

O singers, well skilled in the song,  
 Who stir the sweet air with your breath;  
 As your voices move thrilling along,  
 Dare you laud the cup that is death?  
 Dare you lend your great gift to such wrong?  
 If so, from your brows tear the wreath!  
 My son, my son!

Here the cry from the madhouse and jail;  
 Hear the moan of the starving and poor;  
 Hear the widows and orphans' sharp wail,  
 Who, like martyrs that groan and endure,  
 Lift to God their white faces so pale.  
 And, though speechless, His pity adjure.  
 My son, my son!

Help all! Free the slaves from their bands;  
 Help, and take part in this fight;  
 Strike the fetters from paralyzed hands!  
 Like Samson, rise up in your might,  
 Break the chains, like green willow wands.  
 Do this in God's name for the right!  
 My son, my son!

Oh, scorn not, I pray you, the cry  
 Of a mother, a widow undone,  
 But, even though you pass it by,  
 It will move the great God on his throne.  
 He hears from the dust where I lie,  
 Where in ashes I weep for my son.  
 My son, my son!

— Delaware Signal.

### A TRUE SKETCH.

BY MISS C. BURNETT.

Not many years ago a young lawyer in Southern Illinois won and wed a lovely girl, an only child of one of the first families in the city of C—. Her father gave her, as a wedding gift, a beautiful cottage, elegantly furnished, and situated only a single square from their own home. "We cannot have our darling far from us," they said. On the morning that Lucy left her childhood's home, a home of luxury and culture, the bride of one to whom she gave all the wealth of a woman's affection, she pictured to herself an Eden where she and her hero would live in such bliss as only young lovers dream of. Alas! the fatal delusion! Before the "honeymoon" was past, her idol lay cruelly shattered. He who had been her hero appeared in a form so debased, so repellent, that she so gentle and pure could but shrink from a presence she could not endure. Who can picture her anguish when she saw nothing was left for her to honor of him who had once been her pride? Love betrayed led to bitter despair; grief maddened her brain, and there by the side of him who had promised to love, cherish and protect, but now drunk, beastly drunk, she took her own life. Death she thought she could meet bravely; but not the faces of former friends. From her bosom hope fled when love died. When he woke from his drunken stupor he found only the lifeless form of the lovely bride whom he had taken in the beauty and hope of youth from the home where she was shielded, caressed and honored.

He, the object of her only trust, as she gave him her beauty, her youth, her name, her hopes, her love, her future. For all this untold wealth of affection, so lavishly bestowed upon him he returned only disgrace and sorrow and shame. He forgot his plighted honor, forgot all, when the demon drink took possession of him.

"Only one drink" he had said, when an old companion had offered to treat. "She will never know it. Oh God! she must not know that I love the intoxicating cup! I will not become a drunkard, but I cannot stop entirely. I must do as others do." Only one drink! How many by this snare have lost home, happiness, heaven? As usual, the one drink led to others, till reason fled and consequence was drowned. At the close of the midnight revel he was borne by some of his pretended friends to his home, only to awake to the consciousness that love and reason had fled from her he loved, so truly loved, and life was gone. What was his agony none can tell. O rum fiends, right well did ye do your work. One life sacrificed, and another so darkened that happiness can never more be felt. Listen to the wild cry "I am her murderer, since I made her do it!" burst wildly from her lips. We leave him alone in his grief, and may God have mercy on him, and make him a chosen instrument for the salvation of others!

Was he alone guilty? I ask. No, a thousand times no! The society that not only tolerates, but receives and flatters the tippler is partially guilty. The men who permit laws to remain on our statute books that are calculated to dupe the honesty by showing a pretence of justice, while under them the best and bravest of our land are being borne down to certain destruction, are alike guilty. To the extent of our influence we are all guilty who quietly sit down with folded hands and say, "It does not concern me."

The time is coming when we must meet the thousands who are going down, daily deeper, under our eyes, while we are not so much as lifting our voice or giving our vote to save them. Sisters, such a death as I have mentioned for a time arouses us to action, but it is our unceasing, prayerful effort alone that will banish this course from our land.—Union Signal.

