



## Who's Afraid?

RECITATION FOR THREE BOYS.

### FIRST BOY.

Who's afraid, who's afraid, of a glass of ale?  
What a muff you are, for your nerves to fall  
At the sight of drink, and you answer 'No!'  
You're a baby, Jim, and I tell you so.  
Why, I'm sure, if I went by your temperance plan,  
I should grow up weak, only half a man;  
I'm no coward, Jim, and I cannot see  
That a drop of drink can do harm to me.

### SECOND BOY.

Yet the drunkard reeling down the street,  
And every ruined life we meet,  
Began with a drop, with a little sip,  
From the glass that shall never reach my lip.  
I'm afraid, yes, afraid, though no coward I,  
Lest another fall where the shadows lie,  
Through aught that I do, through my want of will,  
Through this dreadful thing that is working ill.  
And so I declare my example ne'er  
Shall point unto harm and to dark despair;  
I'm afraid to drink, lest a brother say;  
'To the road of ruin you led the way!'

### THIRD BOY.

And who would not fear in this land of ours,  
With the cloud of drink o'er its fields and flowers,  
With the tyrant drink in its every town,  
Stealing away its glory-crown?  
Oh, who would not fear to have any part  
In the thing that is hurtful for home and heart?  
Oh, that everyone may be brave to stand,  
With the free and the true, joining hand to hand!

### FIRST BOY.

Stop, stop, for the sake of the world so wide,  
The souls that to rescue the Master died,  
Oh, harm not our brethren by aught you do,  
But help by example the cause that's true.

### THIRD BOY.

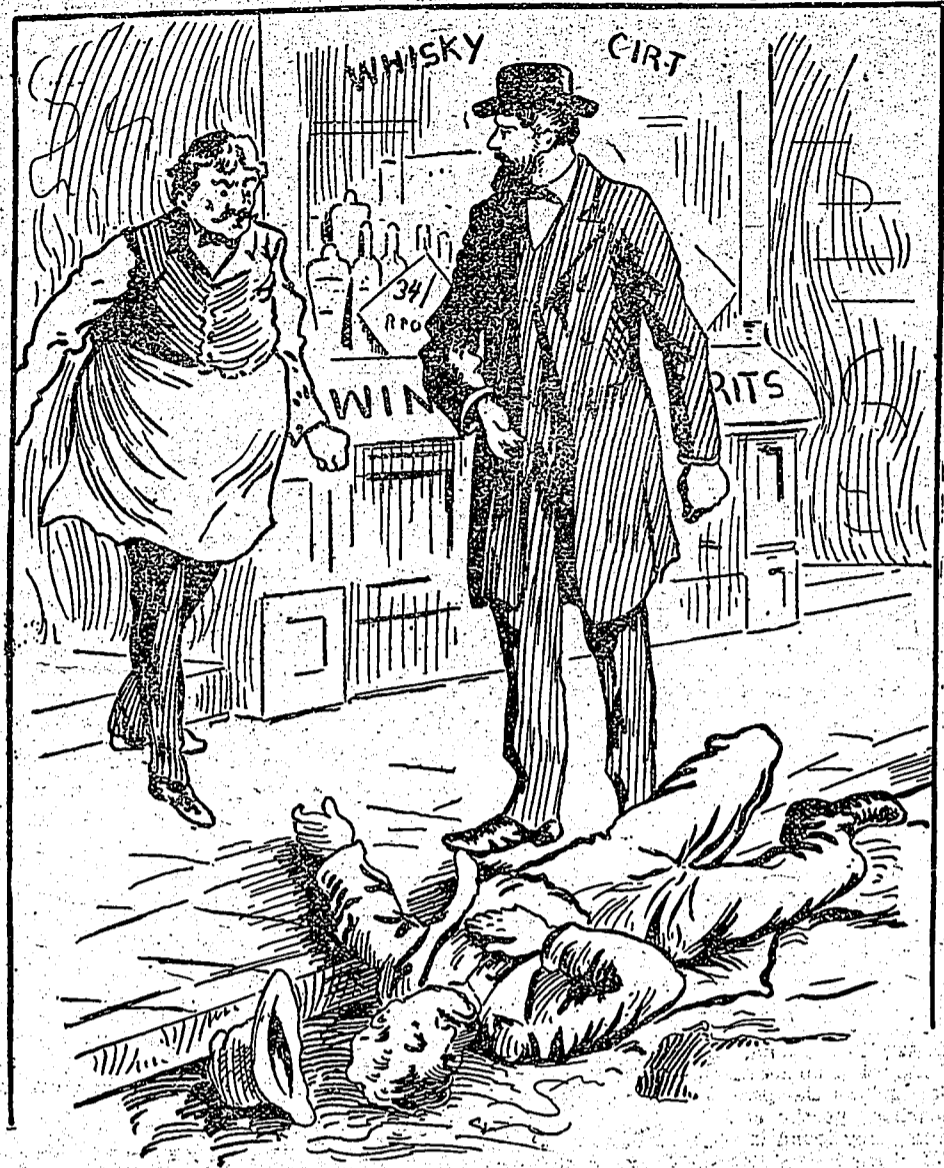
Oh, bad for the body, the mind, the soul,  
This glass that you take, whether half, or whole,  
Be brave to refuse it, and henceforth say,  
'For sak of my brethren I'll answer "Nay!"'

