mile from any one; it was about half a mile to town. Mother used to walk to town every day, except Saturday, to wash for somebody. On Saturday she washed for ourselves and ironed on Sunday."

"Sunday is the Lord's day, your mother certainly didn't work on the Sabbath!"

"Yes, sir, she had to. Mother said the Lord made six days for the saloon-keeper and one for himself, but he forgot to make a day for the drunkard's wife. She said the saloon-keepers had confiscated the Lord's