

Selections.

YOUNG ABSTAINER'S ADDRESS.

I'm mamma's little darling,
I'm auntie's little joy,
I'm sister's little torment,
And papa's funny boy.
I don't drink beer or cider,
Some folks there are who do;
I'd rather have cold water,
I think it's best, don't you?

I do not use tobacco,
Cigar's or even snuff;
I don't intend to, either,
I do not like such stuff.
I think that I can travel
Life's journey all way through,
As well without as with them,
And if I can, can't you?

I am a young abstainer,
I've signed the pledge for life;
And, when in years I'm older,
Please count me in the strife.
The good, the true, the noble,
Through life I would pursue;
I'd live to aid the erring,
And save them, would not you?
—F. C. H.

SHOW HIM YOUR HANDS.

In one poor room that was all their
home,
A mother lay on her bed,
Her seven children around her;
And calling the oldest, she said:

"I'm going to leave you, Mary,
You're nearly fourteen, you know;
And now you must be a good girl, dear,
And make me easy to go.

"You can't depend much on father;
But just be patient, my child,
And keep the children out of his way
Whenever he comes home wild.

"And keep the house as well as you
can;
And, little daughter, think
He didn't use to be so—
Remember, it's all the drink."

The weeping daughter promised
Always to do her best;
And, closing her eyes over weary life,
The mother entered her rest.

And Mary kept her promise
As faithfully as she might;
She cooked, and washed, and mended,
And kept things tidy and bright.

And when the father came home drunk,
The children were sent to bed,
And Mary waited alone, and took
The beatings in their stead.

And the little chubby fingers lost
Their childish softness and grace
And toughened, and chapped, and cal-
loused,
And the rosy childish face

Grew thin, and haggard, and anxious,
Careworn, tired, and old,
As on those slender shoulders
The burdens of life were rolled.

So, when the heated season
Burned pitiless overhead,
And up from the filth of the lonesome
street,
The fatal fever spread;

And work, and want, and drunken
blows
Had weakened the tender frame,
Into the squalid room once more
The restful shadow came.

And Mary sent for the playmate
Who lived just over the way,
And said, "The Charity Doctor
Has been here, Katie, to-day.

"He says I'll never be better—
The fever has been so bad;
And if it wasn't for one thing,
I'm sure I'd just be glad.

"It isn't about the children;
I've kept my promise good,
And mother will know I stayed with
them
As long as ever I could.

"But you know how it has been, Katie;
I've had so much to do,
I couldn't mind the children
And go to the preaching, too.

"And I've been so tired like at night,
I couldn't think to pray;
And now, when I see the Lord Jesus,
Whatever am I to say?"

And Katie, the little comforter,
Her help to the problem brought;
And into her heart, made wise by love,
The Spirit sent this thought:

"I wouldn't say a word, dear,
For sure he understands;
I wouldn't say ever a word at all;
But, Mary, just show Him your
hands!"—Selected.

OLD JOE.

It was a wonder to everybody in the town of Elmwood that old Joe had such a pretty, dainty daughter as Nannie. There surely was no resemblance between the bloated, sin-hardened features of Joe Winter, and the rounded pink and white face of this girl. The mother, bent with toiling over wash tubs all of her weary married life, likewise seemed almost as far removed from any tie of relationship, but still a close look at her face showed faint signs of former prettiness to which her daughter's might be traced.

But, as in this world, the evil influences seem at times so much more powerful than the good, so in this matter of heredity, the father's nature was stamped upon all the other children; this last child seemed to spring up as a fine flower that sometimes makes its way through tangled weeds and stony soil.

The townspeople took little Nannie under their protection, and she might have been adopted into a pleasant home if the mother's heart could have given her up, or even, strange to say, if the father's debased nature had not shown one remaining trace of manhood in his fondness for Nannie. She was the only member of the family, or indeed the only person in the world who had any influence over him, and many a cruel blow was averted from the mother by the child's little voice or hand. The friends of Nannie, and they were all that knew her, would hold their breath when they saw the little fair head perched upon the perilous height of the coal-wagon, which her father drove when he was sufficiently sober. Many a day old Joe was so ugly that no one could approach him without being received by a volley of oaths, but even then Nannie's baby prattle could be heard talking to "dada."

