



INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

## COME, AND HELP US.

BY NEWMAN HALL.

We fight against beer, wine and gin,  
Chief abettors of sorrow and sin:  
Come, follow our flag! let none of us lag!  
The battle we're certain to win.

Hurrah for our cause good and true!  
To aid us we surely want you!  
Love never must pause in the temperance  
cause,  
God helping we'll carry it through.

## INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

Do you think that the innocent babe in her sister's arms would ever become such a looking man as this is? See the old drunkard giving the baby some of the horrid stuff that makes him a sot.

An artist once looked around for the finest face he could find for a picture. He saw a little boy, so beautiful and innocent that he thought he could not find a prettier face anywhere. He took the boy's picture and painted it. When he had finished it, he thought he would like to have a picture of the worst looking person he ever saw. It was a long time before he could find one to suit him. At last he saw a drunken man lying in the gutter. He looked so wretched that the artist said: "That is the very picture I want." He went to work, and when the picture was finished, he placed it beside

that of the little boy. A gentleman, who had known the little boy and the man, one day said to the artist: "Do you know that the man in the gutter was once that little boy whose picture is so beautiful? I have known him ever since he was a child."

Now, look at the picture again, and resolve never to drink anything that can make you drunk.

## BABY WILLIE'S SUNBEAMS.

Little Willie laughed and clapped his hands, and then stretched them out to catch the pretty sunlight that streamed in upon his bed in the crib.

All the children laughed, and Charley said: "Silly baby."

"Not so silly, after all; it is a very pretty thought," said mamma. "It's what God wants all his children to do—catch the sunbeams. Look at baby's face and see." And, sure enough, the little fellow had bent his head forward until the golden light was on his rosy cheeks and bright curls.

"I think I know what mamma means," said Louie, looking into the baby's laughing face. "She means catch the—the happy, and be glad instead of cross."

"That is it," said mamma. "There is happiness all around us. If we try to catch it for ourselves, and make others happy too, will not that be like sunshine?"

Yes, and if things do not go just right, we can call it cloudy weather; but we can be cheery, and so make sunbeams."

## THE GLASS OF GIN; OR, WHEN IT IS SAFEST TO RUN.

"Go the other way! go the other way!" cried Mr. Grace, a thoughtful neighbour, as Samuel Hawkes was about to get over the fence into Mr. Benson's orchard. Sad complaints had been made of the boys for pelting the fruit trees, and Mr. Grace would have felt ashamed of any Sunday scholar who would dare to take what belonged to another.

Mr. Grace had a good opinion of Samuel Hawkes, for he was a steady lad; but he thought that the temptation might be too much for him, so he persuaded him to take the other path.

"Samuel," said he, "listen to me. I once saw a man running from the door of a saloon, while two or three other men were hallooing after him. Aye, thought I, this fellow has been drinking, and is running away without paying for his liquor. Presently, however, I overtook the man, and asked him what made him run away so fast from the tavern door?"

"Why, sir," said he, "not a very long time ago I was a sad drunkard; my wife and children were in rags, and I was about going to jail, when a good friend stepped forward and agreed to save me from prison, if I would promise never to drink another glass of spirits as long as I lived. Up to this hour the promise I then made has not been broken. Having walked a long way to-day, I called at the door of the house yonder for a draught of water; but no sooner had I drunk it, than an old companion of mine came up, and offered to treat me with a glass of gin. Having drank my glass of good pure water, and seeing the landlord pouring out the gin, I fairly took to my heels, for I know too much of my own heart to trust myself. If I were to pause, and stop to talk in a place of temptation, it would be too strong for me; but so long as I can run away from it, I am safe."

"Well, thought I, I must take example from this man, and run away from temptation whenever it approaches me. Now it will be a good thing, if you will do just as he did; for a boy is as likely to be tempted by a cherry-checked apple, as a man is by a glass of gin."

Time is short. These boys and girls will not long be children. They will grow up. They may get "too big for Sunday-school." You have then but an hour a week for a short period. Then let there be no dawdling, no foolish or trivial discussion. Press the main points of Christian teaching. Remember that eternal destinies may hang on these fast-receding opportunities.