

ALL THE CHILDREN.

SUPPOSE if all the children
Who have lived through the ages long
Were collected and inspected,
They would make a wondrous throng.
O the babble of the Babel!
O the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women
Who are now, and who have been—
Every nation since creation
That this world of ours has seen!
And of all them, not any
But was once a baby small;
While of children, O how many
Have not grown up at all.

Some have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet.
And, indeed, I wonder whether,
If we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them and caress them?
Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise! Who will scold them?
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
Little savage children, too,
In all the stages, of all ages,
That our planet ever knew;
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars wan and faint—
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
Such a motley crowd would make,
And the clatter of their chatter,
And the things that they would break!
O the babble of the Babel!
O the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish off with us.

CAP'N SAM'S SERMON.

CAP'N SAM was in no mood for
jokes or banter, and, being
very quick to see which way
the wind blew, the kind
sailor addressed to a row of
very serious young faces
what one boy afterwards
called "a perfec' brick of a
sermon."

"Boys," he said, "I've been trying
every day of my life for the last two
years to straighten out furrows, and I
can't do it!"

One boy turned his head in surprise
toward the captain's neatly kept place.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind, 'lad.
I don't mean land furrows," continued
the captain, so soberly that the atten-
tion of the boys became breathless as
he went on:

"When I was a lad, about the age
of you boys, I was what they called a
'hard case'; that is, not exactly bad
or vicious, but wayward and wild.

"Well, my dear old mother used to
coax, pray and punish—my father was
dead, making it all the harder for her,
but she never got impatient. How in
the world she bore with all my stub-
born vexing ways so patiently will
always be to me one of the mysteries in
life.

"I knew it was troubling her, knew
it was changing her pretty face, mak-
ing it look anxious and old. After a
while, tiring of all restraint, I ran
away, went off to sea; and a rough
time I had of it at first. Still I liked
the water, and liked journeying from
place to place. Then I settled down
to business in a foreign land, and soon
became prosperous, and now began

sending her something better than
empty letters. And such beautiful
letters as she always wrote me during
those years of cruel absence! At
length I noticed how longing they
grew, longing for the presence of a son
who used to try her so; and it awoke
a corresponding longing in my own
heart to go back to the dear waiting
soul.

"So, when I could stand it no
longer, I came back; and such a wel-
come, and such a surprise! My
mother is not a very old lady, boys,
but the first thing I noticed was the
whiteness of her hair, and the deep
furrows on her brow; and I knew I
had helped blanch that hair to its
snowy whiteness, and had drawn those
lines in that smooth forehead. And
these are the furrows I've been trying
to straighten out.

"But last night, while mother was
sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it
all over, and looked to see what pro-
gress I had made.

"Her face was very peaceful, and
the expression contented as possible,
but the furrows were still there; I
hadn't straightened them out—and I
—never—shall! never!

"When they lay my mother, my
fair old sweetheart, in her casket, there
will be furrows on her brow; and I
think it a wholesome lesson to teach
you, that the neglect you offer your
parents' counsels now, and the trouble
you cause them, will abide, my lads, it
will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddy Hollis,
with great troubled eyes, "I should
think if you're so kind and good now,
it needn't matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddy, my boy," said the
quavery voice of the strong man, "you
cannot undo the past. You may do
much to atone for it, do much to make
the rough path smooth, but you can't
straighten out the old furrows, my
laddies; remember that!"

"Guess I'll chop some wood mother
spoke of, I'd most forgotten," said
lively Jimmy Hollis, in a strangely
quiet tone for him.

"Yes, and I've got some errands to
do!" suddenly remembered Billy
Bowles.

"Touched and taken!" said the
kindly captain to himself, as the boys
tramped off in a thoughtful, soldier-
like way.

And Mrs. Bowles declared a fort-
night afterwards that Billy was really
getting to be a comfort instead of a
pest; guessed he was a-copying the
captain, trying to be good to his ma—
"Lord bless the dear, good man!"

Then Mrs. Hollis, meeting the cap-
tain about that time, remarked that
Jimmy always meant to be a good boy,
but he was actually being one now-a-
days. "Guess your stories they liked
so much have morals to them now and
then," added the gratified mother with
a smile.

As Mrs. Hollis passed on, Captain
Sam, with folded arms and bent head,
said softly to himself:

Well, I shall be thankful enough if
any word of mine will help the dear
boys to keep the furrows away from
their mother's brow; for once there,
it is a difficult task straightening out
the furrows!—*Illustrated Christian
Weekly.*

MISTRESS: "Were you baptised,
Keziab, when you were named?"
Maid: "Law, ma'am, we don't
baptise in our church, we immerge."

SHALL THE DRINK TRADE
DRIVE ON.

BY S—.

IT is recorded of Tullia, wife of
Tarquinius, that she was riding
through the streets of Rome,
when the body of her father,
weltering in his blood, was lying across
the way. Her charioteer reined up
his horses, about to stop, when the
unnatural daughter cried out at the
top of her voice, "DRIVE ON." With
crack of whip the fiery steeds dashed
forward over the lifeless body, spurning
the blood over the daughter's dress.
Yet this revolting act recorded is not
more heartless than the act of thousands
dealing out the deadly drink.