The future of the child seemed a serious problem as the family grew poorer, for this one good impulse in Joe's life was not strong enough to counteract the downward tendency produced by years of brutalising drunkenness. But the child still continued to develop her finer nature in the midst of these adverse surroundings, and when she was old enough began to desire the advantages enjoyed by the more favored children about her.

"Dada, I want to go to school," she said one day, when she was perched on his knee.

"Wal, ye c'n go. I guess ye're big enough now," he replied, being in one of his good natured moods, as little Nannie had divined, with the unchild-like keenness that is often found in the children of the poor.

"But, dada, if I go, I must have clothes and books," she said anxiously.

"Ma'll git 'em fer ye," with the perfect laziness and selfishness characteristic of the drunkard.

"But she can't, I've asked her."

"Wal, she'll git 'em some way," he said, rising to go out, to avoid any discussion that reminded him of his lack of manliness. But a heart-broken cry from Nannie checked his steps. He picked her up, saying:

"Thar don't ye cry. I'll git em fer ye."

Before he had time to take back this rash promise, the little one had hugged and kissed him in a rapture of delight, which was only abated as she remembered how very seldom "dada" had any money in his pocket.

"But," she said, "when will you keep the money for me?"

That was a poser to Joe's weak intellect, knowing, as he did, his inability to keep any money longer than to reach the nearest grog-shop, but he had made his promise and meant to keep that.

"I'll tell ye what, chicken," he said, "ye c'n go'n draw out what ye need ev'ry Saturday, fore I git round, an I'll write it so to the boss right now."

Accordingly Nannie received the following order written on the back of a coal ticket, in very shaky and illegible hand writing: "Pay to the barer, nannie winter, wat she wants off my arnin's ev'ry Satturday, joseph winter."

"But mind ye, now," he added, "don't ye draw eny more'n ye need, or I won't give ye none."

She promised, and went dancing off to tell her mamma that "she was going to school, and that dada was going to send her."

This seemed almost incredible, and the mother with knowledge born of years of suffering, shook her head, saying, "Twon't last, but the poor little thing shall go s'long as she can."

But it did last, and strange to say, old Joe even urged his pet to buy a pretty ribbon for her hair, or new shoes when she needed them, and regularly little Nannie was the first person paid at the coal office where her father worked. The first thing she learned to write was her father's name in full, "Mr. Joseph Winter," and tears came to the teacher's eyes, as she thought of the dignity and affection with which old Joe was invested in the thought of one little person at least. He himself had a momentary feeling of pride and self-respect as he read his name written out with such an effort, and he tucked the paper away in his dirty empty pocket book, "to keep the little gal's feet writin'," he said.

But still his life went on in the same old degraded course, except that there was somewhat more regularity about his working, as his pride in "Nannie's larnin'" increased. The delight of both became excessive when Nannie developed a taste for drawing, and their bare walls were decorated with specimens of her handiwork. Old Joe would wash his hands, an unheard-of proceeding in the past, in order to examine these treasures, which he did almost reverently.

"Now, just look at that hoss," he would say, "n to think that my little gal did it."

Nannie's little sketches had more than intrinsic worth, for the contrast between their whiteness and the smoke-begrimmed walls struck even the bleared vision and thick brains of old Joe, and caused him to say one day, rather sheepishly, "Guess I'll hev to whitewash them old walls, the pictures don't show off good on 'em."

Sure enough he did, and that stimulated the discouraged mother to make an extra effort towards cleanliness in general.

These were slight improvements, however, compared with what Nanny longed to achieve in her home, which her maturer eyes began to see in its true hideousness. She did not lose her affection for her father or her influence over him, but it did not seem to increase, and she began to fear that she should always be a drunkard's child.

"What can I do to save my father?" she would ask herself with bitter tears, sometimes sinking into a despair that was pitiful to behold in one so young. Her artistic talent was her great solace and also her father's increasing pride as she began to work in colours, and even to sell the little pictures to friends who valued them for the artist's sake, as well as for their own dainty prettiness.

Old Joe had planned to buy a frame for one of these productions as a present for Nannie's fourteenth birthday, having kept this secret and his consequent savings for nearly a month. He felt more like a man than he had for many a year with so much money actually in his pocket, and with an unusually steady gait, he walked down to the stores to make his purchase. On the way he met a friend who called out:

"Come along'n take a drink."

