

Emperor Charlemagne—a piece of frippery that utterly destroyed any native dignity the statue may have possessed, and multitudes were kissing its toe, as shown in the picture. The bronze toe had several times been entirely shinned away, and had to be replaced. The vast and shadowy appearance of the Cathedral in the background is indicated in the cut.

A Barrel of Whiskey.

A DRAYMAN rolled forth from his cart to the street
A red-headed barrel, well bound and complete;
And on it red letters, in forked tongues of flame,
Emblazoned the grade, number, quality, fame,
Of this world-renowned whiskey from somebody's still,
Who arrested the grain on the way to the mill.

So there stood the barrel delivered, but I
Could see that a shadow was hovering nigh,
A sulphurous shadow that grew, as I gazed,
To the form of Mr. Histo. Though sorely amazed,
I ventured to question this imp of the realm,
Where Vice is the pilot, with Crime at the helm;
And asked him politely his mission to name,
And if he was licensed to retail the same
Identical barrel of whiskey which he
Was fondly surveying with demoniac glee.

"Oh, I never handle the stuff," he replied;
"My partners mortal are trusty and tried;
Mayhap, peradventure you might wish to look
At the invoice complete—I will read from this book.
You will find that this barrel contains something more
Than forty-two gallons of whiskey galore."
And ere I could slip but another word in
He checked it off gaily, this cargo of sin:
"A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes;
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;
A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife;
A barrel of all-unavailing regret;
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt;
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;
A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain;
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of lies
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies;
A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;
A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight;
A barrel of terrors that grow with the night;
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass
From the head on the liquor that glows in the glass.
My barrel! my treasure! I bid thee farewell;
Sow ye the foul seed; I will reap it in hell!"

—Wisconsin Prohibitionist.

TALK TO BOYS.

WHEN I meet you, everywhere, boys—on the street, in the cars, on the boat, at your own houses, or at school—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, and you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours. But very often I find one great thing lacking in you: You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions which help to make up a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you. Sometimes, when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, "Take this seat, mother," or "Sit here, Annie," but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister in the door-way from one room to another, instead of stepping aside politely for them to pass first. Sometimes you say, "the governor," or "the boss," in speaking of your father; and when he comes home at night you forget to say, "Good evening, sir." Sometimes when mother has been shopping, and passes you on the corner carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, "Let me carry that for you, mother," but keep on playing with the

other boys. Sometimes, when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, "Come, hurry up!" just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes, when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, or wait a moment till she has passed in.

"Such little things!" do you say? Yes; to be sure. But it is these very little acts—these gentle acts—which make a gentleman. I think the word "gentleman" is a beautiful word. First, "man," and that means every thing brave and strong and noble; and then "gentle," and that means full of those little, kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentleman! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy, I feel so glad and proud! I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since.

THE VIOLET'S MISSION.

THE room was as neat as soap and brush could make it, and although the windows were high up under the eaves of a tenement house there was an outlook over the lower roof next to it. A peep at the busy street, a patch of water, a sparrow's nest, and, better yet, a good share of the blue sky overhead.

Mrs. Blake was at the wash-tub, rubbing away as fast as she could, the boiler was steaming on the stove, and near one of the windows in a high chair a crippled boy was sitting. His large brown eyes were gazing at the bit of river that he could see, and he wondered how it would look if he were near to it; if it was as blue as a river ought to be, or only of a grayish colour, as it appeared. Sometimes he would turn his head and watch his mother as she rubbed away at the wash-board; but that made him sorry, and as he turned again to seek the river his eyes would look toward the sky, and a great longing came into his heart to be far away above the earth and the river, and with God.

And so with the longing came discontent that heaven was so far away, and his eyes filled with tears. If that had been all, the splash of the water over his mother's hands would have kept the knowledge of his grief away from her; but as the tears fell fast he began to sob, and she heard it.

Wiping her hands upon her coarse apron, she went to him, and gathering him in her arms she kissed him, and said, "What is it, lambie? What ails the bairn?"

Comfort always came to the little fellow when mother held him, and he answered her in a quiet way, "I was thinking of how pretty the river was, mammy, and then I thought of the river that flows by the throne of God, and the tears came; it seemed so far off, and I was so lonely; and—"

He could not finish, for the tears had come again. Before the mother could reply there was a knock upon the door, and when it was opened a young girl came in, carrying in her hand a pot containing as many green leaves as would fill its top. "Good morning, Mrs. Blake. How is Jamie to-day?" a cheery voice inquired.

"As usual, miss, thank ye, but just a bit lonesome; so I was cuddling him when ye came in."

Jamie smiled at the visitor; but his eyes were upon the flowers, and he wondered what they were for.

He did not have to wonder long, for the pot was put upon the table, and the same joyous voice that had greeted his mother a few moments before said, "Jamie, see what I have brought you—a pot of violets, with only a few open, and more to come every day!"

Jamie was speechless with joy. And each day after that the violets kept unfolding, not only showing their delicate purple leaves, but giving out a delicious perfume that many a time cheered the sick boy, and made him forget how far away heaven was, and become more satisfied to wait for God's time to take him there.—*The Child's Companion.*

THE TWO SCHOOLS.

Two schools open their doors invitingly to our boys and young men—the Sunday-school and the street-school. From which shall they graduate? Which will you choose? Which had you better choose?

The influence of the Sunday-school you well know. You have been in it. As you verge toward manhood shall you stay in it or leave it? Before deciding that you are "too big" for Sunday-school, you will do well to stop and think the matter over. What is the tendency of the Sunday-school, as you observe it, for this world as well as for the next? Bad or good?

As it appears to those who have spent twenty, thirty, or more years in it, as scholars, as officers, and as teachers, the influence of the Sunday-school over boys is good; over our young men more valuable still, as they more need help to resist the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil. In the Sunday-school the young man is led to study the Bible, to understand it, and to feel its power for good. He is kept in the sense of the presence of the holy God who hates sin and will punish sinners, and who will hold up, bless and save those who look to him and trust in Jesus Christ. He is brought into the society of Christian men and women, and learns to respect goodness in them and in himself. He is thus restrained from many evil ways and kept out of many dangers. If the teacher is faithful, there is constantly upon the young man a pressure toward good and heaven and away from sin and hell. His model comes to be, not the rowdy or the profligate, but the upright and pure Christian man. He is constantly under influences that tend to hold him back from bad ways and to strengthen him for right ways. If, then, he accepts God's offer of mercy in Jesus Christ, his feet are set upon a rock from which all the powers of earth and hell cannot drag him or cast him down.

We notice, too, that the graduates of the Sunday-school are apt to turn out well. Not that there are none who resist its influences and go astray. Alas! too many do so. But the rule is that the young men who stick to the school turn out well.

Many a youth on the road to ruin has been saved to become an excellent and respected man, father and citizen by the influence of the Sunday-school. It is a good school in which to be, and from which to graduate.

The street-school is attractive to young men. It has its thousands in attendance, and they seem to enjoy it. They learn something, too, as they lounge at the street corners, or hang about the grogeries and saloons. They learn to tell obscene stories, to use foul words, to swear and to scoff at godliness. If steady in their attendance, they are found at length, not outside, but inside, of the saloon, the gambling-room and the abode of sin. They fall into the company of the degraded and the vile; they catch from them their opinions and habits; they sink lower and lower, and at length graduate in the house of refuge, the house of correction and the jail, or drop into the drunkard's grave, after defiling society and bringing grief and shame upon all who love them or are connected with them.

Young men, when you choose your school, look ahead!