

### WHERE THERE'S DRINK, THERE'S DANGER.

Write it on the workhouse gate,  
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,  
Write it on the copy-book,  
That the young may often look :—  
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it in the nation's laws,  
Blotting out the license clause;  
Write it on each ballot white,  
So it can be read aright :—  
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it over every gate,  
On the church and hall of state,  
In the heart of every band,  
On the laws of every land :—  
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the churchyard mound,  
Where the pauper dead are found;  
Write it on the gallows high,  
Write for all the passers-by :—  
"Where there's drink, there's danger."  
(Selected.)

### THE MONKEY GOD.

Two miles from the city of Lucknow is the decaying village of Alligunj, once the home of many rich people, and still the scene of a great annual Hindu festival. In the centre of the village, surrounded by tumbled-down buildings fast falling into ruins, stands a wretched, filthy little shrine dedicated to Hanuman, or Mahabir, the monkey God.

To this shrine, at the time of the annual festival, held some time in May, thousands travel greater or lesser distances, some as much as fifty or even one hundred miles, measuring their length upon the ground. Taking a small stone in his hand, the pilgrim stands in the attitude of prayer with hands folded on his breast, and mutters words of prayer or praise. Then, lying full length on the ground, he places the stone as far forward as he can. Standing up by the stone, the pilgrim goes through the same action, length by length, making slow progress to this village shrine.

His mother, wife, sister, or daughter, walks by the roadside, carrying water for the thirsty devotee to drink, and at night when he stops for rest, cooks his evening meal.—The Gleaner.

"Time's a hand-breadth; 'tis a tale;  
'Tis a vessel under sail;  
'Tis an eagle on its way,  
Darting down upon its prey;  
'Tis an arrow in its flight,  
Mocking the pursuing sight;  
'Tis a short-lived, fading flower;  
'Tis a rainbow on the shower;  
'Tis a momentary ray  
Smiling in a winter's day;  
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;  
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;  
'Tis a closing watch of night.  
Dying at the rising light;  
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;  
Be prepared, O man, to die !"

—Quarles.

### "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

A clergyman of the Church of England told me that his wife would not become a teetotaler because she enjoyed her glass of ale at lunch, and her glass of ale at dinner, and would have it. The physician said she might take it.

She brought her little boy on a visit to London. One day he saw a woman come out of a public-house and fall down, and he said:—

"O mamma, look there ! What's that?"

"It's a woman fallen down, darling."

"What's the matter with her, mamma?"

"She has been drinking too much beer, darling."

"Is that what you drink, mamma?"

"Yes, darling; but you know I take it as a medicine."

The child said no more.

One bright day, when they had been home some days, he came home bounding into the room where his mamma sat at lunch with her glass of ale, and said, "I feel so well, mamma, to-day. Are you well?"

"Yes, my dear."

Are you perfectly well, mamma?" "Yes, dear, I am perfectly well."

"Then what do you take medicine for, mamma?"

She could not answer.

Then the little fellow said, pleadingly, "If you won't take any more beer, mamma, I will give you all my pocket-money till I am a man."

"That was irresistible," said the clergyman. "and now my wife is an abstainer, and never touches wine or beer under any circumstances, nor does she need it."—Gough.