This was an invitation that Joe did not receive very often and he could not refuse. When he was warmed up by the liquor he began offering to stand treat himself. The number of loafers greatly increased as they stopped on their way home from work, and it was not long before the prospective gilt frame had been swallowed by a thirst more insatiable than that of Tantalus.

Joe had drunk only enough himself to reach the ugly stage, and instead of feeling remorseful he swore to himself on the way home that "he'd do what he liked with his own money."

They had waited supper for him, as he had promised Nannie to come home without fail on the eve of her birthday. She ran to meet him, but he turned her off with almost the only cross word he had ever given her. Her blue eyes filled, but she went on getting something for him to eat. His mood was just beginning to soften as he watched her motions, when the mother unwisely remarked, "Shame on you, to be cross to the child on her birthday."

Probably the remembrance of all the wrong he had done her rushed over him, and filled him with an uncontrollable rage, for with a fearful imprecation he snatched up the teapot just brought in by Nannie, and hurled it at his wife.

The child screamed, "Oh, father!" and caught his arm, in time to avert the scalding contents from her mother, but only to receive them on her own right arm.

Then for many weeks the old relationships were reversed. No longer could Nannie greet her father with smiles and attentions, but, instead, he heard groans and moans that could not be repressed. But, blessed be God's compensations, the sight of those very sufferings, inflicted by his own hand, transformed the former brute into a tender nurse. He would never consent to leave her side, but would lie down at night on the floor by the bed, attentive to the slightest sound or motion. The fatal lapses to which we are all so subject, often caused him to grow restless under the restraints to which he had subjected himself, and he might have finally yielded to the power of his old habits, but for a remark he heard the doctor make to Nannie.

"You will never be able to use your arm very much, my child, the tendons have been so injured."

"Wat's that, doctor? Ye don't mean to say she can't paint any more?" gasped old Joe, with strained eyes.

"I'm afraid not, my man," said the doctor, and Nannie gave one heart-broken sob, with her face hidden in the pillow.

"Oh, my little gal," groaned the father, drops of sweat on his forehead. "Ye must hate me now, Nannie. I'll go away and never bother ye any more, but I want ye to kiss me good-bye if ye can."

The child sprang up in bed, putting her well arm around the man's neck and kissing him tenderly. "Not to say good-bye to my father, but only to 'Old Joe.' We will say good-bye to him, won't we father? An agony of pleading in her eyes made the father sink resistlessly on his knees, and with hands tenderly clasping her maimed arm, register a vow before God and his child, that never again should his arm be a blight or curse to his family. —Ellen Hale, in Union Signal.

DANGER IN HOP BEER.

In speaking of the Good Templars forbidding hop beer, Theodore Schreiner, one of the leaders, who stands by the decision of the Order, has published the following in support of his views:—"I knew a young man thirty years ago of my own age, the son of a minister of religion and high standing. This young man, without ever having become wild, vicious or immoral, became a drunkard before he was twenty years old, owing to the daily use from his boyhood in his mother's house of homemade hop beer, which, with its three or four per cent. of alcohol, was enough to light into activity the latent fires of hereditary alcoholism, with which the mother's side of the family was tainted, and the final result was that after twelve years of vain, agonising despairing struggle to free himself from the chains of hellish slavery of drink his poor life went out in the blackness of darkness of suicide some sixteen years ago. He ought to have been living, strong, healthy, happy, useful, respectable to-day and for many years to come, but hop beer damned him to destruction from his boyhood's days, and his poor severed throat with his life-blood gurgling forth calls on every one of his Templar brothers and sisters in South Africa to stay such tragedies and slay the murderous drink that brings them about. That was sixteen years ago, but, mark you, the tragedies are still going on.—South Africa Good Templar.

- Ripans Tabules.
- Ripans Tabules cure nausea.
- Ripans Tabules: at druggists.
- Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.
- Ripans Tabules cure headache.
- Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.
- Ripans Tabules cure flatulence.
- Ripans Tabules assist digestion.
- Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
- Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
- Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.
- Ripans Tabules gentle cathartic.
- Ripans Tabules cure indigestion.
- Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.
- Ripans Tabules cure constipation.