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Selections.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

He was one of the fellows
That could drink or leave it alone,
With a fine high scorn for common men
Who were born with no backbone.
"And why," said he, "should a man
of strength
Deny to himself the use
Of the pleasant gift of the warm, red wine
Because of its weak abuse?"

He could quote at a banquet,
With a manner half divine,
Full fifty things the poets say
About the rosy wine;
And he could sing a spirited song
About the lips of a lass,
And drink a toast to her fair worth
In a sparkling generous glass.

And since this lordly fellow
Could drink or leave it alone,
He chose to drink at his own wild will
Till his will was overthrown.
And the lips of the lass are cold with grief,
And her children shiver and shrink,
For the man who once could leave it alone
Is a pitiful slave to drink.
—British Temperance Advocate.

THE TRUE LADDIE.

Here's a laddie bright and fair,
And his heart is free from care;
Will he ever, do you think,
Learn to smoke, and chew, and drink?
Make a furnace of his throat,
And a chimney of his nose,
In his pocket not a groat,
Elbows out, and ragged toes!

Here's a laddie full of glee,
And his step is light and free;
Will he ever, do you think,
Mad with thirst and crazed with drink,
Stagger wildly down the street,
Wallow in the mire and sleet,
Hug the lamp-post and declare,
Snakes are writhing in his hair?

No! this laddie, honor bright,
Swears to love the true and right;
Keep his body pure and sweet,
For an angel's dwelling meet;
Never never will he sup
Horror from the drunkard's cup;
Never in the "flowing bowl"
Will he drown his angel-soul.
—Tidings.

GIVE US A CALL.

RECITATION FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Give us a call! We keep good beer,
Wine, brandy, gin and whisky here;
Our doors are open to boys and men,
And even to women now and then.
We lighten their purses, we taint their
breaths,
We swell up the columns of awful
deaths.

All kinds of crimes
We sell for dimes
In our sugared poisons, so sweet to
taste;
If you've money, position, or time to
waste,
Give us a call.

Give us a call! In a pint of gin
We will sell you more wickedness,
shame and sin
Than a score of clergymen, preaching
all day,
From dawn to darkness, could preach
away;

And in our beer (though it may take
longer
To get a man drunk than drinks that
are stronger)
We sell our property, shame and woe;
Who wants to purchase? Our prices
are low.

Give us a call. We'll dull your brains,
We'll give you headaches and racking
pains,
We'll make you old while you yet are
young,
To lie and slanders we'll turn your
tongue,

We'll make you shirk
From useful work,
Make theft and forgery seem fair play,
And murder a pastime sure to pay,
Give us a call.

Give us a call! We are cunning and
wise;
We are bound to succeed, for we
advertise
In the family papers the journals that
claim

To be pure in morals and fair of fame.
Husbands, brothers, and sons will read
Our kind invitation, and some will heed

And give us a call; we pay for all
The space in the papers we occupy.
And there's little in life that money
won't buy,
If you would go down in the world,
and not up,
If you would be slain by the snake in
the cup,
Or lose your soul
In the flowing bowl,
If you covet shame, and a blasted
name,
Give us a call.
—Selected.

TOMMY BROWN, IS HE IN YOUR SCHOOL?

"What is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy Brown, ma'am," answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure with a thin face, large hollow eyes and pale cheeks that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes evidently made for some one else. They were patched in places with cloth of different colors. His shoes were old, his hair cut square in the neck, in the unpractised manner that women sometimes cut boys' hair. It was a bitter cold day yet he wore no overcoat and his bare hands were red with the cold.

"How old are you, Tommy?"
"Nine year old come next April. I've learnt to read at home and I can cipher a little."

"Well, it's time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?"

The boy fumbled with a cap in his hand but did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap with frayed edges and the original color of the fabric no man could tell.

Presently he said, "I never went to school 'cause—'cause—well, mother takes in washin' and she couldn't spare me. But Sissy is big enough now to help; and she minds the baby besides."

