

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? ”



MAMMA,” 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 would'nt 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 would'nt 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.*