THE POWER OF THE PEN.

I sing of the pen, that marvel to men-All over the world, The wonderful power of the pen is unfur led Silent and slow its kingdom will grow And seize as its dower The throne of the despots Dominion and power.

Tis the pen-the pen shows the why and the when And wherefore of all that is done! Of right things and wrong things under the sun: 'Tis the pen digs the grave of the slave driving

As all men may see, Earth's millions of friends by the pen are set free

The pen makes our laws, and strikes out the clause, Which tampers with Right,
While states nen and senates bow to its might,

For stronger than force, the pen cleaves its course Where armies are vain-All powerful on land, supreme on the main

When in triumph displayed, and in glory arrayed The day shall appear To pruning-hooks melting the sword and the

And brotherhood smiles over nations and isles, And through hamlet and glen —
Songs of praise shall resound to the wonderful

Ever buoyant in youth, sweet Peace and fair Truth Shall set up their reign.

And spread far and wide the power of the pen. The peaceable pen its stand shall maintain
Till the world is o'erspread,
And paradise smiles in life from the dead.

The music of earth had its primitive birth When melody woke, When bymnings of harmony suddenly broke. Now millions of tongues join in rapturous songs, Which angels may ken As echoes from Bethlehem, caught by the pen

O wonderful pen, push onwards thy reign! Sway thy sceptre to prove
The power that subdues is the Gospel of love. Let goodwill and peace go on and increase Sweet children shall sing the power of the pen.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

DR. RIDGEWAY ON INTEMPER-ANCE.

This able Chicago preacher was asked to explain from his pulpit the causes of the prosperity of the wicked and their general success as compared with men seeking to be righteous. We give people. It can not be reckoned among a part of his admirable discourse.

2.1 shall be told no human foresight or skill can provide against casualties. Admit it. Allow that "our times are in God's hands." Still, we do know as well as we know any thing that intelligence, industry and honesty do provide us against many ills from which we might otherwise suffer? We see a Steamship Company, like the Cunard, which, in its whole history of about half a century, has never lost a steamer, at least in the American line. Ah! the Cunarders are lucky! Luck! It is care, painstaking care, moral and commercial bonesty. Captain Martyn of the Java told me that each steamer has at the docks in Liver pool a duplicate for every part of its machinery; that after every voyage the boilers are not only examined, but the whole engine taken to pieces, and if a flaw is found in any piece or in the shaft, it is replaced by its duplicate. The hands are regularly drilled when at the docks in Livverpool in extinguishing fires, &c. Who hears of tumults or disobedience such as was on the Ville du Havre, on a Cunard steamer? Every precaution is taken to insure the safety of the travelling public. Such is the explanation; not good fortune. God helps the brave and the honest, those who feel and act up to their responsibility and His laws.

I could follow out this line of illustration indefinitely, nor can I dismiss it without reference to the cause of suffering to good persons, in which there is a direct accountability of the State. mean the liquor traffic. The very atmosphere is rife with its pernicious effects. The deadly blight is upon every thing. There is scarcely a family which in some of its branches is not affected by it; not a business vocation which is not invaded by it. It is the one great curse of Christian civilization, and especially of the Anglo-Saxon races. So appalling are its effects that the wisest men of England and America are beginning to tremble for less it can be either destroyed or very such person may be from participation in

greatly abated. An eminent gentlemen in England, writing for the most advanced thought of his country, says: "It is impossible indeed, that any Christian, any patriot, any man, woman or child, not utterly lost in selfishness, or warped by prejudice, should state of things." Even so high a functionary of the realm as the Archbishop of Canterbury moves in the House of Lords an inquiry into the subject; a thing hitherto unknown. Three fourths of the crime, three-fourths of the pauperism, and as the Earl of Shaftesbury thinks, sixty per cent of the lunacy of England is due to strong drink. Besides these the jails of England might be closed.

The same painful facts confront us in our own otherwise happy country. When I look at the extent of our territory and the sparseness of population, the richness and variety of our soil, the sample resources of our mines, our forests and our rivers, the increasing facilities of trade, manufactures and agricultural, I do affirm that there ought not to be a case of want in the whole land. And I would engage, if my fellow citizens would agree to abolish the manufacture, sale and importation of intoxicating drinks, to support at the expense of the Christian Churches all the poor of our country.

