

Was it not strange that man with reason blest,
Did not at once renounce the fatal cup,
When such results as these had been produced,
And brand the Demon as his chiefest foe?
Turn back again to God's pure gift and free—
The royal, health-bestowing, sparkling brook,
Enough, in pristine innocence, for all?

Strong was the manacle, the purpose weak,
Man was enslaved to sensuality;
Reason and judgment, moral power dethroned,
His downward course an impetus acquired,
The wisdom of the ages cannot stay.
Look back through all the generations past,
And trace the record of this crying sin.
Black were the pages if alone it stood,
Written against us in the Book of Life.

All down the ages has this curse prevailed,
Leaving an awful train of woe behind;
Sparing not mitred brow, nor crowned head;
Eminence and chasuble together fall;
The priest and people, both alike have erred,
The stalwart yeoman, and the brawny serf,
The skilful mechanic and the scribe,
Resign their manhood to this treacherous fiend.
What Empire, Kingdom, Principality,
Or State, this dread usurper overtakes,
May tremble in the presence of a foe,
Whose ruthless, indiscriminating hand
Has dragged proud Kings beneath his chariot wheels,
And left his millions reeking in their blood,
Emptied the coffers of the merchant prince,
Reduced the affluent to beggary,
And, worse than all, *lowered the type of man.*

It is enough, the "times of ignorance"
No longer palliate the sin; enough,
The time to "favor right and truth has come."
Friends of humanity, arise, advance,
Strike at this ruling evil once for all,
The Demon's long enjoyed retreat alarm,
Where for the centuries he is ensconced
Behind the social customs of the state,
Protected by the strong arm of the law;
At every vulnerable point lay siege,
Until this cruel enemy is crushed.

It is a spot most foul, an ugly blur
On the escutcheon of our fair domain.
How long to vice shall we a bonus give?
How long, contented, play this losing game?
Talk "Revenue" and fill our prison cells,
Insane asylums, hospitals and graves?
How long, at such a cost of mental power,
Of moral progress, happiness and life,
Send twisted men, devoted to a scheme,
To play at "Parliament," and frame such laws
As hamper industry, and foster crime?
For "Policy" on hustings champion right;
For "Policy" when seated vote the wrong;
Far wiser, if we can, stamp evil out,
Than waste our time devising remedies;
More noble too, with both hands pluck the root,
Than lop with one, and with the other hoe.

If man had not his birthright given away,
He might be rational, act from within;
But having like a weakling, made sad choice,
The wise must give direction; he obey.
The votaries of drink prate "liberty,"
"The freedom of the subject," "rights of man."
Of liberty, how foolishly they talk.
Is liberty a permit to do ill?
Of freedom, inadvisedly they sing.
Is that man free, of sotted parents born,
Who drew distemper from his mother's breast,
Whose school house was a filthy back retreat,
The haunt of sneak-thieves and incendiaries,
Whose only virtue is to excel in vice,
Subjected at life's start to influences
Which dragged him down below humanity?

A mother's tears could draw to no remorse.
Is such a one, in equilibrium,
Free to choose righteousness, and evil hate?
He is not free; blood-poisoned, and diseased,
Nurtured in rottenness, his home a slum,
He's on a steep incline, a downward grade,
Demanding stronger arms than his to break;
And if he perish, some skirt bears a stain.
How long shall we our brother's charge ignore,
With folded hands look on and see him fall,
Like wicked Cain repudiate his claim,
Daring to wash our hands in sight of heaven?

Man, the vicegerent of this glorious world,
Bartering his crown for a pernicious drug:
Man, relegated to subdue the earth,
Wallows a drivelling sot below the swine;
With powers almost divine, scales the blue vault,
Then finds a lower level than the brutes.
Look up, my brother, chariot wheels are heard
Bringing deliverance to the captive souls,
Emancipation to the slaves of sense.

Our Father, God, whose will and purpose is
The world's salvation, this provision made:
That howsoever low his children fall
In their abuse of freedom—Heaven's best gift—
Away in the interiors of the soul,
Guarded by Heaven, sacred to holy things,
There is a secret chamber, closed to sense,
Upon whose plastic walls there are inscribed
In characters time never can erase,
All states of love, all thoughts of truth, which he
Through life, from infancy, has entertained.
However faint or transient they might be,
E'en though scarce recognized, a gentle breeze,
Fanning the soul's half-wakened consciousness,
Dim as the flickering taper on the sight,
The innocence of childhood's simple trust,
The love of parents, brothers, sisters, friends,
Feelings of mercy towards the needy poor,
The impress of a mother's matchless love,
The record of a father's guardian care,
Each pure affection, every tender thought,
All holy aspirations, good resolves,
Are written there, treasured and guarded there.
Nothing of good too trivial for His care,
And this of mercy is, for were it so,
That man could blot out all remains of good
Within his soul, humanity were lost.
But no; although the life apparent be
As black as Erebus, there yet is man,
Who in the stillness of deep solitude,
Or pressed by weight of woe or trials sore,
Will sometimes draw the bolts and bars aside,
Feel healthy recollections welling up,
Hear gentle voices from the buried past
Urging to stop and reason on his state,
And seek deliverance from the galling yoke.

He loudly calls for help; shall it be vain?
Gird on your armor, brothers, and respond,
Let all who love their neighbor and their God,
Who hope and strive to save the erring ones,
Whose daily prayer is wafted to the Throne,
That you be led not in temptation's path,
But from all evil lurking round, preserved,
Respond and help our brother; slip the bands
Which, through our apathy still bind him fast;
Stretch round about a cordon of pure love;
Set him upon a rock, a man made free.
And he whom truth makes free is free indeed.

Tales and Sketches.

A SMALL BEGINNING.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"Begin with boys, and you will soon be dealing with men."
Carrie Westinger read these words again and again. They seemed ad-