

Selections.

Our Motto.

I saw three sisters hand in hand;
Yet one did seem to lead the way,
As with a steady hand she scanned
The path that bleak before them lay;

And nimbly on the second went,
Her face angelically bright
With Heaven's glory and content,
That gemmed her o'er with native light

She glided on with gentle mien,
The noblest of these sisters three,
With grace that would outshine a quon,
With love that conquered all degree;

—Temperance Record.

The A B C of Drink.

BY EDWARD K. KIDDER.

A is the Alcohol—deathlike its grip,
B is the Beguiner who "just takes a sip,"
C the Companion who urges him on,
D for the Demon of drink which is born.

[This can be used as an exercise for twenty-six little boys or girls, each reciting a line.]

Govan Ferry.

You ask me for a story, and you wonder that I sigh,
You little know the lurid lights that flash across my sky;

You know the Govan Ferry, o'er the mucky, dirty Clyde,
Ten thousand hammers ringing there re-echo far and wide,

It was the snowy winter time, the evening's work was o'er,
And men and women weary worn were seeking home once more;

And there he stood—the drunkard stood—had just come off the spree,
With haggard looks amongst his mates, as silent as could be.

What thoughts were in his wretched soul the Lord alone could tell;
Remorse, repentance, heaven for him was nowhere, there was hell.

He had a wife who left him, no chick had they to rear,
No human thing to love him now, no kindly voice to cheer.

One look he gave around, and pity lightened in his eye,
A heavenly gleam shone o'er him—yes, 'twas a chance to die.

He looked, and with a leap, away before a man could think
Into the slimy sea he sprang, no shivering on the brink—

It seemed an age, and then a ripple on the filthy wave,
And he the wretched sot was holding something up to save;

His face was set, the haggard marks debauchery had lined,
Had softened off, an angel's face could not be more refined.

A score of willing hands received the victims of the sea,
And such a shout went up to heaven one could neither speak nor see.

They talk of heroes far away, for little have feathers fair,
Look round my friends in Glasgow uens you'll find them even there.

It was later, I remember, when the snow was on the ground,
And the bitter blasts of winter were biting all around;

My table filled with papers, and my shelves with loads of books;
The air of comfort, plenty, threw a glamour o'er his looks.

My brother! O my brother! must I pitch you to the street!
Must you wander in the gutter with your torn and bleeding feet!

Know you not my wife and children rely on me for bread!
That night and day I'm toiling to keep a shelter o'er their head—

Here's a dram shop, there's a dram shop—why there's hell on every hand;
You plant them at the workshop, you plant them at the door,

With a sound of flame and vengeance, scorch your soul and burn your eyes.
Abolish, crush the cursed thing. Arise, arise!

A little later still, and then I laid him in his grave—
The wanderer of the midnight hour, the hero of the wave;

I've told the story, darling, and your cheek is pale with fear,
The heavenly blue of thy crystal eye is misoned with a tear.

The room was poor, the furniture was poor, the light was dim—it came from a half-burned candle—the loose shutters rattled in the wind,

"I have been a poor enough husband to you, Mary, through all these years, but if I have been unkind to you I have been unkind to myself.

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His eyes were glaring now, and his face was contorted as he endeavored to raise himself, but he was too weak and

fell back, cursing and blaspheming. The woman tried to raise him, but it was in vain.
"O! oh! keep them off! See, see, there is another and another! See how they mock me!

"Jack hasn't come in yet," murmured the woman in a soothing tone.
"Mary," cried the man suddenly "I must have drink, just one swallow, or I'll die—do you hear! or I shall die!"

The woman sat gazing at him in silence for a long time, until a footstep on the stairs aroused her.
Whoever it was came stumbling on until he reached the landing by the door.

The storm still continued, and now the first sign of day made the streets and alleys a little less dark; but the room seemed a little more cheerless.

The hours flew by, and broad day was streaming into the room. Outside was the usual noise and bustle, and men went stamping down the stairs, starting for their day's work.

The woman in an awe-struck tone "Dead!" repeated Jack.
Yes, dead. Had he killed her? No; Rum had struck her to the heart.

WILL YOU VOTE TO LICENSE IT?
More Widows and Orphans
A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Times says—"On Saturday, Jan 14, 1888, three men of Shearson, this county, after filling up with licensed whiskey and beer,

Domestic Department.
Clothing for Girls.
MANY mothers who clothe themselves with a reasonable degree of regard for the requirements of health, still adhere to erroneous methods in the clothing of their children, simply because they "look so pretty" in the stylish, though unhealthy apparel which fashion often

prescribes for little girls. Health, rather than style or fashion, should be the consideration.
A generation of weakly girls is growing up to become weakly and sickly women.

At this season of the year, the little girl should be so clad that every portion of her body will be thoroughly protected.
The arms and limbs should be as well protected as the trunk.

High boots with thick soles should be worn, and should be supplemented with warm, knit leggins extending above the knees.

Fortunately, short-sleeved and low-necked dresses are out of style now, so we need not say much with reference to this abominable mode of dressing children which has been so long in vogue.

We are glad to know that mothers are becoming more sensible in this matter. It is not an uncommon thing to see upon the streets a little girl who is warmly and sensibly clad.

THE dress of women, as generally worn, is so arranged that it insures to the wearer a hot head, congested internal organs, and cold extremities.

The wearing of union under-suits renders extra and heavy skirts unnecessary; and the donning of leglets, a garment intended for out of door wear, specially when going out for a walk,

The garments are made of knit Jersey cloth, elastic and easy fitting, and are just suited for a place in the wardrobe of every lady who has a care for her health.

for school teachers and other working women whose vocations calls them out of doors in all kinds of weather; also for school girls, who often lay the foundation for many serious diseases of after life by sitting in a school with cold, damp clothing several hours a day, the stove overheating the head, and cold draughts of air chilling the damp lower extremities.

—Kate Lind say, M. D.