

as among the old. The child who early learns to drink, to lie, to cheat, to swear, soon draws others with him in his downward career. One sinner, even in childhood, destroys much good. Signing the pledge is a thing of power over all those who behold it. One and another are induced to go and do likewise; and it is a thing of power, aye, of mighty power over him who sincerely does it. It says to all his appetites craving for indulgence, "Be still." It says to the tempter alluring, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offence unto me." It says to the world, I have faith to overcome, and enters into rest. It is a thing of power too, as making them active in the cause. No person will do much for temperance until he has signed the pledge. And how can he? He invites others to an act which he fails to acknowledge as his own. Having once signed, he is anxious and bold to have others sign; he goes out into the streets and highways, and compels them to come in. None have been found better, more efficient labourers in extending the temperance movement in this way than children and youth. Many thousands have taken the pledge through their instrumentality, and been saved from a drunkard's eternity. They thus become a power in the community; a power for good and not for evil; a power to save and not destroy; a power of life here, and it may be, through grace, of life hereafter. The pledge then commends itself to the attention of all parents, and all reformers of the young. It is a blessed resolution, through faith, overcoming the world.—*Journal of American Temperance Union.*

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

We do not put the above question out of mere curiosity, or from any supposed right we have to catechise our readers. We do it more in a suggestive than a dictatorial spirit, with a view to awaken thought and prompt the action. We are entering upon what is frequently termed our winter campaign—the season favourable for large meetings and stirring lectures, for household visiting and tract distribution. We therefore, not only regard the question as seasonable, but as capable of receiving such expansion as may lead to good results.

We begin with the temperance platform. And first, we ask, How is this supplied with speakers? We do not enquire whether they are travelling lecturers or local advocates, but what is the quality of the teaching you invite people to listen to? We are by no means the best judges of our own qualifications and fitness for the doing of certain things, and as little so in reference to public speaking as most matters. The temperance platform needs enlightened and elevating speaking, such as will not only interest, but benefit the people. There is danger in our days lest the improvement of the community should be lost sight of in the various attempts which are now made to please it. We have all sorts of schemes afloat for amusing the multitude, but too few for solidly benefiting it. We are not opponents to rational, cheerful recreation, when provided at the right place, and under proper circumstances. We are neither maw-worms nor ascetics, but on the contrary, quite disposed to the enjoyment of all the pleasant and beautiful things which the Creator has given to this beautiful world. Our question then returns, is your platform supplied with

speakers capable of instructing your audiences in the leading truths of temperance, and is its general tone such as will not offend reasonable people? A temperance society partakes largely of the spirit and complexion of its platform, as it has necessarily much to do in the preparation of the materials and building up of the fabric. Let every platform then, as far as practicable, be supplied with intelligent, earnest, and attractive speakers, so that the downcast multitudes may be lifted up by its powerful agency.

Our next enquiry must point to the press. In an American cotemporary, the press is described as "the eyes, the ears, the feet, and the strong right arm of the temperance reform." How many societies are there which seldom think of the press, and consequently whose feebleness and powerlessness are easily accounted for, as they are destitute of "eyes, ears, feet, and the strong right arm." What are you doing then in reference to tracts, periodicals and the standard literature of the cause? Unless you attend to these, earnestly and perseveringly, you will never secure local status, never command local respect and gain local power, and above all, you will never enlighten the community on its duties and privileges in reference to the great question. Carrying out and applying the apt figure of our American brethren, let not your society be *blind, deaf and lame*, a poor sickly thing exciting the contempt of its onlookers.

For the present we have only to ask, what are you doing about visitation? What numbers of poor victims sign the pledge every year, and break it again? Prompted by their unold sufferings, they seek relief in the magic power of the pledge, but too often retire again into the obscurity of their back lane dwelling, to be again tempted into their old paths of ruin. Such want encouragement, counsel, and kindness, and the temperance visitor has saved thousands from a relapse by repeated timely attentions.

Our question is addressed to officers and committees of temperance societies, to those who call themselves *private* members, too *private* indeed many of them are. The cause does not belong to the committee exclusively, but all are, or ought to be partners in the business. The inquiry relates to your attendance at temperance meetings, to your influence and example in your family and workshop, and to your pecuniary contributions.

We trust our remarks will lead many to bestir themselves, so that they will ere long be able to give a satisfactory answer to our question.—"What are you doing?"—*Bri. Tem. Advocate.*

Poetry.

JUVENILE TEMPERANCE SONG.

BY REV. J. G. ADAMS.

The Temperance cause forever!
Its record is on high;
Man's will and man's endeavour,
Crown'd with God's victory!
In every land its story
Of triumph hath been told;
Be our true aim and glory
Its beauties to unfold.

Hail! for among the voices
That cheer its onward way,
We hear one that rejoices,
'Mid adverse night or day;

'Tis that of Childhood, ready
In this great work of love,
The faltering hand to steady,
The cause of God to prove.

Guardians of home and nation,
Awake, arise, and save
A rising generation
From the inebriate's grave!
The deadly foe is lurking
In our most secret ways;
Let us be up and working,
To end his impious days!

WE'LL WIN THE DAY.

The following song composed by Peter Sinclair, Esq., of Scotland, was sung by some three or four thousand children in Boston Tremont Temple, last May-Day—on which occasion also, Mr Sinclair and others delivered Temperance addresses:—

As on we move through life's pathway,
Around each step temptations play;
Guide us, O God, thine own blest way,
And we will sing this happy lay.
CHORUS.—We'll win the day—we'll win the day;

On we'll go right merrily, merrily;
Ever pray to win the day,
And work away right earnestly.

We'll teach the young all drink to shun,
The little is the sin begun;
We'll teach them to abstain alway,
If e'er they hope to win the day.
We'll win the day, &c.

When the poor drunkard in the street,
In all his sin we sadly meet,
We'll kindly plead with him and say,
Come thou with us, and win the day.
We'll win the day, &c.

Thus will we try a world to move,
By cries, entreaties, prayers and love;
And come what will to stop our way,
We'll win—we'll win—we'll win the day.
We'll win the day, &c.

THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

'Tis first the true and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood,

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful,
But first the sorrowful and then the glad;
Tears for a day—for earth of tears is full,
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright and after that the dark,
But first the dark and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection light.

'Tis first the right, stern night of storm and war—
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies;
Then the far sparkle of the Morning Star,
That bids the saint awake and dawn arise.

H. BONAR, D. D.