

THE LITTLE TEMPERANCE BOYS.

(An Exercise for Ten Little Boys.)

[This, if well rendered, is very taking. It commences by one boy reciting the first verse. As he takes up the last word he is joined by another little boy, who runs or walks very quickly to join him. Together they recite the second verse, and are quickly joined by another boy; the three take up the third verse. In this way the number of boys increases at each verse, till at last they number ten. They should be careful to speak boldly and in unison, and at the last two verses take hold of hands, forming a semicircle.]

One little temperance boy, to his work so true, Pledged another little boy—then there were two. Two little temperance boys, from bad habits free, Got another boy to join them—then there were three.

Three little temperance boys, never drank nor swore, Taught a boy he must not smoke—then there were four.

Four little temperance boys, to their work alive, Helped another boy be good—then there were five.

Five little temperance boys, eyes so very bright, Soon started number six on the road to right,

Six little temperance boys, looking up to heaven, Cheered a playmate on the way—then there were seven.

Seven little temperance boys, all rum they hate, Told a fellow of the wrong—then there were eight.

Eight little temperance boys, touch not, taste not wine, Asked a schoolmate not to drink—then there were nine.

Nine little temperance boys learned the truth, and then Told it to another boy—so there were ten.

Ten little temperance boys, working hand-in-hand To drive strong drink away from our native land,

Ask you all to help them, work with all your might, Never fear nor falter; God is with the right.

—Ida M. Buxton, in Pansy.

AN OLD MOTHER'S REMARKS TO KITTY.

Here we are, kitty, you and I all alone, you on your cushion, I in my armchair. Was your milk warm enough, and did you have all you wanted? I feel so kind of lonesome and down-hearted to-night that I want to know some other body is comfortable if I can. Oh, kitty, I could tell you some things that would surprise you, if only your ears were capable of taking in my speech, and your heart of understanding an old lady's plaint. It isn't quite right that I should sit here night after night with this lonely pain tugging at my heart, really, kitty, it is not quite right. But there! I don't think the children mean to be forgetful or unkind. You see, kitty, it is so natural for a mother to excuse the shortcomings of her children, that I cannot find it in my heart to entirely blame my boys that they let the time slip by as they do without writing, or running down to see their old mother. But truth is, when we grow old and unable to bustle about and fill up the hours with constant duties there is more time to brood over such things and to take them to heart, and I find it takes but little to please and but little to grieve the old. Very much like the children again, kitty, easily moved either to tears or to smile. My daughter is more thoughtful and writes as often as she can, but her home is so far West I can see her but seldom. I could not stay with her any length of time, for the house full of little folks would be too much for my weak nerves. My sons, however, are not so far removed, but they could easily snatch a day or two to run out to the old country home and say a few cheering words to me now and then. One of these days, kitty, the boys—I call them boys, although the last time I saw Tom he really had a few gray hairs, but one of these days, kitty, the boys will come out to the old place to lay their poor old mother away; then they'll get flowers as like as not and place in my withered old hands, and take great care that everything is done in a careful, tender way. I dare say they will stand over me and weep, saying, "poor mother, how much she did for us;" and, kitty, I'm afraid—I'm just a little bit afraid they'll say, "I wish somehow now that we had been a little more attentive to mother these last years of her life, perhaps she

GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER, By per.



- 1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick conound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



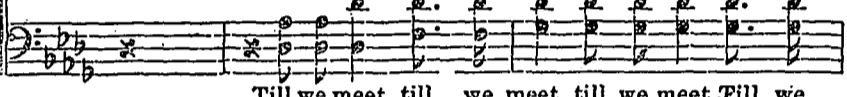
With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again. Daily manna still di- vide you, God be with you till we meet again. Put His arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again. Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



