

**Where There's Drink There's Danger.**

Write it on the liquor store;  
Write it on the prison door;  
Write it on the gin shop hue;  
Write, say, write the truthful line—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the workshop gate;  
Write it on the school boy's slate;  
Write it in the copybook,  
That the young may at it look,—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the slutty yard mound,  
Where the drunk slum dead are found;  
Write it on the gallows high,  
Write it on all papers by,—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it underneath your feet,  
Up and down the busy street;  
Write it for the great and small,  
In the mansion, cot and hall,—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on our ships which sail,  
Home along by steam and gale;  
Write it in the gullows high,  
Over our land and sea the main,—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it in the Christian home,  
Sixty thousand drunkards a year  
Up and down the busy street;  
Write it in the gullows high,  
Over our land and sea the main,—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it deep on history's page;  
Write it patriot, scholar, sage;  
Write it in the Sunday school;  
Write, ah, write the truthful rule,  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it in the house of God;  
Write it on the teeming sod;  
Write it on hill top and glen;  
Write it with a blood-tipped pen,—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it for our rising youth;  
Write it for the cause of truth;  
Write it for our fatherland;  
Write, 'tis duty's stern command,—  
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it for bright heaven above;  
Write it for the God of love;  
Write it near the dear fireside;  
Write it, too, for Christ who died,  
Where there's drink there's danger.  
—*The Young Templar.*

**MAY'S CONVERSION.**

BY FLORA B. HYDE.

LITTLE May went with mamma to meeting one evening, and when the good old silver-haired pastor asked if there were any unaved ones present who desired to be Christians, and were willing to manifest their desire by standing up, the people of God would pray for them, May, who had seemed very sober during the meeting, whispered to mamma to know if she might stand up, but her mother said, "No."

The tears trickled down the little one's cheeks, but she said no more, and seemed to be striving hard to keep from crying.

When services were over, May's Sunday-school teacher walked in company with them from the church.

After talking awhile about the meeting, Miss Campbell turned to May, saying, "I was in hopes my little scholar would take a step toward Jesus this evening by rising for prayers, for I thought she looked as if she wanted to be one of Jesus' little lambs."

Poor May, with a sob, answered, "Oh Miss Campbell, I do, but mamma said, 'No,' when I asked her if I might stand up."

"Why, Mrs. Robinson," exclaimed Miss Campbell, "you surely would not keep May from standing up for prayers if she felt her need of a Saviour?"

"No, not if she really felt her need, but I fear she is too young to know much about religion. Why, Miss Campbell, she is only eight years old."

"I know it, Mrs. Robinson; but I was only six when I was converted, and I remember how glad I was that Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' for I felt that meant me, and I wanted forgiveness for all my sins, and to be ready for heaven when I died. I understood what I was about. I shall never forget the night I knelt in our little prayer-meeting, praying with all my heart for Christ to make me his own little girl. He did bless me right there. I felt all at once as if I belonged to him, and that he was tight by my side. The singing sounded so sweet to me that I jumped up from my knees, and with a glad heart joined the rest in singing:

'I belong to this band, hallelujah!'

I've never forgotten that hour, and Jesus has kept me to the present. I think I've loved him better every day since. And, Mrs. Robinson, I long to see all my seven little scholars lambs of Jesus."

May had been very quiet while her mamma and teacher were talking, but as they were both now walking in silence, May said: "Oh, mamma, I do understand. I cannot tell you how I feel like grown-up people could, but I know Jesus died to save me, and I know I am naughty very often. I do not always obey you, and I am sometimes cross to little brother, and often get angry at my playmates, and I know it is wrong. I feel sorry, and want Jesus to forgive me, and help me to be a good girl."

Mrs. Robinson, who was really trying to be a Christian, now felt she was making a great mistake in keeping May from coming to Jesus. So she said:

"May, dear, I believe you are in earnest, and you shall go with me to meeting to-morrow night, and stand up for Jesus if you desire. We will also have a little prayer-meeting together at home."

Here Miss Campbell left them to go another way, saying, as she bid them good night, "I go home with a glad heart, for I expect soon to see my little May happy in Jesus' love."

Her expectations were realized the next afternoon, for May called to see her to tell her the Lord had blessed her in the morning at home, while she and mamma were praying. "And now," she added, "I feel so light and happy, everything looks so pretty, and I love everyone so dearly."

