

Temperancetown and Whiskeyville.

(Written by Mrs. Annie E. Smiley. To be spoken by twenty children, each dressed to represent the character described and carrying the implements of their trade or occupation. The ten Temperancetown children come to the platform together, speak their verses, and then stand back in a line, leaving room for the Whiskeyville children to stand and recite.)

1. This is the mayor of Temperancetown, A worthy man of high renown, He is proud of his town, and well he may be, For a more thriving city you rarely will see.
2. This is the doctor of Temperancetown, He rides through the country, up and down, Few are his calls for powder or pill, For temperance people are seldom ill.
3. This is the baker of Temperancetown, His bread is sweet, and his rolls are brown; His trade is good, as you well may think, For people buy bread instead of drink.
4. This is a grocer of Temperancetown, On his face is a smile, instead of a frown, For money flows daily into his tills, And temperance people pay grocer's bills.
5. This is a teacher of Temperancetown, With happy face and pretty gown, She loves to teach, for her children all mind, They are taught at home to be loving and kind.
6. This is a mother of Temperancetown, A queen is she, though she wears no crown, Her husband delights to sound her fame, And her children rise up and bless her name.
7. This is a cook of Temperancetown, She can not tell a verb from a noun; But she knows how to bake, to broil, and to fry, And she never put brandy in sauce or mince-pie.
8. This is the butcher of Temperancetown, His customers all pay money down; They can afford the best of food, For their work is steady and pay is good.
9. This woman sells fruit in Temperancetown, Her name is Mrs. Tabitha Brown; She sells apples, oranges, grapes, and pears, And an excellent reputation she bears.
10. This is a preacher of Temperancetown, His hair is white, like a silver crown; He honors his calling in all of his ways, For he preaches the truth, and he votes as he prays.

ALL SAY TOGETHER.

O happy are we in Temperancetown,
No wonder we smile, and forget to frown;
If Jesus should come to our earth to-day,
We are sure in our town he would love to stay.

1. This is the mayor of Whiskeyville, He says 'tis his office that makes him ill;

He never feels well, though he dresses so fine,
For his head is befuddled with whiskey and wine.

2. This is the doctor of Whiskeyville, He orders spirits with powder and pill;
With his practice you'd think his fortune was made,
But, alas! his bills are seldom paid.
3. This is the baker of Whiskeyville, He is hurried and worried with many a bill;
The money his customers ought to pay
Goes into the saloon just over the way.
4. This is the grocer of Whiskeyville, His trade is light, with few orders to fill;
His customers say his prices are dear,
But they mean that they want the money for beer.
5. This is the teacher of Whiskeyville, Her pupils are Tom, and Harry, and Bill;
They loaf and play truant from day to day,
And are fast smoking and drinking their wits away.

6. This is a mother of Whiskeyville, She lives in a shanty under the hill;
She is often unhappy, and fears for her life,
Oh, sad is the fate of the drunkard's wife!

7. This is a cook of Whiskeyville, Her face is sharp, and her voice is shrill;
She spoils her cooking with brandy and wine,
Then complains that her children sicken and pine.

8. This is the butcher of Whiskeyville, You will find his shop by the cider-mill;
His customers buy the cheapest of meat,
For when people will drink, there is little to eat.

9. This woman keeps an apple-stand, But even her apples are second-hand;
For her customers say there is little use
To buy apples, when cider is apple-juice.

10. This is the preacher of Whiskeyville, He tries in vain his church to fill;
And often is tempted to say, with a groan,
"There are wed to their idols; let them alone."

ALL SAY TOGETHER.

We are tired of living in Whiskeyville,
For our town is steadily running down hill;
If we want to win honor, fame, and renown,
We must leave Whiskeyville for Temperancetown.

"Junior Don'ts."

- Don't preach to the Juniors.
Don't talk at the Juniors.
Don't allow the Scripture lesson to be read so low or so fast that it cannot be heard.
Don't scold.
Don't get impatient.
Don't hold the meeting an hour if you can get through in half an hour.
Don't transact business at the Junior prayer-meeting.
Don't fail to pray for the meeting.
Don't get discouraged.—Pacific Christian Endeavorer.

The First Coat of Paint.

Mother was painting the woodwork of the dining-room. Robert had been watching her for some time, and thought it very easy and pleasant work.

"I would like to try painting a little while. May I?"

"Why, yes. There must always be a first time."

Robert took the brush. How clumsy his fingers seemed, after all! But he went bravely on, mother watching in the meantime. Now and then she gave him words of encouragement and instruction, so that he went on quite bravely, and mother went away for a little while.

When she came back, she saw that Robert was slighting his work in places. The paint was not smooth, and streaks plainly appeared.

"Robert," she said, "remember that the streaks will show plainly when the paint is dry."

"But you are going to put on two coats, aren't you?" he asked, somewhat sharply. "If you do, the last time over will cover all the streaks."

"But we must put on the first coat just as well as if there were to be no second coat," mother said patiently. "It is just as important as to do the work well the last time."

Since that time Robert has grown to be a man, but he has not forgotten his mother's words. He has noticed that many do work just as he started to do it that day when painting the dining-room; but whenever he has been tempted to do so, the words of his mother have come back to him: "Do your work just as if there were to be no second coat."

"Have you thoroughly mastered all the rules in this lesson?" asked a teacher of her class in mathematics, one day.

Most of the class thought they had done their work well. One boy thoughtfully said: "I can't say that I have the second rule, Miss Dee. But I thought I could master it when the review came."

"It isn't safe to slip over work in that way, George," was the quiet reply. "You are not sure that you will have the time when review comes. Do you not think it would be better to master each lesson as we go along, and let the review take care of itself?"

George flushed, but he saw the point, and was not caught that way again. "I will plough that little strip when I come around again," a young man said to himself, while working in the field. The plough struck a stone and slipped over a piece of green turf without turning it under.

But the next time around he was busily thinking of the particular furrow he was ploughing, and the balk escaped his eye for the day. But all summer long there was a green place in the corn field. The planter slipped over it; the cultivator could not dig it up; no corn grew upon it. The little spot of ground went to waste.

"If I had pulled the plough back, and thought that patch of turf over, I would have been wise." So thought the young man when it was too late.

The best time to do good, honest work is the present moment. We are sure of this hour, but of nothing further.—Canadian Churchman.

The Watchword of Success.

A boy walked into a London merchant's office in search of a situation. After being put through a series of questions by the merchant, he was asked: "Well, my lad, what is your motto?" "Same as yours, sir," he replied. "Same as you have on your door—'Push!'" He was engaged.