I do not wish to call hard names or denounce any class of men, but would calmly call your attention to the statistics published and sent broadcast in the community. With an annual income to the citizens of the Nation for 1870 of \$7.009. 313,989, there was yet Want stalking and piteously pleading among us! This would give \$175 for every inhabitant. What is the trouble?

In 1871, a year later, the sale of liquors in the United States amounted to a grand total of \$600.000.000. The receipts from animals slaughtered and sold for slaughter, home manufactures, forest productions, market garden products, and orchard products amounted to \$527,242,403, thus making the cost of the nation's drink bill for the same period \$92,182,707 more than the value of these staple articles. The food and food preparation of the United States cost in 1870 \$780,475,242, \$161,050,132 more than the drink bill; and if we should count the liquor consumed for which no tax was paid, it would be safe to conclude that the people of the United States spent more money in 1870 for intoxicating drink than for food! And nearly twice as much as for clothing more than seven times as much as for

Now, liquor is not necessary to the the great staples. But were it a mere luxury, this vast expenditure might be borne. In advancing civilization, luxury is by no means to be eliminated as an evil. cent indulgence, it would be a folly, in view of our great debt and its consequent burden; but spent to produce ignorance, crime, poverty and irreligion, it passes folly and becomes a crime! We say to this great, young nation: Grow, be strong, outstrip all the nations of the earth in civilization, &c., and with our own hands we cut the sinews of our

There are so many ways in which the use of alcoholic liquors bear even upon those who do not use them that it constitutes a vital element in this discussion.

Food, clothing, schooling, religious privileges, social standing, firm health. all are largely denied to the wives and the children of drunkards, and that for no fault of the innocent sufferers. To the deprivations of such must be added the bodily wounds and the heart-wounds inflicted by husbands and fathers brutalized by drink. In Great Britain, where statistics have been more carefully compiled, it is estimated that in England and Wales misery is directly entailed upon 2,500,000 human beings by drink; and I fear many parts of our country would make the same showing.

The quantity and quality of labor are seriously affected by this traffic; and a lessening of the products of labor dimin ishes the chances of a support for every the stability of the free institutions uc- innocent person in the land, however free us. the use of liquor. There is, first of all, the large force employed in the manufac ture and sale of liquors, who might be employed in raising corn, wheat, cotton and other necessary commodities, they occupying more of our vacant territory and putting it under cultivation, and so be able to rest content with the existing by enlarging the quantity of products reduce the price, thereby helping the comparatively poor to a better subsistence. There is the large number of those who. wholly unfit for work because of drink ; those who are able to work only a part of the time; those who are not able to do as efficient service because of brain and nerve disturbances; and the general derrangement of business by the unreliable. figures, there is the private, suppressed ness of the drinker, &c. All of which suffering, where in unknown homes or in diminishes the results of work to those ways unrecognized by law, the sorrow, who are directly concerned and to the shame and privation caused by this evil community generally. You and I, and ty," "H-o-r-s e," horse," commenced Pat. prevail. Only last week I read in the the poor seamstress in the garret who is "Not horse-tility," said the teacher, " but Loudon News where Lord Coleridge said stitching her life away; the poor girl who hostility." "Sure," replied Pat, "an' in one of his charges that drink was the for the whole day is at the pedal of the did'nt ye tell me, the other day, not to

eaten and worn as this disturbing element subtracts from the general wealth. The same fact is seen when thousands of men are kept in standing armies and produce nothing, and this is the season European countries are so hard for the poor. Our standing army that is consuming the vitals of the poor is the vast rank and file of liquor dealers and drinkers. They eat up and drink up that surplusage which would keep the best Pomeroy coal blazing on every hearth, would fill every closet with the best flour, put warm clothing upon every back, would send every boy and girl to school in the land, would place a house of worship in every community, and would replace the asylums and reformatories for youth, with factories and seminaries of

