The Sign and the Grip.

I once used to think
There was nothing like drink,
As my brandy and wine I would sip,
Till I went to the Lodge,
Where they taught me a dodge—
They learnt me the Sign and the Grip.

I thought none but a fool
Need be bound by a rule,
Or be seared by a glass of good "flip,"
But I found out one night
I was wrong and they right,
They learnt me the sign and the Grip.

My breath swelt like gin,
My hat had no rim,
My coat had a shocking bad rip;
I'd but one boot and one shoe,
One eye black and blue,
When they learnt me the Sign

My credit was gone,
I had nothing to pawn.
The sidewalk my lest used to trip,
My clothes were all rent,
And I had not a cent When they learnt me the Sign and

My poor wife would sigh.
My children would cry—
They'd no bread, nor of wood not a ch They were hungry and cold,
She'd do nothing but coold,
Till they learnt me the Sign and the Grip.

But now I'm a man, I'll stay if I can, On board of the Templar's ship My clothes are all new,
And my hat—why I've two,
Since they learnt me the Sign

My wife does not sigh,
But there's joy in her eye,
And she speaks with a trembling lip;
She blesses the cause,
Constitution and Laws,
And the Templar's Sign and the Grip.

A Sketch from Life.

At five o'clock on Thanksgiving morning Deacon Wilson arose as was his wont. No holiday made any change in his hours. Yet now he no longer sprang from his bed with the alacrity which changed duty into pleasure; he rose because imperious necessity commanded him. There were the cattle 10 be fed and watered, and the poultry to receive the same attention; and there was, moreover, a fire to be made in the huge old kitchen fire-place; for the Deacon had now no servant or helper, and in the gray winter no servant or helper, and is the gray winter of his life the whole burden of managing his place had fallen on his shoulders. Fortunately they were broad and strong; fortunately his constitution was good, his spirits elastic and his piety sincere, for his burdens and trials were indeed weighty. He had been comparatively rich; he was now in embarrassed circumstances. He had looked forward to the time when a sen should relieve him of the most laborious of his toils, while a daughter performed the same kind office for his wife. Both had been disappointed—and now the old couple were the solitary tenants of that lone New England farm-house.

which was always on the latch, and entered the kitchen. As she did so she started back. A stranger was seated by the kitchen fire, who rose on her entrance. He was a tall, stalwart man, dressed in a rough suit with a broad-leafed hat, his countenance embrowned by exposure to the sun and wind, and his upper lip almost concealed by a heavy, luxu-Good morning, ma'am, he said, with some mharrassment. Finding no one answer

horse, the old lady opened the back doo

my knocks, I took the liberty of walking in. I believe I owe you no apology, for I have officiated as turnspit and saved your thanksgiving turkey from burning.

'I am very much obliged to you, I'm sure,' answered the old lady, pulling off her mittens. 'But did you want to see me or the

'Both of you,' answered the stranger.'You have a son, I believe?'
'Yes,' replied Mrs. Wilson, with hositation, and easting down her eyes.
I have seen num lately.
'Where?' inquired the mather, with in

'Was he doing well?'
'Admirably. Mother! mother!' he ded, impetuously throwing back his hat, 'don't you know me-don't you know your

was clasped to her beating heart, while the tears streamed freely from the eyes of both.

After the first passionate greeting was over
the young man asked:

'Where is sister Emmy!'

'Gone!' answered the mother, as her tes flowed forth anew. William sank into a seat, and hiding hi

face in his hands, wept bitterly. The mother did not attempt to check him. She knew those tears were precious.

'And my father?' asked the young man

when he regained his composure.

'He is well. But you had better for a while. Go to your old room, my son, it is just as you left it, and wait till I sum-

It was with a fluttering heart that the overjoyed mother went about the preparations for dinner, and when the table was neatly set, every dish in its place, and the turkey, smoking hot waiting to be carved she summoned the old man. He made his ppearance at once and took his claneing round the table, he said: What is this wife? You have set plate

'There is little danger

hat, answered the Deacou sadly, my sterious expression, rang a little hand-bell, with which, in happier days, she was wont to summon their tardy children to their

It was answered by the appearance of the

long-lost William.

The Deacon, who recognised him after a moment, gazed upon him with stern eye, but with a quivering lip that betrayed the force of his ill-suppressed emotions.

'So you have come back at last?' he said.

'Yes, father; but not as I left you.—
Father, last Thanksgiving Day I went into my lonely room, and there, kneeling down, addressed myself to Heaven, and solemnly abjured the fatal cup which had brought ruin many me and we upon this once has by

The Deacon went mechanically about his morning labours; he drove the cattle to the water tank; he supplied them with fresh fodder, and, after seeing that they were comfortable, returned to the old kitchen.—By this time the good wife had prepared a breakfast, and a genial fire of walnut was diffusing its heat through the apartment.

The old couple sat down to breakfast, after a bleesing by the farmer; but the meal passed in silence. It was followed by fervent prayer and the reading of a portion of the Seripture. After this they adjourned to the sitting from, where a good fire was burning, and where the old dame resumed her knitcing, one of those incomprehensible pieces of female industry which seem to have neither beginning nor end.

Well,' said she, with a sigh, 'this is Thanksgiving Day. It doesn't seem like old times at all. We used to have a house full of company, frolicksome young folks and cheerful old people; and now we are alone, alone.'

