

THE TWO GLASSES.

HERE sat two glasses, filled to the brim,  
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;  
One was ruddy and red as blood,  
And one was clear as the crystal flood,  
Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,  
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.  
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth;  
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth  
Fell under my touch as though struck by  
blight,  
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.  
From the heads of kings I have torn the  
crown,  
From the heights of fame I have hurled men  
down;  
I have blasted many an honored name;  
I have taken virtue and given shame;  
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,  
That has made his future a barren waste.  
Far greater than any king am I,  
Or than any army beneath the sky.  
I have made the arm of the driver fail,  
And sent the train from the iron rail;  
I have made good ships go down at sea,  
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,  
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be'  
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you  
fall,  
And your might and power are over all."  
"Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,  
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"  
Said the water glass: "I cannot boast  
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;  
But I can tell of hearts once sad,  
By my crystal drops made light and glad; &  
Of thirsts I've quenched, and brows I've  
laved;  
Of haunts I have cooled, and souls I've saved.  
I've slept in the sunshine and dropped from  
the sky,  
I've brightened the landscape and pleased  
the eye;  
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and  
pain;  
I have made the parched meadow grow fertile  
with grain;  
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,  
That ground out the flour and turned at my  
will;  
I can tell of manhood debased by you,  
That I have lifted and crowned anew.  
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,  
I gladden the heart of man and maid;  
I set the chained wine-captive free,  
And all are better for knowing me."  
These are the tales they told each other,  
The glass of wine and its paler brother,  
As they sat together, filled to the brim,  
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

KATE'S BROTHER JACK.

YOU seem to think a great deal of your sister," said one of Jack's chums to him the other day, as if the fact was rather surprising.  
"Why, yes, I do," responded Jack, heartily. "Kit and I are great friends."  
"You always," continued the other, "seem to have such a good time when you are out together."  
"Well," laughed Jack. "the fact is, that when I have Kit out, I keep all the while forgetting that she isn't some other fellow's sister."  
I pondered somewhat over this conversation, wishing that all the brothers and sisters in the world were as good friends as Jack and Kate Hazell, and wondering why they were not. It struck me that the answer to my query was contained in Jack's last sentence. Boy's don't usually treat their sisters as they would if they were "some other fellow's sisters." Jack is a shining exception. He kneels to put on Kate's skates as gallantly as if she were Bessie Dare, and Bessie Dare is at present Jack's ideal of all that is loveliest in girlhood. He keeps his engagements with Kate punctiliously, for instance, when Jack has Kate at a company, he takes her to supper, and cares for her in all ways as an escort should; and Kate knows what to expect of him, and what to do herself, and is not in dread of desertion, or of

being left to the tender mercies of any one who notices her forlorn condition. And I don't wonder, when I see how nicely he treats her, that Kate declares that she would rather have her brother Jack for an escort than almost any one else in the world.

At home, too, Jack is a pattern. Though there is a constant merry war between brother and sister, and jokes and repartees fly thick and fast, yet it is always fair cut and thrust between them, all for sport, and no fight for malice, the wit never degenerates into rudeness. Then, too, if Kate does anything for him, her kindness is always acknowledged. Does she take the trouble to make for him his favourite rice griddle-cakes, and then stay in the kitchen to bake them herself, that they may acquire that delicate golden brown which is so dear to the taste of all who love them truly, Jack never fails to assure her that her efforts are appreciated.

Does she paint him a tea cup, and saucer, or embroider him a hat-band, he is as delighted as possible. He does not take all these things as a matter of course. On Saturday nights he is apt to remember her by a box of candy, a bunch of flowers, or a bottle of her favourite violet perfume. Best of all, he talks to her. He tells her his thoughts, his hopes and fears, his disappointments, and his plans for the future. In short, they are, as he said, "great friends."

Some of Jack's comrades rather envy him his good fortune in possessing so devoted a sister as Kate, and they have been heard to say frankly, that they wish their sisters were as nice as Kate Hazell. If those boys would pursue the same course of action toward their sisters that Jack does toward his, they might, perhaps, be rewarded with as delightful a result; for it is by little acts of kindness, and courtsey, and consideration, that Jack has made of his sister a friend whose love will never grow cold, whose devotion will never falter, and whose loyalty will never fail while life shall last.—*Christian at Work.*

THE WASTE OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

THE immense waste of food caused by the manufacture of alcoholic beverages is perfectly appalling. According to a statement of the United Kingdom Alliance, in a single year there were destroyed in the manufacture of beer and spirits, in the United Kingdom 52,659,000 bushels of grain. This would, as food, supply nearly six millions of people with bread.

"In consequence of this great destruction of grain," says the Report, "we have to buy every year from other countries from 20 to 30 millions of pounds' worth of food, which drains this country of capital that might be spent on our own manufactures, and thereby greatly improve our trade and commerce."

On careful computation of the comparative expenditure on liquor and on bread, it is estimated that fully as much is thrown away on those injurious beverages as is expended in the purchase of the staff of life by the entire population. Nearly a hundred years ago John Wesley, in a pamphlet on "The Present Scarcity of Provisions," inquires, "Why is food so dear?" and asserts the grand cause to

have been the immense consumption of grain in distilling. "Have we not reason to believe," he says, "that little less than half the corn produced in the kingdom is every year consumed, not by so harmless a way as throwing it into the sea, but by converting it into deadly poison, poison that not only destroys the life, but the morals of our countrymen! Tell it not in Constantinople," he exclaims in patriotic shame, "that the English raise the royal revenue by selling the flesh and blood of their countrymen!"