Dead men do not stop them, or live
men going down to shame and ruin.
Point them to the wreck of manhood
—beseech them to stop their heartless
traffic. They cry out in utter defiance
of all solemn appeal and shocking sight,
"DRIVE ON!"

Every liquor trafficker in the land is
plying his trade in spite of entreaties
and appeals more powerful than dead
men's mangled forms.

If this terrible business were only
insult to the DEAD, it might be borne,
but the dire traffic lures, dashes down
and destroys the LIVING,—degrades
manhood, womanhood, and everything
noble—"Lamentation and mourning
and woe" ascend from the wretched
families which these wretched dead
represent, and although hearing the
long, loud, piteous pleadings from one
end of the land to the other, for the
dread liquor-sellers to desist, they SELL
ON STILL. Bidding high defiance to
God and man, they cry, "DRIVE ON!"

Pulpits interpose and plead; prisons
threaten; officials arrest; courts con-
demn, and still the heartless dealers,
defying all that is true and good, ignore
all sacred sympathies and still shout,
"DRIVE ON! DRIVE ON!!" Shall
not tens of thousands of stronger voices
raise the counter cry, DESIST, and all
good citizens rising in their might for
the right, bring the dread carnage to a
speedy and "perpetual end!"

Surely public indignation is yet far
from up to the mark, while the dire
destruction is tolerated! Surely, "there
is cause." Let us then determinedly,
in patriotic might, by all available
means, hasten the death of the deadly
trade, nor by injury to any, but for the
rescue of millions.

On the Almighty's arm rely,
Raise Prohibition's banner high;
And sure as now the heaving sigh,
Sure soon will raise the victor's cry,
The joyous day is drawing nigh.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

WATER is the strongest drink.
It drives mills; it's the
drink of lions and horses,
and Samson never drank
anything else. Let young men be
teetotalers if only for economy's sake.
The beer money will soon build a
house. If what goes into the mash-
tub went into the kneading-trough,
families would be better fed and better
taught. If what is spent in waste
were only saved against a rainy day,
workhouses would never be built.
The man who spends his money with
the publican, and thinks the landlord's
bow and "How do ye do, my good
fellow!" mean true respect, is a per-
fect simpleton. We don't light fires

for the herring's comfort, but to roast
him. Men do not keep pothouses for
labourers' good; if they do, they cer-
tainly miss their aim. Why, then,
should people drink "for the good of
the house?" If I spend money for
the good of any house, let it be my
own, and not the landlord's. It is a
bad well into which you must put
water; and the beer-house is a bad
friend, because it takes your all and
leaves you nothing but headaches.
He who calls those his friends who let
him sit and drink by the hour is
ignorant—very ignorant. Why, Red
Lions, and Tigers, and Eagles, and
Vultures are all creatures of prey, and
why do so many put themselves within
the power of their jaws and talons?
Such as drink and live riotously, and
wonder why their faces are so blotchy
and their pockets so bare, would leave
off wondering if they had two grains
of wisdom. They might as well ask
an elm-tree for pears as look to those
habits for health and wealth. Those
who go to the public-house for happi-
ness climb a tree to find fish.

GO LEARN A TRADE.

SING you a song to-night,
And every word is true,
You'll find that every line is meant,
Young gentlemen for you!
I've no intention to offend,
In what is sung or said—
The sum and substance of it is,
To go and learn a trade.

Your education may be good,
But the time is sitting by,
Instead of working don't be fooled;
The old man may not die;
And if he should, the chances are,
His will may be mislaid,
Or you cut off without a cent;
So go and learn a trade.

The country's full of nice young men,
That from their duty shrink;
Who think 'twould crush their pride
If they would go to work;
Take off your coat (your father did),
And find some honest maid,
Who'll help you make your fortune when
You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do,
Be faithful to your boss,
You'll find the more you do for him
Will never prove a loss;
You'll find out fifty years from now,
When fame and fortune's made,
The best step that you ever took
Was when you learned a trade.

READ GOOD BOOKS.

THE character of the books read
by growing boys and girls, is a
matter which ought to concern
parents very much more than it
commonly does. Even on purely
literary grounds, how much better that
your fifteen-year-old boy should love to
read "Julius Caesar" or the "Merchant
of Venice," than "Dick Turpin" or
Claude Duvall! And when we come
to estimate the moral and spiritual
results of our reading, the matter
becomes momentous indeed. Our
books are our companions. They
exert a most powerful and permanent
influence upon our characters and our
lives. We should feel much more
encouragement in preaching to young
persons whom we knew to be careful
readers of good books. A youth
frittered away in poring over the pages
of the average "dime novel" is a poor
preparation for the sober realities of
this life, to say nothing for the life to
come. Young man, do read good
books! Don't waste your time on
trash.—*Religious Herald.*