

Selections.

'TIS COMING!

'Tis coming up the steep of time.
And this old world is growing
brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb
lighter!

Our dust may slumber underground
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round—
Have heard its voice of distant
thunder!

'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, that glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in
story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to heaven from scaffolds
gory!

They passed. But lo! the work they
wrought!
Now the crowned hopes of centuries
blossom.

The lightning of their living thought
Is flashing through us, brain and
bosom.

'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems rot with age.
But the great people's ever youthful!
And it shall write the future's page,
To our humanity more truthful.
There's a divinity within,
That makes men great if they but
will it.

God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity; Love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connecting link of
being!

Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full-statured, grow far-
seeing.

Thou shalt unfold our better part
And in our life cup yield more honey;
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And love's own world with smiles
more sunny.

'Tis coming! yes 'tis coming!

Gerald Massey.

THREE YOUNG MEN OF LEE.

There were three young men of Lee,
They were drunk as drunk could be,
For they had bumpers three times
three.

And they were jolly as jolly could be,
These three young men of Lee.
All these young hums would proudly
say,

"We take our liquor straight each day.
The prohibition cranks shan't touch
Our liberty we prize so much;
What care we for our daddies' fears?
What care we for our mothers' tears?
Older men drink, and why not we?
We'll have all we want," said the hums
of Lee.

There are two old sots at Lee,
They are poor as poor can be,
And one is lame and one cannot see:
They are out at elbow and out at knee,
These two old sots at Lee.

The one that is lame had a heavy fall
On the alehouse floor in a drunken
brawl;

The blind one lost his sight, they say,
By staggering near a blast one day;
The third was killed in a crowded
street,

By a loaded wagon he chanced to meet;
And they that survive might as well
be dead,

For often their children cry for bread.
There are two old sots at Lee,
They are poor as poor can be,
And there they are and there they'll be,
Till death puts an end to their misery,
These two old sots at Lee.

Edward Howe.

THE DRINK FOR YOU.

Each flower holds up a dainty cup
To catch the rain and dew:
Each bonny gem upon its stem
Lets the light in and through.
The drink of flowers, distilled in
showers,
Is just the drink for you.

The nightingale that cheers the vale,
From crystal streamlets flew
On vibrant wings, and when it sings
Its notes are clear and true,
The song-bird's drink should be, I
think,
The drink for birds like you.

The stars so bright that gem the
night.

Shining like diamonds through,
Are sleepless eyes in sheltering skies,
Glancing from curtains blue.
They fling their beams upon the
streams
That flow with drink for you.

When Hagar prayed for rain and
shade,
A fountain rose in view.

For unseen hands had scooped the
sands,
And brought the water through.
She wept and smiled and gave her
child

The drink that's good for you.

"Better than gold is water cold
For boys and girls like you."
—George W. Bungay in *Y. T. A.*

TWO LIVES.

BY MARY CLEMENT LEAVITT.

Mintern Pennock and Nelson Bernard
were the names of the two young men
who lived the two lives.

They were born in the same village,
attended the same school, the same
church, and were in the same class in
Sabbath-school.

When they were beyond the village
school, Nelson Bernard, the son of a
poor minister with a very large family,
attended the academy half a year, and
then, at sixteen, turned out into the
great world to make a living as best he
could.

He tried to find a business opening
in Boston, but he needed too much
pay for a boy's place, and did not know
enough about business for any other.

When nearly at his last penny, as he
sat on a dry-goods box in the street,
eating a cracker and an apple by way
of dinner, and thinking almost desper-
ately what to do next, an old gentle-
man carrying two very heavy valises
came along, put them down to rest a
moment, and leaned against Nelson's
dry-goods box.

"You look like a country boy," said
he.

"I am, and I wish I had never come
to the city."

"Don't like your place, heh?"

"Can't get a place. That is the
trouble."

"Perhaps you are the very boy I
want in my comb factory down in
Haverhill. How much will you work
for?"

"The same money you pay others
for doing the same work."

"That is sensible. Come along, then."

"Wait ten minutes, till I get my
valise; then I will carry one of yours."

Nelson worked three years in the
comb factory and then went to San
Francisco, got into the lumber busi-
ness, was in the army during the war,
received a wound from which he ap-
parently recovered in a few weeks,
returned to the same position, married,
and four children, two sons and two
daughters, blessed the union.

