

### "FOR GOD'S SAKE SAVE THE BOYS."

A hard drinker of many years said, as he signed the pledge: "Twon't do any good; I can't reform; it's too late; but for God's sake, save the boys!"—*Miss Nellie Bradley.*

Like Dives in the depths of hell,  
I can not break this fearful spell,  
Nor quench the fires I've madly nursed,  
Nor cool this dreadful raging thirst.  
Take back your pledge, ye come too late;  
Ye cannot save me from my fate,  
Nor bring me back departed joys,  
But ye can try to save the boys.

Ye bid me break my fiery chain,  
Arise, and be a man again,  
When every street with snares is spread,  
And nets of sin where'er I tread.  
No, I must reap as I did sow,  
The seeds of sin bring crops of woe;  
But with my latest breath I'll crave  
That ye will try the boys to save.

These bloodshot eyes were once so bright  
This sin-crushed heart was glad and light;  
But by the wine-cup's ruddy glow  
I traced a path to shame and woe.  
A captive to my galling chain,  
I've tried to rise, but tried in vain;  
The cup allures, and then destroys,  
Oh, from its thraldoms save the boys!

Take from your streets those traps of hell  
Into whose gilded snares I fell.  
Oh! freeman, from those foul decoys,  
Arise and vote to save the boys.  
And ye who license men to trade  
In draughts that charm and then degrade,  
Before you hear the cry: "Too late!"  
Oh! save the boys from my sad fate!

—*Frances E. W. Harper, in Union Signal.*

### DOES IT PAY TO TRY TO SAVE THEM?

I was holding temperance meetings in St. Albans, Vt. Nearly every man had taken the pledge. One night I saw a poor fellow in the audience who seemed to have gone down to the lowest dregs. I went into the audience and he hid behind the door. I met him and said, "Brother Thorpe, I am looking for you."

He answered: "I knew it; it is of no use; I shall die a drunkard; if I were not afraid I would put a bullet through my head."

I answered: "That don't do any good; a bullet won't end the matter; you will be the same George Thorpe in eternity; won't you make an effort to do right?"

"Mrs. M., you don't know me; my mother shut the door against me; my Mary has gone home to her father's; when she left every light went out; I now have nothing to live for."

"You want to be saved?"

"God knows I do."

"Let me tell you that God can save the uttermost all who come to him."

He thought for a time and said. "If you will go up with me I will make one more trial."

He wrote his name to the pledge. Turning to the crowd, he said in his desolation: "If there is a man here who believes in Jesus, I want him to pray for me; only God can save me."

His mother began to pray for him; from her broken heart went up as never before an appeal for the salvation of her son; he heard that prayer and fell upon his knees and began to pray for himself; God heard his cries for mercy, and a new hope began to dawn on the man; a new joy came upon his heart. While I speak to you to-day, this man, George Thorpe, is the efficient Mayor of St. Albans, Vermont. Does it pay to save such men from perdition? Who will dare to question it?—*Emma Molloy.*

### Our Casket.

A man whose business transactions had been rather suspicious, and who had passed through bankruptcy twice, was boasting:

"I left business and settled down with a comfortable fortune," when a listener said:

"If you had settled up, you wouldn't have a cent."

The story came from Paris that a lady who attended four churches in one day missed her umbrella on returning home. She

immediately revisited all four churches and found her umbrella in the last one. When the umbrella was handed to her she thankfully said to the sexton: "The people at this church are much more honest than those at the others."

"Now," said the irate mother to her family of one boy and four girls, who had been misbehaving themselves, "I am going to whip you all," and she seized on Jimmie to receive the first instalment of the chastisement. "Mother," said Jimmie, "ladies first, always." The old lady was so struck with this application of her own instruction that she did not strike any of the children, but let them off that time.

A physician, passing a stone mason's shop, bawled out:

"Good morning, Mr. D. Hard at work, I see. You finish your gravestones as far as 'In the memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next."

"Waal, yes," replied the old man, "unless somebody's sick, and you're doctoring him, and then I keep right on."

One Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homewards, he was accosted by an old woman, who said:

"Oh, sir, well do I like the day when you preach!"

The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and he answered:

"My good woman I am glad to hear it! There are too few like you. And why do you like when I preach?"

"Oh, sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat."

Some years back when the Metropolitan Road in New York did not run on Sunday, a person had laboriously climbed the stairway at Park Place only to find the gates closed and the ticket office deserted, and the big gilt letters M. E. R. R. (Metropolitan Elevated Railroad) staring at him from above the office window.

"Of course," he muttered, as he descended the stairway again, "I might have known that no Methodist Episcopal Railroad would run on Sunday."

### For Girls and Boys.

#### A BUMPTIOUS HEAD.

A church in a Maryland village was disturbed one Sunday morning by the entrance of a small boy intent upon saving his Sunday dinner:

It seems that a certain good woman bought a calf's head and put it on to boil, leaving her little boy to mind it while she went to the church close by.

The minister had reached his fifthly, when a small boy stuck his head in the door, and whispered,

"Mamma!"

The good woman recognized her son instantly, and began to make signs for him to leave the door.

"Mamma!" again came the whisper—this time a little louder than before.

The mother shook her finger at the boy warningly, and indulged in other familiar pantomime with which she was accustomed to awe her son. But it didn't work. The boy was excited and in dead earnest, as the denouement will show. Raising his voice, he shouted—

"Mamma, you needn't wink and blink at me, but had better come home right away, for the calf's head is buttin' all the dump-lins out of the pot!"—*Youth's Companion.*

#### TO YOUNG MEN.

The lesson to be learned by every young man is that if the brain of Robert Burns or the brain of Daniel Webster could not stand the wine-cup neither can theirs. If the sorcery of the bottle overcame the mighty men, what chance is there for weaker ones? For the especial damage which alcohol works is wrought in that one vital spot—the human brain. That it is which makes all indulgence in intoxicants so dangerous and drunkenness to be so fearful a crime against God and our own lives. The only honest word to be applied to drunkenness is not misfortune or disease or infirmity, it is voluntary crime. It is a self-inflicted blow at the very seat and throne of manhood, it strikes the brain and overthrows the reason, and demolishes for the time that moral sense which lifts man above the brute. Alcohol is really that devil which has the power to "cast both soul and body into hell."—*Dr. Cuyler in The Banner.*