

The Temperance Call.

THROUGHOUT the land,
On every hand,
An earnest call is heard,
It rolls along
Each day more strong,
Till every heart is stirred.

From far and near,
The call we hear,
From city, town and wood;
And proud heads bow
While prayers ascend
To the Author of all good.

It gathers force
From every source,
From age and sunny youth;
Before its power
The demons cower
As falsehood shrinks from truth.

This call we hear;
O shall we fear
The tyrant bold and strong?
Our Father's hand
Shall guide our band
To victory o'er the wrong.

O Thou to whom
We may all come
With every joy and grief,
Hear thou our cry;
Lord, save, we die—
O come and bring relief!

Then on we'll go
Till all shall know
That Thou hast heard our call;
Till every knee
Shall bow to Thee,
And crown Thee "Lord of all."

Sowing and Reaping.

"MY child!" said Mrs. A—, "I do not wish you to go with the Thompson children. They are very good, no doubt, but they are not just the kind for you. There are the De Lanceys now; they are such nicely brought up children; I wish you to be friends with them." And so the simple unaffected children of Mrs. A— get their first lesson in worldliness. They are to cut the Thompsons whom they like, and they are to cultivate the De Lanceys whom they do not like, but whom mother recommends for reasons which the youthful mind readily guesses.

Ten years pass. Mrs. A— is in widow's weeds. She is consulting a friend of her late husband as to what she shall do with Charley. Listen to her once more

"I would be glad to get him sent away anywhere. Young De Lancey has led him into such a reckless and extravagant life that he cares for nothing, and will do anything now to get money. He is my greatest sorrow. Ah sir! a living grief is the worst grief." Poor Mrs. A—! It is her sad harvest time.

"Well, for my part, I don't approve of such strictness. I like my children to enjoy themselves, and I see no harm in a play. I feel as good, for my part, in a theatre as I do anywhere else." Mrs. B— was sincere, and probably correct in this remark, and she acted upon it and now and then took her boy Harry to the theatre. It was very nice to both, and she brought him safely home. And when Harry went to business in New York, which could boast of a stage such as his native city poorly rivalled, he saw no harm in spending his nights in the same manner. He made friends; he found his way to the bar-room, to other rooms, and to such company as they presented. He needed money. He had little principle. Any time that might have been given to sober reflection he spent where reflection is impossible.

Several years pass, and here is a distracted line from Harry:

"My darling Mother:—It breaks

my heart to say good-by to you—but I must. I am ruined; and if I stayed would be arrested. I go away to-night—where, you will hear if I have any better luck. I am your unfortunate son,
HARRY.

That is Mrs. B—'s melancholy harvest.

"Money! at all risks. I must make money, and keep it, too, when I have it." So said Mr. D—, a young man of steady habits, with a cold gray eye and a narrow forehead. He came from the village of Westfield, where his parents lived; but he did not go to it; to go cost money. He gave no gifts; it cost money. He joined no church; it cost money. He supported no charities; they took money. And so Mr. D—'s wretched whole field of his life with wind. Forty-five years pass. Mr. D— is old and sick. He has no friends about him. He has sore trouble of mind. His one servant is faithful, but wants his money, he suspects. His "man of business charged high," and he is now getting a will made by a sharp attorney who scented the prey from afar, who will do anything he is asked while his client lives, and pay himself when he is dead. And there he is dying. Sympathy from man he never sought. He sought money. Grace from God he never sought. He sought money. And there he dies without love from earth or hope from heaven. The harvest is as the seed.

But one has not always to wait so long. Here is a corner of a harvest field for example. "I am very sorry to say it," says old Mrs. G—, but I have very little comfort in my child-on. They did not marry the kind of persons I would like; and when people marry, they generally go with those they join; and somehow they do not think much about their mother." Now let us go back fifteen years. Then, after a period of hard work to bring up her children, Mrs. G— having attained to some means and comfort, resolved to have "society" and "life" for her children. She drew about her people of like mind, old-fashioned morals were laughed at in her parlours, and "modern" ways were introduced. Some pious friends drew off in consequence, but their place was more than filled by others. The associations so formed grew closer. One daughter married in haste, and soon obtained a divorce. The sons united themselves to women who do not believe in the old-fashioned obligations to honour one's mother, especially when it is a mother-in-law. And the youngest daughter is "engaged" to a man of "varied accomplishments," who is a scoffer. They will be married as soon as he can get something to do. The seed was sown in worldly ambition; the harvest is gathered in heartless disappointment. Oh parents! who make your children pass through the fire of fashionable folly, in the hope of advancing them in life, ye know not what ye do.