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room. While he was making his confused explanation some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out, "say Tommy where are your cuffs and collar?" "And another said, "you must sleep in the rag bag at night, by the looks of your clothes!" Before the teacher could quiet them another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the new boy was "old Si Brown, who was always as drunk as a fiddler."

The poor child looked round at his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then, before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of misery he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street, and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a heavy heart. All day long the child's pitiful face haunted her. At night it came to her dreams. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble she found the place where he lived, and two of the W. C. T. U. women went to visit him.

It was a dilapidated house, in a street near the river. When they first entered they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of the soap-suds. There were two windows in the room, but a tall building shut out the light. It was a gloomy day, too, with gray, lowering clouds that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a wash-tub. When they entered she wiped her hands on her apron and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty. But the color and light had all gone out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down in a listless, uninterested manner, then, taking a chair herself, she said:
"Sissy, give me the baby."

A little girl came forward from a dark corner of a room carrying a baby, that she laid in her mother's lap—a lean and sickly-looking baby, with the same hollow eyes that little Tommy had.

"Your baby doesn't look strong," said one of the ladies.

"No, ma'am, she isn't very strong. I have to work hard, and I expect it affects her," and the woman coughed as she held the child to her breast.

"Where is your little Tommy?" asked one of the visitors.

"He is there in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick?"

"Yes'm; and the doctor thinks he isn't going to get well." At this, the mother laid her hand on the baby's

face, while the tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

"What is the matter with him?"
"He was never very strong, and he's had to work too hard carrying water and helping me to lift the wash tubs and things like that."

"Is his father dead?"
"No, he ain't dead. He used to be a good workman, and we had a comfortable home. But all he earns now—and that ain't much—goes for drink."

She took the child off her shoulder. It was asleep now, and she laid it across her lap.

"Tommy has been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this winter. He thought if he could get a little education he'd be able to help take care of Sissy and me. He knew he'd never be able to work hard. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood in the door and watched him going. I can never forget how the little fellow looked," she continued, the tears streaming down her face. "His patched up clothes, his old shoes, his ragged cap, his poor little anxious look. He turned round to me as he left the yard and said, "Don't you worry, mother; I ain't going to mind what the boys say." But he did mind. It wasn't an hour till he was back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was broke years ago. If it was it was broke over again that day. I can stand most anything myself, but, oh, I can't bear to see my children suffer!" Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The little girl came up to her quickly and stole a thin little arm round her mother's neck. "Don't cry, mother," she whispered, "don't cry."

The woman made an effort to check her tears and wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness she continued:

"Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn't comfort him. He said it wasn't any use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before his father came home. I told him his father would be mad if saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. Seemed like he couldn't stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy. And the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he would have been sick anyway. But, oh, my poor little boy! My sick, suffering child!" she cried. "How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?"

A little voice spoke from the bed. One of the ladies went to him. There he lay, poor, little defenseless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep, and diligently legislates over its game. Would that children were as precious as brutes and birds!

His face was flushed, and the hollow eyes were bright. There was a long purple mark on his temple. He put up one little wasted hand to cover it, while he said:

"Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking." Then in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered: "I'm glad I'm going to die. I'm too weak ever to help mother, anyhow. In heaven the angels ain't going to call me a drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes."

He turned his head feebly on his pillow, and then said, in a lower tone: "Some day—they ain't going—to let the saloons—keep open. But I'm afraid—poor father—will be dead—before then." Then he shut his eyes from weariness.

The next morning the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.

He is only one of many. There are hundreds like him in tenement houses, slums and alleys in town and country. Poor little martyrs, whose tears fall almost unheeded; who are cold and hungry in this Christian land; whose hearts and bodies are bruised with unkindness. And yet, "the liquor traffic is a legitimate business and must not be interfered with," so it is said.

Over eighteen hundred years ago it was also said:

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."
—Selected.