### PROVERB WILL ON CLIMBING LADDERS.

Some lads were eating their dinners in a blooming orchard, and told Proverb Will they had a long ladder to get the highest apples with; whereupon Will said, "It's a good thing, lads, to aim at the highest part of life's tree. Low levels are damp, and only moles live under ground. A young man idle means an old man needy. It is better to climb a little than to sit doing nothing. Men who sit in the beershop in summer will go to the workhouse in winter. Up at five helps to thrive, but folks who drink much sleep long, and get aches and pains of all sorts. They are late at market, and lose their toil, for the first dog catches the hare, and they are last out of the public-house and first into the ditch. Some ladders are short, and soon climbed, and you don't get many apples with short ladders. Much gold means much toil—much knowledge comes out of much thought. Think of ease, but work on, lads, and don't lose a ripe apple for want of stretching your arm to get it. Do well and learn well. Working is better than drinking. Some folks are always at the tap, but he who drinks when he's not dry will often be dry when he has no drink. Aye, and the more they drink the thirstier they get, for, ever drunk ever dry."

"But," said a ruddy-checked lad, "I likes a jug o' beer."

"Yes, I know thou does, for I've seen thee pull at it, and I've seen thee afterwards asleep in the bars, instead of being out in the field. We should live and learn, for life is sometimes half spent before we know how to live. Beer makes a heavy head and a light purse, a fast tongue and a slow foot. A poor man's table is soon spread, and that's a reason why he should keep out of the ale-house. No one gets any good there. Three visits a day to the 'Dun Cow' will keep us all at the bottom of the ladder, and a bad custom is like a good cake, better broken than kept. The more wise customs we have the better, and teetotal's a good custom, for it never does harm, and cats that catch mice are worth their milk."

"Well," said red cheeks, "I don't mean to sign yet."

"No," said Will, "maybe not. Boys will be boys, but if you don't sow corn you will have thistles. You cannot get blood out of a stone, nor gold out of a quart jug. Beer is the key of the workhouse door. It kicks the ladder down, and tumbles us into the mud. Steady men climb high, and strong arms win the day. Run is ruin, gin is death. Drink makes the eye blink, but water makes good health better, and old eyes young. So, lads, you must give up drinking, and swearing, and all bad living. The ladder of life is before you—climb high lads, climb high. And don't forget, lads, what we sung on Sunday up at chapel—

"Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw,  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings every blessing from above."

And now let's to work and do our duty like honest folk, for good words will not fill a sack, and he that sleeps will never climb a ladder either short or long."—George W. McCree in Temperance Record.

### ON TRUST.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

A steaming, sultry September Sunday afternoon in Water street. Nineteenths of the population are thronging the pavement, while a steady flow of half and wholly intoxicated humanity are coming and going through the side entrances to the frequent groggeries whose front doors are ostentatiously shuttered and barred.

Dejected, thirsty, and, in local phraseology, "Down on his luck," stands Dan Powers, aged twenty-three, occupation, longshoreman. Enforced sobriety is Dan's present status; for he has neither cash nor credit on this Lord's day—his week's earnings were swallowed the night before.

"Pious folks tells about God's carin' for folks," muttered Dan, as he looked grimly about him at the accustomed scenes of misery and vice; "but I notice he keeps mighty shy of places like Water street."

"Only trust Him,  
 Only trust Him,  
 Only trust Him just now."

The words, blended with the music of the Mission-house melodeon, floated to his ear above the oaths and ribald conversation on every side, as though to give his bitter assertion the lie. And, somehow, there drifted across his wayward mind the words of a dying mother who had entered into rest amid surroundings of suffering and poverty such as I cannot well depict to you.

The tenth or eleventh street-row for the day was going on just then. Big Mike, pugnaciously drunk, had smitten a street Arab who had been pelting him with pieces of brick. Gathered then, with fiendish yells, boys of every size and fell upon the bewildered bully like a swarm of rats.