

Your House.

Be true to yourself at the start, young man,  
Be true to yourself and God;  
Do you build your house, mark well the spot,  
Lest all the ground, and build you not  
On the sand or shaking sod.

Dig, dig the foundation deep, young man,  
Plant firm the outer wall;  
Let the props be strong, let the roof be high,  
Like an open turret toward the sky,  
Through which heaven's dew may fall.

Let this be the room of the soul, young man,  
When the shadows shall herald care,  
A chamber with never a roof, a thatch  
To hinder the light, or door or latch  
To shut in the spirit's prayer!

Build slow and sure, 'tis for life, young man,  
A life that outlives the breath;  
For who shall gainsey the Holy Word?  
"Their works do follow them," saith the Lord,  
"Therein is no death."

Build deep, and high, and broad, young man,  
As the needful case demands;  
Let your title-deeds be clear and bright,  
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of light  
For the "house not made with hands"  
—Selected.

THE OLD MAN'S WARNING.

"I TELL you, Kate, it is no use to argue. If I should be as fussy as you are, the boys would cut my acquaintance. All those in my class take a little—just a little—wine on very select occasions; and if, as you say, it hurts them, it certainly hurts a *million* else."

"No, no, Will," interrupted Kate, "you forgot John Burns and Arthur Wilson. They would not touch wine, I know."

"Well, the rest of the fellows make so much fun of them, that they seldom come to our nice little times. We hardly think of them as members of the class, only when we are in the recreation rooms. All the high-toned fellows take a little. I don't see what you want to worry for; a little wine will never hurt any one."

"But," said Kate, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, "people learn to love it, and drink more and more. O Will! what would poor mother do if you—should—get—drunk?"

"There! crying again, you silly girl! Just as though there was any danger! If a fellow is foolish enough to get drunk, it is his own fault, and no one is hurt but himself, so do stop your fussing," and William Steele, jun., having settled the question to his own satisfaction, for the hundredth time, soon put in the usual emphatic period by slamming the hall door.

Kate and William Steele were the only children of a man who was so engrossed in business, that he took no time to become interested in his children, and a woman whose health would not permit her to fill a mother's place—much less the place of both mother and father. Will was preparing for college, and was anxious to retain the favour of his class-mates, who were nearly all the sons of wealthy men. Kate had carefully concealed from her mother the fact that these classes were not

strictly temperate: and, as she knew she could not rely upon her father's help, had been trying, alone, to shield her brother from temptation. Will was kind-hearted and loved her; but, on this one point, refused to be influenced by her advice, always ending a conversation on the subject with the assertion that a "little wine" was not injurious, and if large quantities hurt a person, he would be the only sufferer. Though they had never been taught that intemperance was one of the greatest of all evils, Kate had seen and heard enough to convince her that a larger part of the world's woe was caused by strong drink, and that no young woman who uses wine is safe. After her brother left, she felt almost discouraged. She knew that the "nice little times" of which he had spoken, came more frequently than the year before; and that these young men were forming habits which must prove a bitter curse to them. She could hope for but little help from the village people in arousing an interest in temperance reform; and, though there was a secret temperance society which held weekly meetings, it was, practically, a dead letter. It seemed to her, as she saw Will go down the street, toward the home of Leslie Johnson, the richest and most influential boy in his class, that her trouble was greater than she could bear, for she knew Leslie's influence was all on the side of wine. Just then her eye fell upon two leaflets which her pastor's wife had given her. She read the last words of one, bearing the title, "Ho Careth."

"Can it be trouble which he doth share?  
Oh! rest in peace, for the Lord does care."

The other poem, she had been told, was sent from Florida by a missionary who visited among the coloured people. After they had heard the poem once, they would say every time she called: "Now, Miss Hattie, read us 'A Little Talk with Jesus.'"

Kate read the first words:  
"A little talk with Jesus:  
How it smooths the rugged road!  
How it seems to help me onward,  
When I faint beneath my load!  
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,  
And mine eyes with tears are dim,  
There is naught can yield me comfort  
Like a little talk with him."

"There!" said she, "I have been trying for months to be a Christian, but I have not cast this burden on the Lord. I have brought it to him, but have carried it away again, every time; and if I insist on carrying it myself, how can he carry it for me? I will have 'a little talk with Jesus,' and I believe he will show Will there is harm in strong drink."

The next week there was a picnic at Pine Grove Point. Kate, Will and Leslie went to the nearest house for some water. Before they reached the well, Leslie exclaimed: "Look! look! there is the 'Old Man of the Mountains,' just moved in; or is it 'Jack Frost,' fresh from the North Pole, and lame from his long journey!"

