

Selections.

FILL NOT FOR ME.

Grief banished by wine will come again,
And come with a deeper shade,
Leaving perchance on the soul a stain
That sorrow hath never made.
Then fill not the tempting glass for me,
If mournful, I will not be mad;
Better sad because we sinful be,
Than sinful because we are sad.

—Sir W. A. Becket.

DASH IT DOWN.

Ha!—dash to the earth the poison bowl,
And seek it not again—
It hath a madness for the soul—
A scorching for the brain.
The curses and the plagues of hell
Are flashing on its brim—
Woe to the victim of its spell:
There is no hope for him.

—John G. Whittier.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist,
Content to trust and die,
Our faith springs like the eagle
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee,
Oh Lord, Thy will be done!

In Thy name we assert our right
By sword or tongue or pen,
For even the headsman's axe may flash
Thy message unto men.

Thy will! it bids the weak be strong;
It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg;
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath thy liberal sun,
O Lord be there, Thine arm make bare,
Thy righteous will be done!

—John Hay.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Passing one evening along the Westminster Bridge-road, I stopped a moment attracted by the glare of a great gin-palace. The room over the bar was lighted up, the long lace curtains drawn back, and one of the windows opened at the top. Someone inside was playing a piano, and through the window came the strains of a clear, girlish voice, singing, "Home Sweet Home." I stood a moment in thought. How often, oh, how often in the past, had I heard that heart-touching melody! On board the ocean steamer, among strangers of a foreign shore; in health, when strength was given to me in great measures, and during a long sickness, when the shadows of death seemed drawing nigh, and I was wistfully peering forward to the eternal home, dear friends oft times mingled with holier strains the ever welcome "Home, Sweet Home." Many recollections came rushing o'er my mind; gratefully I offered a little prayer of thanks to that kind Father who had guarded me so long and so well, turning my feeble steps once more homewards, though perchance but to die. Thus did I stand in reflection outside the gin-palace. The singing ceased. A young girl of some fourteen summers came and looked out of the window. It was the publican's daughter. As she raised her hands to draw the curtains one could see the golden bracelet on her wrist, and the chain around her neck, glittering in the gaslight. I was turning away, when suddenly I heard a little weak voice humming, "There's no-o Place Like 'ome." I looked down. There on the pavement, at the step of the public house, sat a poor ragged little lass, seven or eight years old perhaps, no hat on the rough unkempt head, no shoes on the swollen feet. She was strumming her small shivering fingers on the hard stone step, "Making b'lieve, sir, to play the pianer," and singing in a suitable tone to that cheerless accompaniment, "Home, Sweet Home." It was the child of the publican's victim. I regarded her closely; I drew near un-noticed and heard her muttering, "It's sumthin' to be Miss Emily, she's got a pianer and everythin' 'cos 'er father keeps the pub. I ain't got nothin', because my father spends all his brass there. I'm sure as how I kud play like 'er if somebody 'ud show me. Hallo! father's inside, I can 'ear 'im." She pushed the door a little open, and peeped in, "Hallo, father; can I come in?"

"No, — yer; you — little pig, cut off home."

She drew hastily back, and ran a little distance away; keeping her eyes fixed on the public house door to see if her father came out. Poor thing, she would have liked to stay in the gas and glitter. Her home, no doubt, was dark and dreary enough.

I followed her quickly, "Here, little one; here is a penny for you."

"Thank you, mister."

"You should stay at home with your mother," said I.

"I ain't got none," she replied. "The bobbies were after 'er, 'cos one day when she was drunk she hit old Missus Jenkins over the nut with a pot. Mother Jenkins is in the hospital ever since, then the bobbies came after mother and she bolted."

"And who is at home now?" I asked.

"No one. Mother took the young un with 'er. Old Mother Potts looks after me; but she's nearly allus tight. She's there in the pub now with father."

"Where do you live?"

"Just down the alley there, the first 'ouss. I'll show yer, sir, if yer likes."

"Yes, my little dear, do. "Here is another penny."

She took me around the corner down a close alley. I could not see for a minute or two as I passed from the main road into the gloomy shadows of this narrow way.

"Here it is, mister, said my little guide. She pushed the door and went in. "Oh, there ain't a bit of candle. Never mind, I'll get a light in Mother Pott's room."

She went into another room, and came back in a moment with a little bit of tallow candle stuck in a gingerbeer bottle. I was able by the flickering light to see a little around me. It was a veritable drunkard's home. A rusty stove that had remained unwarmed for many a month, a chair without a back, a table with one leaf hanging off and a leg broken, a couple of sacks in the corner, a publican's almanac nailed on the wall—that was all the room contained.