It may be said that the liquor traffic

gives employment to a large number of people who would have to be otherwise employed, and would consequently render the other trades more crowded and reduce the price of labor. True: but as I have said, let these men, or others of equal number, go to the fields. Or if labor is cheapened, then cotton, corn, sugar, dry goods, boots and shoes, &c., will also be cheapened. As a rule, the price of labor regulates the price of everything else. But the liquor traffic, for the amount of money expended in it, gives fewer persons employment than any other business. One hundred dollars will give a tailor work for 8 25.40 days, while it will not give one man one day's work in selling liquor! Let me give you an incident which has come to my knowledge since entering your city In a certain factory on a certain street, the engineer one day left his engine to go out to take one of his customary drinks While out he lingered longer than usual over his cups. The master of the establish. ment chanced to go out into the engineroom and found the steam at a point which endangered the boiler, he instantly threw the furnace door open and prevented injury. Had the boiler exploded killing several innocent persons, there would have been suffering which some minister would have been called upon to reconcile with The luxuries of the rich give employment | the goodness of God. When the engineer to the laboring classes. But the effects | returned the employer gently reprimanded of liquor are such that it demoralizes; it | him, and said that the same thing must is an element of positive destruction. It not occur again, that he must cease going is very safe to say that in every year, from out to drink or give up his place. The man 1861 to 1874, more money was spent for | concluded it would be wise to obey; he alcoholic drinks than would pay the an- | saw that the practice was a hazardous one nual war expenses. Again, the money all round. He said he would quit drink now spent for strong drinks, if devoted to for a given time. He did so and there was the liquidation of the national debt, would no further complaint. But he found at pay it all off in less than three years. If | the end of the specific time he and his enthis vast expenditure were for mere inno- gine were not only safer, but that he had saved a respectable sum of money, which had hitherto gone in three or four or five drinks a day. He said to himself, why not save this drink-money altogether? He did so; and to-day, as a result of the money thus saved and judiciously invest ed, he is the owner of several good, substantial houses. Instead of a possibly exploding boiler, a probably besotted drunkard, a certainly wretched wife and shivering hapless children-a happy fami ly and good little fortune for old age! Such cases might be multiplied, and all of you could cite in an instant the reverse

It is easy to show that at least two thirds of the paupers whom we support; twothirds of the criminals whom we employ the police to regulate, prisons to keep, and Sheriffs to hang, are made by strong drink. It is easy to show that this traffic bars the school-house to a large proportion of the children of the land, and that it is the great hindrance to the work of religion among the people.

I am asked what of all this? I say this suffering could be prevented by us, if in a large measure we could stop it, then we, we the good citizens, the patriotic people of America, have no right to lay it at the door of Divine Providence. We ought to be fair and just toward God before we charge him with injustice toward

IMPORTUNATE PRAYER.

Mr. Moody says: "When my little girl is playing on the floor, and comes to me and says: 'Papa, I want some water,' and then goes right on with her playing again, as if she did'nt care anything about it, I don't go and get it. She may come to me the second and the third time but so long as she acts in that way I am in no hurry to put down my book to go after it. But when she leaves all her playthings and comes to me and insists on having a drink, and having it now, then I know she really wants it, and I do not delay getting it any longer."

A pedagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell "hostiliuniversal cause of crime, and but for it clattering sewing-machine, are paying for say hoss? Be jabers, it's one thing wid this waste, just as much more for what is 'ye one day, and another the nixt."

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

Late, late, so late ! and dark the night, and chill Late, late, so late! but we can enter still! Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now No light had we; for that we do repent,

And learning this the Bridegroom will relent Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now No light ! so late ! and dark and chill the night

Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet Oh let us in, that we may kiss his feet;
Too late! too late—ye cannot enter now

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

We noticed the other day the beautiful picture of The Mitherless Bairn. " Leisure Hours" says:

We take scarcely less pride than pleasure in presenting our subscribers with this fine steel engraving. In execution, in subject, in teaching, it is alike excellent. Each figure, each detail, is full of suggestion, and will repay careful study. The picture will not only be a beautiful ornament to every home, but will constantly show forth how good and gracious a thing is charity, how pleasant it is to see hearts warming and hands opening to 1" Mitherless Bairn."

The following lines, descriptive of The Mitherless Bairn," are the production of a true son of genius, William Thom, a poor weaver, in Inverary, a small village in the North of Scotland: When a'ither bairnies are hushed to their hame, By aunty, or cousin, or frecks granddame,

Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly for-'T is the purr, dowie laddie-the mither-

less barin

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head: His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn. An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there

O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair; But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless and stern. That loe mae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly-rocked Now rests in the mools where their mam

While the faither toils sair his wee bannock to earn. An' kens nae the wangs o' his mitherless

Her spirit that passed in your hour o' his Still wathes his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,

Recording in heaven the blessings they earn, Wha couthilie deal wl' the mitherless

O speak him nae harshly-he trembles

He bends to your bidding and blesses your In the dark hour o' anguish the heartless

That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

A NOBLE ACT.

