

ONWARD!

Onward! onward! band victorious,
Rear the temperance banner high;
Thus far hath your course been glorious,
Now your day of triumph's nigh.
Vice and error flee before you
As the darkness flies the sun;
Onward! victory hovers o'er you,
Soon the battle will be won.

Lo, what multitudes despairing—
Widows, orphans, heirs of woe
And the slaves their fetters wearing,
Reeling madly to and fro.
Mercy, justice, both entreat you
To destroy their bitter foe;
Christians, patriots, good men greet you,
To the conflict bravely go.

To the vendor and distiller
Thunder truth with startling tone;
Swell the accents louder shriller,
Make the guilt enormous known.
Onward! onward! never falter,
Cease not till the earth is free;
Swear, on temperance's holy altar,
Death is yours or victory.

WINNINGS AND LOSINGS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES COURTENAY, M.A.,

Dan Darling was jubilant. He went about the field with his face wreathed in smiles. He rubbed his hands together, as if congratulating himself with all his heart. Indeed, he was as full of gladness as mortal man could be.

And had he not cause for gladness? Had he not backed the winning horse, for all it was not the favorite? Had he not just pocketed ten golden beauties worth twenty shillings apiece? And he had only risked one; that was the best of it. "Ten to one on Beauty Spot," said one. "Taken," said Dan. And Dan won. Well done, Dan!

Ah! my readers, I fancy that perhaps some of you would have smiled. You would have rubbed your hands merrily together. You would have brimmed over with joy, if in your pockets such a nice, neat little sum of money had been stowed away among the keys.

Now, this being Dan Darling's first introduction to a racecourse, and his first attempt at betting, it was only to be expected that he should think no small beer of himself. In fact, he grew conceited. It was sheer calculation, he said, that brought him his success, and he began solemnly to consider whether he ought not soon to order a larger hat. There was no keener, sharper man on the racecourse that day than Dan Darling.

That day he surrounded himself to his fancies. He saw before him a golden future which was for him alone. He saw himself borne along in triumph to the winning post of wealth. He saw himself rolling in riches, and dispensing with a free hand a measure thereof

to his poor and disappointed competitors. He even named himself Fortune's favorite. It was a pleasant day-dream, full of delights, and he was loth to put it aside.

The next morning he betook himself to business. Ah, me! but it was a terrible come-down to poor Dan's pride to be obliged to weigh out sugar, tea, pepper, and such like. For the first time he felt above it, and when, in his indulgence of a few more day-dreams, his master took him sharply to task, he felt that he had missed his vocation by following so humiliating a trade.

"Here am I, a man of mind, and capable of great things, driven to wait on boys and girls, and snuffy old women. I can't stand it."

And when he compared his paltry twenty shillings a week with a net gain on the racecourse of nine pounds, and that in a single day, he gnashed his teeth at the contrast.

"No man of spirit can stand it," he said to himself over and over again. "I'll throw up this miserable place; that I will."

One grain of sense, however, remained to him. He would hold on a little longer, on the principle that "a bird in the hand is worth two in a bush," and only when he saw himself able to fly safely and grandly off would he toss his situation in his master's face.

Perhaps it would have been hardly possible for any young man to be transformed in so short a time as Dan Darling.

It transformed his literary taste, for one thing. General literature now had lost its interest. He was all for sporting biographies and racing calendars and turf doings, and of those he seemed never to have enough.

It transformed his very clothes, for now his trousers must be as tight as a groom's, his hat must be tilted rakishly, his breast-pin must be a horse's head, and his tie must be spotted sportingly. If truth could be told he tried to copy as faithfully as possible the appearance of the famous jockey who had unwittingly feathered Dan's pocket that famous day still remembered.

But perhaps the transformation which was more notable than any, was in his new friends. The old ones he threw completely over. He must have sporting friends, as he had a sporting trousers, necktie and breast-pin. And so he sought them out where such men are to be found, and cast in his lot with them. Unfortunately, they were mostly to be found in the public-house. So that in choosing them Dan had to choose their haunts as well.

Now, the fact was that Dan's real instincts were teetotal. He had been so brought up from a child, and had hitherto kept aloof from all drinking ways and places. But he was willing to pay the penalty, and did so, although although it cost him more than one secret pang when he remembered his solemn promise to his old parents down in the country that he would shun the public-house like poison.

Dan was a different man in religious matters as well. His bible he never opened. His knees he never bent in prayer. His Sundays

he spent as days of pleasure, letting the church bells ring out in vain as far as he was concerned. He even laughed at religious people, and out jokes at their expense. And he even went so far as to venture on some free-thinking notions, which he had picked up among his new friends.

Altogether, things had taken a very decided turn for the worse since Dan's first lucky exploit on the race-course.

Of course, his master could not but notice the change in his assistant's ways, and being a good master, he called him one day into his office, and talked seriously to him about his conduct.

"You know Darling," he said, very kindly, "you will break your old parents' hearts if you go on like this. Do, like a good fellow, break off these bad habits, and shun those new acquaintances of yours."

And when Dan, in his high and mighty way, wanted to argue the matter out with his master, he was met by the calm reply—

"Very well, Darling, either you change your ways, or your situation. I cannot keep a gambler in my employment."

This was a back-hander which Dan could well appreciate, and which did moderate his betting ardour a little. But unfortunately, he made another lucky bet which settled and confirmed him in his old bad ways, killing completely his new-born resolutions.

Not content with betting himself, Dan must needs initiate the other assistants into the mysteries of the turf. And as if this were not mischief enough, he must actually engraft the same spirit into the very apprentices. He told them of his winnings; he explained to them his methods; he argued down their scruples, until they became thoroughly infected with the betting fever. He said nothing, however, about his mistakes and his losses, which had drained him not only of his ready money, but of his savings as well.

Every night Dan might now be seen in the select room of the "Black Crow," a prominent member of a sporting free-and-easy. Amongst his other sporting accomplishments was the power to sing a song, and of all the rollicking horse songs none could eclipse Dan Darling's in choice or number. It was difficult to realize that once upon a time, and not so very long ago, Dan shone at anniversaries, Sunday-school concerts, and young men's society meetings in connection with his church, and that his voice there was appreciated by quite a different audience.

Dan could drink now with anyone. He had learned that accomplishment too, and it was no infrequent thing for poor Dan to ramble to his lodgings in a zig-zag fashion instead of in the old straight-forward way. Led by his companions, he scarcely knew how much he had taken, until on rising up to go home, he found the room going round, and his legs trembling beneath him.

To be continued.