

mingling with Friends there in a religious and social capacity made us thankful for the opportunity.

JOSHUA B. WASHBURN.

THE DAWNING.

Dark was the night, but the morn is approaching,
 Far in the east doth the dawning appear,
 And its red gleam now stirs up our soul's deep emotion,

While the votaries of darkness now tremble with fear.

Long has the night been, and fearful its visions,
 Glad will we wake from this night-mare of woe,

When the blood of the mother, the wife and the daughter
 Were poured at the feet of this merciless foe.

O Rum is a tyrant most potent and cruel,
 He taketh his victims from cottage and hall;
 At first with a honey-like nectar he feeds them,
 But soon they discover 'tis worm-wood and gall.

The youth in his strength, and the maiden all beauty,
 Are marked by this demon for sorrow and care,

For, like unto Molock of Biblical story,
 He feeds on the blood of the young and the fair.

O Rum is a fiend, for the home he has blighted,
 The tears of the woman he laugheth to scorn,
 And drags down the father from all that is noble,
 And curseth the infant before it is born.

Oh! lovers of Temperance, our cause is a true one,
 Then be not disheartened whatever betide;

Though fierce be the struggle, you're certain to win it,
 For God and the right are arrayed on your side.

The prayer of the mother, the cry of the daughter,

The earnest appeal of the true, loving wife,
 Ascend to the throne of the infinite Father,
 For help that will bring you success in your strife.

O glad will the morn be, and joyful the anthems
 Which then will arise to the Father above,

When in place of the tumult, the weeping and cursing,
 He sends us Peace, Happiness, Christ and Love.

EDWARD W. HARNED.
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FIRST-DAY SCHOOL NOTES.

Our First-Day School, which has been carried on very successfully through the spring and summer months, has now closed for the winter season. We all feel that it has been a great strength to us, especially this summer as it opened with brighter prospects in the spring, and the same interest has seemed to prevail all along. And now we hope that the winter's frost may not blight that interest, but that we may meet again in the spring with renewed energies for the work. We have now organized a Reading Circle, in which we use the Lesson Leaves, thus keeping up with the beautiful lessons given us.

I send an address written by Bertie Wilson, which was read at the closing of our school:

DEAR FRIENDS:—As the time approaches when we must cease, for a time, our active labors in the First-day School, we are naturally led to reflect on the work of the season about to close, and in so doing we shall doubtless be able to recall many, if not all our efforts, as laden with rich rewards and, I trust, true pleasure and enjoyment, which are invariably the result of faithful performance of duty, great or small.

Our number, although small on many occasions, was composed of earnest workers, whose interest in the welfare of the younger members, and in