#### Selections.

#### Our Motto.

I saw three sisters hend in hand; Yet one did seem to lead the way, As with a steady hand she soanned The path that bleak before them lay ; Nor blenched she at its ruggedness; But at her look of simple trust The hills and rocks wanted less and less, And mingled with the common dust, And thus my heart in quiet saith, -. Hor name is PAITH.

And nimbly on the second went, Her face angelically bright With lieuven's glory and content, That gemmed her o'er with native light As, with her engor eyes upraised, She saw the bleasedness to be-The goal; which, brightening as she gazed Made her soul throb with ocatacy, Whose vision hath so large a scope?

Her name is Horg.

She glided on with gentle mien, The noblest of these sisters three. With grace that would outshine a queen, With love that conquered all degree; And at her tread the barren ground Sprang into soft and living green; Her smile, like sunshine, spreading round A radiant bloom to light the scene. Her gifts are common, she is a rarity-Her name is CHARITY. -Temperance Record.

The A B C of Drink.

## BY ROWARD E. KIDDER.

A is the Alcohol-deathlike its grip, B the Reginner who "just takes a sip." C the Companion who urges him on, D for the Demon of drink which is born. R the Endeaver be makes to resist, If for the Friends (?) who so loudly insist, G for the Guilt which he afterwards feels, H for the Horrors that hang at his heels. I his Intention to drink not at all. I for Jeering that follows his fall. I is his Knowledge that he is a slave, L for the Liquors his appetites crave. If the convivial Meetings so gay. If is the "No" which he tries hard to say O for the Orgies which then come to pass, P for the Pride which he drowns in his glass. Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound, R for the Ruin that hovers around.

B for the Sights which his vision bedlims, T for the Trembling that seizes his limbs. U for his Usefulness, killed in the slume, V is the Vagrant he swiftly becomes. W the Waning of life nearly done, X his Extinction, regretted by none. Youth of the nation, such weakness is crime

Zealously turn from the tempter in time. [This can be used as an exercise for twenty six little toys or girls, each reciting a line.]

#### -The Temperance Hunner.

#### Govan Ferry.

You ask me for a story, and you won der that I sigh, You little know the lurid lights that flash across my sky; You little reck the breaking hearts that

riso before my mind,

Or know the mystery of life behind the scenes, behind. For high and low, and rich and poor, the noble and defamed.

cannot even be named. Have elements the same of grief, of

pleasure, and of mirth, That make them equal in their death as brothers at their birth;

The noble are not all so good, the bad are not so vile-

We never see beneath the tear, or peep behind the smile.

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

Yes, you know the Govan Ferrydingy, muddy, noisy hole-The filthy waters lapping black with

soot and dust of coal, And myriads busy crossing begrimed with toil and sweat-

Rough joking, coarse philandering, give as good as you can get: And women, oarly withered, pinched

with poverty and sin, With scarce a rag to hide their shame, or wrap their body in.

It was the snowy winter time, the even ing's work was o'or,

And men and women weary worn were seeking home once more

A mother with her baby pinched, and shivering in the blast, The little rag she called a shawl about

its bare feet onst, Sat heedless as the gunwate rocking

reckless to and fro, While the ferry-boat went counching through the drifting ice and anow.

And there he stood-the drunkard stood—had just come off the spree With haggard looks amongst his mates, But I am in the winter, Jack, what as silent as could be.

soul the Lord alone could tell; Remorse, repentance, heaven for him was nowhere, there was hell.

A soul that might have seared with ease to heavenly bliss and peace Was filled with misery and life-why, life had better coase.

A drunken rufilan whom his friends had long given the go-by-Not even a nod, his cruelty had crush od their sympathy.

had they to roar,

kindly voice to cheer. How different when she, the fool, per-

ceiving not the fate That dogs temptation fixed the trap that caught her and her mate-How as the happy honoymoon, when

yet the year was young, Hor little home was slining, c , the fire

the kettle sung, The table spread with snewy cloth, the curs'd decanter there-

The spark that put her home in flames, and left her in despair.

