

SELECTIONS.

ONLY.

Free from all care in his boyish play,
A face as the sunlight, cheery and
gay;
The pride of a mother whose arms
entwine—
Only a sip of his father's wine,
A growing knowledge with manhood's
strength,
A mind far-reaching in wisdom's
length;
A smile for the merry, for the grieving
a tear
Only a glass of foaming beer,
Shining in circles of mirth and song,
A love of the right, and a hatred of
wrong;
A friend to be sought for whose
friendship is gain
Only a toast in the bright champagne,
In the manly face a line of care,
Some silver threads in the dark-brown
hair;
A cloud on the brow, in the eye, alas!
Only an occasional social glass,
A figure bent in the noon of life,
A weeping mother, a pleading wife;
A weakened brain, and a mind grown
numb—
Only a drink of the fiery rum,
A squalid room in an attic high,
A pain-wrought moan, a pitiful cry;
A bundle of rags 'neath the rafter's
gloom—
Only a dying drunkard's home,
A coffin of pine, unfinished and rude,
A widowed mother with starving
brood;
A lonely ride o'er the rattling pave—
Only a pauper's nameless grave,
*Charles Eugene Banks, in The Banner of
Gold.*

THE TEMPERANCE STAR.

The streets were rife with jovous life,
For the Christmas time was near;
But into our rum-ruined home
There crept no sign of cheer,
As I sat alone in the darkness,
And looked through the coming years,
My heart was full of sorrow,
And my eyes were full of tears,
Then I thought of the shepherds that
kept their flocks
On the plains of Galilee,
How their hearts sent up that longing
cry
For the Christ that was to be,
And I thought how the glory of God
came down,
Till the night shone like the day;
Of the wise men's journey by night
and the star
That guided them all the way,
And my heart sent up its longing cry
To the God who answered them:
"Lord, into the dark night of my life
Send a star of Bethlehem."
I heard a step far down the walk,
A firm and ringing tread;
It reminded me of John's glad step,
The day that we were wed,
The moon slipped in and spread her
robe
Upon the poor bare floor,
Till I thought of the streets in the City
of Light,
And—John stood at the door,
There was a new light in his eyes,
So tender and so proud;
And a ribbon shone on his ragged coat,
Like a star against a cloud,
A little, silken, Templar badge
That lighted all the gloom,
And changed to a palace, grand and
fair,
The dingy little room,
We did not speak a single word,
But we knelt by the children's bed;
"God help me to keep it always bright"
Was all the prayer he said,
The moon crept through the narrow
pane,
And fell like a blessing down;
It touched wee Mary's flaxen hair,
Till it shone like a silver crown,
It kissed the baby where he lay,
In his lowly cradle bed,
"Thank God for the Star that rose to-
night"
Was all that my full heart said,
—Mrs. J. N. T.

MARRIED TO A DRUNKARD.

She arose suddenly in the meeting, and spoke as follows: "Married to a drunkard? Yes; I was married to a drunkard. Look at me! I am talking to the girls."

We all turned and looked at her. She was a wan woman, with dark, sad eyes, and white hair placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard I reached the acme of misery," she continued. "I was young, and oh, so happy! I married the man I loved, and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it, knew it, but did not understand it. There is not a young girl in this building that does understand it unless she has a drunkard in her family; then, perhaps, she knows how deeply the iron enters the soul of a woman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard—whether father, husband, brother or son. Girls, believe me, when I tell you that to marry a drunkard, to love a drunkard, is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and know. I have gained that fearful knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white? It turned white in a night; 'bleached by sorrow,' as Marie Antoinette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet the snows of seventy rest upon my head, and upon my heart. Ah! I cannot begin to count the winters resting there," she said, with unutterable pathos in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned, he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely little girls and a boy. Here her voice faltered, and we sat in deep silence listening to her story. "My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days; he had kept away from his home. One night I was seated beside my sick boy; the two little girls were sleeping in the next room, while beyond was another room into which I heard my husband go as he entered the house. The room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I do not know why, but a feeling of terror took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I arose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically, but no answer came. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength, and, throwing myself with all my force against the door, the lock gave way and the door flew open. Oh, the sight! the terrible sight!" she wailed out in a voice that hunts me now; and she covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them it was whiter and sadder than ever.

"Delirium tremens! You have never seen it girls; God grant that you never may. My husband stood beside the bed, his eyes gleaming with insanity, and in his hand a large knife. 'Take them away!' he screamed. 'The horrible things; they are crawling all over me! Take them away, I say!' and he flourished the knife in the air. Regardless of danger, I rushed to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There lay my children, covered with their life-blood, slain by their own father! For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of this terrible sorrow. I scarcely heeded the maniac at my side the man who had brought me all the woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wailings filled the air. The servants heard me and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them, he suddenly drew the knife across his own throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained the bodies of my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white, and my mind was so shattered that I knew no one."

She ceased! Our eyes were riveted upon her wan face. Some of the women present sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. We saw that she had not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotion to resume her story.

"For two years," she continued, "I was a mental wreck. Then I recovered from the shock, and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father was visited upon the child, and six months ago my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave; and as I, his loving mother, stood and saw the sod heaped over him, I said, 'Thank God! I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard,' and I turn-

ed into my desolate home a childless woman, one upon whom the hand of God had rested heavily.

"Girls, it is you I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I blasted mine; do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him! So much the worse for you; for, married to him, the greater will be your misery because of your love. You will marry and then reform him, you say. Ah! a woman sadly over-rates her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no match for the giant demon 'drink,' when he possesses a man's body and soul. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you, too. It is to save you, girls, from the sorrows that wrecked my happiness that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it; and I have a message to bear to every girl in America never marry a drunkard!"

I can see her now, as she stood there amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing, and her frame quivering with emotion, as she uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out, and we never saw her again. Her words, 'fitly spoken,' were not without effect, however, and because of them there is one girl single now. *From Touching Incidents.*

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(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.)

GOOD TEMPLAR BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

The Good Templar Benefit Association of the Grand Lodge of Canada has been established for the purpose of enabling Good Templars to provide for themselves and their families the benefits and protection of Life Insurance within the Order, and at a reasonable cost.

The Insurance Benefits provided by the Association are:

(1) Insurance Benefit, limited to \$500, \$1000, \$2000 or \$3000, payable at death (before 70th birthday) to beneficiaries named in certificates; or

(2) Annuity payable upon each of ten successive birthdays, beginning with the seventieth.

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Full particulars about this important department of Good Templar work may be obtained by applying to one of the officers of the Benefit Association. Bro. John E. Wilson, of Toronto, is President, and Bro. Thos. Lawless, of Toronto, is Secretary-Treasurer.

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