

PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

Suppose that all the children,
In every town and state,
Should pledge themselves to never drink
What would intoxicate.

Suppose that all the children
Should say from henceforth on,
We'll be united on this point;
Our minds shall be as one—

We will not take,
We will not make,
We'll neither sell nor buy,
Abstainers we
Will always be,
Until in death we lie.

How many drunkards do you think
We'd have when they were men?

How many cases on record,
From the reporter's pen?

How many drunks, assaults, arrests,
Directly traced to rum;
Would daily in our city courts
Before the judges come?

How many bushels do you think,
Of good and precious grain,
Would go to make the poisoned cup
So many thousands drain?

How many ill-clad starving wives
Would long for clothes and bread?
How many children to saloons,
Be by their parent led?

How many grocers deal in gin?
How many deacons buy
Their bitters, brandy, wine and beer,
And drink them on the sly?

How many high and low saloons
Think you, would there be then?
In twenty years from now, you know,
The boys would all be men.

Be men—from beer and whisky free:
Abstainers, true and strong,
And now, I want to ask if you
Wont help the cause along?

We ought to gather in the young
And pledge them while we may.
For danger, deadly, swift and sure,
Is theirs if we delay.

—Thos. R. Thompson, Conn., in Ohio Good Templar.

Fight in the heat of battle,
Fight though it seem in vain,
Fight for the Nation's dear ones,
Toiling in want and pain;
Fight, though your strength is feeble,
God is our leader here,
Soon will we be victorious,
Fight then, and have no fear.

—The Patriot.

Our Gasket.

Chatty Old Bachelor—"Most r'mark'ble likeness between these two children, nurse." Nurse—"Yes sir, twins, sir." Old bachelor—"What, both o' 'em!"

March is not a sad month, for it always comes to us galely.

—Sporting Hibernian, after attentively surveying tourist's bicycle—"Arrah, now, an' sure that little wheel will niver kape up wuth the big wan, at all, at all!"—London Fun.

"You are weak," said a woman to her son, who was remonstrating against her marrying again. "Yes, mother," he replied, "I'm so weak that I can't go a stepfather."

A Hoboken grocer received this order from a customer. "Please send in by bearer two pounds of shugar, a blackin' brush, five pounds of coffey, and some little nails, my wife had a baby last night, also two padlocks and a monkey wrench."

—A recent advertisement reads as follows: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved on it."

Patrick responded to an advertisement of "An American wanted as coachman."

"Are you an American?" asked the gentleman.

"Oi am, sur," answered Patrick.

"Where were you born?"

"In Oireland, sur, County Cork."

"County Cork, eh?" mused the gentleman. "How is it that you are an American when you were born in Ireland?"

"Faix, sur," said Patrick, "I'm bothered about that same mesilf, sur."

"I notice in the papers," remarked the editor-in-chief to the funny man, "an assertion to the effect that the wives of all American humorists are invalids." "Yes," replied the funny man; "I have seen it, but it is not a fact. My wife is in good health." "So I should suppose," responded the editor. "If the wives of all American humorists are invalids your wife ought to be enjoying exceedingly good health."

An old negro and his son called on the editor of a newspaper. "I want my son ter work in yer office, sah." "What can he do?" "Oh! at fust he kaint do nuthin' but edick your paper; but ater awhile, when he learns mo' sense, he kin' black yer boots and sweep de flo'."

Persons sometimes get answers they don't expect, even from children. One of them was questioning a Sunday-school class about the man who fell among thieves on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho. Bringing the story to a point, he asked: "Now, why did the priest and the Levite pass by on the other side?" A scholar held out his hand. "Well, my boy, why did the priest pass by on the other side?" "I know," said the lad. "Because the man was already robbed."

Two little girls, Lily and Violet, were playing in a yard where they had strung some twine for a clothes line, and were washing their dolls' garments in a diminutive tub, and hanging them out to dry. Along came Lily's brother, Master Jack, a juvenile tease, and with one sweep of his hand jerked the whole day's washing from the line, and scattered it on the grass. Lily bubbled over in tears at once.

Violet was saddened, too, but the necessity of playing peacemaker in the impending family quarrel was the first thought of her mind; so she said, soothingly, "Never mind, Lily, let's play Jack was a high wind."

Campaign Songs.

FIGHT IN THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

A. H. HUTCHINSON.

Tune—"Work for the Night is Coming."

Fight in the temperance army,

Fight in your earliest years,

Fight when your strength is greatest,

Fight and have no fears;

Fight as you near the portals,

Of the forevermore;

And though your strength is failing,

Fight till the fight is o'er.