

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

BY REV. R. STRACHAN, COLDWATER.

O and labour for the master,
Work is pressing, haste away.
He hath called thee, do not falter—
Let not aught make thee delay;
Fields of usefulness are open,
And the labourers are few.
Some need wait, for each is bidden,
And there's work for all to do.

Every one that will may labour;
Every one good seed may sow;
And on every faithful sower
God a blessing will bestow.
Go, then, be a willing worker,
True to God in word and deed;
Be for him a zealous sower,—
Scattering the precious seed.

Sow the seed beside all waters,
Fill thy hand with precious grain;
He that liberally scatters,
Great increase receive again.
Morn and eve continue sowing,
Watch and work and wait and pray.
Be not weary in well-doing,—
Work while yet 'tis called "to-day."

Though thou goest forth with weeping,
Lest thy work should be for naught,
Thou shalt come again rejoicing
That through thee the Lord hath
wrought;
That the bread cast on the waters
Hath appeared to thee again;
That the seed so freely scattered,
Yields rich sheaves of golden grain.

Labour, then, the world to better,
And the Master's cause maintain;
Earnest, faithful, patient labour
In the Lord is not in vain.
As thy day so shall thy strength be;
Grace sufficient from the Lord
Will be given to assist thee,
And His love will thee reward.

Be encouraged in thy labour;
He'll reward thy toil and pain
With His everlasting favour,
And with Him in life you'll reign.
Wise are they that love and serve Him,
Like the firmament they'll shine.
Labour to lead others to Him.
'Twill enhance thy bliss divine.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.



WE have pleasure in quoting the following passage from the Rev. J. C. Seymour's *Temperance Battle Field*, a book that we would like to see in the hands of every boy and girl in Canada:

A German spoke at a temperance meeting: "I shall tell you how it was. While I was drinking, I put my hand on my head, there was von big pain. Then I put mine hand on my pody, and there was another. There was very much pains in all my pody. Then I put my hand in mine pocket, and there was nothing. I joined de temperance. Now there ish no more pain in mine head. The pains in my pody are all gone away. I put mine hand in my pocket, and there ish twenty tollars; so I shall shtay mit de temperance." It would be well for people's pockets, as well as their health, if they would all join and "shtay mit de temperance," too.

A medical gentleman was taking a walk in Regent's Park, London, when he observed an old man seated upon one of the benches by the roadside, whom by his dress he recognized as a pauper belonging to the Marylebone Poor-house. The gentleman stopped and spoke to him. "It's a pity," said

he, "to see a man of your years reduced to spend the remainder of your life in a poor-house. How old are you?" "Close upon eighty, sir." "What was your trade?" "Carpenter, sir." "Well, that's a good trade to get a living by, surely. Now let me ask you plainly, were you in the habit of taking intoxicating liquors?" "No, sir—that is, I only took my beer three times a day like all the rest—I was never a drunkard, sir, if that's what you mean." "No, I don't mean that, but I should like to know how much on the average your beer cost you per day?" "Well, sir, not more, I should think, than sixpence a day." "And how long did you, speaking roughly, continue that expenditure?" "I can hardly say, sir, but it would be about sixty years." The gentleman taking out his pencil, began to make a calculation, while the old man kept on rambling about his temperate habits, and the misfortunes that had overtaken him. When the sum had been worked out, the gentleman, very much to the astonishment of his listener, said to him: "Temperate, as you say your habits have been, my friend, let me tell you, that your sixpence a day for sixty years, at compound interest, has cost you *three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling*, and if, instead of spending it on your beer, you had put it aside for your old age, you would now have been in the receipt of *one hundred and sixty pounds* a year without touching the principle, or in other words, of *three pounds a week*, in place of living in a poor house and being dressed as a pauper." That was an eye-opener to the old man, and if he had opened his eyes about it sixty years before, it would have been a good job for him.

Two drunken Irishmen were staggering along on the banks of the Liffey. Pat shouts, "Arrah! Tim, isn't whusky, mate, and drink, man?" With that he tumbled over into the river and stuck head foremost into the mud. "Yis," said Tim, "ye said that whusky was mate and drink, sure isn't it washing and lodging, too, Pat?" There is a great deal of trouble in poor Pat's country just now, about paying high rents to the landlords, but there ought to be a great deal more trouble about what is paid to the *bar-room landlords*. For every *fifty-seven dollars* the Irishman pays of rent for his land, he pays for whiskey *sixty-nine dollars*! If the Irish would get up an *Anti-whiskey League*, and raise a big rebellion against all this horrible drinking business, there would be some sense in it.

