

PUT DOWN THE BRAKES.

(For Recitation.)

NO matter how well the track is laid,
No matter how strong the engine
is made,
When you find it running on a downward
grade
Put down the brakes.

If the demon Drink has entered your soul,
And his power is getting beyond your
control
And dragging you down to a terrible goal,
Put down the brakes.

Remember the adage, "Don't trifle with
fire";
Temptation, you know is always a liar;
If you want to crush out the burning de-
sire,
Put down the brakes.

Are you running in debt by living too
fast?
Do you look back with shame on a profit-
less past,
And feel that your ruin is coming at last?
Put down the brakes.

Whether for honour, or knowledge, or gain,
You are fast wearing out your body and
brain,
Till nature no longer can bear the strain,
Put down the brakes.

LONGFELLOW'S CHAIR.

INSIDE Professor Longfellow's house is at once an art museum and a cabinet of relics. Among the gifts presented to him on his 72nd birthday is one very beautiful in its design, and singularly touching in its history. It is a chair made from the wood of the chestnut tree which overshadowed the old smithy referred to in "The Village Blacksmith." From the wood of this old tree the children of Cambridge procured to be made a stately throne-like chair. The chestnut is stained black; the upholstery is of green leather; the carving is something exquisite. It is a costly chair, and it was purchased by the contributions of the little children of Cambridge—little contributions of little children ranging from one penny to ten cents each. All the children in the public schools contributed—no child so poor as not to give its mite. I think no gift ever went to Professor Longfellow's heart as this one. He called it his throne when pointing out its beauties. He has written his thanks to the children in the following beautiful poem:—

MRS. H. C. SANDERS,

Lakefield.

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

To the children of Cambridge, who presented to me on my seventy-second birthday, February 27th, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the Village Blacksmith's chestnut tree.

Am I a king that I should call my own
This splendid ebony throne;
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may belong to me;
Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The effluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge beside the
street,
Its blossoms white and sweet,
I wooed the bees until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn with a shout
Toasted its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the
sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride
Repel the ocean tide;
But seated in this chair I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of time.

I see again as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices about and
call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat.

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day of jubilee,
And to my more than threescore years and
ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the
mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, unto which are
wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance
could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so
long,
Blossom again in song.

THE CALL-BOY.

YOU would not know Jim Blake if you were to see him now; why, I had to look twice, and then I wasn't quite sure.

A few years ago when he used to turn "cart-wheels" along the busy streets, and stand on his head at street corners for a half-penny, he was the roughest little ruffian that ever upset an apple-stall or dodged a policeman round a lamp-post. But now! why, he's a perfect gentleman—of course I mean compared with what he was.

I was walking up to town one morning, when I first saw him in the middle of an excited crowd, fighting like a little madman with a young crossing-sweeper about his own size. I never could find out what they were quarrelling about, but I fancy they couldn't quite agree as to whose property the crossing was, and so were trying to settle it in that silly way. I believe the matter was really settled by policeman X., whose two eyes fell upon them just as I came up, and whose two hands followed suit with very startling results.

Jim didn't stop to argue with Mr. X., not he, but started off like a small express train, lest he should find himself X-pressed to the wrong station.

The next time I saw him he was at a Boys' Home, with a face as bright and clean as the dish-covers that used to hang above the mantelpiece in my old grandmother's kitchen. You see, like these old dish-covers, he had been polished up a bit, and though when they had him bright and shiny they didn't hang him up above the mantelshelf, they put him in the way of being quite as useful, for they made him "call-boy" on board a river steamer, and I am quite sure, if you heard him calling out "ease 'er," "stop 'er," and "turn 'er astern," you

would agree with me that the biggest dish-cover ever yet invented was never half so useful as is Jim Blake.

To tell the truth, Master Jim is just a little bit proud of being "call-boy" on a steamer. Why, I fancy sometimes he almost thinks himself as important as the captain himself as he shouts out the orders to the engineer below, and what is better still the captain is so pleased with him, that I heard him say the other day that he would not mind cruising all round the world with Jim to help him manage the ship.

The fact is, Jim knows almost as well as the captain does, how to command a boat. He knows when to call out "Go on ahead," without waiting to be told, and do you know he told me one day as he was leaning against the brass railings of the engine-room steps, that somehow it seemed to him as if he'd got a little sort of "call-boy" inside him. Said he: "Sir, you wouldn't hardly believe it, but as I was a-walking past some of them fine shops ashore 'other day, I see a reg'lar strapping' pilot coat a-hangin' up quite temptin' like outside a shop, and I ses to myself, I ses, it's getting a bit cold a-mornings now, aboard, and there ain't nobody 'ud see me if I nicked it. You know, sir, I ain't one to stop long a-considerin' about most things, so I just heaved up alongside to haul it in, when this yer little 'call-boy' inside me, he says, says he, 'Ease 'er, stop 'er, turn 'er astern,' and I tell yer, sir, it fetched me right straight up perpendickler-like, and turned me right round, and then without stoppin' a moment, this yer little chap he says, as plain as ever I said it myself, says he, 'go on ahead,' and I we it on ahead, sir. I've been goin' on a head, sir, ever since, and 'cept when a danger's near I don't mean to stop going on ahead for any one, and maybe some day I'll be captain of the smartest steamer afloat."

Ah, it's wonderful how useful a good "call-boy" may be, for you see what the little "call-boy" inside Jim Blake did for him.

Why, if it had not been for him, Jim Blake would have become a thief, and if he had become a thief I don't think he would ever have held up his head again. How thankful Jim Blake now is that this little "call-boy" within him was on the lookout and warned him of his danger!

We've all got little "call-boys" somewhere inside our jackets, and the way to keep them on the lookout is to attend to what they say. If the engineer on the steamer paid no attention to Jim Blake, I am quite sure Master Jim would soon get tired of calling out to him, and I am certain the boat would soon go wrong; and if we do not mind what these little "call-boys" inside say, they will very soon leave off calling, and these little ships of ours, with which we are travelling upon the sea of life, will very soon be wrecked and cast away.

It is a grand thing for us when we learn in early life to listen to the voice of conscience.

Do not wade far out into the dangerous sea of this world's comfort. Take the good that God provides you, but say of it, "It passeth away, for indeed it is but a temporary need." Never suffer your goods to become your god.—Spurgeon.

WOMEN'S LOVE WRECKED BY DRINK.

THE appetite of strong drink in more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more sorrow, shame, and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens, nay hundreds, of thousands of women who are widows to-day and sit in hopeless weeds because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are thousands of homes scattered over the land in which wives live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son are as near the realization of Hell as can be reached in this world, at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty, and not unfrequently the beggary, the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, lifelong struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands are enough to make all women curse wine and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

TO INTEREST YOUR SCHOLARS.

MANY of you are Sunday-school teachers, and it is for you particularly that I would make a few suggestions.

Would it not be pleasant and profitable to have your scholars spend an evening at your home once every week, two weeks, or as you judge would be advisable?

Am a teacher myself, and have tried this plan for almost a year, finding that it has been a grand success, and that it has been the means of binding the affections of teachers and scholars together in a manner which could not otherwise have been accomplished were it not for those pleasant evenings spent in each other's society.

True, we may sometimes inconvenience ourselves to have them come, but think of the pleasure it will afford them, and devote yourself entirely to them.

If they are fond of readings, hunt up your choice selections and read to them. If they love music, even though your knowledge may be limited in that direction, do the very best you can.

WHEN a rural resort landlord thinks a city man is putting on too many airs, he merely says, as he hands him the key to his room at night, "Be careful to turn out the gas; don't blow it out."