

Family Reading.

The Wicked, Cruel Spider.

I know a dingy corner where a wicked spider clings; Where he spins his web round bottles, glasses, jugs, and other things; And I listened in the shadow as one day I passed along, And I heard the wicked spider, as he sung his cruel song:

"Will you take a little cider? Will you call while passing by?" Said the wicked, crafty spider to the buzzing little fly.

"Will you take a little lager? Surely you will not decline Just to take a drink for friendship; say, just sip a little wine."

"He is coming for his cider," said the wicked, cruel spider,

"He is coming for his wine, and my cords shall round him twine;

While he sits and sips his lager, I will whet my little dagger,

And when he has drunk his wine he will find that he is mine!

Ha! the little fool is coming, I can hear him buzzing, humming;

He who comes to visit me, vainly struggles to be free.

"You are welcome to my parlor. I am glad to see you come.

Do not stay outside the entrance; please to make yourself at home.

Will you take a little lager, while I sharpen up my dagger?

Will you take a drop of wine? then you surely shall be mine:

I will bind you, I will grind you, though you struggle, weep, and pray;

I will tie your hands behind you, you shall never get away;

I will light you, I will smite you, I will stab you, I will bite you,

I will make you poor and needy, I will make you old and seedy,

I will make you bleared and blotted, and with rags and tatters coated,

And your hat will look so shocking that the boys will all be mocking;

I will haunt you till you die, then I'll hang you up to dry."

O my boy! beware of cider, and of lager, and of wine,

Then the wicked, cruel spider ne'er shall get a child of mine.

Let us storm his ugly castle, let us tear his web away;

Let us drive away this spider. Heaven in mercy speed the day!

—The Little Christian.

Poor Maggie.

A TRUE STORY, BY T. L. T.

STANDING at the bar of a public-house in Colombo street, the main thoroughfare of the Ecclesiastical City of Christchurch, was what had once been a modest woman. Now, she is absolutely defiant in her immodesty. Once she was possessed of considerable personal attractions now, clad with the veriest rags of garments, she stands an emaciated being—shrivelled and skinny—her unkempt, dishevelled grey hair hanging over, and rendering more wretched, the drunkard's face, which indulgence had marred in an almost indescribable manner. As she stood there, so drunk that standing was rendered difficult to her, she was supplied with more of that which had blasted her life's prospect and happiness. With a trembling hand she raised the glass and drank the contents with feverish haste—then, purchasing a quantity of brandy, she adjusted her remnant of a bonnet, buried the bottle under her shawl, and drawing it around her, passed out into the street.

It was a beautiful, calm, starlight night, with a tendency to frost, as, with unsteady footsteps the wretched woman wended her way southward. Before she had proceeded many yards the town clock struck the hour of ten, and the sounds floating out upon the frosty air seemed to startle this poor lost soul, for she increased her steps perceptibly.

Before reaching the South Town Belt, she halted, and stood listening opposite a house in which the brightly-lighted windows and the sounds of music betokened the fact that a party were making merry within. The words of that sweet song,

"Sweet dreamland faces, passing to and fro, bring back to memory days of long ago,"

were distinctly heard by the listener, and old time memories were revived, and aroused feelings of remorse, for she drank deeply from the bottle before resuming her journey. This draught completed the work of intoxication, for in a few minutes the woman stumbled and fell.

Stretched upon a couch, covered with sooty bed-clothing, lay a young

girl of some twenty years of age; the thin white hands, crossed on the outside of the coverlet, and the lustrous eyes, deeply set in a pale, sorrowful face, plainly bespoke the nature of the malady from which the patient was suffering.

A fit of coughing seized the sufferer, whose frail body was convulsed, and a child of twelve years of age, who had been for more than an hour sitting staring into the embers of the fire, rose hastily from her seat, crossed the room, and placing her arms around her sister's neck, said softly— "Poor Maggie!"

"Worn out by the paroxysm, the sick girl lay some time without speaking; then, opening her eyes, she enquired— "Has mother come home yet?"

"No," replied the child, her eyes moistening while she spoke— "Is father in?"

