

**The Impatient Mother.**

UNLOAD the chair; caps, one, two, three,  
Mittens and scarfs accordingly  
A pile of coats all thrown about,  
Their pocket treasures all emptied out.

Marbles and tops, and tangled string,  
Pencils and pebbles and a sling;  
Slate rags? No, handkerchiefs! Behold,  
The tricks of boys are manifold.

Six muddy boots across the floor  
Their tracks I even now deplore;  
Yet as I set them up again  
My heart goes toward my little men.

All day these boots on tireless feet  
Have tracked along the muddy street,  
Or paced the school-room's closer bounds,  
Or tramped, for me, some tiresome round.

The caps and coats upon the chair  
Take on an almost life-like air,  
I hang them up full patiently,  
While softening thoughts come over me.

Upstairs those weary, childish heads  
Rest softly on their cosy beds,  
And now I think, remorsefully,  
How welcome nightfall is to me.

How often through the busy day  
I chide my children at their play—  
How often, weary and oppressed,  
Impatiently I long for rest!

And now I ponder, tearfully,  
How sad that time may be for me—  
For death might bring it, and at best  
There hastens on this time of rest.

The time will come when nevermore  
Shall children play about my door,  
Or noisy voices at their play  
Disturb me as they have to day.

**Grandmother is Come.**

THE very nice cut on the preceding page will remind many of our young friends of some happy days in their past history.

Grandmother, yes, dear grandmother; what is comprised in that one word, grandmother? There was joy of anticipation, and as the time drew near for arrival, how eagerly they watched for her coming,—almost flew to the door, nearly pulling her in, and just as soon as she was seated, how many covered her dear cheeks with kisses, and how glad they were to be kissed again, and yet again. How the big boys half envied their sisters, because that tyrant custom did not allow them to help take off grandmother's cloak.

Now turn to the picture. Grandmother has just taken her seat in the arm-chair, and her little grand-daughter is in the act of removing her bonnet. Judging from the position of grandmother's hand, she is not altogether free from doubt on the success of the performance; but she need not fear, for older eyes are watching the proceedings. Little John stands waiting for a chance to do something, while down at grandmother's side, little Curiosity has opened the box, and among other things, espies a big doll already dressed. Look how artful the effort to catch the brother's eye. Perhaps grandmother has come to spend the Christmas; what a good time all are expecting.

Pass from the joy of anticipation to the real joy of her presence. She is come; they love to look at her, to get into her lap, to put their arms around her neck, and true love kisses on her cheek. They feel they would like her to live with them all the time. How many of the readers of HOME AND SCHOOL will involuntarily sigh, when remembering the pleasure they had had Christmas in grandmother's presence. The chair she then occupied is now used by another, for grandmother has gone home to glory and to God. Well, she

cannot come to us, but we can go to her. Let the children so live, that when they die, whether in youth or old age, they may go to help grandmother sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, where they shall never more suffer the pain of parting.

"Grandmother is come" will ring out from many thousand little throats before this month is out. What jumping, and running, and shouting, "Ma, pa, grandma is come." Let all the little folks, and for that matter, large folks too, be kind to grandmother, and pray God to bless grandmother.

"Speak gentle to the aged one,  
Grieve not the care-worn heart,  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let such in peace depart."

**Destroy the Drink Traffic.**

A CENTURY and a-quarter ago, in the celebrated debate on the Gin Act, when the distillers flooded London with their poisonous liquors, drunkards lay in heaps on the streets, and the Government was defied by the mob, the Bishop of Oxford thus addressed the House of Lords: "Poisons, my lords, of all kinds ought to be confined to the apothecary's shop, when the master's character, and even his bread, depends upon his not administering too great a dose to any person whatever. Will you then commit the care of dispensing this poison to every ale-house keeper in the kingdom—I may say, to every man in the kingdom who is willing to pay half-a-crown to the justice and twenty shillings a year to the Government for a license? Will you enable them to dispense this poison at so cheap a rate that a poor thoughtless creature may get drunk for threepence, and may purchase immediate death for a shilling? . . . The increase of the sale of distilled spirits," he continued, "and the propagation of all kinds of wickedness are the same. . . . It has been found by experience that *nothing can restrain the people from buying these liquors but such laws as hinder them from being sold.*"

On the same occasion, Lord Chesterfield truthfully remarked: "Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but *vice prohibited*, let the difficulty of the law be what it will. None, my lords, ever heard, in any nation, of a tax upon theft or adultery, because a tax implies a license for the use of that which is taxed to all who are willing to pay for it. Would not such a tax be wicked and scandalous? . . . It appears to me that the number of distillers should be no argument in their favour, for I never heard that a tax against theft was repealed or delayed because thieves were numerous. It appears to me, my lords, that really if so formidable a body are confederate against the virtue of the lives of their fellow-citizens, it is time to put an end and to interpose while it is yet in our power to stop the destruction. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us at least, my lords, secure them from their fatal draught by *bursting the vials* that contain them. Let us crush at once these *artists in human slaughter*, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such a bait as cannot be resisted."

