

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink? "Five cents a glass," I hear you say, "Why, that isn't very much to pay." Ah, no, indeed; 'tis a very small sum You are passing over twist finger and thumb; And if that were all that you gave away, It wouldn't be very much to pay."

The price of a drink! Let him decide Who has lost his courage and lost his pride, And lies a grovelling heap of clay, Not far removed from a beast, to-day.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell, And feels within him the fires of hell. Honour and virtue, love and truth, All the glory and pride of youth, Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame, High endeavour and noble aim, These are the treasures thrown away As the price of a drink, from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed, As over the bar the young man quaffed The beaded liquor; for the demon knew The terrible work that drink would do; And ere the morning the victim lay With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away; And that was the price he paid, alas! For the pleasure of taking a social glass. The price of a drink! If you want to know What some are willing to pay for it, go Through the wretched tenement over there, With dingy windows, and broken stair, Where foul disease, like a vampire, crawls With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls.

There poverty dwells with her hungry brood, Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food; There shame in the corner crouches low; There violence deals its cruel blow; And innocent ones are thus accursed To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all, The sacrifice would, indeed, be small! But the money's worth is the least amount We pay; and whoever will keep account Will learn the terrible waste and blight That follows the ruinous appetite. "Five cents a glass!" Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink?

BEECHER ON THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

HIGHLY COMPLIMENTARY REMARKS FROM THE PLYMOUTH PREACHER.

REV. HENRY W. BEECHER in his new lecture on "A Circuit of the Continent," says: It has been supposed, even up to a very recent period, that the north-western portion of our continent must be given up to winter and to desolation. We have very few American towns that can surpass Winnipeg, whether you view its business houses or the residences of its wealthy citizens. I recognized hardly anywhere else in the West such magnificent houses and homes as are seen in that new city in the wilderness scarcely ten years old. The Hudson Bay Company's store surpasses Stewart's store in New York, and they were on the point of doubling its capacity when I was there. All that I saw, all that I learned, filled me with surprise as well as gratification. One of the revelations made to me was the fact that instead of this North-Western territory being a howling wilderness and a desolation, it is the very paradise of wheat on this globe, and nowhere else in our own land and nowhere else abroad is there any such wheat field as that which includes the territory on the north and on the south of the great Pacific Railroad.

A NOBLE TYPE OF CIVILIZATION COMING.

It is destined to be occupied by probably ten millions of people before the end of this century. The sum-

mer is from four to five months in duration. The winter there is winter. It is considered a warm day when the temperature is ten degrees above zero. It is a wholesome and refreshing time when the thermometer goes down from forty to sixty degrees below zero That would seem to stand in the way of population, but I am informed by those living there who have come from New York, that they do not suffer in their winters half as much as they used to in New York city. That was also the testimony of Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana. On account of the great dryness of the atmosphere at 40° below zero, they do not feel so cold as they used to in New York city when the mercury was a little below freezing point. The population of this British possession is mainly Scotch and English, with a scattering of Scandinavian people, and is destined to carry English civilization with it on our great Northern border. Shut up, as they are, for nearly eight months by winter, what must result? More or less social relaxation and home life; entertainments and amusements that do not turn on mere roaming and passions. The best civilizations on the globe are those in which the populations are shut up for a considerable period of the year and are obliged to find their enjoyments in domestic relations and domestic life. I have been accustomed to say, thinking of California, that no people would, through a period of several generations, fail to run out more or less in a climate where they had no cellars to dig and no barns to build; that is to say, where nature is so provident that man is not obliged to look forward and make provisions for the future. The British possessions are, in the near future, going to develop a very noble type of civilization after the method of our ideas, for the Government of the Dominion is substantially republican. Nominally it is a colony of Great Britain, but in the management of its own affairs it is almost absolute.

Great Britain has learned how to manage her colonies; namely, to pay them very large sums of money for their internal improvements and then leave them alone. If that policy had been pursued toward these colonies of ours before we learned our trade, I know not but what we should still be under the Crown. If we had to be under a crown, I do not know of any that I should prefer to that which is worn by the illustrious Queen of Great Britain.

GOUGH AND THE CIGARS.

THE least meddling with liquor or tobacco should be avoided. A famous temperance lecturer, who once in a while indulged in a cigar, tells us that, on one occasion, he had engaged to attend a meeting of children. Before he went, a friend said to him,

"I have some first-rate cigars; will you take a few?"