At about forty years of age the old
wound began to make itself felt again,
brought on a trouble of the chest, and
carried him to the grave at forty-two.

On the day of his burial the church
could not hold those that came to do
his memory honor, or to weep over
their departed friend. During the
eulogy the pastor said:

"I need not recount in this presence
the public labors of our beloved friend
and brother.

"We all know that he was always
on the right side of every question, in
the fore-front of every battle between
righteousness and unrighteousness.
We all know what he has been in our
prayer meetings and social gatherings
of the church. We all know that his
private life accorded with his public
life and speech.

"But I wish to say one thing that
no one knows so well as I. More of the
conversions that have taken place in
our congregation, and have resulted in
adding to the membership of this
church—that he did more to form than
any other man—have been due to
Deacon Bernard's individual efforts
than to mine, or to my preaching. I
have kept a record, as the facts have
been revealed in the examination of
candidates for church membership.

"We have lost our right arm. We
have lost our central pillar. God
help us to try to make his place good.

"Not many weeks ago I asked
Deacon Bernard what power had kept
him so single-hearted in the right.

"His reply was: 'Under God, my
mother's prayers, and the influence of
my sister Martha, who got my promise
before I left home never to touch

tobacco or drink, never to speak nor
listen to a word, nor read a book, nor
do an act that I would not at once
report to her. Those promises held me
before I became a Christian. I believe
I should not have been strong enough
to resist all the temptations thrown in
my way except for those promises.'"
And so Nelson Bernard's life on earth
flushed.

Let us turn to the other.

Mintern Pennock was the son of a
rich man, a deacon in the church of
which Nelson Bernard's father was
pastor.

When village school would no longer
answer, Mintern Pennock also went to
the academy, but to begin a regular
classical course and fit for college.

Three years passed, and the whole
country-side knew of his brilliant
scholarship and triumphant entrance
upon his college course.

Alas, there was no mother to pray
for him. The turf had been green over
her grave many years. Again, alas,
there was no older sister, looking with
intelligent, questioning gaze into con-
temporary life from her stand-point of
teacher in a large city, to secure prom-
ises from Mintern Pennock.

Soon after entering college the first
cigar was smoked, the first glass of
wine was taken. Although there was
no "college scrapes" reported, Pen-
nock ranked lower and lower every
year, and no "honors" were won by
the "very brilliant" young man, and
his dotting father had had fewer and
fewer triumphs to blazon abroad. Still,
he had not disgraced himself, was a
great favorite in his class, and enjoyed
a share of "class-day glories."

A presidential election came on in
the autumn after his graduation.
Young Pennock's oratory, which was
indeed remarkable, was far beyond
anything else to be commanded by his
party in that region. Night after night
he drove here and there; was haggard
and dull-eyed in the mornings, but all
affairs at night. It began to be
whispered that he stimulated himself
with brandy before every evening
address.

The night before election he spoke in
a village three miles from home which
came nearer being *low* than any other
in the region. He went to the tavern
after "speaking" was over. Long
afterwards he was lifted into the light
wagon, and started on his homeward
way. The team arrived without him.
He was found unharmed in a drunken
sleep by the road-side. The next day,
at election, he was dead drunk before
the polls closed at sun-set.

These disgraces seemed to sober him.
He entered a lawyer's office at the
county-seat, "read law," and in two
or three years was admitted to the bar.
He then opened an office in the State
capital, and was a prosperous, rising
young man.

About this time he married a lovely
Christian girl of fine character and
education, and of one of the best
families in the State of New York.

The same year he was sent into the
State Legislature and chosen Speaker
of the House. No person had held
either position at so early an age.

Another year passed, and a beautiful
little daughter was laid in his arms.

But the serpent of strong drink had
not been resolutely and forever barred
out. After his entrance into legisla-
tive halls his wife's face was less joyous.
Whispers began to fly about that he
had been seen "the worse for drink."

He was elected the second and third
times, and made Speaker as well. But
in his third term he so disgraced him-
self and his party that he was dropped
politically. This was in a New England
State not then under prohibition, but
whose people had such views and habits
in regard to drink that it easily fol-
lowed the example of Maine a few
years later.