In more recent times, that distinguished justice, Lord Brougham, has thus expressed his opinion on the constitutionality of prohibition: "Intem-

perance," he says, "is the common enemy. The philanthropist has no more sacred duty than to mitigate, if he cannot remove this enormous evil. The lawgiver is imperatively bound to lend his aid, when it appears manifest that no palliatives can avail. Certainly we have the example of the United States to prove that repression is practicable, and their experience to guide us toward it." Mr. Gladstone himself, in the debate on the Sunday Closing Bill, stigmatized the drinking habits of Great Britain as "one of the greatest scandals, disgraces, and misfortunes of the country."—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

**The Brewer's Dog.**

THE brewer's dog is about, boys,  
Be careful where you stray;  
His teeth are coated with poison,  
And he's on the watch for prey.  
The brewery is the kennel,  
But he lurks on every hand,  
And he seeks for easier victims—  
The children of the land.

His eyes gleam through the windows  
Of the gay saloon at night,  
And in many a grocer's window  
He crouches full in sight.  
Be careful where you enter  
And, if you smell his breath,  
Flee as you would from a viper,  
For his fumes are the fumes of death.

O boys! would you kill the bloodhound?  
Would you slay the snarling whelp?  
I know that you can do it  
If every one will help.  
You must make a solemn promise  
To drink no ale or beer,  
And soon the feeble death-wail  
Of the brewer's dog we'll hear.  
For if all keep the promise  
You can starve him out, I know;  
But if boys and men keep drinking  
The dog will thrive and grow.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

**Table-Talk.**

BRIGHT, healthful table-talk is spice to the dinner, choice sauce to the supper, and happy is the family whose head and master knows how to encourage it.

It is not easy to give fixed rules for drawing forth appropriate conversation around the family board, no easier than to arrange a manual of courtship for the use of bashful lovers. Table-talk must be fresh and voluntary, or it will lose its charm. But this necessity does not preclude the adoption of general principles, nor does it exclude previous thought and provision; indeed it is desirable that some member of each family bear the responsibility of preparation in order to secure the best interchange of opinion and information at the table.

All subjects which may irritate should be carefully avoided, for a ruffled spirit is always hypercritical. Discussion may well be encouraged, but one of the participants—preferably the father or mother—should sufficiently control the expression of opinion to prevent the possible issue of a quarrel.

Nor should the talk be confined to one or two. In many American families one of two evils prevail: the little folks either sit in their places silent and repressed, while their elders discuss themes of which they have no understanding, or the children absorb all the conversation. In some homes the boys and girls talk loudly to each other across the table about their childish sports or teachers' failings; they express their opinions openly upon the various dishes set before them, demand the first attention, and monopolize the valuable hour without real pleasure or

profit to any one. It is possible that "a golden mien" can be found between these extremes by the adoption of five simple methods: A mature mind to guide the table-talk, previous preparation on the part of one or more, the selection of popular themes, a general participation, and constant good humour.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

IN the fascinating biography of the heroic Lord Lawrence there is among many anecdotes one eminently characteristic of the man, who was as strong in his affection as in his will. He was one evening sitting in his drawing-room at Southgate with his sister and other members of the family: all were engaged in reading. Looking up from his book in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's upstairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book, and looking up again a few minutes later put the same question to his daughter and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading and once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in: "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.—A fine example of a word fitly spoken is found in Dr. Bushnell's biography. An intelligent but not religious young lady, after spending a social evening with the good doctor's family, was escorted home by her courteous host. On their way the brilliant starlight led them to talk of astronomy. The doctor spoke of the law of harmony which held each little star in its appointed place, and then turning to the bright-minded girl, with a winning smile, he said, "Sarah, I want to see you in *your* place." This was all he said that was personal, but the thought thrilled her young soul as if it had dropped on her from the skies. Its effect was to win her to discipleship. "A word spoken in due season, how good it is!"—*Zion's Herald.*

**Advice to Reporters.**

At the first meeting of the Harvard Temperance League the Rev. Edward Everett Hale said: "I well remember the severest day of my experience, when, as a reporter of a daily paper, I reported the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument. There were ten reporters at work, and we had to take down in shorthand the oration of Webster, the speeches in Faneuil hall and the address of President Taylor. We went to work at ten a.m., and the one best off got done at four the next morning. Of those who had bottles of beer to stimulate them not one is alive now, and not one died an honourable death. The men who have lived were those who stuck to cold water, which is the only thing for a literary man to use."

O WHAT a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of worldly business, like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan! There is nothing in which I would advise you to be more conscientious than in keeping the Sabbath day holy. I can truly declare that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable.—*Wilberforce.*