

## Mother Hubbard.

BY THE REV. JULIUS BRIGGS.

Poor Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her pale children some bread,  
And when she got there  
The cupboard was bare,  
So how could the children be fed?

O why was the cupboard  
Of poor Mother Hubbard  
Of food for her children so bare?  
It will not be treason,  
So here is the reason  
No food the poor mother found there.

The money the father  
Was able to gather,  
Was not very much at the most,  
But much of it sank  
In the beer that he drank,  
Or else in the gin-shop was lost.

O, poor Father Hubbard,  
Go look at the cupboard,  
And look at your children and wife;  
Is it right that they should  
Be bereft of their food?  
Is it right that you lead such a life?

Be wise, sir, and ponder,  
Ere further you wander,  
And lower and lower you sink;  
The cause, Mister Hubbard,  
So bare is your cupboard,  
Is found in your love for the drink.

You cannot but see it,  
Determine to flee it,  
And give us your heart and your hand,  
The gin-shop forsaking,  
The pledge boldly taking,  
And joining our Temperance Band.

## QUAILS IN WINTER.

ONE sometimes wonders how the birds live during the extreme cold of winter such as we have of late been having. Some, it is true, do perish from the cold, but the most of them live and flourish the whole winter through. One reason for this is, that birds have a very active circulation, and are, therefore, very warm-blooded. Again, the downy undergrowth of feathers is very "fluffy" and warm, and prevents the heat of the body escaping. They find, also, abundant food in the buds and berries which even in winter can be found on many trees, and on the seeds of grasses and the like. A deep snow, by covering these, sometimes causes considerable mortality among quails. God's care for the birds is made the ground for strong encouragement to his children. "Behold," says the Saviour, "the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" The accompanying picture is at once a beautiful winter scene and a lesson of trustfulness in God.

LEARN to say to all invitations to wrong-doing, from whatever source they come, "No, thank you," and in your old age you will be thankful for this advice.

IN the cross may be seen the concentration of eternal thought, the focus of infinite purpose, the outcome of illimitable wisdom.

## "NO SALOONS UP THERE."

DEAD!

Dead in the fulness of his manly strength, the ripeness of his manly beauty, and we who loved him were glad.

His coffin rested on his draped piano, his banjo and his flute beside it. And as we looked on his brown curls thrown up from the cold, white brow, on his skilled hands folded on his breast, on his sealed lips, of which wit and melody had been the very breathings, the silence was an awe, a weight upon us, yet our voiceless thanks rose up to God that he was dead.

Always courteous in manner, kind in word, obliging in act, everybody liked "Ned," the handsome, brilliant Ned.

Three generations of ancestors, honourable gentlemen all, had taken the social glass as gentlemen may, but never lowered themselves to drunkenness—never, no, not one; but their combined appetite they had given as an heirloom to Ned, and from his infancy he saw wine offered to guests in the dinner parties, and, when he had been "a perfect little gentleman," was given by his father one little sip.

He grew and the taste grew, and when his father was taken all restraint but a mother's love was taken.

As the only child of a praying mother now the Church would hold him up, now the saloon would draw him down; now his rich voice would join his mother's to swell the anthems of the Church, now made her night hideous with his ribald songs. So all along the years he was her idol and her woe.

When her last sickness was upon her the mother said to a friend:

"They tell me when I am gone Eddie will go down unchecked, that in some wild spree or mad delirium he will die. But he will not. His fathers created the appetite they gave my brave boy. His disgrace is their sin, and my sin too. He saw it on our table, tasted it in our ice-creams, jellies and sauces. For this my punishment is greater than I could bear but for the sure faith that God has forgiven me and will answer my daily, nightly prayers, and Eddie will die an humble penitent. It is just that I be forbidden to enjoy here the promised land, but I know whom I believe, and my boy will be carried safely over."

As death grew nigh every breath was a prayer for "Eddie," and, as he chafed her death-cold hands, the pallid lips formed the words no ear could catch, "Meet—me—in—heaven." And his voice, rich and full, responded, "I will, mother—I will."

And as from her mountain height of faith and love she caught a sight of that "promised land," with a seraph's smile she whispered, "I—thank—thee—O Father," and was gone.

And his uncontrollable grief made one say to another, "His mother's death will be his salvation."