After this it is unnecessary to add that

tunate investments of one gentleman, and the business losses of another: they create and they explain innumerable mysteries: they have found out how it happened that two fast friends met each other in the street without speaking; and why it was that somebody passed the plate at the last collection. They have no bad designs. They mean to wrong no man's character, to hurt no man's feelings. But they have ment and vulgar curiosity, and does harm to those who listen to it. They become accomplices in the sin, they are almost sure to catch the infection and to crown every story on another. They forget the Apostolic precept, "Study to be quiet, and to do your own business." Without meaning it they betray every man's privacy; they tell every man's secrets, and generally tell them incorrectly; they stir up strife, and their "words are as wounds." Prov xviii.

What are some of the causes of this unhappy and most mischievous habit?

It is often perhaps generally, the result of intellectual poverty. I infer that the

Taleboaring.

Against the grosser sine of the tongue is in hardly some continuity are so strong and a possessary to warm Circition people is hardly some continuity for the people is hardly some some and the people is hardly some some people is the people is hardly some some and the people is hardly some some and the people is hardly some some some people some some people some some people some some people is the people in the people is hardly some some some people some some peop

aware that these things are likely to disappear after one or two repetitions.

Of all the foolish precesses by which tale bearers justify themselves for telling things he which never should have been told, surely this is the most ridde flour, that they spoke "in condidence." If they find it so hard to hold their tongue, what right have they to subject a friend to the inconvenience which they could not bear themselves? If they are guilty of betraying trust, what right have they to expose that their own trust will not be betrayed? They ask their friend "not to tell", but their example is likely to be more effective than their presept. There is one cariou, device by which some people seek to indulge their prevailing vice, and yet to avoid, as they think, telling secrets, which is worth noticing. They give the story but cancel the names. Sometimes they begin on this plan, but unintentionally a single name slips out, and everything secrets, which is worth moticing. They give the story but cancel the names. Sometimes the plant of the cares and sorrows of a lifetime, will compassion! "Life and death are in the Union, may not only visit and unload at the port at which she compassion! "Life and death are in the plant but unintentionally a single name slips out, and everything seems, which is worth moticing. They give the story but cancel the names. Sometimes the plant at one; or they find it so close and the ungoldy, and supplies the plant of the province and ally receive an enormous quantity of bread-ally receive an enormous quantity of bread-ally receive an enormous quantity of bread-ally receive an enormous ally receive an enormous quantity of bread-ally receive an enormous quant

best advantage. The series of continued plain at once; or they find it so redious and shall then be justified, and the street of the series of But the talebearer may be innocent of bad intention, and yet do incalculable mischief.

The man who fires at random may inflict a mortal wound as well as the man who takes to fill the more to speak and the remarkably poisoned, and yet it may kill. The Hebrew translated a "talebearer," meant originally translated a "talebearer," meant originally and never than a chatterer. a garrulous of the guestion, which has been ment of the good deeds of your friends in about their wisdom and virtue. You may about their wisdom and virtue. You may speak of the good deeds of your friends in supposes that we ought never to speak except when we have something remarkably once the name. The wist to say. To tell the truth, most of using the poisoned, and yet it may kill. The Hebrew translated a "talebearer," meant originally always "talk like a book." Conversation of the guestion, which has been ment of the good deeds of your friends in supposes that we ought never to speak except when we have something remarkably of the good deeds of your friends in supposes that we ought never to speak except when we have something remarkably of the good deeds of your friends in supposes that we ought never to speak except when we have something remarkably of the good deeds of your friends in occasion. The recipt with the white sails of commerce in distress. I see men the force who dot the lakes and the ocean one who dot the lakes and the ocean one who dot the lakes and the ocean one who dot the lakes and the ocean o translated a "talebearer," meant originally always "talebearer which denotes one who habitually speaks of person, one that talks fast. We all know person, one that talks fast. We all know people of that kind, poople that goasp interest, whose tongue never wearies, whose tongue never wearies, whose tongue never wearies, whose togen on the talks fast. We all know to the people of that kind, poople that goasp interest, whose tongue never wearies, whose tongue never wearies, whose togen most tive; pleasant amusing talk is one of the Finally, talebearing is the fruitful cause of misunderstanding, and ombitters and perturbed as wilderness, but now teems with life and tive; pleasant amusing talk is one of the representatives of the result of this question, which has been most tive; pleasant amusing talk is one of the Finally, talebearing is the fruitful cause of misunderstanding, and ombitters and perturbed on this type of the result of the columns of the potential the columns of the representatives of first that there are flowers in the world as well as fruit-trees, singing birds as well as outto goods and hard-ware. I am very thankful the columns of the Bosson to the Bosson the looks pale and ill; they know how it is that one of their acquaintances has moved into a smaller house, and the exact amount of a smaller house, and the exact amount of a legacy which has enabled another to set up a brougham instead of a phactop: they know the sins and shortcomings of the cook and housemaid in every family they visig, and how it is that some of their deat friends change their servants so often;—they sim not only employ their own faculty of speech they upon tuniate investments of one gentleman, and they explain innumerable mysteries:

In the there are the first one of the first one of the seriously; words spoken carelessly or in laste, reported seriously; the foreit in late, reported seriously; words spoken carelessly or in laste, reported seriously; the future ambassadors to foreign in instender to present the foreign and the present in suffice with the country with notes and carried to one their deat third party with notes and carried to one their deat the foreign and the present its Chief Magistrate, at the foreign and the present in suffice with the foreign and the present in suffice with the fore man who should have heard them—how of the last which have beard them—how of the control of the c And the state of t