

THE TWO GLASSES.

HERE sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruby, and red as blood,
And one clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet, revel, and mirth
And the proudest and grandest soul on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight
Where I was king; for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings have I torn the crown,
From the heights of fame have I hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honoured name,
I have taken virtue and given shame,
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made the future a barren waste.

"Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the crystal glass, "I can not boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that once were sad
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirst I've quenched, and brows I've laved,
Of hands I've cooled, and souls I've saved.
I've leaped through the valley, dashed down
The mountain,
Laid in the lake, and danced in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine, and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile
With grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour, and turned at
my will;
I can tell you of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine-chained captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and its pale brother—
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

BLACK-AND-BLUE MARKS.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

MATTIE HOLMES, whose father was an immoderate drinker, was visiting Nannie Arnold, whose father was a moderate drinker. She was only eight years old, but she had formed some strong opinions on various subjects. She felt a great admiration for Nannie's mother, lovely Mrs. Arnold, with her gentle, winsome ways and beautiful face. Whenever Mrs. Arnold kissed her she looked curiously into her face—which was fair and without blemish—as if searching for something.

"How pretty your mamma is, Nannie!" Mattie said one morning as the children were playing with their dolls in the nursery.

"Of course she's pretty—the prettiest mamma in the whole city."

"How do you know that?" asked matter-of-fact Mattie.

"Cause papa says so."

"Does your papa love your mamma?"

"Pho! what a question!" Nannie answered, opening her eyes wide in surprise. "Of course he loves her better than all the world besides."

"Well, that's good," said Mattie, breathing a sigh of relief. "That's

the reason, I guess, that I didn't find any black-and-blue marks upon her."

"What!" Nannie gasped, "were you looking for black-and-blue marks upon my pretty mamma?"

"Yes, I was," answered Mattie soberly; and then, in a lower voice, while tears came into her soft black eyes, she said, "My mamma is pretty, too; her face is fair and her hair yellow and wavy, but she's got a great black-and-blue mark right on her temple."

"Why, that's too bad!" spoke Nannie pityingly. "Did your mamma fall?"

"No; she was pushed down, and my own papa did it. Wasn't it awful?"

"Awful! I should think it was. What made your papa do such a dreadful thing?"

"That was what I asked mamma, and she said it was because papa drank so much wine. Your papa drinks wine, too, don't he?"

"Yes," confessed Nannie, "he does, and it makes mamma sorry, and sometimes she cries until her eyes are red and heavy, but my papa would never make a black-and-blue mark upon my mamma—I am sure of that."

Mr. Arnold, with heavy eyes and aching head, was sitting on one of the piazza-chairs just outside of the nursery-windows. He had heard all that the children had said. He winced when his own little Nannie said she was sure her papa would never make a black-and-blue mark on her beloved mother.

"Oh, Nannie! Nannie!" he wailed, mentally, "you do not know that a very demon seemed to possess me only last night. You asked your mother where her heavy cut-glass perfume-casket was. You do not know that it was your father who threw it, not at her—oh, no, not at her!—but all the same, it would have hit her had she not dodged just in time to save herself. When the wine is in the wit is out. Oh, Nannie! Nannie! God must have interposed, or your young eyes might have seen something worse than black-and-blue marks—might have seen a cold, still form lying in its last sleep. Oh, Nannie, Mattie! you have been teachers this morning, and I have learned my lesson well. Wonder if Dick Holmes will learn the lesson too? I must run over and talk to him, for somehow my eyes are opened."

In the nursery the conversation changed very soon. Mattie and Nannie were laughing and chatting cheerily. Was it because they felt the bright sunshine that was about to beam upon their lives? Before the day closed the two fathers had had a long, serious talk; the issue was repentance. Both had resolved that no more bitter tears should be shed for them, no more wakeful hours kept wearily, no more bruised hearts to ache because of their wrongdoing, no more black-and-blue marks to be feared, no more anguish to be endured for them. And would their resolutions avail? Yes, because each husband and father reached up and clasped the Hand ever ready to lead upward.—*Morning Star.*

SPURGEON tells an amusing story of the old lady who started up when her grandson was about to take her umbrella, exclaiming, "No, now, you don't. I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it's never been wet yet, and you ain't going to begin."

"GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD."

TWO boys in China, eight and ten years of age, were together in a catechetical class, and one asked the other why Jesus came into the world and died.

The other replied: "Well, I don't believe that anybody ever loved the world so well as that."

"But," continued the other, "you must believe that, for the book says it is so; and you must believe the book; the missionary does."

"Well, I do not," said the young Thomas; and the teacher coming, he asked:

"Teacher, do you believe what the book says about Jesus Christ dying for the world?"

"Yes, I do," said the teacher.

"Well, I do not," said the little fellow, "for neither my brother, nor my sister, nor my mother, who loves me ever so much, would ever die for me, and I never heard of such love. I do not think it can be so."

"But," replied the missionary, "God so loved the world, and he loved you, and gave himself for you."

This seemed to startle the boy, and he asked:

"Does Jesus Christ love me?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And does he love me now?"

"Yes."

"And will he let me know that he loves me?"

"Yes."

And the boys eyes moistened, when he asked again,

"And will he hear me when I ask him?"

"Yes."

"Well then, teacher, won't you kneel down with me, and I will pray right here?"

So, all kneeling together, he began:

"O, Jesus, my book says, and my teacher says, that you died for me, and that you love me. He says he believes it, but I do not hardly believe it yet. If you do love me, won't you make it appear that you love me?"

Thus prayed the little pagan boy. Who of my young readers, like him, will go to Jesus, and tell him all his fears and unbelief and wants?

WHAT SAVED HIM.

A YOUNG wife in Michigan had just settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house, his wife, who was very much shocked, told him he was sick, and must lie down at once; and in a moment or two he was comfortable on the sofa, in a drunken sleep. His face was reddish purple, and, altogether, he was a pitiable looking object.

The doctor was sent for in haste, and mustard applied to the patient's feet and hands. When the doctor came he felt his pulse and examined him, and finding that he was only drunk, he said:

"He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and

apply blisters," she urged, "or I will send for one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved close, and blisters were applied.

The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and, notwithstanding the blisters were eating into his flesh, it was not till near morning that he began to beat about, disturbed by pain.

About daylight he woke up to the most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.

"What does this mean!" he said, putting his hands to his bandaged head.

"Lie still; you mustn't stir," said his wife; "you have been sick."

"I am not sick."

"Oh, yes, you are; you have the brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim. "What's the matter with my feet?"

"They are blistered."

"Well, I am better now; take off the blisters—do," he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, his feet and hands still worse.

"Dear," he said groaning, "if I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for a doctor; and, above all, don't blister me again."

"Oh, indeed I will! All that saved you were the blisters. And if you have another such spell, I shall be more frightened than ever; for the tendency, I am sure, is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you are likely to die unless there are the severest measures used."

He made no further defence. Suffice it to say, that he never had another attack.—*The Golden Censer.*

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

BY T. H. EVANS.

"IF I caught a boy of mine smoking I'd thrash him," said a sturdy mechanic once in our hearing; and he puffed the smoke from his mouth with all the virtuous indignation imaginable. "Why would you thrash him?" we inquired, following the question by relating the street incident of a gentleman with a cigar in his mouth pointing out to his son a group of boys whom he saw smoking, remarking that it was very wrong for lads like these to smoke. To which the little fellow innocently replied, "If it's wrong for boys to smoke, isn't it worse for a man, father?" Of course it is. If, with our judgment and superior knowledge, we do not know better, what can we expect from the inexperience of mere lads? They commence the habit in thoughtless imitation of those who are older than themselves, and who ought, therefore, to be much wiser; but length of years is not always a sure indication of wisdom. Even as the future possibilities of a great tree lie mysteriously folded up within the narrow confines of a tiny seed, so, in like manner, all great truths lie in a small compass. The whole question of how to deliver our country from this great curse has a nut-shell for its hiding-place. Train up the young in the path of total abstinence, and for their sake, if not for our own, let us walk the same pleasant road ourselves. Then will these pest-houses that disgrace our public streets die out, and become things of the past.