

Campaign Songs.

TEMPERANCE SONG OF FREEDOM.

TUNE—"We've Swept the Seas before, Boys."

We'll hail the day of freedom,
That bids our land rejoice,
Released from Drink's vile thralldom
By universal choice.
For years this fiendish foe, boys,
That binds us with a chain,
We've fought to overthrow, boys,
And so we shall again.

CHORUS—And so we shall, so we shall,
And so we shall again;
We've fought to overthrow, boys,
And so we shall again.

In triumph we are nearing
The victory to be won,
With vigour, persevering,
We'll push the battle on.
With those that cause distress, boys,
We compromise disdain,
We've fought to win success, boys,
And so we can again.

CHORUS—And so we can, so we can,
And so we can again;
We've fought to win success, boys,
And so we can again.

The joyful songs of freedom
Shall echo far and near,
And peace and plenty's welcome
Shall ring out everywhere.
The people roused once more, boys,
Their freedom shall maintain,
They fought for it before, boys,
And so they will again.

CHORUS—And so they will, so they will,
And so they will again;
They fought for it before, boys,
And so they will again.

—Richard Cameron in *Temperance Record*

Literary Record.

"PROHIBITION AND COMMON SENSE."—The National Temperance Society has just published pamphlet form an address of great interest, entitled "Prohibition and Common Sense," by John Bascom, D.D., LL.D., President of Wisconsin State University. It presents in a masterly manner the fundamental principles upon which the demand for the prohibition of the liquor-traffic is based, sets forth in a striking light the objects to be attained, shows the true function of law, and most effectually disposes of the liquor-plea of "personal liberty." It is one of the most valuable contributions yet made to the literature of the prohibition movement, and ought to be scattered broadcast throughout the nation. 24 pp.; price 10 cents. Address J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade Street, New York City.

"THE BOOK-WORM."—A unique, handsome, and delightfully readable little monthly magazine, containing for the year over 300 pages and many fine pictures, all for 25 cents a year, is a recent characteristic product of *The Literary Revolution*. Each number contains attractive selections from some noted book,—the last presents Prescott's famous chapter on the "Spanish Inquisition." What will interest a vast number of book-buyers will be the regular monthly news of the *Revolution's* progress,—an enterprise that has wrought wonders in the book world. A specimen copy of *The Book-Worm*, will be sent free to any address. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

Tales and Sketches.

THE BURNISH FAMILY.

A PRIZE STORY PUBLISHED BY THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

While Mabel, by retiring early, was endeavoring to recruit her flagging energies, her name was the theme of comment in two very different places. Mr. Shafton Keen, with as much seriousness as his mercurial temperament permitted, was remonstrating with Delamere, who could not deny that his father would be very deeply offended, and who yet urged, as the young and imprudent have ever done, that the merits of Mabel would make her an ornament to any family. "What are we, that we should make such a fuss?" he retorted, to one of Shafton's remarks. "We are rich, all the less reason for my caring for money; and, as to family, I have yet to learn that we have much to boast of there."

"All the greater reason that your cash should buy you blood. There's thoroughbreds of the Blankbank and Barcacre tribes, who would endure the odor of grains for the gains they would get, and would bend the loftiness of their Norman crests to 'Vat' and 'Still,' if gold! dear, adorable, indispensable gold! were the recompense. Oh, foolish cousin, mine! when will you learn common sense? It's precisely because you have not rank that you must match out of, and beyond, your own rank. Stand tip-toe on the misty mountain top of your gold, to win some aurora of the upper spheres. The great work you have to do is to woo so as to restore the balance between rank and wealth. But for this said governess, what a hue and cry about misplaced confidence and deceived patronage are you preparing for her. Besides, how do you know that she cares one straw about you? I never saw the least manifestation of it."

Delamere winced at this more than at all the other pungent words that Shafton had uttered. He could not cite, nay he would not profane, the remembrance of Mabel's sweet confusion in the library by naming it. That was proof to himself that he was not indifferent to her, but to tell Shafton, and abide his laughter, as he tore the bright trifle to shreds, and to reveal the story of the scrap of paper, or the still greater annoyance of the incident of the evening, would be to lacerate his own feelings, in order that his cousin might stanch the bleeding with the cautery of his jibes. No, he could not wholly confide in Shafton. He did as friends usually do, told that which suited him, gratified himself by talking of the object that filled his mind and heart; heard and revolved all the objections, and left Shafton fully determined to risk everything for his love, certain that life had nothing to offer him in comparison with the triumph of calling Mabel his—a conclusion which the enumeration of her gifts and graces, as he strolled home under the moonlight sky of an early June, may have served to confirm.

In the housekeeper's room, Mrs. Gabb was confiding her wrongs to "Chawles," as she called him, and taking counsel with him on their future proceedings. The man had a salutary pride in his young master, and a vision of some brilliant marriage in the future, when he, as a reward for long and faithful services, might be put into a snug public house, and be able to marry Gabb, was one of his favorite day dreams. That Mr. Delamere should shatter such expectations by making a low marriage, and offending his father (for mortally offended the man knew he would be), and he knew also that as Mrs. Burnish was not Mr. Delamere's friend, there might never be a reconciliation, and that therefore he would not be able to provide for his servant—that such an event should happen was so sore an annoyance that he listened eagerly to Gabb's statement, discussing his evening glass at the same time.

"Missus confides in her like anything, and yet I heard the childring say this very evening to each other, 'Miss Alterton gave him something; I know she did.' Emily answered, 'P'raps it was a beggar,' and the little one says quite 'cute,' says she, 'He was a gentleman, and no beggar; I know he was, though he had'n't a very nice coat on, and I didn't see his face; it was before brother Delamere met us; and you may take your hoath of it, Chawles, it was her lover that that red-faced woman came from at the Tun and Noggin, and she is playing fast and loose with him till she gets Mr. Delamere. The horrid proud, low cretur! I can't abear her.'"

"Well, and what's to be done?" said Charles.

"Why, I shall up and tell missus all about it. I can't say much about t'other in the back ground, because I can't say that I picked up a letter I knew to be hers, and read it. That'd look rayther out of the way, p'raps, but I could tell about her a-meeting Mr. Delamere in the library, and that she came away flustered; and that she's in the habit of meeting him, and that I heard the young ladies say so; and that a bad like woman comes to her from a low public house; and then I wonder how missus'll look, and whether she'll choose Madam Tun and Noggin for her confident again, and say, quite off-hand, 'Gabb, you may go,' and that lanky up-start a-sitting there to hear the letter read as cool and as grand as a duchess."