How much money do you think it costs the British Islands every year for drink? Seven hundred millions of dollars. That is too big a sum for boy or man to comprehend. Now, look at that freight car on the railway track. Suppose we fill it with half-dollars. We'll say, we will put fifteen tons of them in that car. Well, is that all? No, fill another car. Surely that will hold the 700 million. No, indeed, you may go on and fill twenty-five cars, and make up a heavy train that it will take a strong engine to pull. And you can with that 700 millions of dollars make up fifty such trains of twenty-five cars each, and each car containing fifteen tons of half-dollars. All this spent every year in Great Britain and Ireland for drink! The beer-mills of one single brewer

in England cover one hundred acres of land, and he has five miles of private railway, which he uses in sending out ten hundred thousand barrels of beer annually, while the profits of his business in one year was over two millions of dollars.

If the money they spend in a single year in the United States for drink, was used to buy barrels of flour, it would buy five barrels of flour for every man, woman, and child in the country. And suppose the flour were loaded on waggons, with ten barrels on each waggon, and allow each team twenty-four feet, it would form a procession ninety thousand miles long, or extending nearly four times around the globe! For every dollar it costs the American people for food, they pay two dollars and a half for intoxicating drinks. They drink up every year the worth of all the horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and hogs there are in the country. They spend every year on strong drink four times as much as it costs to purchase clothes, boots and shoes, hats, bonnets, stockings, and many other articles for all the men, and women, and children in the whole country. If every fifth year a fire should be kindled all over the United States on the first day of January, and burn till the thirty-first day of December, consuming all they raise on every farm and prairie, every rice, and cotton, and sugar plantation, the products of all the fisheries, the products of all the mines, the earnings of all the railroads, it would destroy no more than what the people drink up every five years. There are some sixty-three thousand churches in the United States, and eighty-three thousand ministers; but there are in the same country two hundred and fifty thousand grogshops, and five hundred thousand whiskey sellers. There is thirty times as much money spent every year in drinking-places in that country as is given to all church and benevolent purposes. In one year their drink bill would build four times as many churches, and as large and as good, as they have now in the whole land. There is not a doubt that our own Dominion has lost as much through drink, in the last five years, as would more than pay all the expenses of building the entire Pacific Railway!

NO WARMTH IN ALCOHOL.

DURING the extreme cold winter of January last a man was found leaning upright against a railing in London frozen to death. This circumstance led an English admiral to write a letter to *Public Opinion*, in which he says:

"I would not impute an improper use of spirits to the watchman found frozen, but I can unhesitatingly say that, from my own experience, nothing would be more likely to cause a stoppage of the heart than for a person, after taking a draught of spirits in a comfortable temperature, suddenly to expose himself to such a biting cold as we have lately had."

The admiral was a member of the last Arctic committee, and says that the witnesses before it were unanimous in the opinion that taking spirits to keep out cold is a fallacy, tea and coffee being much better. He concludes his letter by saying:

"Seamen who were with me in the Arctic regions, after one day's experi-

ence in rum-drinking, came to the conclusion that tea, which was the only beverage I used myself, was much preferable; and they quickly derived great advantage from its use while undergoing hard work and considerable cold. If cabmen, watchmen, and others exposed to the weather would give up *entirely* the use of spirituous liquors, and use hot tea or coffee, I can promise they would be better fortified to withstand the cold, enjoy more comfort, and have more shillings to take home on Saturday night."

STOP AND WEIGH.

ONE morning, an enraged countryman came into Mr. M.'s store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M.," said the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts; and that's the young villain that I bought 'em of, pointing to John."

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply.

"You lie, you young villain!" said the countryman, still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs you would have found that I put in the walnuts gratis."

"Oh, you gave them me, did you?"

"Yes, sir, I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well, now, if you ain't a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would stop to weigh things before they blame others.

"Think twice before you speak once" is an excellent motto.—*Christian World*.

HER NAME.

"I'M lost!" Could you find me please?"

Poor little frightened baby! The wind had tossed her golden fleece, The stones had scratched her dumpled knees,

I stooped, and lifted her with ease, And softly whispered, "Maybe;

"Tell me your name, my little maid, I can't find you without it." "My name is Shiny-eyes," she said, "Yes, but your last!" She shook her head. "Up to my house 'ey never said A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "What is your name?" "Why, didn't you hear me told you! Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came, "Yes, when you're good; but when they blame

You, little one—is't just the same When mamma has to scold you!"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans, A little blush ensuing, "Cept when I've been a-frowning stones, And then she says (the culprit owns), 'Mehitable Sapphara Jones, What has you been a-doing?'"

—ANNA F. BURNHAM in *May Wide Awake*.

To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer.—*Fenelon*.