The beat lurch'd o'er and in the wave the puling infant dropped, The mother shrieked and every heartbeat for an instant stopped. And he the ragged, whom they called

a wicked, drunken brute, Looked up, waved back his arm, and on the gunwale placed his foot;

Tis better to himself, he said, the little hand upraised

Seemed beckening to him to come, half sober and half dazed

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

It mattered not to him that others

shivered on the brink,
For he was born, it seemed to him, to A little later still, and then I laid him curso and awear and drink, And he was weary of it all, a Cain in

every land, And he against the world armyed-

against him every hand. He looked, and with a leap, away be-

fore a man could think Into the slimy sea he sprang, no shiver ing on the brink-The best was stopped, all else was still,

the people where they stood Transfixed and speechless only looked the scene had chilled their blood,

Only the mother in despair was meaning as her eyes, Were staring from their sockets to

watch babe and savicur rise It seemed an age, and then a ripple on the filthy wave,

And he the wretched set was holding something up to save;

His face was set, the haggard marks debauchery had lined, Had softened off, an angel's face could but be more refined,

His lips were closed, and from his eyes a heavenly calmness looked O' Angel Gabriel | take the charge,

the drunkard's doom is booked A score of willing hands received the

victims of the soa, And such a shout went up to heaven one could neither speak nor see For every eye was raining such a tor

rent of glad tears, The wrotched God forgotten crew that And every voice was thrilling with such tremulous cheers, But he, the here, dripping from his

muddy bath arose, Looked bashfully around and said, "Why, mates, I've spiled my clothes."

And that was all, no bathos, but a truth that made it grim,

His rags were spoiled, no medal and no myrtle wreath for him. They talk of heroes far away, for birds

have feathers fair, Look round my friends in Glasgow dens you'll find them even there, Where men will dare to struggle on and women dare to die,

Who never heard the song of bird or saw the bright blue sky.

Twas later, I remember, when the snow was on the ground, And the bitter blasts of winter were

biting all around; In the midnight, cold and homeless, he came wandering to my door, Ragged, shoeless, pinched and starving

as I'd never seen before. He stood within the doorway with his scared and ghastly face,

His wide dilated pupils scanned with wonderment the place, As if his soul a heaven had found

where he might rest awhile, And smiled to see the firelight dance with a half delirious smile.

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

h, man," said he, " it's bonnie, how happy you must be;

can you do for me I'

pitch you to the street ! Must you wander in the gutter with your torn and bleeding feet !

My oyes are raining tears of blood, my heart will broak in two---My brother, O my brother? what on carth am I to do!

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

He had a wife who left him, no chick That your mother and my mother has no friend on earth save me-No human thing to love him now, no That your sisters and my sisters are

pinched with poverty-That my wages are but triffing, and ed the weman in a soothing tone. my duties very great ~

That I'm flghting with the devil and with an angry fate-That the money if I give yon't, you

will squander in your drink---Take the milk from my poor babies. Will you never, never think?

Listen to me, ye rulers, an answer I demand --

Here's a drain shop, there's a drain shop - why there's hell on every hand;

You plant them at the workshop, you plant them at the door, You regulate the traffic till the stream

of blood runs o'er, And like a woful river gathering ruin as it goes--Cursing men and women, children -- to

annihilation flows. thing's a monstrous lie!

Will ye not reform it wholly till an angel from the sky, With a sound of flame and vengeance scoreli your soul and burn your

Abolish, crush the cursed thing. Arise ariso I arise '

in his grave

The wanderer of the midnight hour, the hero of the wave; A stormy life, a lonely death, and after

death—dost know ! O pitying Father, stretch thy hand and save thy child from wee

And if it be that prayer avail, send down an angel band,

And sweep this drunken horror from a poor, dejected land, Till mothers smile, and children climb

upon their father's knee, Rejoicing in the shining light of sober liberty,

I've told the story, darling, and your check is pale with fear, The heavenly blue of thy crystal eye is

morsoned with a tear. I told you that I had no tale of light of Joy or love,

The happiness wo seek on earth is only found above; For in this world we darkly walk oppressed with fear and care,

And for our weary soul we find no such place anywhere. -N. in League Journal.