The immense disproportion between the consumption of wholesome food and baneful liquor, is shown by the following statistics of the London provision supply. To 3,000 grocers, 2,500 bakers, 1,700 butchers, and 3,500 other provision dealers, making an aggregate of 10,700 engaged in the supply of food, there were no less than 11,000 public-houses dealing out disease and death, both bodily and spiritual, to the people.

In Scotland the statistics of forty towns—a good sample of the whole country—show a still more deplorable state of things. While it requires 981 of the population to support a baker, 1,067 to keep a butcher, and 2,281 to sustain a bookseller, every 149 support a dram-shop. This reminds one of Falstaff's "ha'penny worth of bread and intolerable deal of sack," and is a sad comment on the social condition of one of the most Christian and enlightened countries on the face of the earth.

Even in the Dominion of Canada, with its population of a little over 4,000,000, there were destroyed in a single year over 2,000,000 bushels of grain in the manufacture of liquor, besides 380,787 lbs. of sugar and syrup. From this was manufactured 11,513,732 gallons of intoxicating liquor, or nearly four gallons each for every man, woman, and child in the Dominion. This fact is indeed an augury of ill omen for its future prosperity. A worm—the worm of the still—is already gnawing at its heart and destroying its very vitals.

In the United States, in a single year, there were consumed 540,000,000 gallons of intoxicating liquor, or the enormous quantity of thirteen and a-half gallons to every living soul in the nation, or two and a-half gallons of proof spirit. In the manufacture of this deluge of strong drink there were destroyed 62,000,000 bushels of grain and fruit, or nearly two bushels to each individual in the land.—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

TOBACCO AND HARD TIMES.

A correspondent in the Toronto Advertiser writes,—“I asked a gentleman some few weeks since, how many cigars do you smoke in a day? Without any hesitation, he answered ten or twelve. I suppose the wholesale price of a good cigar will be at least five cents. That is fifty cents a day for tobacco—that is \$3.50 per week, or \$182 per year. The simple interest at 8 per cent. (which comes to \$14.56), added to the principal, makes just \$196.56. That would buy a nice house, with seven or eight rooms, suitable for a clerk or a mechanic, where you could sit down free of rent, or, if you liked better, you could secure a life insurance for \$3,500. Think of that. And the indulgence in tobacco costs all that money, and sacri-

fices health along with it. Suppose that you possessed that money, and a burglar attempted to rob you of it, how hard you would fight for it. But for the sake of a temporary indulgence you part with it, and health also, and never grumble.”

After fully forming the habit, a person will chew about two inches of night plug per day. For convenience we will say one foot per week, or fifty-two feet in a year, which will amount in fifty years to two thousand six hundred feet, or nearly half a mile. At present prices this is worth two cents per inch, which gives the neat little sum of six hundred and twenty-four dollars, which if deposited in the savings-bank instead of the totacconist's till, would have given the chewer a fine farm, instead of eighteen or twenty bushels of useless quids!

But suppose the man is a smoker, and indulges in cigars—very moderately, we will say only three per day, each four inches long, and costing two cents apiece. Each day he will consume a foot of tobacco, at an expense of six cents, or seven feet in a week, thirty per month, and three hundred and sixty five feet per year—costing twenty-one dollars and ninety cents. In fifty years he will burn eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty feet, which would make a cigar three and a half miles long, costing one thousand and ninety-five dollars. Set upon end it would be higher than Mont Blanc.

HOW JAMIE WORKED.

“I'M going to have the nicest kind of a garden,” said Jamie one morning. “I'm going to make it in that pretty little spot just over the bank. Papa said I might have that for my own. I mean to have some flowers in pots and some in beds, just like the gardener, and then you can have fresh ones every day, mamma. I'm going right over there now.” Jamie started off bravely with his spade on his shoulder. But when, after an hour, mamma went to see how he was getting on, she found him lying on the grass with the ground untouched. “Why, Jamie, where is your garden?” “I was just lying here and thinking how nice it will look when it is all done,” said Jamie. Mamma shook her head. “But that will not dig ground nor make the flowers grow, little boy. No good deed in all the world was ever done by only lying still and thinking about it.”

On the day before the reception tendered her at St. George's, Bermuda, the Princess Louise went on a sketching expedition along the shore, all alone, and, after a time becoming thirsty, went for a drink to the cottage of a fisherman. No one was there but “auntie,” and she was as busy as could be ironing a shirt for her “ole man” to wear at the reception. The Princess asked for a drink. “I've no time to bodder getting water fo' you,” was the reply; “I've fearful busy, for I've bound to see the Queen's child tomorrow.” “But if you'd get me a drink I'll iron while you do so,” said the thirsty Princess. The offer was accepted, the Princess finished the shirt and got her drink, and then revealed her identity. “Why, honey,” exclaimed “auntie,” when she recovered from her surprise, “ole man no' no one else'll ever wear dat shirt again, no how!”