

# TEMPERANCE.

Woe unto him that  
giveth his neighbor drink,  
that putteth thy bottle to  
him, and makest him  
drunken also.

Habakuk iii. 15.

## "RAPID TRANSIT LAGER BEER SALOON."

**S**UCH are the words which  
are placed above a down-  
town saloon in this city.

What a terrible significance they have? "Rapid Transit" indeed, from respectability to ruin, from health and happiness to disease and death, from what might be a heaven here to a hell hereafter. Easy travel is it along the downward road with a swift and pleasant guiding motion, but what a terminus! Could the end be seen, how few would be the passengers along its sin-stained way! One is reminded of the vision of the dreamer who saw a bridge stretching over a broad, dark stream, with here and there a trap-door, down through which ever and anon the unheeding passenger fell—fell from the bridge of life into the rapidly rolling river of death, and not of death alone, but eternity. Surely this is one of the largest traps. Never are its hinges still, but one victim after another falls through, struggles hopelessly with the roaring torrents, and is swept away to join thousands of unwary ones who have preceded him.—  
*New York Witness.*

**C**HRISTIANS can not use tobacco consistently with their allegiance with Christ, because it is a filthy, dissipating, and very injurious habit, both to the body and mind. All experience proves that the results are bad. It depraves the natural appetites, shatters the nerves, weakens the digestion, befouls the mouth, stupefies the mind, and renders it lethargic and incapable of close continuous thought, except when under intoxicating stimulation; it degrades our common humanity, and lowers us down in the scale of being, as it were, to mere sensuous animals, poisoning and brutalizing ourselves like the Chinese opium-smokers; and all because we love the insane bewilderingments of tobacco smoke."

## THE RAILROAD ENGINEER.

(BY P. P. BLISS.)

Sing him a song, cheer him along,  
Leaving the laurels where laurels belong.  
Shockingly queer, but ne'er did I hear  
A song for the railroad engineer.

On, and on, and on he goes,  
Never a doubt or danger knows  
King of the road, he's nothing to fear,  
Ho! for the faithful engineer.

Lives that are dearest, treasures untold,  
Firm in the grasp of his hand doth he hold;  
Dashing along, this is his song,  
He that is true may ever be bold.

On, and on, and on he goes, etc.

Anon, perchance, his lightning glance  
A warning flash reveals,  
The signal's past, "All right" at last,  
What joy his great heart feels.

On, and on, and on he goes, etc.

Men may sleep, women may weep,  
Stars shine out, or burning sun,  
Yet must he watchful be,  
Calm and storm to him are one.

On, and on, and on he goes, etc.