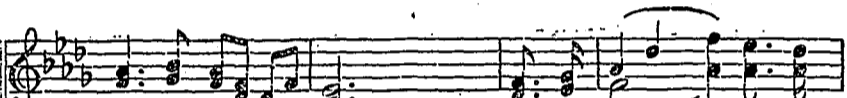
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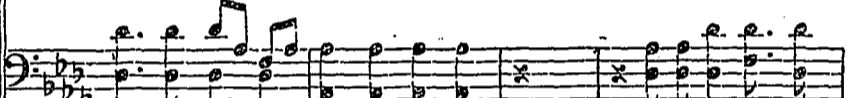
Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we



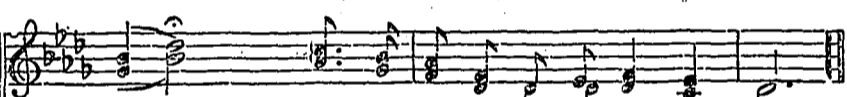
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we



meet at Je - us' feet, Till we meet, till we



meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we



meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.



meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet, a - gain.

thought us neglectful, but we really never meant to be that." Oh no, kitty, I'm quite convinced the boys never meant to be otherwise than dutiful and kind. Philip asked in his last letter if there was anything he could do for me, and sent me money to get any little comfort or luxury I might like or enjoy. But, kitty, it is months since that letter reached me. I wouldn't tell anyone but you for the world. I couldn't, but it is actually months since my boy Philip has written to me, his own mother, although I told him plainly and lovingly the greatest thing he could do for me would be to write often and to come and see me whenever he possibly could. I'll tell you one thing, kitty, if you won't tell any one else in the world, not even little Kitty Hastings over the way you think so much of. And this is what hurts me most of all. I think my boys are so engrossed with their wives and children, they entirely forgot how longingly my mother heart yearns for a sight of them. They have good wives and I haven't a word to say against them, but women are sometimes very thoughtless about this matter, and without meaning to be selfish they seem to want to keep their husbands all to themselves and to just their own household. But they should remember that they in turn will grow old, their sons will take to themselves wives, then it may be the same old heart-trying story will repeat itself for them, the story of complete absorption in the home circle, to the forgetfulness of the mother who watched and tended them from infancy even to manhood's years. Yes, kitty, it hurts dreadfully that my sons could go out from their childhood's home and become neglectful

of their own tender faithful mother. But years ago I learned to cast my care on One who careth for me, and I still find solace in this unfailing support.—Christian at Work.

AND WHAT A CUSTOMER!

The man who estimates his fellows by the material and out of their clothes is liable to make embarrassing mistakes. The following story, which may be true, is told by the Austrian papers, and is amusing society in Vienna:

A few weeks ago a man dressed in Tyrolese costume entered the shop of the principal barber in Innsbruck, sat down in a chair, and made a sign that he desired to be shaved.

The proprietor of the establishment is patronized by all the civic big-wigs of the place, and is naturally anxious to keep the circle of his customers select. Seeing, therefore, a rough-looking fellow, clad in the national joppe, reclining on the velvet plush that was sacred to local officials, he blunty told him:

"We don't serve peasants here; this is a saloon for gentlemen."

The stranger rose, with a smile. "Very well," he said; "but oblige me, in case my adjutant should come in, by telling him that I have gone to be shaved by your rival across the street. I am the Archduke Joseph."

The archduke, who is commander-in-chief of the Hungarian landwehr, and who ought to be known pretty well by sight even in the Tyrol, then lifted his hat and departed.

PRIZE WINNERS HEARD FROM.

Two of our prize winners in our Prize Bible Competition write as follows:—

DEAR SIRS,—Your letter of the 5th inst. informing me of the award to me of the second prize in the Bible Competition, was duly received, also the Bible in good condition.

I am much pleased with it; it is such a convenient size. I did not expect to find the maps in it; and the binding is much better than I had supposed it would be.

It was all the more acceptable as my old one, which had neither maps nor references, was quite worn out. Yours respectfully,

LILLIAN NEWTON.

Ottawa, Kansas, Sept. 13, 1889.

DEAR SIR.—I received the prize which you sent me yesterday and am much pleased with it. I took much pleasure in the competition, and thank you very much for your valuable book. Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM FLOOK.

Ingersoll, Sept. 10, 1889.

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