Now, if all these things happen in life, as it is easy to see, is it to be wondered at that the rule reaches on into eternity? You are a blameless, upright man. You have been honest, and men trust you. You have been kind-hearted, and men like you. You have been industrious, and God—who rewards natural virtue in its own department, and as far as it goes—has given you prosperity. But you have sown only natural seed—not spiritual. And as you sow, you will reap—only more than the seed.

You live here without God. Then you can only expect to be without God always. You sow no spiritual seed. Then you can look for no spiritual fruit. You live for men. Let them reward you if they can. You let God alone. Then He will let you alone. You sow the wind of worldliness; you can only hope to reap the whirlwind of judgment and despair.

"Oh, God forbid!" you exclaim, "that it should come to that!" But God will not forbid it. His already established rule is that if we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption; if we sow to the Spirit, we shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. You can read it for yourself in the epistle to the Galatians, 6:8. How can you expect God to forbid the workings of His own laws? How absurd to sow thistle-down, and say, "God forbid that I have thistles!" Go then, at once, to God, and beg His mercy for Christ's sake. Take His word and keep it. Beg Him to lead you in the way of life, and to show you how to sow to the Spirit. And to show that you are in earnest, *move in the direction of your prayers.*—
Dr. John Hall.

Mrs. Lofty and I.

MRS. LOFTY keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple greys to draw it,
None have I;
With my blue-eyed laughing baby,
Trundling by,
I hide his face, lest she should see
The Cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace—
Mine a cot;
Hers comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er cares she.
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold His loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I,
She wears hers upon her bosom,
Inside I,
She will leave hers at death's portals,
By-and-by;
I shall bear my treasure with me,
When I die.
For I have love and she has gold—
She counts her wealth—mine can't be told.
She has those who love her station,
None have I,
But I've one true heart beside me—
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in His balance,
By-and-by.
And the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

Dancing.

BY ANNIE WARNER.

You think I am very hard upon dancing; and I have reason. "Two years ago," said a young girl to me, "you told me that if I went on doing those things I should myself change; that I could not do them and keep myself. I was almost angry then—but do you know, it has come true. I have changed. Things that I minded and shrank from then, I never notice now. I have got used to them, as you said; it frightens me when I think of it."

Poor child! neither fright nor warning have stayed her course since then. A ceaseless thirst for excitement, and endless round of unsatisfying pleasure—so called—a weary, old, disappointed look on the young face; broken engagements, forgotten promises, a wasted

life. This is what it has all come to. "Hard upon dancing?" "Yes; certainly I have reason. Do I not find it right in the way of my Bible class, who might else become Christians? Do I not know how it tarnishes the Christian profession of others? Do not the careless young men in the class boast that they can get the church members to go with them anywhere for a dance? Or how would you like to have a young girl come to you, frightened at the things she had permitted at the ball the night before, entreating to know if you thought them very bad?"

Street Arabs.

THE reporter of a New York paper was recently applied to for help by a bootblack who said his box had been stolen, and after giving the little fellow a few cents he went to the superintendent of the boy's lodging-house to inquire about him. "A small boy is often robbed of his box and brushes," said the superintendent, "and when we know or believe him to be honest and industrious, we start him afresh. But some of them will sell their kit to go to the theatre, or to see Jumbo, or anything else that's going, and then they'll try to beg money for a new kit. If you are ever asked again, tell the boy to bring you a note from me; if he deserves it, he'll get it."

"How many of those who began as newsboys or bootblacks have succeeded in life?"

"Hundreds! Why, the other day, a man stopped me in the street and asked me if I recollected him. Of course I didn't, but he soon recalled himself to my mind. He had been under my care, and he told me that he was now owner of a factory in Newark, employing two book-keepers and sixty workmen.

"Another man visited me lately who had been picked up, wandering about the Bowery, and had been brought to the lodging-house. His parents were dead. He is now proprietor and editor of a paper in Warsaw, Indiana.

"There are aldermen in this city who began life under our care, but some of them are ashamed to have it known. They ought to be proud of it.

"Many of the little bootblacks work for the big ones, who sit majestically on stools, or in door-ways, looking on; and the big boy feeds the little one, giving him six cents for his lodging, and pockets the rest of the day's earnings. It's wonderful how faithful the little ones are, too. I suppose they're afraid of getting thrashed."

PATIENCE is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too. Patience lies at the root of all pleasures as well as of all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness when impatience accompanies her.

A YOUNG Japanese, says the *Christian Union*, had been imprisoned for being too outspoken. In his prison at Tokio he set to work to preach Christ to his fellow-sufferers, and the news of these efforts attracted others, till he had three hundred hearers. When released he laid the neglected state of the prisoners before those in office, and he has been appointed governor of a new prison, with the consent of the authorities to pursue his religious work—an evidence of the value of words spoken in season.