He covered the new-made grave with flowers, and when others had left the cemetery he went back and sat beside it until nightfall, and then went to his lone home, and the oppressive silence drove him out to walk. He passed a saloon; some of his old associates came out and said kind words of sympathy. His soul was dark and sad, and from the open door came light and cheerful voices, and he went in.

Before the long spree was over he bade a crony "take that old book out of my sight."

That old book! the Bible he had seen his sainted mother reading morning, night, and often mid-day, and from which he had read to her during those suffering, dying days.

Then a friend of his mother took him to her home and brought him back to soberness, remorse and a horror of himself. For months he did nobly and became active in Christian work, and refused all the urging "to just step in and see your old friends," and we felt there was joy in heaven.

Then he was asked to bring his banjo and sing at an oyster supper at the most respectable saloon in town, where "no one is ever asked to drink."

A wild spree was the result, and his robe was so mired we doubted if it ever had been white. And he doubted, too, lost hope, lost faith in himself, and, worse, lost faith in God.

Kind arms were thrown about him, and again he was placed upon his feet. Very humble, very weak, he tried once more to walk the heavenward path.

"I am very glad to see you so well," I said one day when I met him.

"I don't know how long it will last," he said sadly.

"Forever, I hope," I said cheerily.

"I shall try hard to have it, but there will come an unguarded moment—but you know nothing about it."

Some two weeks after I met a physician.

"I have a case for you, ladies. Ned is very sick."

"Has liquor anything to do with it?"

"No, not at all. He has pneumonia, but his old drinking has so ruined his stomach it will go hard with him."

His nurse told us he thought he should die, and constantly exclaimed, "My wasted life! my wasted life! God cannot forgive it." He would fear to die, and pray to live to redeem his past; then he would fear to live, and pray to be taken from temptation. So wore on a week, and then he gave up self and grew calm in Christ.

One Sunday he said his mother was in the room and wondered we could not see her, and with a smile on his face said "mother" on his lips he passed beyond.

"As I came out of the Louse one of his whilom associates, sober and sad, took off his hat and asked, "Is it all over?"

Impressed with the vast meaning of these two little words, I bowed and answered back:

"All over!"

With a voice full of pathos he said: "The dear fellow is all right now. There are no saloons up there."

I walked on, repeating to myself: "No saloons up there! Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."—Selected.

## LIFEBOATS.

As I was one day walking along the sea-shore I came to a house or building standing close to the water's edge. I said to the man, "What is that?" He said, "That is where they keep the lifeboats. This is a station." So there are stations all along the coast wherever there is a dangerous place. When a storm comes up on the ocean there are men who walk along the shore day and night to see if any ships are in danger. If a ship is driven on the rocks the lifeboat goes out to take away the poor sailors and the little children and their mothers. During the past year more than three thousand lives have been saved in this way. It is a noble work. But there was never such a thing until Jesus came to our world. Men were hard and cruel, and sought to destroy each other. Jesus said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." So now the nations are beginning to learn of Jesus, and are doing good to each other instead of evil. They are following his example, for he died to save men. His whole life was spent in doing good, and I know he will save us if we trust in him.—Exchange.

## IMPEACHMENT OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

This monster has "the world" for a home, "the flesh" for a mother, and "the devil" for a father. He stands erect, a monster of fabulous proportions. He has no head, and cannot think. He has no heart, and cannot feel. He has no eyes, and cannot see. He has no ears, and cannot hear. He has only an instinct by which to plan, a passion by which to allure, a coil by which to bind, a fang with which to tear, and an infinite maw in which to consume his victims.

He is cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, strong as an ox, bold as a lion, merciless as a tiger, remorseless as a hyena, fierce as a pestilence deadly as the plague. To condemn and correct such a criminal is not the pastime of an hour, but the manly hero-born, martyr-bred work of a life time.

I impeach this monster, and arraign him before the bar of public judgment, and demand his condemnation in the name of industry robbed and beggared; of the public peace disturbed and broken, of private safety, ragged and garroted; of common justice violated and trampled; of the popular conscience debauched and prostituted; of royal manhood wrecked and ruined; and of helpless innocence waylaid and assassinated.—Ecc. Dr. C. H. Fowler.