

Leave the Liquor Alone.

I'm anxious to tell you a bit of my mind,
 If it won't put you out of the way;
 For I feel very certain you'll catch of you find
 There's wisdom in what I would say,
 We've maxims and morals enough and to spare,
 But I have got one of my own
 That helps me to prosper and laugh at dull care,
 Its leave the liquor alone.
 Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
 Leave the liquor alone;
 If you'd win success and escape distress,
 Leave the liquor alone.
 To avoid neglect and to win respect
 Leave the liquor alone.

The brewer can ride in a coach and pair,
 The drinker must trudge on the road;
 One gets through the world with a jaunty air,
 The other bends under a load.
 The brewer gets all the beef, my lads,
 And the drinker picks the bone;
 If you'd have your share of good things, take care,
 And leave the liquor alone.
 Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
 Leave the liquor alone;
 You'll enjoy good health, and you'll gain in wealth,
 If you leave the liquor alone.
 A man full of malt isn't worth his salt;
 Leave the liquor alone.

A drinker is ready to own at last
 He played but a losing game;
 How glad would he be to recall the past
 And earn him a nobler name!
 Don't reach old age with this vain regret
 For a time that's past and gone;
 You may win a good prize in life's lottery yet
 If you'll leave the liquor alone.
 Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
 Leave the liquor alone;
 You'll find some day it's the safest way
 To leave the liquor alone.
 Resolve like men not to touch again;
 Leave the liquor alone.

—*Youth's Banner.*

A Wonderful Phenomenon.

A RESIDENT at Niagara Falls relates that upon one occasion about forty years ago, the great Falls "ran almost dry." His account of it was published in *Golden Days*, and reads as follows:—

"The winter of 1848 had been one of the coldest on record, and such ice has never been known on Lake Erie since, I guess, as formed that season. It was of enormous thickness. It was quite late in the spring before the ice was loosened, even about the shores of the lake.

"One day—I think it was near the end of April—a very stiff north-easterly wind came up, and its force was so great that it moved the great fields of ice—then entirely separated from the shores—up the lake, piling the floes in great banks as they moved. The sight of those ice-banks is described yet by those who witnessed it as one of most awful grandeur. Toward night the wind changed suddenly to the opposite quarter, and grew into a terrible gale from that direction. The lake's surface was packed with miniature icebergs, and these were hurled back by the gale with such tremendous force that an impenetrable dam was formed in the neck of the lake from which Niagara River flows, and the great current of water which finds its way from the lake in the rushing channel of that stream, to be dashed over the gigantic precipice at the Falls, was so held in check that not more than one-quarter of its usual volume could find a passage through the immense pack of ice.

"As this pack was stubborn, it was naturally but a very short time before the Falls had drained nearly all the water out of the river. This, of course, occurred during the night, and we people who lived at Niagara village knew nothing of the phenomenon until next morning.

"I remember that I awoke very early that

morning, with a sense of something exceedingly strange oppressing me. It was sometime before I discovered that the feeling came from the fact that the noise of the cataract was almost missing. I jumped out of bed, and on leaving the house I found that scores of others had been awakened by the same circumstance, and were hurrying toward the Falls to see what the trouble was.

"We found that the great Niagara Falls was only about one-quarter of its former volume. The scene was at once desolate, strange, and awful to contemplate. The picture will never leave my mind. The whole village was out exploring caves, dark recesses, curious formations in the rocks, and other remarkable features of the cataract and rapids that no mortal eye had probably ever gazed upon before. These explorations were made safely to the very brink of the Horseshoe Rapids.

"This remarkable condition of affairs at the cataract continued all day, and showed no signs of a change when the people went to bed that night. When we arose in the morning, however, the old familiar thunder of the Falls was again shaking the earth as before, and the river and rapids were again the seething, whirling, irresistible torrent of old. The ice in the lake had shifted again, and some time in the night the long-restrained volume of water had rushed down and claimed its own."

A Living Island.

