

Away that Cup.

The temperance banner wide is spread,  
And with its rays o'er thousands shed,  
In pleasing hard toward that goal  
Whom he'll be heard, "Give me that bowl."

The haunts of vice begin to yield,  
For temperance men have got the shield  
In which the sword of truth has lain,  
That should have long the demon slain.

That mother's peace which once had fled,  
With joy returns upon her head;  
For he was dead, but lives again,  
O yes! he's left the drunkard's train.

The little babe and sportive child,  
Upon the parent's knee, have smiled;  
Instead of fleeing from his glance,  
Around him now in peace they dance.

Go on! Go on, ye noble few,  
From whom this great commotion grew;  
For thousands yet there are to save,  
From that dread gloom—a drunkard's grave!

And you who have not signed the pledge,  
Why stand you back to form a hedge?  
We know you cry, "We ne'er get drunk!"  
But thus have thousands downward sunk.

A little now—a little then,  
Such is the cry—such has it been,  
Till drunkards have by scores sprung up,  
To drink the poison from that cup.

Then from you dash the bowl away,  
As ocean sends forth her spray;  
And when you thirst, go to the rill  
And from cold water drink your fill.

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER VI.

A VOYAGE AND ITS ENDING.

GILBERT'S school-days over, he startled the quiet household at The Hawthorns by avowing his determination to be a sailor. In vain the hardships and the perils of a sailor's life were set before him; he was immovable. The boy who had never seen the sea, except on some brief visit to the coast in summer days, was eager to try his fortunes on the deep. When it was found that neither banter nor argument could shake his resolution, Mrs. Guestling yielded, and thus it came to pass that on a certain blustering morning in March, I found myself the tenant of a sea-boy's chest, on board the good ship Metropolitan, Captain Crosstrees, bound for Valparaiso.

Gilbert brought on board the pure, frank, impulsive, and unsuspecting character he had maintained at school. For his mother's sake, and because of the sweet associations of home, he read his Bible on Sundays. If the weather were fine he would climb aloft, Bible in one pocket, and myself in the other. As he turned over the pages of the book which on its fly-leaf bore the inscription which told how it had been a birthday gift to Alice Willmot from her parents, and remembered how constant and valued a companion the hymn-book had been to his mother, a lump would rise in his throat, and a mist pass before his eyes. He could almost see the dear face again, and hear the voice. He was for the while transported back to Oakdale, and the voices of the rustic urchins in the Sabbath-school, or the nasal drone of old Allen, the shepherd, seemed to be sounding in his ears.

But life on shipboard was not as easy or as pleasant as life at home. Gilbert's fellow-apprentice was a godless youth, with an avowed contempt of all goodness and good persons. He had a caustic and cynical tongue, which Gilbert dreaded; and for fear of him Gilbert refrained from kneeling in prayer, seeking to satisfy conscience by repeating his prayers after he had turned into his berth.

It was not likely that Gilbert's soul would prosper under such circumstances. If and by prayer was forgotten. The weary lad found sleep sealing his eyes before he had rehearsed his formal devotions. A prayerless soul is weak for service or for resistance. The Bible lay side by side with myself, undisturbed in the corner of the chest. Gilbert's conduct became less guarded, and his language was sometimes

marked by the coarseness and profanity too characteristic of seamen's speech. Captain Crosstrees, according to the rule of the company of shipowners under whom he sailed, held a hurried service every Sunday morning; but as this consisted only of a very mechanical reading of a form of prayer, it was of little profit to any of the ship's company.

The Metropolitan made a good and speedy passage out, and having discharged and taken in cargo, set sail again for Old England. The Cape of Storms had been safely rounded, and the tempestuous ocean crossed, but the good ship was to meet with new dangers nearer home. Eddystone was passed, and the shores of the beloved land were almost in view. Now the vessel neared the narrow Straits of Dover, and it seemed as if all perils were left behind, and the joys and rest of home virtually won.

It was in the darkness of the last night that the weary and expectant crew thought to spend on board that disaster came. A dense fog had gathered with the darkness. Before the sun set many vessels had been in sight, and almost within hail. The vessel lay to, and dropped her anchor in the roadstead. Had it been daylight, and a clear atmosphere, the white cliffs and the houses along the sea-front and the grand old castle on the picturesque South Foreland would have been distinctly visible. Yet just there, almost in harbour, almost within sound of bells and voices on the shore, the Metropolitan was struck amidships by an ocean-going steamer.