# A Night in a Drunkard's Home.

## FOUNDED ON PACT.

starvation. A table, a few 'mirs struck tone "Dead" repeated Jack (bottomless) and a hoap in a wher that was called a bed-this was the Rum had struck her to the heart. furniture. A man is lying on the bed N. Y. Pioneer. and a woman is bending over him. It is too dark to see their faces plainly, but let us listen Tho man is talking Make no noise, for his voice is low and

"I have been a poor enough husband" and happiness to hunger and misery, I have beaten you—ay, what have I not done that I could do to make your life a hell ' but ... I have misused my self ten thousand times worse than I over have you. And my son. Oh, God, it is awful! And now I must die Don't cry, Mary . at least not for me-I don't deserve it. But weep and pray -yes, pray for him. I remember things to night that I have not thought before for years. The day I first met you -you were beautiful then -and how gay we all were, you and I and John and Fannio and all the rest. How quickly those summer days went by, and we were so happy, and our love, and -Oh, my head, my head is on fire! where is it! quick, do you hear me, or do you wish me to die?"

What thoughts were in his wretched My brother 1 O my brother I must I foll back, cursing and blaspheming. prescribes for little girls. Health, The woman tried to raise him, but it

was in vain. "Oh! oh! keep them off! See, see, there is another and another | See how they mock me ! They are coming ! Away i" he oried, springing to his feet and running toward the door. But he had taken but a few stops when he fell back to the bed.

is Jack !

"Jack hasn't come in yet," murmur

"Mary," cried the man suddenly 'I must have drink, just one swallow, or I'll die - do you hear! or I shall die No! You won't give it to me! Oh Mary, just a swallow, just one; I must have it! I will have it! or-O God, I am dying, and what a death! I can't diet de you hear, I can't die! What will become of mo! Hell, hell, ever lasting torment! Mary?" cried he, seizing her by the wrist, "I am going to hell!" A few moments he glared at her with a look of horror and despair, then cried again: "Drink, give mo drink?" Ho then slowly sunk back gave a gasp or two and expired.

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 You regulate the traffic !- why the knob turned, and a man, who, from his looks you would hardly have known to be young, came staggering into the room. He came to a chair and endeavored to sit down, but lost his balance and fell heavily. Ragged and covered with filth, the pitiable object lay atretched opon the floor just as he had fallen, unconscious, in the deep sleep of the inchrinto. This was the son whose father lay dead in the corner, and whose mother sat meaning or in a dazed stupor all through that long chill night. Toward morning the drunken man roused up enough to get upon his feet and stagger toward the

bed on which his father lay. The candle had burned out long ago. 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 man came to the bedside, and was woman started up and said, "Jack, your father lies there dead." He stared at her stupidly for a moment, and again made a move toward the bed. She caught his arm. "He lies there dead, Jack; he died last night." He turned, with an oath, and struck at her as he muttered, "Let me alone"
"Jack, come back," trying to draw
him away. "Hain't you goin' to let
me alone?" he exclaimed, savagely, turning again and striking her to the floor "Jack," she cried, "Jack, you have killed me, you have killed me." "I hope I have," he growled, as he throw himself beside the body of his

father, and was instantly asleep. The hours flew by, and broad day was streaming into the room. Outside sheet came driving against the windowpanes, where there were any, and Jackson, "—coming forward. Still no water they absorb and hold, and prowas stopped by a dirty old rag, or a ragged, brimless hat. The fire—but ter l' says Jack, rousing up. "She's their underwear for mere dampness. that had gone out long ago-died of dead," said the woman in an awo-

Yes, dead. Had he killed her ! No:

# WILL YOU VOTE TO LICENSE IT!

#### More Widows and Orphans

A CURRESPONDENT of the New York "I have been a poor enough husband Puneer says —"On Saturday, Jan 14, to you, Mary, through all these years, 1888, three men of Shearon, this county, but if I have been unkind to you I after filling up with heensed whiskey and dampness of the under wear and prohave been unkinder still to myself. I beer, with a supply to use on the road. have dragged you down from comfort started with home and buggy for Grange ville, a town some six miles off. Arriving there as the Thunderbolt train on the N Y., P. and O Ry., was due, and in plant sight, they started to cross the track. n a moment the train was on them Re sult. All three men and the horse were killed, and the buggy reduced to aplinters. Each man loaves a wife and family of children in dependent circumstances. We heense this business, for what! For the revenue! Is it not a revenue from which. Satan receives the lion's share t'