The change in May was noticed by all her friends. A few weeks after her conversion one lady remarked to

another, "What a sweet child May Robinson is." One of May's playmates, overhearing her, said, "Oh, that is because she is a Christian now; she didn't use to be so nice and kind."

"What!" said one, "that little girl profess to be a Christian! She looks too young to know what Christianity means."

"You wouldn't think so," answered the child, "if you'd hear her talk to us at school, and beg us to love her blessed Jesus."

Thus was May letting her light shine, and showing by her example that she was truly converted, and trying each day to live right.

**KITTY'S BAD BEHAVIOUR.**

Dodo sat down on a green velvet sofa made of moss, and her friend took off her shoes and stockings; then she led Dodo to a noisy little brook, and both children bathed their feet in its clear water. Dodo wanted to wash Kitty's feet, too, but Kitty mewled so pitifully that Dodo was vexed and wouldn't hold him any longer. "He's a foolish Kitty, and don't know what is good for him," she said.

While the little girls were splashing about in the bright water, Kitty sat on the shore and watched them. He didn't mean to get his feet wet; but then he didn't wear shoes that grew tight as he walked, and his feet didn't ache like poor little Dodo's. Pretty soon Dodo took her feet out of the water and looked to see what Kitty was doing, and just as she looked Kitty made a great leap and caught a birdie. Dodo was on the spot in an instant. She took the poor birdie from Kitty's cruel claws, and held it against her neck, and cuddled it in her neck. Then she looked very sorrowfully at Kitty, and said: "I am astonished! Don't you know God made the dear little birdie, and loves it the same as he loves you? But maybe kittens don't know all. Anyway, it's very hard to have you act so."

**ABOUT MOTHERS.**

In reading the biographies of great men we are often struck by the love they had for their mothers, to whom they attributed all their greatness.

George Washington was only eleven years of age—the eldest of five children—when his father died. The widowed mother had her children to educate and bring up, a large household to govern, and extensive estates to manage, all of which she accomplished with complete success. Her good sense, tenderness, industry, and vigilance, enabled her to overcome every obstacle; and, as the richest reward of her solicitude and toil, she had the happiness to see all her children come forward with a fair promise into life, filling the places allotted to them in a manner equally honourable to themselves, and to the parent who had been the only guide of their principles, conduct, and habits. Mrs. Washington

used daily to gather her little flock around her to read to them lessons of Christian religion and morality, and her little manual in which she wrote the maxims which guided her, was preserved by her son, and consulted by him as among his most precious treasures.

A mother's love is always a sacred instinct, but for it to become the strength and blessing it may be to the children, the mother herself must have a strong, holy, and well-disciplined character, like that of the mother of the Weasleys. She was very beautiful, and was married at nineteen to a country clergyman. She bore him nineteen children. To the end of her long life her sons, especially John, looked up to her and consulted her as the best friend and wisest counsellor they could have. The home over which Mrs. Wesley ruled was free and happy, and full of healthful play as any home in the holidays, and yet orderly and full of healthful work as any school. The "odious noise" of the crying of children was not suffered, but there was no restraint on their gleeful laughter. She had many wise rules, which she kept to steadily. One of these was to converse alone with one of her little ones every evening, listening to their childish confessions, and giving counsel in their childish perplexities. She was the patient teacher as well as the cheerful companion of her children. When someone said to her, "Why do you tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?" She replied, "Because if I had told him only nineteen times I should have lost all my labour." So deep was the hold this mother had on the hearts of her sons, that in his early manhood she had tenderly to rebuke John for that "fond wish of his, to die before she died." It was through the bias given by her to her sons' minds in religious matters that they acquired the tendency which, even in early years, drew to them the name of Methodists. In a letter to her son Samuel, when a scholar at Westminster, she said: "I would advise you as much as possible to throw your business into a certain method, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable felicity in the performance of your respective duties." This "method" she went on to describe, exhorting her son "in all things to act upon principle;" and the society which the brothers John and Charles afterwards founded at Oxford is supposed to have been in a great measure the result of her exhortations.—*The Quiver for January.*

Write six ciphers in a line, and they amount to nothing. Put the figure 1 before them, and they amount to a million. All human talents and possessions are but ciphers until you put the name of Jesus at the head of them. Then they never fail to make their owner a millionaire of heaven.