

household, where he now is, and where the family care for him as they would for a son and a brother.

He gains but slowly, and has been shut up in the house all winter; but very soon now, he is going out on to a Chester county farm to spend the summer, and we hope he will then grow strong and be as well as ever.

He is already able to study a little, and takes an easy lesson or two every day. When we ask him what he is going to do in the world, he says:

"I'm going to work hard and make some money to help the poor little chaps that live in the streets. A good deed never dies."—*Golden Days*.

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

BY MISS JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"FIVE cents a glass!" does any one think That that is really the price of a drink? "Five cents a glass," I hear you say, "Why that isn't very much to pay." Ah, no, indeed; 'tis a very small sum You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb; And if that were all that you gave away, It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide Who has lost his courage and lost his pride, And lies a grovelling heap of clay, Not far removed from a beast, to day.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell, And feels within him the fires of hell, Honour and virtue, love and truth, All the glory and pride of youth, Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame, High endeavor and noble aim, These are the treasures thrown away As the price of drink, from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed. As over the bar the young man quaffed The beaded liquor; for the demon knew The terrible work that drink would do. And ere the morning the victim lay With his life blood swiftly ebbing away; And that was the price he paid, alas! For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to know What some are willing to pay for it, go Through that wretched teeming over there, With dingy windows and broken stair, Where foul disease, like a vampire crawls Withoutstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls. There poverty dwells with her hungry brood, Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food; There violence deals its cruel blow; And innocent ones are thus accused To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all, The sacrifice would, indeed, be small! But the money's worth is the least amount We pay; and whoever will keep account Will learn the terrible waste and blight That follows the ruinous appetite. "Five cents a glass! Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink?"

—N. O. Christian Advocate.

THE EVIL OF WAR.

IN a magnificent speech which he gave before 2,000 students, at his inauguration as Rector of the University of Glasgow, the great British Statesman, John Bright, spoke on this subject as follows:

Less than one-fifth of all our expenditure has been in our civil government, more than four-fifths has been expended on wars past, or wars present, or wars prepared for in the future. This very year, I suppose, the expenditure in military affairs will be very little short of £60,000,000 sterling (nearly \$10 for every man, woman and child in the kingdom.) I want to ask any sensible body of men whether it can be necessary that the wealth, the labour, the means, the comfort, and the happiness of the population of 35,000,000 of people of these islands should be taxed to the amount of this

tremendous and inconceivable expenditure. I ask you, then, what of the people and what of the millions we find in poverty and misery—what does it mean when all these families are living in homes of one room? To us, who have several rooms and all the comforts of life, it means more than I can describe and more than I will attempt to enter into. And as need begets need, so poverty and misery beget poverty and misery, and so in all our great towns, and not a little in some of our smaller towns, there is misery and helplessness such as I have described. There is much of it which excites in me, not astonishment only, but horror. The fact is there passes before my eyes a vision of millions of families—not individuals, but families—fathers, mothers, children, passing ghastly, sorrow-stricken, in never-ending procession from their cradle to their grave. I want to ask you whether the future is to be no better than the past. Do we march or do we not to a brighter time? For myself, as you know, it will not be possible for me to see it; but even while the sands of life are running out, it may be one's duty, if even in the smallest degree, to promote it. Upon you, and such as you, depends greatly our future. Look round you and see what exists, and endeavour, if it be possible, to give a better and a higher tone to our national policy for the future. Shall we strive to build up the honour—the true honour and the true happiness of our people on the firm basis of justice, morality, and peace? I plead not for the great and the rich; I plead for the millions who live in the homes with only one room. Can you answer me in the words which tell from the crowned minstrel who left us the Psalms—"The needy shall not always be forgotten, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever?"

THE WASTE OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

HAD we the complete statistics of the destruction of food in the manufacture of intoxicating drinks throughout Christendom, we would be overwhelmed with astonishment and dismay.

Thus does this hideous traffic take the food from the mouths of millions, and by an infernal alchemy transmute it into a loathsome draught which maddens and destroys mankind. This is no rhetorical figure, but a sober literal fact. During the horrors of the famine-year in Ireland—when hunger-bitten men and women were literally dying of starvation in the streets—the grain which God gave to supply the wants of His children was borne by waggon loads into the vast distilleries and breweries of Belfast (we have the testimony of an eye-witness to the fact), and there, for all the purposes of food, destroyed; nay, as if to aid the task of famine and of fever in their work of death, it was changed into a deadly curse, which swept away more human lives than both those fatal agencies together.

