

to about thirty or forty years ago. I am acquainted with one or two men, styled "ministers of the gospel," who quote scripture, and double and twist it all out of shape, to prove it to be right and religious to drink intoxicating liquors! God have mercy on such ungodly "ministers!"

I give below a temperance speech that was delivered by a young man, before a king, about 520 years before Christ, which was about 2373 years ago.

After Darius had been made king of Persia, he made a feast. After the feast had ended and the king had laid himself down to sleep, the three young men who had charge of his person agreed that each one should write a wise saying and place it under the king's head, and when he should awake and read the sayings, the author of the one approved by the king as being the best, should sit next the king and be called his cousin. When the king had read the sayings, he sent for their authors to come forward and establish their respective positions. For a full account of the matter, see 1st Esdras iii. of the Apocrypha. The position and speech of the first were as follows:

"Wine is the strongest." And he said thus: "O ye men, how exceedingly strong is wine! *It causeth all men to err that drink it.* It maketh the mind of the king and of the fatherless child to be all one—of the bondman and of the freeman—of the poor man and of the rich. It turneth also every thought into jollity and mirth, so that a man remembereth neither sorrow nor death; and it maketh every heart rich; so that a man remembereth neither king nor governor; and it maketh to speak all things by talents; and when they are in their cups they forget their love, both to friends and brethren, and a little after draw out swords. But when they are from the wine, they remember not what they have done. O ye men, is not wine the strongest, that enforceth to do this?" And when he had so spoken, he held his peace.

It will be observed that this young man took high ground. He says "*it causeth all men to err that drink it.*" If so, whoever pleads for the privilege to drink it at all, pleads for an opportunity to "err."—*Class-Mate.*

[FOR THE "CADET."]

Temperance.

Fill your glasses, sons and brothers,
From the sparkling fountain clear;

Here's a health in pure cold water,
Not in cider, wine or beer.
Henceforth *Temperance* be our motto,
'Temperance in all we do.

Drinking is a horrid practice,
Let us banish that the first;
Down with whiskey, rum and brandy,
Sweet cold water quenches thirst.
What's the use of walking chimneys?
Banish pipes, tobacco, snuff;
No more smoking, snuffing, chewing,
Exit execrable stuff.

Let us have no more contention,
Banish envy, discord, strife;
Veto swearing, lying, cheating,
Try to lead a Christian life.
Love, forgive our erring brothers,
Let not trifles cool our love;
If we dwell not here in friendship,
Shall we meet in heaven above?

Then let *Temperance* be our motto,
Temperance in all we do;
Let's abandon all bad habits,
To our sacred motto true.
Here's to health, and peace, and plenty,
Give the kindly feelings birth;
End to sickness, discord, hatred,
Let us make a heaven of earth.
LaColle, 1852, E. W.

Drink Water Only.

Drink water only! When the race,
With eager numbers fills the place,
The flags in streams excitant fly,
There comes a steed with crystal eye.
Like waves that gleam in forest pool,—
And every nerve is fed as cool,
Till jockeys mount and crowds retire,
And then they strain and blaze with fire.

Drink water only! When the shade
With day mature is softer made,
And kisses breathed upon the breeze
By bird notes answered in the trees—
Oh! softer, richer far they pour
Then twitter'd all the morn before,—
Yet none for wine hath ever sung,
But water thrills them, old and young.

Drink water only! Were it rum,
Earth for mortals were not home,
For mothers, with a fondness known
To their calm, sober thought alone,
To children, stooping at the spring,
For childhood's eye and heart the thing;—
But desert all, by legions cramm'd,
The den of devils and the damm'd.

Drink water only! and the will
To praise the Giver rises still:
He from the rock's young cavern leads
The sparkling crystal of the meads,
He at the river's shallow shore
The herd supplies that drank before,
He from his well divine will give
The water of which souls shall live.