"When I've got a bit of light I ain't afraid to stay here by myself; but if I ain't got a light I sits there on the step and watches the people go by the alley till the pub is shut, and then I goes and lays down there, and makes believe to be sleeping when father comes in. He's allus tight, yer know, and he'd give me what for if he caught me sitting here."

"Does your father often stay out?" I demanded.

"Oh, every night, 'cos he earns a lot of money now."

"And have you nothing to eat?"

"Oh, Mother Potts gives me sumthin' when she's in a good temper, and ain't tight. She lives up-stairs, and she ain't a bad sort 'cept when she's tight. She said as how she'd knock two bob a week out of father to get me sumthin' to eat. When I ain't got nothin' I just goes and asks the ladies and gentlemen to give me a 'apenny and then I buys a ha'porth of peas-puddin'; and if I gets another penny I buys a sav'loy too. The tuppence you give me, Mister, 'ull just do proper for me to-night."

"Do you go to school?" I asked her.

"Yes, sometimes. The School Board man is allus arter me. Father blistered my back with his strap once 'cos I told the School Board man where we lived. But now I knows all the School Board men, and I easily slips them."

"When do you go to school?"

"Oh, arter a summons. But father moves, you know, and then they don't know where to find 'im."

"But why do you not go to school?"

"Ain't got no clothes. Look 'ere, I ain't nothin' on 'cept this frock and petticoat. A lady give me hat and boots and a jacket, three times, but they're all in pop. Mother put 'em up the spout at Holdem's. Then the lady said it wasn't no good giving me nothin'. She said she'd take me home to live with 'er but father says I sha'n't go anywheres while he's alive."

The candle began to splutter a little.

"Oh, mister, the candle's going out! I must get a 'apenny un out of the tuppence, and then I'll get a sav'loy and peas-puddin' as well."

"Do you ever say any prayers?"

"Dot's that? I don't know."

"Have you ever heard of God?"

Oh, yes! Father says 'God blind me, when he's wild and savage.'

"Have you ever heard of Jesus Christ?"

"Yes! Father ses that, too, when he's wild. But I must go and get the candle, mister; I can't do without light."

Poor little miserable! Ah, indeed she has need of light! thought I, as she ran off in front of me.

As I passed the gin palace, I could not resist the temptation to peep in a moment. There stood the father at the bar. A big, hulking fellow; his face that copper colored, heavy, bloated, habitual drunkard's face; a face scorched by its besetting sin; God's image blotted out, and the mark of the beast graven in its place.

Then I gave a glance at the interior of the publican's parlor. Ah! that was very different from the wretched "homeless" home I had just left. How bright, how cosy, how comfortable everything seemed.

That night my mind was filled with bitter reflections as I walked homewards, thinking over all I had seen: the two singers, their song, and the contrast of their homes. Alas! how many such scenes do the lights of the gin palace shine upon. How many children worse than fatherless are growing up in our midst, knowing naught save sin and wretchedness; the innocence of childhood blasted, the joys of infancy unknown. God help them! for help they need. Perchance in His own time, good men working as his instruments, a day will dawn in this England of ours when a new generation, freed from the heaviest curse of the race, will lift their voices in glorious melody, singing in truth, "Home, Sweet Home: there's no place like Home."—A. C. R. M. Self in Temperance Record.

PLUM PUDDING.

John B. Gough tells us a story, which we venture to reproduce here, with the object of adding to the suasion which we ourselves urge.

"We know well what men will do to gratify this appetite, what they will do, what they will suffer. And when the pinch comes—oh, the battle! I love to see a man fight, don't you? It is a grand thing to see a man struggle. I like to whisper in his ear, 'Courage, my brother!' I like to lay my hand on his shoulder, if by laying it there I can give him sympathy—can give him strength of arm to fight. It is a grand thing to see a man fight; and I tell you my heart's sympathy goes out to the drunkard when he makes up his mind that he will fight. He will have to fight. Ah, yes! I want to go to that man, and say to him, 'You must fight. It is not as easy a thing for you to give up the drink as it is to turn your hand round. You must fight!—and some men are fighting all the days of their lives.'

