



A Song for Convivial Parties.

(This satire was written by Wm. Hone, and appeared in the 'Times' in December, 1831.)

Fill the cup, the bowl, the glass,
With wine and spirits high;
We will drink while round they pass
To vice and misery!
Pass quickly round the draught again,
And drain the goblet again,
And drink in revelry's swelling strain
To reason's overthrow!

Pass round, pass round, in quickest time,
The lowest drop be spent,
In one loud shout to guilt and crime,
And crime's just punishment!
Fill, fill again, fill to the brim,
To loss of honest fame!
Quaff, deeper quaff, while now we drink
Our wives' and children's shame!

Pass round and round with loudest cheers
Of mirth and revelry;
We drink to woman's sighs and tears,
And children's poverty!
Once more, while power shall yet remain,
E'en with our latest breath,
Drink to ourselves, disease and pain,
And infamy and death!

John Ploughman's Almanac.

Although Charles H. Spurgeon has been dead nearly 15 years, his John Ploughman's Almanac is still issued. Its chief feature has been the homely sayings which Mr. Spurgeon puts into the mouth of John Ploughman. In thousands of English homes this almanac is as great a treasure as was Poor Richard's Almanac in the homes of our American forefathers. Among the sayings of John Ploughman in the new almanac are the following:

Wine makes many whine; gin makes many sin.
The more for the publican, the less for the public.
The only true temperance—total abstinence from evil.
Think, think, before you drink.
Don't waste good cash on worthless trash.
Don't give beer to boozers, nor loaves to loafers.
In gambling both winner and loser are losers.
The 'hire' system means higher cost.
The buyer system is always the better system.
You can't plough the soil without soiling the plough.
One peasant is worth more than many pheasants.
'Tis wasteful to throw rose-water into the sea.
The one who can wait is the one who will win.
Don't cry over spilt milk; buy some more.
Vanity Fair is a poor place for trading.
'Unfortunate' often means 'improvident.'
'Dignity' won't butter bread or grow potatoes.
Lent goods are apt to be lost goods.
Thrift begins with small savings.
Angelica may be angelic, yet she's not an angel.
Two dogs fight for a bone; a third 'bones' it.
You can't be just unless you are generous.
An ounce of vanity spoils a ton of merit.
Every mother should expect her boy to be a hero.
Not worth wooing, not worth winning.
Open your eyes before you wed; shut them after.
If you keep a dog, leave growling to him.
Life's music begins when love sweeps the strings.
A mortgage is a poor ornament for a house.
Unwearied tongues are very wearying.
It matters more how we live than how long.

An outraged conscience is a bad bedfellow.
'Tis one thing to whitewash; another to wash white.

As our barns get full let not hearts get empty.

To do no evil is good; to intend none is better.

To learn how to love is to learn how to live.

Brother Man.

Up men, from slumber wake—fight for the right,

The truth, and all that would emancipate
From thralldom and the tyranny of sin,
Let not thy life go floating with the stream,
Or helpless drift as wind and tide direct;
But dare against opposing force to steer—
Laugh at all fears, and in God's strength go on.

Ills great abound—the foe is strong, and seeks
To drag thy brother man down in the mire,
And leave him lower than the beasts to mourn.

No man has yet upon this round world trod
Who might not live the noble life that God
Designed; and, passing up from height to height,

At length an entrance gain to purer realms,
Crowned with the laurels of a perfect life.
If all men thus could live, then would there be

No need to strive or labor, fight or weep;
But sin is strong, and to effect its cause
Rests neither day nor night, and for man's fall

Lays down deluding snares; insidiously
By slow degrees, tempts him until he yields;
Then having that foul end at length achieved,
Casts o'er his reason a dark cloud which dulls

All finer thoughts, and as he blindly walks,
Sets free the passions, that like storms within
Roam o'er the senses, till beyond control
They devastate the body, mind, and soul.
Oh! man, for man thy brother stand and fight—

Let not the dust of self thy vision blind;
If free from falling thou thyself can stand,
Thank God, and turn to aid thy brother man.

—Harry G. Hurst.

Mr. Will Crook's 'Tip.'

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., tells this story for the benefit of gamblers:—

'I got out of a train at Feltham Station when visiting our industrial schools there two or three years ago. We had to drive to the schools, and we used to have the same coachman every week.

"Good morning, coachman."

"You knock about the country a good deal, sir?"

"Yes; a pretty good deal."

"Beg your pardon, Ascot Races are on next week."

"Yes."

"Do you know anything good for the Gold Cup?"

"Oh, yes, I do; and I give you my word it can't lose."

"That's the one I'm after."

"It's a moral certainty it can't lose."

"What's its name?"

"Hold-fast!"

I saw him a fortnight afterwards, and he said, "Beg pardon, sir, I looked all through the 'Sporting Life,' and all through the 'Sportsman,' and down the columns of the 'Daily Telegraph,' what the guv'nor has, and couldn't see its name!"

"So you didn't lost anything, then?"

"No; I didn't have anything on."

"Then you did back Hold-fast!"

"And the man replied:

"Oh, I never thought of that before."

Fruits of the Traffic.

(By T. R. Thompson.)

Fruits of the traffic in rum are these:
Poverty, crime, and foul disease;
Revelings, drunkenness, and strife;
Loss of estate and loss of life;
Loss of companions kind and dear;
Headaches and pains and lack of cheer;
Loss of employment, sad disgrace;
Blotches and pimples on the face;
Brains that are softening day by day;
Health that is fleeing fast away;
Bruises and wounds most hard to hear;
Ruin and death and blank despair;
Hopes that are crushed and vows unpaid;
Husbands in paupers' coffins laid;
Desolate homes, cheerless and bare;
Women and children starving there;
Tears and distress and lack of clothes;
Fighting and swearing and other woes,—
Such are the fruits we daily see;
Oh, what a pity such things should be.

Don't be a Cucumber.

'When I was a little boy,' remarked an old gentleman, 'somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small and the cucumber so large that it wasn't possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden one day I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green fellow that was still on the vines, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle. I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible man could form, and then I think that likely they grew into them when they were young and cannot slip out of them now; they are like the cucumber. Look out for such bottles boys!'—London Sunday School Times.

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

Some Attractive Offers.

That offer made to our 'Pictorial' boys of a chain to match the watch for selling only six extra 'Pictorials' has been much appreciated—and we expect that every boy from this on will want the chain just as soon as he gets the watch. We are just getting in a new supply of these White Metal Chains, neat, pretty designs, thoroughly strong, and entirely suitable for the watch—serves their purpose just as well as a ten dollar gold chain.

Then there is that offer of a Rubber Stamp, with name and address, to be given as a bonus to any boy as soon as he has sold in all one hundred copies. That also is a popular proposition. It looks well to have letters coming back from our young agents signed with the new stamp. No chance of mistaking that name and address; and there is sometimes, as all our boys do not write like the copybook—we don't expect it.

We want boys in every village, town and city in Canada to handle the 'Pictorial.' There is money in it for them, and business training as well. Already we can pick out of our young agents a goodly number whose evident business ability is being developed by this work. There is no age limit. The 'Pictorial' Portrait Gallery for January showed a young man of seventeen; February's place of honor is held by a boy of nine, while the March picture will be one of another lad of nine, a bright, young Manitoban.

Sit down at once and write for a packet of 'Pictorials,' and full instructions. The premiums to be won appear elsewhere in this issue.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal. Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'