### SECOND BOY.

No cowards, indeed, are the temperance host,  
Since of others, not self, they are thinking most;  
Let me sign my name, for I'll join the band,  
That fears to do wrong, and for Truth doth stand.

## There is No Danger.

Jack Turner was a fearless lad, who cared for no warning, and delighted in venturing into the most dangerous places. Often he had climbed up the face of an almost perpendicular cliff in order to rifle the birds' nests which were there; and on one occasion he had frightened the whole neighborhood by scaling the pier of the bridge, from the channel of the river on to the ledge above. The more wise of the grown-up people would sometimes venture a word of caution, and tell him that if he did not mind what he was about he would certainly be killed some day; but Jack only laughed defiantly, and replied, 'No fear; I know what I'm about;' and sure enough, he did seem to have feet like a cat, and a head as steady as a mule's. But one day, when on a solitary bird-nesting expedition, he met with such a serious accident as effectually cured him of all his recklessness. On a tree which grew by the side of the river over which the greater portion of its branches hung, he saw a nest; and



### HIS SIGNBOARD.

One day James Dowdle was passing a public-house from which a goodly number of his converts had been drawn, when he noticed a terrible and disgusting sight. A poor, sodden, flabby fellow, had been made really ill by the 'swill,' he had swallowed, and had fallen in a heap on the pavement outside. 'Mister,' said James, entering the public-house, 'your sign-board has fallen down on

the pavement. You'd better come and pick it up.'

Out bustled the publican, but great was his astonishment and wrath when James pointed to the unconscious heap, and said, 'Pick him up, and put him in your window, labelled, "Manufactured on the Premises at Fourpence a Pot!"'—From 'Life and Labors of James Dowdle, Commissioner,' in 'War Cry.'

rather attracted than otherwise by the danger which would have to be braved, in order to reach it, he at once mounted to secure it. But he had reckoned this time without his host, for as he was putting out his hand to take possession of the young ones in the nest, the branch on which he stood gave way, and he fell with it into the river. Just at the place where the tree grew, the river was intercepted by some large stones, which divided the current into two, and Jack's head struck violently on one of these, so that he was severely injured, and was made for the time insensible. It is not unlikely, indeed, that he would have been drowned outright, since he had not the consciousness to know where he was; but a person who happened to pass, just after the accident, discovered him, and after hauling him out of the river, carried him to the nearest house. Here Jack lay for a long time seriously ill, his life hanging in the balance, for brain-fever is at all times a dangerous malady; but, by the mercy of God, he recovered, and from that hour to this he has never climbed again. Let the young people who read this story take warning from older friends, and not wantonly expose themselves to danger. It is melancholy to think how many bodily evils, in the shape of crooked spines, and the like, have been caused by reckless climbing; be content, therefore, to walk on the level road, and leave all such dangerous sports alone. Above all, take care of over-confidence in everything. How many people have drifted into drunkenness, saying, as Jack, here, 'No fear.' Do not you risk yourselves thus, but early take the course of abstinence, and just as he who walks always on the level will never have a fall like that which we have described; so he who never touches strong drink will never become a drunkard.—'League Journal.'

## 'Wine is a Mocker.'

Only a glass of wine,  
When the tempter's power held sway,  
But it led its victim down the path,  
Of sin's most deadly way;  
It turned the channel of one young life  
Into paths of deepest woe,  
And blackened one poor heart that once  
Was as pure as the whitest snow.

Only a glass of wine, alas!  
It was a most fatal start,  
For it turned to a demon a fair young  
lad,  
And broke a fond mother's heart;  
It darkened a young wife's happiness,  
And gave her but pain and woe;  
It brought her, instead of a loving caress,  
A curse and a cruel blow.

Only a glass of glowing wine!  
'Tis a little thing, but, then,  
It turned a bright and sunny home  
Into a drunkard's den!  
It blasted forever a precious life,  
And sounded a funeral knell;  
It placed the wreck in a drunkard's grave,  
And led to a drunkard's hell.  
—'Young Soldier.'

## All.

Oh, brothers and friends, at this festal hour,  
Think, think, of Example's mighty power,  
And fear ye the evil, and choose the right,  
And point ye the world unto Hope and Light.  
—M. S. Haycraft, in 'Temperance Record.'