"A minister of the Gospel said to me, 'I was once a sad drunkard, and I signed the pledge. Many times I had been in the ditch. When I became converted I made up my mind to study for the ministry. I was a student. I had no desire for the drink. I had an idea that my religion had driven all that out of me. The grace of God had taken away the appetite for, and the love of Jesus had taken away the love of drink. I thought myself perfectly safe. I was invited out to dinner. If the gentleman had asked me to take a glass of wine, it would have been 'No,' or a glass of ale, 'No'; but he gave me some rich English plum pudding, pretty well saturated with brandy, and with brandy-sauce over it. I thought nothing of it. I liked it. I ate freely. I sent up my plate for a second helping. On returning to my study I began to want drink. I wanted it. The want began to sting and burn me. My mouth got dry. I wanted it. 'Well, surely, if I go now and have some—I have not had any for six years—certainly if I take just one glass now, it will allay this sort of feeling, and I shall be able to attend to my studies.' No! I thought of what I had been: I thought of what I expected to be; 'and now,' I will fight it.' I locked the door, and threw away the key. Then commenced the fight. What I did that night I do not know. I know I was on my knees a good deal of the time, but what I did I do not know. Some one came in the morning about eight o'clock and knocked at the door. 'Come in.' 'The door is locked.' I hunted about, found the key, and opened the door. Two of my fellow students entered. 'Why,' said one, 'what is the matter with you?' 'What do you mean?' 'Why, look at your face!' They took me to the glass, and my face, I saw, was covered with

blood. In my agony, I had with my nails torn the skin from my forehead—look at the scars now!—in my agony of wrestling against the desire for drink that cried through every nerve and fibre of my system. Thank God, I fought it, but it was forty-eight hours before I dared to go into the street."

"You say, 'That is a rare case.' Such cases are very rare. I wish they were. See to-day what men are sacrificing for the drink. See what they are giving up—home, friends, reputation, ay, even life itself; and that which is better than life, hopes of heaven—dissolving the pearl of great price in the cup, and drinking away their very hopes of heaven at a draught. Oh, it is awful when we go among them and see the men 'What will they not do? What will they not sacrifice? What will they not give up? Do you say it is because they are weak-minded? No; it depends more on the temperament, constitution and nervous organization of a man whether, if he tries to follow your example, Mr. Moderate Drinker, he becomes intemperate or not—more than it does on what we call his strength of mind."—Public Coffee House News.

A GLASS OF BEER.

"Mamma," said Bessie Ashton, "didn't you say that a glass of beer makes a person feel good; and that it was healthy and harmless?"

"Why, yes, Bessie, I think I did," answered Mrs. Ashton, slowly, somewhat puzzled at Bessie's question.

"Mrs. Thompson don't think so, mamma. The poor woman just cries nearly all the time."

"Cries?" interrogated Mrs. Ashton, in surprise, for she believed her neighbor to be one of the happiest of women.

"Yes, mamma, cries all the time," repeated Bessie, with emphasis. "Mr. Thompson's cheeks look pulled away out, and his face is always so red. She says he is cross and scolds continually. But he didn't used to be that way. He only drank one glass of beer then; now he can drink six and eight, and gets mad at everything. It don't seem to make him feel good or look healthy."

Mrs. Ashton's countenance assumed a serious change. She felt keenly the force of the rebuke, but answered:

"Mr. Thompson should not give way to his appetite for drink. I'm sure one glass can do no harm."

"That's just what he thought," spoke up Bessie. "But Mrs. Thompson says it had him down on his back before he was aware of it."

"Well, I don't know," answered her mother abstractedly. "I drink a glass occasionally: it don't seem to affect me."

"It don't puff your cheeks out, mamma; but it makes your face awfully red sometimes, and you can drink more than you used to."

Mrs. Ashton stopped to think. She could drink more than she used to. Bessie had told the truth.

When supper came, instead of beer, a glass of fresh, sweet milk stood near her own and her husband's plate. Mr. Ashton opened wide his eyes when he sat down to eat, and as his wife finished relating the conversation between herself and Bessie, he caught the child in his arms and kissed her affectionately, remarking, "Not another drop of beer shall ever enter my home."

And he kept his word.—Selected.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

The saloon exists: who is responsible? I am, if I keep a saloon. The saloon cannot be run without some one to run it.

I am, if I patronize it. If the people do not ask for it, those in authority do not grant the license.

I am, if I vote for it. The saloon keeper is but carrying out my will as expressed by my vote.

I am, if I apologize for it. The business would soon run its course if respectable people did not make excuses for it.

I am, if I do not oppose it. The man who knows of a contemplated robbery and does not use his best efforts to prevent it, is accessory before the fact. The man who knows the evils of the saloon and does not oppose it, is a party to the evil done. The measure of our responsibility for the saloon is the extent of our ability to prevent its existence.—Royal Templar.