

THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALL.

WATCHMAN, what of the night?
 "I see the morning light
 Kindling the eastern skies.
 Behold its glorious ray!
 Bright promise of the day
 Foretold by prophets wise!
 The rounded sky the dawn has riven
 Shines like the open door of heaven!"

Watchman, what of the night?
 "The harvest-fields are white,
 Waving with ripened wheat,
 Sparkling with sun and dew,
 The laborers are few.
 But others haste with willing feet
 To aid the task so well begun,
 Their sickles gleaming in the sun."

Watchman, what of the night?
 "Wonders salute my sight;
 Darkness withdraws its wings,
 Vast domes with turrets rise,
 And towers that touch the skies
 With bells of joy that ring
 The multitudes to praise and prayer;
 Music of heaven is in the air."

Watchman, what of the night?
 "A host with banners bright
 March forth to meet the foe.
 The line of the advance
 Meets vice and ignorance,
 With victory in the blow.
 The light reveals the coming day
 When temperance shall bear the sway."

Watchman, what of the night?
 "Far up in the mountain height
 A glorious temple stands.
 It is the church whose door
 Opens to rich and poor,
 Like that not built with hands,
 The spire that rises from its dome
 Points to the laborer's restful home."

—George W. Bungay.

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT.

The *Mail and Express* of this city prints an extended interview with Mr. Richard Katzenmayer, secretary of the United States Brewers' Association. In the course of it he said:

"In Kansas the Prohibition system has been in operation for two years, and all the brewers are ruined. No organization, therefore, exists in that state."

A little further along, speaking of Iowa, he says:

"The Prohibition law which has recently gone into operation there has made terrible havoc among the brewers, and many of them are completely ruined. As a consequence their political influence has been greatly diminished."

And yet prohibition cannot be enforced! We must try high license, because prohibition is entirely impracticable! The fact is, as ample evidence proves, it is far easier to enforce than license law. God speed the day, when all over the country, prohibition shall prevail, and "as a consequence the political influence of the breweries shall be greatly diminished."

Maine has now tried prohibition for about thirty years. Owing to the willful dereliction of Republican officials, it has not been completely enforced; but so far as it has been enforced, the results have proved so beneficial that the people want it rendered absolutely effective. They carried the prohibitory amendment the other day, by a majority of 44,283, and next they intend to compel the enactment of statutes that will drive out the last groggery. Yet prohibition doesn't prohibit.—*N. Y. Witness.*

Tales and Sketches.

THE BURNISH FAMILY.

A PRIZE STORY PUBLISHED BY THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER VII.

Mischiefs Brewing.

"Ah, Love! our weal, our woe, our bliss, our bane,
 A restless life have they who feel thy chain.
 Ah, Love! our weal, our woe, our bliss, our bane,
 More hapless still are they who never felt thy pain."

Joanna Baillie.

The evening after the morning scene we have recorded, Mabel had a parcel from her father. It came by hand, and the bearer waited for an answer. It was very pleasant to her to hear directly from her father, but she would rather the messenger had not been Susan. That loquacious personage had been put into the little reception room before-named, where Mabel had given audience in the morning; and, as she sat there, waiting for the note that Mabel was writing up stairs, Mr. Delamere Burnish, and his cousin, Mr. Shaston Keen, who had been dining there, passed through to the library. They might not have noticed the woman had she not risen, with the self-possession or assurance that belonged to her, and advanced directly under the gas branch, so that her broad face, with its embellishments of crimson tipped with purple, shone full upon them. She made an elaborate curtsy, and re-seated herself with great complacency. At that moment, Mabel entered the room, and colored deeply with vexation as she encountered the surprised looks of the young men, as they hastily withdrew into the library.

Mabel was minute in her enquiries after her father's health, and thanks for his present, and assurances that she was comfortable. Meanwhile, Susan was fumbling in the depths of her pocket for something, when Mabel remarked—

"I'm sorry my father sent you, Susan, such a long way,"

"Oh! never you mind me; I rid in a Waterloo 'bus, an' I ain't one bit forteeged. I says to master, says I, seeing's believing, and, if I sees Miss Mabel, I can tell you for certing sure how she's looking. But I didn't want for to oblige him only; I'd another person in my hie to oblige, and you too, Miss Mabel. Ah! this it is," she continued, handing a note that she had foraged from her pocket.

Mabel took the note mechanically, and found, on opening it, that it was from Frank Horncastle, renewing his offer of himself, and concluding that, by this time, she must be tired of her freak of turning governess. There was such a tone of self-sufficiency throughout, such a cool assumption that he had only been rejected according to the formula, that a young lady should not say 'yes' too promptly, that Mabel felt thoroughly provoked.

"Susan," she said, "if you really wish to oblige me, give this letter back to its writer, and tell him there is no answer, and to send me no more."

"Lauk! well to be sure, Miss! and you too brought up together—leastways, every summer, for a matter of three weeks at the very least—and I must say, I'm certing it would make peace atween the gov'nor and the young man, and a nice viller at Britton, or Clapham, you'd have; and it were always that dear hangel's wish—"Susan," she said to me, oftens and oftens, 'Miss Alton's costin' a mint of money, kep up like a lady; but it'll be all the better for Frank.'"

"That will do, Susan—I'll not detain you longer," said Mabel, rising and ringing the bell. There was that in her manner, which stopped the voluble tongue of Susan, and, covering her vexation with a curtsy, she followed the footman who appeared and departed. Mabel, agitated and uncomfortable, ascended to her own apartments.

Every one knows that, in certain families, the position of governess is one of more difficulty with the servants than with the heads of the household. The station of governess is a debatable land, where the battle of gentility has to be fought against encroaching vulgarity. The ladies'-maids, and gentry of the second table, always inviegh against 'the pride and stuck up airs of those teacher people.' In Mabel's case, she was perhaps, peculiarly obnoxious to this censure; for she was unbroken by fortune, handsome, and well-dressed, and had, from childhood, been so used to attention, that an indefinite habit of command mingled with the gentle courtesy of her manners, which annoyed, even while it impressed, envious inferiors. Added to this annoyance, was that lynx-eyed vigilance of 'flunkey' curiosity, which never sleeps, and which soon discovered, long before such a thought glimmered in the languid mind of Mrs. Burnish, that Mr. Delamere was, to use the expressive phrase of his man-servant, 'In for it,' as an admirer of the governess. 'Play her cards as carefully as she will,' said the lady's maid, with a toss of the head, when this piece of intelligence was confided to her, 'I'll spoil her game.' Meanwhile, Mabel's reserve to Mr. Delamere Burnish