

Keep faith with each you call a friend,
Keep full in view the final end ;
Keep love between thy God and thee,
Keep from all hate and malice free,
Keep firm thy courage bold and strong,
Keep up the right and down the wrong ;
Keep well the words of wisdom's school,
Keep warm by night and by day keep cool.

—Selected.

"WHY DO THEY EVER BEGIN?"



AMMA," said my little Harry, looking out the window as a drunken man went reeling by, "why do men stagger through the street?"

"Because they are drunk," I said.

"But, mamma, why do they not stop drinking?"

"Because they either can not, or think they can not."

"Well, then, mamma," said Harry, lifting his little earnest face to mine, "why do they ever begin?"

It was a very busy morning, and my work was not half done. But I knew what I ought to do just then; so I sat down, took Harry on my knee, and we talked it over. I tried to show him, as well as I could, how, little by little, the result came about. Only the day before, a neighbor, at whose house we were calling, wanted to treat us to cider that she said was "only a little sharp—just enough to be good." I said "no" for myself, and, finding Harry was taking the glass, said "no" for him also: and Harry had thought it very hard, and pleaded that he might have "just a little."

"But, mamma," said Harry, "that little drink of cider wouldn't have made me drunk."

"No, Harry, but it might have led, little by little, to a liking for such things; and, if we cannot do without cider with a little alcohol in it when handed to us, how shall we do when the wine is offered? Where shall be the stopping point? A little cider, a little wine, a little rum; a great deal of rum. We can not know. It may be all down, down, down to the wretched state we saw just now."

"O!" said Harry, with a little shudder, "I wouldn't for anything grow up to be like that man; and, if that is the way the thing begins, don't let me have any cider, mamma. Keep it all away."

"That's the way the thing begins, my boy, and God helping me, I will."—*Children's Friend.*