

## OLD RYE.

I WAS made to be eaten  
And not to be drank ;  
To be thrashed in a barn,  
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing  
When put through a mill ;  
As a blight and a curse  
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,  
And your children are fed ;  
But if into a drink,  
I will starve them instead.

In bread I'm a servant,  
The eater shall rule ;  
In drink I am master,  
The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning,  
My strength I'll employ,  
If eaten, to strengthen ;  
If drank, to destroy.

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## THE SAILOR'S PROMISE.

THERE was a company of several sailors once on board a ship. Six of them had learned to drink, as sailors are so apt to do. But the seventh man in that crew never would touch a drop of intoxicating liquor. One time the vessel in which they were sailing was bound to Liverpool. The six drinking-men agreed among themselves that when they got into port, they would invite Jack to a tavern with them, and make him drink for once at least.

They arrived in Liverpool, ordered a supper at a tavern, and invited Jack to it. He went. The supper passed off pleasantly. Then they began to drink their liquor. First one, and then another invited Jack to join