"No, I thank you." "Do, take half-a-dozen." "I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half-a-dozen in your cap." I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform, and faced an audience of more than two thousand

children. As it was out of doors, I kept my cap on, for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars. Toward the close of my speech, I became much in earnest, and after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits, and the saloons, I said— "Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance and cold water. Now then, three cheers. Hurrah!"

And taking off my cap, I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, saying, "Here's one of your cigars, sir."

It is hardly possible to taste liquor or have anything to do with it, without being found out, indeed all *secret sins* sooner or later come to light. Those who think they can take a little on the sly and escape detection, are not likely to practise that sort of thing long, without being discovered and disgraced.

The president of a college once had reason to suspect that some of the college boys had planned to rob his hen-roost. Near the henery were two large apple trees, so he went quietly out at night and waited near the trees. And after a while two of the boys came, one went up a tree while the other remained below. When they commenced operations, the doctor made a slight noise, and the one below took to his heels. The one in the tree asked in a whisper—

"What's the matter?"

To which the doctor replied, also in a whisper, "All's right."

"Here, catch hold," said the upper one, handing down a rooster.

"Here's old Prex."

And handing down a hen, "Here's Mrs. Prex."

"And here, handing down a chicken, 'Here's Miss Prex; I guess that'll do.'"

The doctor quietly got over the fence with the fowls and went to his house. The poor robber of the hen-roost descended to find his companion gone. The next day the two young gentlemen received a polite invitation to dine with the president—an honour they could not very well decline. When they sat down at the table, they saw three roasted fowls, and we can imagine their sensations when the doctor said, "Now, young gentlemen, will you have a piece of old Prex, Mrs. Prex, or Miss Prex?"—*The Temperance Battle-Field.*

TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.

JUDGE JOHNSON, of California, in passing sentence of death on a criminal, made use of the following language:

"Nor shall the place be forgotten in which occurred the shedding of blood. It was one of those ante-chambers of hell, which mar like plague-spots the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tippling-shop—the meeting-place of Satan's minions, and the foul cesspool which, by spontaneous generation, breeds and nur-

tures all that is loathsome and disgusting in profanity, and babbling, and vulgarity, and Sabbath-breaking. I would not be the owner of a groggery for the price of this globe converted into ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool, and this trembling culprit a demon. How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore the vendor has committed an act not cognizable by earthly tribunals; but in the sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught, which inflames men into violence and anger and bloodshed, is *particeps criminis* in the moral turpitude of the deed. Is it not high time that all these sinks of vice and crime should be held rigidly accountable to the laws of the land, and placed under the ban of an enlightened and virtuous public opinion?"—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

THE BELLS OF TRINITY.

THE bells of Trinity ring out, And far and wide their music ring; Above the noise and tramp and shout, Between the earth and heavens they ring.

A moment stay Upon your way, And hear them say: "Chime, happy bells, all strife above— Chime, chime, 'The Bread of Life is Love.'"

The bells of Trinity ring out Like tongues of angels, glad and strong; The hammer's beat, the workman's shout, Their wondrous harmonies prolong

A moment stay Upon your way, And hear them say: "Brave hearts, true hearts, no duty shirk; Labour: 'The Salt of Life is Work.'"

The bells of Trinity ring glad, Ring happily over joy and grief, And hearts with dark despairing sad Find in their chime some sweet relief.

"Hope on," they say; "The dawning day Drives clouds away. If faint and thirsty in the strife, Then Hope, for Hope's the Stream of Life."

The bells of Trinity ring clear Above the sounds of trade and gain; And weak souls halting in their fear, Perchance may hear this bolter strain:

"Flee not from grief; Time brings relief— The watch is brief. Hold on; be patient in the strife, For Patience is the Strength of Life."

The bells of Trinity ring sweet. Ah! gentle soul, if you draw near, Perchance may drop into the street Some to us so musical and clear

That day by day Upon your way Your soul shall say: "I know, though I be true and strong, The sweetness of my Life is Song."

The bells of Trinity ring high, Ring far and wide, ring east and west. O toiling men that fear and sigh, Hear what they say, and be at rest:

"True hearts, good cheer! There is no fear, For God is near. However hard and dark the strife, Trust Him; Faith is the Light of Life."

LADY BLOOMFIELD tells us a curious anecdote about her own father, who isolated himself from the young members of his family on account of his dislike to the noise of children. "It is said," she writes, "that one day my father was walking in Portland Place, when he met a nurse carrying a baby in her arms; and, being struck by the beauty of the infant, he inquired whose it was. The nurse much astonished answered: 'Your own, Sir Thomas!'"