

Campaign Songs.

FOR THE HOME.

AIR—"Sweet Bye and Bye."

Here's a thought for the fathers to-day,
Here's a theme for the mother's fond prayer:
Will our loved ones be tempted astray
By the demon of drink to his lair?

CHORUS We will stand for the right,
With its hope for the ages to come;
We will win in the fight,
For we battle for God and the home.

Oh! drive back the dark shadow of night,
That now lowers so darkly above;
Help the lost back again to the light;
Bring them home to the sunshine of love.—CHO.

By one step that you take in the way,
By one note that you sing in the song,
You may lead back a brother astray;
You may pierce the frail arm of wrong.—CHO.

There is more than a "man to elect,"
There is more than a "party to win":
There's a torrent of evil to check,
There's a victory to gain over sin.—CHO.

—Des Moines Register.

STRIKE FOR PROHIBITION.

Strike for Prohibition;
Ask for nothing less;
Labor for its triumph;
Pray for its success.

Put it in your school books;
Teach it to the young;
Let it be the key-note
Of the Nation's song.

Sound it from the pulpit;
Through the public press;
Speed it on its mission;
Every home to bless.

With its holy incense,
Burthen ev'ry breeze,
From Ontario's waters
To the Northern Seas.

Onward let the echoes
Roll from shore to shore,
Heralding the demon
Banished evermore!

—Selected.

Tales and Sketches.

PRAYING FOR PAPA.

A few nights ago a well-known citizen, who has been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his home and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for "papa" to tell her some bedtime stories, but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded their tender questioning by the special sophistries the father of evil advances at such times for his credit fund, and went his way. But when he was blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits, and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses. But something stayed his feet;

there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the picture on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his little child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayer, her fair head bowed, and as her rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spellbound to the spot.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her "God bless mamma, papa, and my own self,"—then there was a pause, and she lifted troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And—please send him home sober,"—he could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone.

"God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober, Amen." Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers most as quick as the telephone, doesn't he?"
—Selected.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M. P.

The genius of the late Lord Beaconsfield in the way of epigram is universally admitted, and he was never more successful than when on one occasion he spoke of the subject of our present sketch as "the honorable baronet with the gay wisdom." For it will be at least considered by members of Parliament on both sides of the House, that Sir Wilfrid deserves the reputation of being the wit of that assembly, and by a considerable number he will be equally credited with political ability and forethought. Whether in sympathy with his teetotal principles or not, the people of England are his friends, and there is no home where his name is not a household word, for he has made for himself a wide and honorable reputation among his countrymen.

Sir Wilfred was born at Brayton Hall, Aspatria, Carlisle, on the 4th of September, 1829, and has every reason to be proud of his ancestry. His grandfather, whose name was Wyberg, had all the vivacity inherited by his famous descendant, and belonged to an old Yorkshire family. He subsequently went to live in Cumberland, and married Miss Hartley, the sister of the wife of old Sir Wilfred Lawson, who resided at Brayton Hall. The estates and name were left to the father of the present baronet, who married the daughter of Sir James Graham, member of Parliament for the county. The subject of our sketch, on the death of his father in 1867, succeeded to the large and valuable family estates. His father was a fine example of the English country gentleman, fond of out-door sport, kind and generous to the poor, with the additional virtue, not too common in those days among his class, of being a total abstainer. His son, whose famous career is under our notice, never went to a public school, but was educated by a private tutor, and although it was said that he missed some of the advantages of university associations, he also was preserved from those temptations which beset and too often deface the lives of our young students. But he gained by this a positive advantage, for under the judicious care of the Rev. J. Oswald Jackson, his mind and heart were impressed with deep religious principles, and the influence of that pious home training has borne good fruit in his stirring after career. When he essayed to enter Parliament, in 1858, as a candidate for West Cumberland, his earnest and able speeches produced a great impression, and although then unsuccessful, people recognized in him a politician who would do great things in the years to come. In the following year he was returned for Carlisle, and has with a short interval continued to represent that city ever since.

He may be said to be a man whose powers have been focussed upon one great aim, and that has been the successful reform of the Licensing Laws. On the 4th of March 1864, he first moved for leave to bring in his famous measure known as "The Permissive Bill." The purport of this was "to enable the rate payers to state in a regular and legal way, whether they desired the traffic in intoxicating liquors amongst them; and if they did not they were to be permitted to prohibit the sale, or in other words, to inform the magistrates they must not grant the licenses." On the second reading, after a debate of about three hours, the bill was defeated by a majority of 257. But the ardent spirit of the man who introduced it underwent no change, save a still more earnest endeavor, year by year, to bring the House to a better mind. He told the people at Newcastle-on-Tyne not to lose heart but to have faith in their cause. "He did not stand there to prophesy any thing. He might have gone the way of all flesh, but