## Pomestic Department.

### Clothing for Girls.

the requirements of health, still adhere cold, damp clothing several hours a to erroncous methods in the clothing of day, the stove overheating the head, His eyes were glaring now, and his their children, simply because they and cold draughts of air chilling the face was contorted as he endeavored to "look so pretty" in the stylish, though damp lower extremities.—Kate Lind raise himself, but he was too weak and unhealthful apparel which fashion often say, M. D.

rather than style or fashlon, 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 heavily to the floor, with a look on his be as well protected as the trunk. In face of the wildest terror imaginable order to secure this equable protection Gradually the fit passed from him, and of the body, the under garments should the woman succeeded in getting him be made in one piece. They should be of flannel, the best material for chil-"Jack," murmured the man , "where dien's wear at all seasons of the year; thick flannel being worn in the winter, and in the summer time the thinness woolen fabrics, if the weather is very hot. Children often complain that flannel irritates their sensitivo skins. This difficulty can be obviated by wear. ing thin gauze suits underneath the flaunci garment. The stockings should always be of woolexcept in very warm weather, and should invariably be aupended from the shoulders by means of clastic straps either passing over the shoulders or attached to the undergarment

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

Fortunately, short-sleeved and lownecked 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. It must have a passing notice, however, as the fickle Dame may soon return to her old folly, and insist that the arms and bosoms of children shall be exposed at all seasons of the year, regardless of the permicious effect of such exposure upon their delicate constitutions. The upper part of the trunk contains the heart and lungstwo of the most important vital organs. Chilling of this portion of the body is certain to result disastrously to health. There is no doubt that many of the weakly, sickly, consumptive girls of the present generation own their feeble condition to the low-necked, short-sleeved dresses which they wore in childhood.

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. We hope that this course on the part of some about to throw himself down, when the mothers will be contagious, so that we may have a thorough going revolution in the dress of little girls .- Good

#### Legletts, a New Garment for Cold Weather.

THE dress of women, as generally worn, is so arranged that it insures to to the wearer a hot head, congested internal organs, and cold extremities. When cold weather comes, every one steks more or less to protect the body by additional clothing. Woman adds to her wardrobe an extra number of thick skirts and furs. When she goes out for a walk, a heavy outer wrap of scalskin, plush, or other similar mater-ial is put on; while the feet and legs was the usual noise and bustle, and are often clothed the same as they were men went stamping down the stairs, in dog days, with the exception of a starting for their day's work. After a pair of rubbers. The added weight of The room was poor, the furniture time there came a rap upon the door, clothing impedes locomotion, overheats was poor, the light was dim-it came and then it slowly opened, and a the trunk of the body; and at the from a half-burned candle—the loose woman thrust in h r head. She stops same time the extra skirts, if it he shutters ruttled in the wind, and the an instant, and then exclaims, "Mrs damp outside, aid in chilling the lower

> The wearing of union under-suits renders extra and heavy skirts unnecessary; and the donning of legletts, a g irment intended for out of door wear, specially when going out for a walk, affords a complete protection to the lower parts of the body These legletts are cut like an ordinary pair of pants. the lower portion being finished like a pair of leggins, with straps to go under the shoo, and fitting closely around the instep and ankles, they present tect from draughts. They are as easily adjusted as a pair of ordinary leggus, and fastened to the waist or union suit by four buttons, they cannot become so disarranged as to present the often untidy appearance of such useful gar ments. On coming into the house, the legletts can be removed, leaving the under-wear clean and dry.

The garments are made of knit Jersey cloth, clastic and easy fitting, and are just suited for a place in the wardrobe of every lady who has a care for her health. They are especially useful for school teachers and other working women whose vocations calls them out of doors in all kinds of weather; also Many mothers who clothe themselves foundation for many serious diseases with a reasonable degree of regard for of after life by sitting in a school with