Stung by the action of his party, he
drank hard for many months. The
death of his little daughter, after a
sickness of only a few hours, sobered
him. He believed he was converted,
and so did his wife, and felt assured
that he would never be intoxicated
again; but nobody, apparently, urged
upon him the signing of the pledge,
the putting of a solemn promise be-
tween himself and the *first glass*, which
in his case and many others was as the
letting out of waters.

The death of little Lily had occurred
in February. The news of the change
in Lawyer Pennock spread all over the
State. In the autumn he was trium-
phantly elected Lieutenant-Governor,
the youngest man who had held the
position in any State in the Union.

Again, before the winter's session of
Legislature had closed, Mrs. Pennock's

eyes were sad and her cheeks pale. He
was re-elected to the same place the
next year, but he was so often intoxi-
cated during the second term as
Lieutenant-Governor that his party
dropped him finally.

About this time a thoughtful old
farmer in his native town said at the
store, which was also the post-office.
"Mintern Pennock might just as well
be President of these United States as
any man that was ever born in them,
if he would only let drink alone"; and
there was a chorus of "That's so,"
"Right that time," "True enough,"
and other ejaculations, with no dis-
senting voice, although both political
parties were about equally represented
in the circle.

We will not attempt to paint the
scenes within Governor Pennock's
house, nor depict the grief of his
beautiful, gentle, tender wife. It is
enough to say that his debauches were
frequent, but followed by periods of
abstinence of longer or shorter dura-
tion, and that poor Mrs. Pennock sunk
under her grief—died without disease,
so the doctors said.

Governor Pennock still had a little
practice, was still beloved by every-
body, though often picked out of the
gutter and carried home, where faith-
ful old Hannah, who had been "help"
in his father's house when he was born,
tended and cared for him in his worse
than infantile helplessness.

On one occasion his friends consulted
together, and decided that instead of
taking him home the next time he was
found drunk and helpless, the constable
should put him in the lock-up, and let
him wake there next morning. It
might arouse him and do him good.

The constable was called, and the
plan communicated to him. He started
in amazement, "What! me put the
Governor in the lock-up? Never!
Here take back my commission. I'll
never do that. Last winter when my
children were all down with diphtheria
and nobody dared come near the house,
did not the Governor come and stay
day and night, helping just as if he was
my brother born, till it was all over—
two of the children in their graves,
and the rest of them in a fair way to
get well? Do you think I can put the
Governor in the lock-up after that?"

So that project ended.
It was a steady down-hill course—
longer and deeper debauches, and
shorter intervals between.

Finally, he made a visit to a sister in
one of the large cities, staggered in
late the first evening after his arrival,
was attacked by violent illness in the
night, some heart difficulty, and went
out of his life at the same age and in
the same month as Nelson Bernard.

Said his weeping younger sister to
the writer, "The only comfort is that
he died in his bed, in his sister's house,
when he might have died anywhere,
anywhere."

The only gleam of hope for the future
was that experience after the death of
Lily, which he afterwards declared to
be a delusion, but his wife clung to it
to the day of her death.

"Did no one try to reform him?"

some one enquires.
Everybody tried in the later years.
Apparently nobody tried in his boy-
hood or dawning manhood to impart
the knowledge or secure the promise
that Nelson Bernard declared had
saved him.

Which course will you take, my
young friend?—*National Temperance
Advocate.*

AN IMPORTANT COMMITTEE.

Much depends upon the good of the
order committee. The members should
study to provide helpful exercise with
enough spice to add to the flavor.
Don't forget to make temperance a
leading feature of the entertainments.
With a good committee and the co-
operation of the membership the lodge
will grow in the estimation of those in
the lodge and out of it.—*Flying
Hammer.*

"Mr. Hector's lecture sparkled with
the most genuine humor, interspersed
with pathetic descriptions of scenes
in the life of his parents, their escape
from slavery by the 'underground
railroad,' and his own experience as a
boy from the death of his father and
mother on the same day, of cholera.
The dramatic action of the speaker,
and the naivete with which he
detailed his own experience up to the
time when he blackened one of
Sherman's boots and left the other
'unshined,' before the battle of Shiloh,
were irresistible."—*San Francisco
Examiner.*