Gilbert, awakened by the shock, scrambled on deck, amid the crash of rending timbers and falling spars, and the rush of waters. The vessel was sinking beneath him, and, seizing a lifebuoy, he leaped overboard in the darkness. Providentially, just at that moment the fog lifted for a space, and in the glare of blue lights burned on the steamers dock, the form of the shattered and sinking barque was distinctly visible. For an instant the captain and a group of men were seen upon the poop, and then, as if the vessel had split asunder, stern and bow reeled apart and all were hidden by the foaming waters.

Gilbert, wet, cold, and terrified, after an immersion of nearly twenty minutes, sometimes thinking himself abandoned, was picked up by one of the steamer's boats and taken on board. Never did he forget the experiences of that time. How often have I heard him describe the world of thoughts and emotions which filled his soul as he was tossed upon the waves! Visions of early childhood, recollections of home, remorseful memories of sin, all crowded upon him. Death seemed imminently nigh; and life wasted, abused, lost, for ever lost,—lay behind. Yet, while he knew that he was in extreme peril, and probably would never be nearer death until absolutely within the grasp of the last enemy, Gilbert had a quiet underlying impression, a consciousness rather than a confidence, that his end had not yet come. Was it not that his mother's prayers were all round him, and that her intercessions for his salvation cried, "Let not the deep swallow him up?"

A few days later Gilbert presented himself at The Hawthorns, with no other possessions than the clothes he wore, and those the gift of charity. Nevertheless, I do not know but the mother was the more thankful. Her boy was the more precious to her, given back from the jaws of death, than if he had come all unimpaired and without loss.

Alice's loved hymn-book was gone, like all other belongings of Gilbert's, to the bottom of the sea. Yet, when at family worship his grandfather gave out the words of the 289th hymn, Gilbert felt how applicable they were to his case:

"God of my life, whose gracious power  
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,  
Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head;

"In all my ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see;  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.

"Now hath the sea confessed thy power,  
And given me back at thy command;  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
Safe in the hollow of thine hand!"

And when Gilbert reached his chamber he could not forbear taking the hymn-book that lay on his table, and turning to the page from which Mr. Willmot had read, he combed the words again. And it was upon his knees, and with tears, that the sailor lad, convinced, humble, grateful, repentant, breathed the prayer:

"Foolish, and impotent, and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known;  
Bring me where I my heaven may find,  
The heaven of loving thee alone!

"Enlarge my heart to make thee room;  
Enter and in me over stay;  
The crooked then shall straight become,  
The darkness shall be lost in day."

(To be continued.)

HER ROYAL SWEETNESS.

To be called Her Royal Highness is the destiny of every woman born to wear a crown, writes Lady Elizabeth Helyar in the Ladies' Home Journal, for March, but it remains for one woman among all the royal families to have the endearing title of Her Royal Sweetness given to her, and that honour belongs to Alexandra, Princess of Wales. She has that marvellous art of making goodness seem attractive, of making the right act the pleasant one, and of impressing upon all who know her the knowledge that to do good is to have a pleasant time, and not to do it is to miss some of the pleasures of life. Many princesses have been written about as having been beautiful, as having caused great wars, as having done great deeds of valour, of having made men die for their and kingdoms quarrel over them, but of none of them can it be said, as it is of this gracious lady, that the whole world bows down before her sweetness and goodness, that peace has been the watchword of her life, and not only does she value peace, but those loving sisters, Faith, Hope, and Charity abide with her.

INDIAN BOYS AND INDIAN CHARACTERS.

OF all the Indian tribes with which I have come in contact, the Comanches are the best horsemen. They seem to be able to cling to the side of a horse like a fly, and hurl arrows under their horses' necks at an enemy on the opposite side. A Comanche can run his horse at full speed and readily pick up anything from the ground, such as a hat, a bow, or an arrow. They are likewise fine marksmen, and can shoot an arrow with unerring accuracy. As soon as the boys are old enough to string a bow, they begin to practice, and it is astonishing how readily they familiarize themselves with its use. Once I saw a number of boys shooting at dimes ten paces off, and I do not remember that a single one missed his aim. They enjoyed the sport very much, for each one hitting a dime was permitted to keep it. It was real fun to the boys, but expensive to those who furnished the targets.

