

TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE.

DON'T DRINK.

Don't drink, boys, don't!
 There is nothing of happiness, pleasure, or cheer
 In brandy, in whisky, in rum, ale, or beer;
 If they cheer you when drank, you are certain to pay,
 In headaches and crossness the following day.
 Don't drink, boys, don't!

Boys, let it alone!
 Turn your back on your deadliest enemy, Drink!
 An assassin disguised; nor for one moment think,
 As some rashly say, that *true* women admire
 The man who can boast that he's playing with fire.
 Boys, let it alone!

No, boys, don't drink!
 If the habit's begun, stop now! Stop to-day!
 Ere the spirit of thirst leads you on and away
 Into vice, shame, and drunkenness. This is 'he goal
 Where the spirit of thirst leads the slave of the bowl.
 No, boys, *don't* drink.

Ella Wheeler.

"APRIL FOOL."

BY EARNEST GILMOUR.

"To-day is Monday, and Wednesday will be April fool. Let's have some *fun* this year; let's *fool* everybody along this street."

It was roguish little Tom Dunn talking so earnestly, and Willie Emmet answered in a tone equally earnest and mischievous:

"Oh! that'll be just jolly. Let's ring every bell all along from here to old Deb Miller's; and we might tie a basket of rotten eggs to old Deb's door—tie it high up, and fix it so as it would give him a bath such as he's never had before when he opens the door."

"That would be *mean*—like kicking a man when he's down," said Robbie Lawson decidedly. "Besides, supposin' Deb's poor little lame Sadie would limp to the door or brave little Tim; they deserve something more than rotten eggs, even if old Deb don't."

A heaven-born thought came into Tom Dunn's eyes just then; his merry eyes grew sober, for he was tender-hearted in spite of his roguishness.

"Tell, you what," he said, with a sort of a suspicious choke in his voice, "I don't believe, after all, we'd have much fun ringing folk's door-bells; we'd only provoke them, and get called some horrid names, like *scamps* or *loafers* or *rascally good-for-nothings*. I believe we'd have more fun April-fooling Sadie and Tim Miller."

"How?" asked Willie.

"By *doing them some kindness*. Don't you think that would *fool* them?" he asked, his eyes growing merry again.

"'Twould surprise them, no doubt, for us to do them a kindness; but I say *let's do it*." And Robbie reached out his hand and clasped Tom's heartily, upon which Willie, not to be outdone in sentiment, turned a somersault and said.

"Count me number *three* on that *committee of kindness*, now, will you?"

Monday passed away, Tuesday too had nearly run its course, and in the darkness of the evening Sadie Miller waited for her brother Tim—brave little Tim, only eleven, and yet working like a man, day after day, in a factory. She could not imagine why he did not come; he had been gone long enough to do his errands thrice over, his errands simply being to buy a loaf of bread, a couple of mackerel, and some kerosene oil for the poor little empty lamp. Nine o'clock and still no Tim. Where could he be? Sadie was hungry, and anxious too. Besides she felt *afraid* to stay there without Tim; her father was liable to come stumbling home any moment, and if he should come who was to protect her from his cruelty? Her forebodings finally reached a climax, and she sobbed aloud, three boys in the open shed attached to the old house hearing her. These boys, as you may have guessed, were Tom, Willie, and Robbie, the "committee of kindness." They were just consulting in whispers whether it was best to go in and try to comfort Sadie or not when they heard Tim coming, walking rapidly.

Crouching down in a dark corner, the boys waited until Tim opened the door and went in. He did not close the door immediately, so while they were waiting for him to do so they saw enough and heard enough to make their warm hearts ache. The room was comfortless, the children poorly clothed, and with weary, pale faces; besides, they heard Tim say sorrowfully, "You thought I was gone a good while, and so I was, and I'll tell you why. I thought maybe I could get you a little straw hat with a wreath of daisies around it like Mollie Bird's. I looked into half a dozen shops and found the hats in all of 'em, but they all cost a dollar and a quarter, and you know I haven't got that; but Sadie, don't cry any more 'cause you can't go to Sunday-school. I'll get the money for it, the pretty daisy-hat, before the May blossoms come."

That is all the three boys heard, and then the door was shut and they went home, meeting old Deb Miller stumbling along home.

Wednesday morning dawned. Just as Tim arose from his wretched bed to build a fire in the old stove there came a loud knock at the door, and then followed a sound of scampering feet. "Some boys tryin' to April-fool us," he thought bitterly; "seems to me they might let us drunkard's children alone."

He opened the door carefully, as if in fear of something, and there stood a square wooden dry-goods box, with a slip of paper nailed to it. A strange expression shone upon his face as he read that note. It was as follows:

"DEAR TIM: You're a *brave, good* fellow, if you are ole Deb Miller's boy, an' so we're goin' to *April fool* you. In the corner of the shed you'll find some things you'll like *if you're like the rest of boys*. In the box there are some books we heard you were tryin' to buy, and some nice things for that dear little sister of yours; among 'em is a hat all trimmed with daisies; *won't she like that?* You needn't worry about where we got the things; we bought 'em with our own *earned* money. Yours,

"TOM, WILLIE, ROBBIE."

Was it true? Were there *really* things in that box, or only stones? Tim opened it nervously, half hoping, half fearing, and then, with glistening eyes, called Sadie and put on her yellow hair the daisy hat. She laughed and cried, and just as Tim threw over her shoulders a pretty little cape that had been Robbie's sister's old Deb Miller awoke. He raised upon one arm and watched his children's changed faces. He comprehended the whole thing, the kindly gifts, the thoughtful givers, and the appreciation of his two neglected children. A great pity crept into his awakened heart and the scenes that followed made even the angels rejoice.—*The Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A TALK ABOUT WORDS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO BOYS.

ALBERT sits looking over a book when BENJAMIN enters.

Benjamin. Halloo, Al! At your books, as usual. What a book-worm you are to be sure! But what have you learned lately?

Al *ert.* I have been looking up words to see what they are derived from. Have you noticed how much can sometimes be learned by taking every-day words and looking into the meaning of them?

B. Sometimes I have. Were you thinking of any in particular?

A. I was thinking about some that show the danger of drinking.

B. What are they?

A. One is the word Alcohol.

B. What does it mean?

A. It is an Arabic word, meaning the Evil Spirit.

B. And well it deserves it. When was the word coined?

A. It was coined long ago, when the alchemists were trying to find out the elixir of life and something that would turn everything into gold. It was then they discovered how to distil alcohol.

B. What! when searching for the elixir of life?

A. Yes.

B. Then they found the elixir of death and degradation instead.

A. That's true. In seeking for something that would turn any metal into gold they found a thing that can turn a man into a beast.

B. I suppose that is why they called it "Alcohol, or the Spirit of Evil."

A. That no doubt, was the reason.