A fine-looking old man, who had been walking slowly and painfully down the stone pavement leaning upon two canes paused at the well, and fixed his piercing eyes upon Leslie. His beard was very long, and, like his hair, was as white as snow.

"No, young man," said he, "I did not come from the North Pole. Better for me if I had, for I imagine the soul-killing wine cup would not have ruined me there. Look at me! tall, hale and hearty, able to swing a scythe, and earn good wages—old as I am—but not a single step can I take without terrible pain, and only by the help of crutches or canes; and wine did the whole of it; wine brought me here."

"But, sir," said Leslie, about to defend his favourite beverage, "but, sir—"

"No," interrupted the old man, shaking his white head, "you need not say 'But, sir,' to me. Don't you think I know? I never drank it, but it nearly killed me, all the same. I was as well as you are to-day when I took that crowded express train away down in Connecticut, twenty years ago, but the engineer had been to a wedding where wine was as free as water, and drank, and drank again, until he was as fit to run a train as the Prince of Darkness would be. And the worst of it was, he thought he was all right, and the passengers on that long train supposed they were safe. In the gray of the morning we came to a draw-bridge. It was up to let the sloop pass through, but he took no notice of the signal, nor was he roused until the fireman, turning as white as death, pointed to the black gulf in full sight, and cried, 'Oh God! the bridge is up!' Young man, that was an awful hour. Wine had controlled that train. Some folks think liquor only hurts those who drink it, but I tell you it murders thousands who never touch it. It breaks the hearts of thousands more. It makes idiots, halt, and blind of tens of thousands more. If it would only stop when it had sent the drinkers themselves to the poorhouse and insane asylums; when it had ruined their bodies and souls, and sent them into a hopeless future (for no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven); if it would only stop then, the world would not be as full of woe as it is to-day; but it never stops, it never stops and it never will, until you, boys and girls, too, create a public sentiment which will lay the axe at the root of the tree, and stop the manufacture of the poison. Till then we must mourn for the millions slain."

"In that dreadful morning hour our express train of fifteen cars went thundering on, and on, toward destruction. The danger, seen too late, could not be averted. The engineer reversed the engine and whistled down brakes, then leaped and escaped, but half the cars went into the chasm. I could not forget that hour even if I had not lived in pain ever since—the awful plunge, the agony, the groans of anguish, the

frantic cries for help, the dying struggles, I have dreamed of them by the hour. Wives were made widows, and children orphans, and fathers and mothers childless, all because one young man insisted that there was no harm in drinking a little wine. He repented. Oh, yes! the thought of that awful scene tormented him day and night, until, finally, he took poison and killed himself; but the sorrow did not restore the scores of murdered victims to their friends, nor did it give health and strength to the three hundred who were injured, some of them worse than killed, for they have lived in constant and excruciating pain. The plunge into the cold water, and the injuries received, caused a severe sickness and this lameness, so, as you see, I cannot take a step without help. Go your way, my young friends, but take with you an old man's warning. Beware of alcohol, whether in wine, beer, cider, or stronger drinks. You have no right to throw away the talents God has given you. You have no right to prove a curse to yourselves and those around you; and you have no right to run the risk of maiming or murdering those whose lives may be entrusted to your care. Do not be satisfied with abstaining from strong drink yourselves; help those who have not, perhaps, as much will power as you have, by your precept and example; and if you can save even one from a drunkard's grave, and help one soul to enter heaven, the effort will give you joy throughout eternity. 'No man liveth unto himself.' Your influence will tell for good or evil; make it tell for good. Remember the old man's warning."

As the boys turned away, Kate softly thanked the stranger for his earnest words, then hurried after them. Leslie tried to appear unconcerned, and said, with a laugh: "The old feller gave us a pretty tall kind of a lecture, didn't he." But Kate's eyes flashed upon him a fire as intense as that which shone in those of the old man whom they had left.

"Leslie Johnson!" said she with great energy, "you know it is true, every word of it, and if you, and a few others like you, would stand firm for total abstinence, you would do something grand and noble, something you could always rejoice over. It is worth while to be a leader in a work which is to help everybody round you, but it is fearful to lead people toward drunkards' graves. Now, Leslie, please take hold of this work. Let us have a temperance band in connection with school. Promise me that you will use your influence."

Before Leslie could reply, a party of their young friends came to meet them; but Kate was thoroughly in earnest, and her pleadings finally prevailed. A band was formed which did much toward awakening the interest in temperance work, and banishing liquor shops from the village—Mrs N C Alton, in Union Signal