A recent number of the Family Treas. ury gives a very interesting account of the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the popular Methodist preacher of London, and author of those queer but excellent books 'Dan iel Quorm" and "Mister Horn and His Friends," in which we find a little story which will please our little readers, and furnish them a good example to imitate. The writer says: "There is a story told of Mark when just seven years old, being put into his first pair of trousers; and because of the manly strut he assumed, making everybody know of the wonderful change that had come over him, he was dubbed 'Little Breeches.' It was the day before Christmas, and young Pearse set off for a walk in the woods, to gather moss for a Christmas tree. He wandered on until he lost his father's son, and wondered if he would ever be found again. He began to think of the Babes in the Wood, and would have cried, but remembered they were babes, and not men that wore trousers; and so he set off to find his way, when he was startled by seeing a poor lad with ragged trousers, and looking half dead with cold and hunger. 'How cold you must be! Why havn't you a fine pair of trousers like me? I am sure old Nan cy would make you a pair.' But the poor lad told sorrowfully how his mother was dying of hunger. The doleful tale made the lads cry together.

It ended in the young philanthropist making the starving lad go with him home, where the father and mother were surprised to see their pet and his Protege hand in hand. Mark told such a piteous tale that, in the end, the gardner was dis patched with a basket of provision and a lot of firewood; but before he started, in 1877. came Mark Guy with his petticoats on

again and his new trousers in his land begging that they might be sent for the poor lad. No small sacrifice this for him to make; and those of us who know him best can see that in the 'child was the ather of the man.' "

A PARABLE.

I held in my hand a little dry tree. an infant hemlock. Had it lived a century it might have towered above all the forests, and held up its head in majesty. But it grew on a sort of boo. and a muskrat. digged his hole under it, bit off its roots, and it was dead It was full of limbs and knots and gnarls, and I felt curious to know how it happened that it was so.

"Poor fellow! If you had all these limbs and knots to support, I don't wonder vou died."

"And with my roots, which were my mouths with which to feed, all cut off

"Yes but where do all these ugly limbs come from?" said I.

"Just where all ugly things come from," said he "I am pretty much like you men. Find out where my limbs come from, and you will find where all human sins come from."

"I'll take you at your word, sir."

So I took out my knife and peeled off all the bark. But the limbs and knots were left.

"You must go deeper than that sir." So I began to split and take off lavers

of wood layer after layer. But all the knots were there. "Deeper still," said the dry stick.

Then I split it all off and separated it: the heart was laid bare; it looked like a small rod about six feet long, and perhaps an inch through at the large ends. Ah! and I was not surprised to see that every limb and knot and guard started in the heart. Every one was there, and every one grew out of the heart. The germ or the starting-point of each one was the centre of the heart.

OBITUARY

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MAR. GARET ROPER OF NORTH RIVER, P.E.I.

It is rarely that mortals behold such amiability of disposition, gentle of manner, and christian devotion, as were displayed, in the life and death of Miss

The many moral excellencies which adorned her character previously to conversion, were beautified and rendered more lovely by the sanctifying grace of

About four years ago just when emerging into womanhood, she yielded to the call of the Holy Spirit, and realized the sweet consciousness of sins forgiven,acceptance with God.

This most important moral event in her history took place in connection with some special services held at Little York, conducted chiefly by the Rev. W. Brewer.

It was the privilege of the writer while labouring on the Cornwall circuit to be come acquainted with this devoted young christian. At the first interview the impression was made, that she was too tender a plant to endure long the chilling blasts of this world. Her countenance plainly indicated that her nature was more angelic than earthly.

Never robust vet she had tolerable health until a few months before her departure. When convinced by the croachments of the insidious disease that she must soon bid adieu to earthly friends, she murmured not. but cheerfully gare up all to Jesus. While waiting submissively, for the coming of her Lord, she was ever ready and willing to speak of the hopes and comfort of true religion.

When in health she always loved talk of experimental religion-was ever at home in the class meeting. One of her expressions, not long before she died, was such as Christianity alone can enable har man beings to utter; How glorious is death! Sweetly reposing by faith, in the arms of Jesus, she often exclaimed "Is going home to die no more."

I am not suprised that Margaret Rope died so triumphantly. Her life was

Truly there must be much joy minded with the tears of the praying paren and other members of the family she they think of the meekness and gentle ness-the purity and heavenly minded ness of Margaret.

She left her earthly friends, for bolist ones above, on the first day of February

G. O. H. March 1877

FIFT

B. C. 894. LEPER

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