"Yes, Maggie; I'll fetch him," and in a few seconds the child returned to the room with her father.

"Father; do you know where mother is?" enquired the sick girl, but no reply came from the man until the question had been repeated, when he replied in a hard voice—

"Yes. She is in prison again."

The dying girl turned her face, and sobbed bitterly, whilst the younger child laid her head on the pillow beside her sister's, and poured out her childish grief and sympathy.

"Father," the girl spoke again, "I shall not be here much longer, and I must see mother again. Tell them that I am dying, father; surely they will let her come to see me! Do try," and with the pleading voice ringing in his ears, the man left the house.

It was late in the evening when the cottage door opened, and the man again entered his forlorn house, followed by his wife—sober now. Scarcely raising her eyes, the woman opened the bedroom door, and at the sound the sick girl inquired in a low tone—

"Is that you, mother?"

Without answering, the wretched mother knelt down at the bedside, and covering her face in her hands, burst into an agony of tears.

"Mother, I have been waiting for you. Do not cry so; for nothing can be done for me now. But, oh mother! do, for my sake, for poor Hetty and father's sake give up the drink. You can still be happy, if you will—prayer to God, mother, to help you."

"I will try," sobbed her mother, now broken-hearted. "I will try again, Maggie. God help me! God help me!" cried the wretched woman.

"Keep praying, mother. you'll be safe if you keep praying," murmured the girl.

No sound was heard for several minutes, except the low sobs of the woman and the younger child. Presently the woman raised her head, and looked at her daughter's face; but it was only to see that the release from bondage had been effected, for she exclaimed—

"Oh, my God! she is dead!"

The girl was dead. Fallen in the morning of life, a victim to the results of a traffic carried on in a Christian country with the sanction of the people; and while the traffic exists, so long will innocent victims be sacrificed. No trifling objections to any proposed remedy should deter us from contending for the utter destruction of this great evil. Nothing but "Prohibition" will suffice to save Maggie's mother; for, clinging for a short time to her good resolves, with the desperation of one who feels the approach of some overwhelming disaster, she has again been carried into the vortex of drunkenness. Tempted on every hand, she now stands with hundreds of more unfortunates, disfiguring the beauty of God's universe.

Some one will say, Prohibition is an unjust interference with the liberty of the subject; but the loss of liberty of the subject would result in the redemption and salvation of the drunkard. A heavy moral responsibility rests upon all who have the welfare of their fellows at heart to see that their hands are clean of 'lood in this matter.

Duvedin Temperance Herald.

THE METHODIST OBSERVER contains every week several columns of latest denominational news, timely editorials, articles by able divines, Talmage's Sermon of the previous Sunday, excellent notes on the Sunday school lessons, interesting health, household and other departments, instalments of a good moral story and carefully selected miscellany. Every Methodist family in Canada should take it. Only \$1 a year, with great reductions to clubs. Agents wanted at every post office. The commissions sample copies sent free. Address, JAMES PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

WILSON'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND PHOSPHATES OF LIME, SODA, IRON.

To the Consumptive. Wilson's Compound of Cod Liver Oil and Lime, without possessing the very nauseating flavor of the article as heretofore used, is endowed by the Phosphate of Lime with a healing property which renders the Oil doubly efficacious. Remarkable testimonials are given in every copy. Sent by A. B. WILSON, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

Merchant Tailors. Men's Furnishings! LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S GOODS, ETC. D. HENDERSON, 352 Queen St. W.

SEXSMITH & SON, Merchant Tailors and Drapers. 193 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

CHARLES H. PRESTON, 415 King Street West, MERCHANT TAILOR. A CHOICE SELECTION OF IMPORTED GOODS.

H. STONE, SR., UNDERTAKER, 239 YONGE ST., TORONTO. TELEPHONE 931.

Boots and Shoes. The Queen City Shoe Store. DINNOCK'S BLOCK, 742 Queen W. Our Celebrated Shell Cordovan Balls worth \$5, boys sizes, \$1.50 worth \$2.50.