They learn to ride their ponies almost as soon as they can walk, and hence it is that they become such expert horsemen. It was not until late years that they had to attend school, and before that their entire time was taken up in preparation to fit themselves to be great and efficient warriors. Their natural instincts, supplemented by a certain degree of intelligent observation, give to them certain powers not possessed by white men.

Children are entirely under the control of their mothers, and it is a remarkable fact that they are never whipped for misconduct. The punishment usually resorted to for any little misbehaviour, is covering the face of the guilty one with a coat of black paint, and until the paint is removed by the mother, such a one is not allowed to enter the wigwam or have anything to do. When a boy learns the use of the bow, he is allowed to exercise his skill in shooting birds around the village, and when he reaches the age of fifteen, he is furnished with a gun, and required to practice in shooting geese, ducks, and other water fowl. At night his father tells him stories about elk and bear-hunting, how to approach the deer and buffalo, and when he has proved himself a good shot, he is permitted to accompany hunting parties, and if suc-

ful, his education is considered complete, and he is released from parental control to enter upon a life, the chief end of which is to excel in the chase and to gratify worldly appetites and desires.

THE CURSE MUST BE OVERCOME.

BY SIR WILFRED LAWSON, M.P.

It is my judgment that it will take all that can be done by both men and women to overcome the great drink curse which afflicts this country. And, in my humble opinion, women are even more in their place in this work, because men get, I suppose, some pleasure from drink or else they would not drink—but women get all the misery.

Now, this afternoon I read of Justice Grantham having a case before him yesterday in which some poor woman had been trying to kill her child, and it turned out that she was driven to desperation by a horrible brute of a drunken husband; and Justice Grantham said to her, alluding to this man, "He is more to blame than the woman, he is a disgrace to civilization."

I do not think so at all. I do not think anybody can disgrace civilization. But I think it was a disgrace to people who manage matters in this country and who fail to manage in a civilized way. And I agree with Archbishop Farrar, whom I heard say last Sunday that, "there are at this day, caused by drink, in this so-called Christian country of ours, more horrors, more enormities, more iniquities than disgrace Ashantee or Dahomey."

Then they call me a fanatic! Well, I never used words as strong as that. But the odd thing is that whenever you look into this question for yourselves they use stronger language than I do. What did General Booth say the other day? He said that nine-tenths of the misery, squalor and wretchedness in this country arose from drink.

And he said more, he said that nobody disputes it, and he called these people "the submerged tenth." What are they submerged in? Not in water, but in beer and brandy and whiskey. And the good general is carrying out a plan now for keeping these poor creatures away from the drink. That is all right, but if the drink remains it will submerge all those who are left and those who come after. Therefore, I say that while the good general is taking the man away from the drink, I will do all I can to take the drink away from the man. But this is putting it too strong. I do not want to do anything arbitrary or tyrannical; all I say is let the men and women—yes, the poor despised women—have the power to put away the drink from themselves.

THE CONVERTED INDIAN BOY

DANIEL, an Indian boy who has been in a mission school in Alaska for four years and has become a Christian, went to visit his brother and friends in a native village last Christmas. His brother told him they were making arrangements to have a feast for the benefit of a deceased uncle, and that they expected him to furnish his share of the good things to be enjoyed at the feast in accordance with the faith of his ancestors. Daniel promptly said: "No; I would like to read to you from my Bible, which teaches me a different way. It is too late to help our uncle who died long ago. It is no good to feast for him."

The brother talked Daniel sharp and fast, upbraiding Daniel, and said:

"Yes, I see that you are too proud to help us, you stay at the mission and you want to be a white man."

"Yes," said Daniel, "I see a different way now. If you could read what God's words are you would see like me. The white man wants to help the living; the Indian wants to help the dead. If you are not my brother now I am sorry, but it is all right, for I can't change back even for my brother."

"TEMPERANCE," says Franklin, "puts water on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the barns, vigour in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole constitution."