

Tales and Sketches.

SONG OF THE DRINK.

(AFTER HOOD.)

BY MRS. F. M. TERWILLIGER.

With garments faded and worn,
 With eyes that with weeping were read,
 A woman sat till the hours of morn,
 Waiting his coming with dread.
 Wait! wait! wait!

Till the heart is ready to sink,
 And still in a sad, despairing tone,
 She sang the song of the Drink.

"Drink! drink! drink!
 While the sun is rising high,
 And drink! drink! drink!
 Till the stars are in the sky.
 It is oh! to be carried in strife
 Away by some barbarous band,
 Rather than live, a drunkard's wife,
 In the midst of this Christian land.

"Drink! drink! drink!
 Till the brain is all on fire,
 Drink! drink! drink!
 Till he wallows in the mire.
 Rum, and brandy, and gin,
 Gin, and brandy, and rum,
 Till down the gutter he falls asleep;
 And I wait,—but he does not come.

"O men, enriched by the drink,
 Men whose coffers are filling up,
 Not drink alone are you dealing out,
 But a *skeleton* in the cup.
 You sell! sell! sell!
 Though its victims downward sink,
 Swallowing at once, with a double gulp,
 GRIM DEATH, as well as a drink.

"But what is there fearful in death?
 To me it would be a relief,
 And better far for my little ones
 Were their time on earth but brief.
 They suffer with pinching cold,
 They supperless go to bed.
 Ah me! so much for the father's drink,
 And so little for children's bread.

"Drink! drink! drink!
 The thirst is still the same.
 And what does it cost? An aching head,
 A weakened trembling frame;
 A comfortless home, where cowering forms
 Shrink from his presence with fear;
 A body debased, a polluted soul,
 And *no hope* the dark future to cheer.

"Drink! drink! drink!
 Each day, and all day long.
 To drink! drink! drink!
 A captive fast and strong.
 Gin, and brandy, and rum,
 Rum, and brandy, and gin,
 Till the heart is hardened, the reason bedimmed,
 And the conscience seared to sin.

"Down! down! down!
 With none to pity or save,
 Down! down! down!
 Into a drunkard's grave,
 While the busy, thoughtless world
 Goes whirling, flaunting by,
 With never a thought of the soul that's lost,
 Or the widow's and orphan's cry.

"O but to grasp once more
 The hand of friendship sweet,
 To feel again that human hearts

With sympathy can beat.
 O but once more to know
 The happiness I knew
 When the light of love was in his eyes,
 And his heart was brave and true.

"O but for once again,
 That welcome voice to hear,
 That used with kindly words to greet
 His wife and children dear.
 Smiles and caresses then were ours,
 But curses, now, and blows.
 O the bitter life of a drunkard's wife,
 No one but a drunkard's wife knows."

With garments faded and worn,
 And eyes that with weeping were red
 A woman sat the hours of morn,
 Waiting his coming with dread,
 Wait! wait! wait!
 While the heart is ready to sink,
 And still, with a sad, despairing moan,
 (O that its desolate, heart-rending tone
 Could reach and soften each heart of stone!)
 She sang this Song of the Drink.

—*The Morning and Day of Reform.*

HOW THEY WERE RESCUED.

It was strange that three men like Captain Hall, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Hooper, should have Christian wives and lovely children. But it was true as strange. Although the three gentlemen were very fond of their cups and very proud of their "club," their wives were wise and lovable women, devoted to their respective homes and bringing up their little ones in the way they should go. The evening before New Year's Mr. Hughes left his house quite early for the club room. He soon returned, however, on account of a severe headache, which unfitted him even for the so-called joys of the club. His wife was out and no one at home knew that he had returned. Entering the front door by the aid of a night key, he threw aside his coat and hat, went into the unlighted library and lay down upon the soft couch.

"Oh! what a wretched headache!" he muttered.

After a few moments he became very drowsy, and in spite of his aching head he soon slept a fitful sleep. Presently the sound of sweet young voices reached his ears, and opening his eyes he saw, through the door ajar into the adjoining room, three young girls, his own sweet daughter Maud being one of them.

"Mamma is out, doing some errands for the New Year, and papa has gone to the 'club,' so we have the house all to ourselves," Maud said, bustling about to make things cosy for her guests.

"Do you like the house all to yourself?" asked Dora Hooper, a grieved look spreading over her face as she glanced up.

"I very seldom have it to myself. Mamma is almost always at home. I wish I could say the same of papa. Poor, dear papa? he never spends an evening at home. I suppose he can't or he would. I wish he didn't have to work so hard." Maud spoke pittingly.

"Why, does your papa work evenings?" asked Emma Hall in surprise. "I thought he always attended the 'club' with Mr. Hooper and papa."

"Of course there's where he goes; but he wouldn't go if he didn't have to work there," Maud asserted.

"Oh! I think you're mistaken," Emma Hall said; "papa says they go there to talk and have a good time."

"Perhaps your papa does, but I don't believe mine does. I asked him once to stay at home with mamma and me, and he answered, 'It isn't possible.' I'm sure papa wouldn't stay away from home just to have a good time. Why, he could have a great deal better time at home. It's so pleasant here evenings, but we do long for papa to be with us. Mamma always looks the prettiest when evening comes. She sits by the table and sews, sometimes reads, but in spite of her smile, mamma often feels sad, and I can see tears in her eyes. I think I know the reason, too. Mamma pulls out a big chair every evening and throws a dressing gown over it, and puts papa's slippers beside it, and I think she hopes he will come home some night and use his things; *but he never does.*"

"Oh, how nice it would be if all our papas should come home evenings. This is the last day of the old year; perhaps they will