THE alligator is not in any way an attractive animal. On the contrary, it is about as repellent in looks and disposition as any living creature very well can be. And yet in one respect, at least, it is to be envied. It can go through life without ever needing a dentist, unless it be to eat him; for it never keeps its teeth long enough to give them any chance to decay or ache, or get out of order in any way. When an alligator's tooth is worn out or broken, or in need of any kind of repair, it drops out, and behold! a new one is ready to take its place. But I hardly need say that the alligator's teeth are a joy only to itself.

Another peculiarity of the alligator is its ability to sleep. Like other reptiles, it is so cold-blooded that it likes warmth and hates cold. It needs water, too; and as the dry season and the cool season come on together in Florida, there is a double reason why the Florida alligator should go into winter-quarters. It buries itself in the mud, after the manner of its kind, and settles down for a long nap.

Sometimes it happens that grass and quick-growing shrubs spring up on the back of this torpid animal. As a rule, these are shaken or washed off when—with the first warm rains—the alligator rouses itself, and makes for the water. But occasionally, for some reason, the mud clings, and with it the plant growth, so that when the half-awakened creature slides into the water, and floats stupidly off, it looks like a floating island.

In one such instance, a plover was so deceived as to build its nest in the plant-growth on the alligator's back. The living island so freighted floated slowly down the stream until it was noticed by a party of boys, who were fishing. They saw the plover rise from the little island, and suspecting a nest to be there, they gave up their fishing and rowed out to it.

They never suspected the nature of the island until they had bumped their boat rather rudely into it once or twice, and so vexed the alligator that it opened its huge mouth with a startling suddenness that brought a chorus of yells from the nest-robbers, and sent them off in a fit mood to sympathize with the plover, which was fluttering about and crying piteously at the raid upon its nest.

The poor bird was doomed to lose its nest, however, for the alligator—having at last been thoroughly roused—discovered how hungry it was, and dived down in search of food, thus washing off island, nest, and all.

The story of "Sinbad," who landed on a living island, and kindled a fire on it, has thus a foundation in fact.—*St. Nicholas.*

Fishing with a Pin.

WHEN I was a "little shaver," with a straw hat badly worn,
 (All the crown deep-crushed and dented, and the brim cross-stitched and torn,
 I used to go a-fishing, and sometimes waded partly in
 Where the stream was very shallow, to catch fishes with a pin.

I would take a pin and bend it to the much desired crook—
 For it took a full size penny if I bought a steel made hook—
 And when the worm was on it, it was happiness "run o'er,"
 Just to hold it in the water with one foot upon the shore.

I could not land a big fish—but my wishes then were small,
 And the big boys with their steel hooks sometimes caught no fish at all;
 But I often got a "nibble"—though I sometimes used to wait
 And watch in vain—then look, and see the capture of my bait.

But luck some days was better, and the shoals of small fry came,
 And when I pulled the line out it was not without its game.
 A "red-fin" or a shiner, I lifted out upon the grass,
 And felt the thrill of greatness o'er my moistened forehead pass.

True, I've fished with better weapons, and in more exalted ways,
 Since I used the feeble pin-hook in the long vanished days.
 But I never took the pleasure in the landing of a "fin"
 That I took in early childhood just in "fishing with a pin."

The Holy Name.

AN Arab, it is said, will not pass by a bit of paper because the name of God may be written upon it.

Dr. Robinson tells us that he once saw his dragoman pick up a piece of soiled paper, look it over carefully, and then fold and put it away. Dr. Robinson had seen that the paper was blank, and very naturally wondered why it should be preserved.

"Why do you keep that paper?" asked he.
 "The name of God is not upon it."
 "No," said the dragoman, "but it may be some day."

Perhaps we smile at this, but there is a lesson in it for us.

Do you see that poor drunkard! What a poor, battered, bruised sight! How far away from manhood he looks to be!

Hark! some boys are jeering at him. They run after him, calling him names, and mocking him, as boys know how to do.

Do not join them! It does not seem as though the name of God were written upon him, but it may some day.

Just such lost men have been found, clothed and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. How ashamed you would be some day in heaven to meet one whom you had mocked on earth, because of his sin!

Let us learn to hold the Holy Name in loving reverence. Wherever we find it written let us welcome it. And whenever we see a human being upon whom it may one day be written, let us treat him with respect.