

B. There is another word I would like to know the derivation of.

A. What word is that?

B. "Intoxicate." What does it come from?

A. It comes from a Greek word meaning a poisoned arrow.

B. Ah! and a very good derivation, too. For intoxicating drink is an arrow that not only pierces the brain, but poisons the happiness, destroys the health, and blasts the hope of life.

A. True enough, Ben; I'm glad we're both pledged against it.

B. I have just been thinking that, though I don't know Greek or Arabic, I could give some meanings just as good as these.

A. What are some of them?

B. Take the word "Champagne."

A. Well, what does it mean?

B. Champagne means a thing that when people drink much of it, gives them *real* pain.

A. Not so bad! And what is Ale?

B. Ale is a drink that causes ailments.

A. And Wine, what is it?

B. A drink that gives people gout. They begin with wines and end with *whines*.

A. And what is Beer?

B. Beer is a drink that brings many people to their *bier*.

A. And Gin, what is it?

B. Gin is a trap that tangles the feet and brings the souls of men into the snare of the fowler.

A. And what is Whisky?

B. A drink that *whisks* away a man's character, a man's money and his brains, if he ever had any.

A. And Porter, what is it?

B. Porter is a drink that swells and bloats a man till he becomes a "porter"—carrying about the load of his own fat. And when a woman begins to sup porter she is in danger by-and-bye of needing her friends (laughing) to *sup-port* her.

A. Stop, stop! I think you've done first-rate, and what you say is all true.—*Temperance Record*.

THE NARROW CROSSING.

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

"You never signed the pledge, did you, Uncle John?"

Uncle John was Harry's ideal of a great and noble man. And it was not a mistaken ideal. Uncle John's hair was white with the passing of over eighty winters, but his eye was bright, his step firm, and his voice earnest and kindly as ever. His life had been one of uprightness as well as one of what the world calls success.

"I never signed a pledge on my own account: I presume I have signed several as an example or aid to others," replied Uncle John.

"Casper Firmstone is all the time teasing me to sign," said Harry, "but I know I can drink a gill of cider and not want any more, or let it alone if I do want it. And I can take one sip of the best wine Mr. Fraser has and not take the second. So I don't see any use in hampering a fellow with a piece of paper."

"Don't be too sure about what you can do, Harry. I've seen a good many 'sure' people in my life, as well as a good many 'cautious' people, and I've always noticed in the long that the 'cautious' people were the safest. I'll tell you where I first learned that lesson, if you'd like to know."

"I should," said Harry, always ready at the first hint of a story.

"When I was a boy, a good deal smaller than you, I lived in a small town in Vermont. There was a large creek by the village, and at a place called 'The Mills,' there was a beautiful fall of water, of ten or twelve feet, pitching off from an even-edged, flat rock. Reaching quite across the creek, a distance of twenty feet, over this fall of water, was a bridge spanning the stream.

"The sides of this bridge were boarded up some four feet high. These side pieces were capped by a flat railing of boards of from four to six inches wide. Some of the more daring school-children used to walk on this narrow capping-board when crossing the bridge, and there was more than one fall and serious injury happened there.

"There was one thing that saved me from getting hurt or killed by the dangerous crossing. You would like to know what

it was? The easiest thing in the world. It happened from the small circumstance that I never had either the courage or disposition to walk there at all! In other words, I wasn't 'sure' of my head, and I was safe on the broad, open bridge.

"I can think of a great many places that boys and men try to pass safely which are quite as dangerous, and where multitudes fall and ruin themselves, and perhaps perish, both soul and body, forever. The safest way is never to take the first step on a dangerous path."—*Temperance Record*.

TOM'S GOLD-DUST.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly; that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get his gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get his gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold-dust!—*Temperance Record*.

A little fellow, three years old, who had never eaten frosted cake, asked at the table for a piece of "that cake with plaster on it."

Wee Fannie bit her tongue one day and came in crying bitterly. "Oh mamma!" she sobbed, "my tooth stepped on my tongue!"

"What can I do for you to induce you to go to bed now?" asked a mamma of her five year old boy. "You can let me sit up a little longer was the youngster's reply.

"When was Rome built?" asked a school teacher of the first-class in ancient history. "In the night," answered a bright little girl. "In the night," exclaimed the astonished teacher. "How do you make that out?" "Why, I thought everybody knew that 'Rome wasn't built in a day!'" replied the child.

A four-year-old, visiting a neighbor, was asked if she would have bread and butter. "No, thank you," she said, "mamma said I must not take bread and butter when from home;" suddenly brightening up, "but she said nothing about cookies."

A bevy of children were telling what they got at school. The eldest got reading, spelling and definitions. "And what did you get, little one?" asked the father to a rosy checked little fellow, who at the same time was driving a tenpenny nail into the door-panel "Me? I gets readin', spellin', and spankin'."

TEMPERANCE NURSERY RHYMES.

Sing a song of Temperance,
A pocket full of gold,
Four and twenty bank notes
In the cupboard rolled.
When the door is opened,
Out the notes we bring,
Tell me where's the drinking man
Can show you such a thing.

The brewer's in the counting-house,
Counting out his money,
His wife is in the parlor
Eating bread and honey.
The drunkard's in the taproom,
Dressed in ragged clothes,
Soon may he be made to see
The cause of all his woes.

—Fox Hardy, in *Temperance Record*.