Dr. Lees thus eloquently describes the horrors of that famine-year: "Mobs of hungry, and often dissipated poor, paraded the streets, headed by drunken and infuriated women crying for bread. Was there at that period a natural and inevitable famine? No such thing? It was distinctly proved

that we had an ample supply of food for all the natural wants of the people, and that the impending horrors of starvation might be averted by stopping the breweries and distilleries in their work of destruction. Wasted and wailing children wandered through the streets; yet appetite went on to the next tavern and drank the bread of those innocents dissolved in gin. Famished mothers walked the village lanes, where bright scents and blossoms mocked their hunger. Respectability cast the hungered one a copper and passed on to drink its beer. The publican, while the voice of hunger and suffering ascended to the skies, still went on dispensing the pernicious product; above all, sanctioning all, waved the banner of the mistaken law. 'Licensed to destroy food and create famine.' That period of indifference is a blot upon our history—an indelible stain upon our patriotism and humanity. The work of waste and wickedness went on. Half a million of souls were sacrificed to the traffic."

The *Times* newspaper, speaking of this waste of food, says: "It is far too favourable a view to treat the money spent on it as if it were cast into the sea. It would have been better if the corn had mildewed in the ear. . . No way so rapid to increase the wealth of nations and the morality of society, as the utter annihilation of the manufacture of ardent spirits, constituting as they do an infinite waste and unmixed evil."

During the Lancashire cotton famine, when money flowed in from all English-speaking lands to relieve the starving operatives, the breweries were in full blast destroying the food of the people, and more money was spent in liquor in the famine district than would have maintained the entire population in comfort during the entire period of depression in trade. If any Government, at a time when the wail of famine rose upon the air, and gaunt-eyed hunger clamoured for bread, were to authorize the gathering of immense heaps of grain and its consumption to ashes, it would be hurled by an indignant people with execration from its place; yet it may permit the change of the same food to a death-dealing poison—a crime a thousand-fold worse—not only with impunity, but with applause.

The table of imports into Ireland during a period of scarcity, when the distilleries were closed, show that there was a greatly increased consumption of excisable articles; so we see that a year of famine, with prohibition, is better than a year of plenty without it.—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts*.

THE CHOICE MUST BE MADE.

YOUNG man, you are starting out in life; you have, as it were, two paths before you; the one is the path of virtue and happiness, the other of misery and woe; it is yours to choose which path you will travel; if you choose the first you may have a happy home and be surrounded by many friends; if you choose the latter, it may seem a pleasant path at first, but at last poverty and shame will stare you in the face; if you desire to travel in the first path, abstain from what can intoxicate and ruin you; if you desire to travel on the latter path, frequent the dram-shop,

drink the fiery poison, and you have a fair start on the road to destruction. It is at the dramshop that men start on the road to the almshouse, the jail, lunatic asylum, inebriate asylum, and many to the gallows. Young man, every dramshop is a snare of Satan; if you go there you are in danger of being caught. Shun it.

Some young men think that it makes them look more like men to have a cigar in their mouth, and be found in (what are termed) first-class saloons. They think that they drink like "gentlemen" when they drink in these fine agencies of Satan, but that is impossible. They will sooner or later become drunkards. Young man, if you would be happy, keep away from the dramshop. If the young men of the land would help the temperance cause, temperance would soon be the motto of every true American man. Young man, give this worthy cause your aid; it is needed to crush this monster evil.—*Good Templar's Gazette*.

A PINCH OF DUST.

ELLA WHEELER.

I READ of a king that sat on a throne, And ruled a nation in regal state, As great a king as the world has known Yet he had at last but a beggar's fate For he died; as each and all of us must, And his royal fame is a pinch of dust.

I read of a warrior of great renown, From ocean to ocean resounding his name With a sweep of his sabre he mowed men down, And the world cried "Bravo" and this was fame; But he died; as each and all of us must, And his sword is idle and red with rust.

Out of my reading I gathered this, As every reader and thinker must,— Power, and glory, and earthly bliss, Are nothing more than a pinch of dust.

THE HODMAN'S ROPE

HE felt the ladder swaying under him, and as he turned to descend, he found that the cord which bound in its centre the spliced ends of the two pieces of which it was composed was slowly unwrapping. Certain destruction was before him, for ascent, and descent were alike impracticable, and his height was such that a fall on the flags beneath—for it was a five-storey granite building—would have dashed him to atoms.

But at this moment he saw a rope tossed out to him from a window above. There was nothing behind that he could see, because the window was high and the descent almost vertical. He caught it, and hand over hand mounted upwards till at last he was safe. Two things saved him. Faith in the unseen hand that extended to him the rope and kept it afterwards firm, and human effort to first seize and then hold tightly on.

So, reader, it is with you. God's hand, it is true, is unseen in the tender of salvation made to you from the pulpit, in the reading of the Word, in the working of affliction; but it is unseen because it is past our vision, not because it is beyond our reach. But it serves you not without your faith; you must grasp it in order to hold it. And when you grasp it once, you must grasp it ever, hand over hand, till heaven be reached. Hand over hand, ever grasping, ever rising, dependent on grace alone, and at the same time by the very energy of your dependence mounting upwards.