

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · ME ·

CANADA

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The Cold Water Band.

The young folks in the picture are having a glorious time. The open air, the clear blue sky, the green fields, the shady woods, the gurgling brook, and the dashing waterfall minister to their pleasure. Now suppose some vile fellow should go among those cheerful groups and persuade them to drink wine, or ale, or any other strong drink, what would follow? I will tell you.

They would all be very jolly and very noisy for a while. The girls would talk faster than ever; the boys would brim over with funny sayings. The wine would, at first, seem to add to their pleasure. But this would last only a little while. In a short time some of the small children would grow languid and sleepy, others would become fretful. Their fun would be all over. Then the larger boys and girls would begin to quarrel. If they kept on drinking their heads would swim, and many of them would be sick, and lie down under the trees. In short, in less than one hour strong drink, like some wicked enchanter, would change those happy groups into knots of sick, sleepy, or quarrelsome children, tired of the picnic, of themselves, and of one another. It would spoil the beauty and pleasure of the entire scene. "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging."

Children, strong drink is a dangerous thing. There is a deadly charm in it which almost always makes those love it who learn to drink it, and those

who love it are ruined! You had better die to-day, just as you are, than to live and learn to love strong drink.

Now the surest way to escape the charm of strong drink is never to touch it. It cannot capture you if you never put it to your lips. Why, then, should you ever taste it? Its use is never necessary to health. Suppose, therefore, you form yourselves into "cold water bands," pledged to abstain from strong drink for ever? What say you?

Here is a pledge. If you like it, sign it, and put it in your Bible.

"I believe that the use of strong drink will injure my health, shorten my life, lead me into bad company, cause me to fall into gross sins, and most likely ruin me for ever. I do, therefore, solemnly pledge my word and honor that I will, by the help of divine grace, always abstain from the use of every drink which can intoxicate.

"Signed, A. B."

I will now print, with a few alterations, a song written for cold water bands by a minister who is now in heaven:

Come, all ye children, sing a song,
Join with us heart and hand;
Come, make our little party strong—
A happy temperance band!
We cannot sing of many things,
For we are young, we know;
But we have signed the temperance pledge
A short time ago.

COLD WATER BAND shall be our name,
The temperance star our guide;

We will not know the drunkard's shame—
All strong drink we'll avoid.
Cold water cannot do us harm;
Strong drink may bring us woe;
So we have signed the temperance pledge
A short time ago.

We'll ask our fathers, too, to come
And join our happy band;
True temperance makes a happy home,
And makes a happy land!
Our mothers we will try to gain,
And brothers, sisters, too,
For we have signed the temperance pledge
A short time ago.

We'll ask companions all to join,
We'll press them every one!
We'll get our neighbors, too, to sign,
And help our temperance on.
We'll sing and talk to all around,
And all our town shall know
That we have signed the temperance pledge
A short time ago.

And thus we'll spend our happy days,
Till we grow up to men;
Just like a full-grown sturdy oak,
We'll be the firmer then;
And if degraded drunkards should
Ask us with them to go,
We'll say we signed the temperance pledge
A long time ago.

Little Violet.

"I WANT to tell you something, papa," said Violet S., a child of five years.

The family were seated at the dinner-table—father, mother, Sarah, and John; and little Violet was in her high chair close by her father's elbow.

"I want to tell you something I know, papa. B stands for book—the book, and that means the Bible; and C stands for Christ, and Christ did lots of things for us; he made everything, and he made our little ducks! It tells about Christ in the Book; he came and lived here in the world, and then he died for everybody, for you, papa, and for me too!"

Mr. S. swallowed his dinner very fast, but he did not speak to little Violet or to anybody else; he could not, because he knew that he did not love Jesus Christ, and her simple words reproached him.

"It seems to me you know a good deal!" said her brother John, rather sharply.

"Of course I do," returned Violet, her blue eyes sparkling with delight; "of course I do; I go to the Sunday-school."

Violet was a little preacher, though she was unconscious that her simple prattling was really a kind of sermon to her papa.

GIVE God the first and last of each day's thoughts.