S. SHEE, THOMAS MOFFAT, (Late of K. Dack & Son.) FINE, ORDERED, BOOTS: AND: SHOES

JOHN HANNIGAN, NOTED Cheap Boot and Shoe Store. Custom Work to Order. Repairs Executed with Neatness.

673 1/2 Yonge Street, Toronto. "Rest for the Weary" Can be obtained by buying your BOOTS AND SHOES

H. & C. BLACHFORD'S 87 and 89 King Street East, TORONTO.

HEADQUARTERS for BOOTS SHOES Toronto Shoe Company, CORNER OF KING AND JARVIS STS. Largest Stock in Canada.

GET THE BEST! THE WESTERN ADVERTISER OF LONDON, ONT.

TASTY IMPROVED! ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES! ALL THE NEWS! POPULAR DEPARTMENTS! SOME READINGS! 12 PAGES REGULARLY! BALANCE OF 1887 FREE

"THE HOLLY QUEEN" A limited number of this beautiful premium picture is offered subscribers for 10 cents extra. Western Advertiser and Premium for \$1.10

Art. NEW PHOTO STUDIO, 256 YONGE STREET. After extensive alterations we have opened a first-class PHOTO STUDIO. SHANNESBY & HALL.

CABINET PHOTOS! \$1.50 PER DOZ. AT— J. DIXON'S, 205 Yonge Street.

HERBERT E. SIMPSON, Successor to Notman & Fraser. Photographer. 31 KING ST. E. to The Queen.

Groceries. G. W. LOWE, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF Groceries, Provisions, Etc. Choice Tea, Coffee, Spices and Canned Goods.

NEW STORE. Carmichael & McGribbin. Groceries, Provisions, Groceries and Glassware.

Mats and Rugs. W. J. ROBINSON, The Famous Sheep-skin Mat and Rug Manufacturer of the Dominion.

DR. BARTON. Telephone 926. Office, 12 Louise Street. Hours—10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 8 to 10 p.m.

T. COULTER, Importer and Dealer in Best Grades of Coal and Wood. Wood Cut and Split by Steam.

PROF. DAVIDSON & Co., Late of New York. Chiropodist and Manicure.

"DAWN," As well as all the other books by— H. RIDER HAGGARD, On Sale at—

JOHN P. MCKENNA, Importer, Wholesale and Retail. CLARK & CAMPBELL 704

House & Sign Painters PAPERHANGERS AND DECORATORS 136 Dundas Street.

R. MERRYFIELD Practical Boot and Shoe Maker, 374 YONGE STREET.

OAKVILLE DAIRY, 481 1/2 Yonge Street. Guaranteed Pure Farmers' Milk

SUPPLIED RETAIL AT LOWEST MARKET RATES. FRED. SOLE, Proprietor.

Lunch Rooms. JAS. COX & SON, Pastry Cooks & Confectioners, 83 YONGE STREET.

Miscellaneous. MACLAREN, MACDONALD, MERRITT & SHEPLEY, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.

CHANEY & CO., Bedding Manufacturers & Renovators, 290 King Street East, Toronto.

Ladies Hair Dressing Parlor 20 QUEEN STREET WEST. The ONLY separate parlor for ladies and children in WEST TORONTO.

- R. FLEMING - FOR NOBBY JOB PRINTING 14 KING STREET E., TORONTO.

H. SLIGHT, 407 Yonge Street, - FLORIST - Jubilee Flowers, Decorative Plants and Wedding Bouquets.

MATTHEW GUYS For Fine Carriages 103 and 105 Queen St. E., Toronto.

MARTIN SUMMERS THE FAVORITE BARBER. So long in the employ of G. H. Berry, of 509 Queen Street West, has opened an elegant Barber Shop.

Dr. Wild's Cough Balsam THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, ETC

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUSES, and all other leading varieties of Dutch Flowering - BULBS - for planting now—indoors and outdoors.

For Purity and Healthfulness THE CELEBRATED COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

W. H. STONE Undertaker - REMOVED To 349 Yonge Street. Telephone No. 928.

MAGIC LANTERNS. Guaranteed Pure Farmers' Milk SUPPLIED RETAIL AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.