



JOSEPH'S DREAM.

Old England, and her Enemy, Drink.

I look upon fair England,
In all her power and pride;
Her sons have fought for freedom,
For right, and truth hath died;
And lo! her fame is wafted
O'er every land and sea,
And voices ever shout, "Hurrah,
England and liberty."

Alas! for brave old England,
A cloud is on her brow,
And many homes are sadden'd
And weeping hearts there bow;
Her stalwart sons are prostrate,
Well nigh on ruin's brink;
Both brain and mind bewildered,
Cursed, by the demon, Drink.

I pray for dear old England,
That she may soon arise,
Manhood's dignity assert,
Both fear and shame despise:
May duty be her watchword,
And purity her aim;
And England yet shall prosper,
Her prestige still maintain.

Then rouse, ye sons of England,
Cast out the tyrant foe;
Be men—not slaves to passion;
Let all the nations know
That ye who in the old time,
For freedom's fight did win;
Can snap their self-forged fetters,
And conquer self and sin.

Joseph's Dream.

Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colours. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream

that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth? And his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying. Genesis xxxvii. 3-11.

"His Love to Me."

To an invalid friend, who was a trembling, doubting believer, a clergyman once said, "When I leave you, I shall go to my own residence, if the Lord will; and, when there, the first thing that I expect to do is to call for a baby that is in the house. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle; and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me—for I love that child with an unutterable tenderness. But the fact is, she does not love me; or, to say the most for her, she loves me very little. If my heart were breaking under the burden of a crushing sorrow, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play with her toys. If I were dead, she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa.

Besides this, she has never brought me in a penny, but has been a constant expense on my

hands ever since she was born. Yet, although I am not rich in the world's possessions, there is not money enough in this world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks. "I see it clearly. It is not my love to God, but God's love to me, I ought to be thinking about; and I do love him now as I never loved him before." From that time his peace was like a river.

A Striking Case.

THE *animus* of the whiskey spirit is sometimes what the Bible calls "devilish," that is, manifesting the spirit of the "wicked one." A striking example has lately come to light. It is doubtless one of many.

A widow, in one of our large cities, the mother of a promising boy, discovered, as he came to manhood, that he was being ruined by strong drink. In her earnest desire to save him, she called on the dealer, and begged him

not to sell her son any more liquor. He only laughed, and said, "It was not his business to take care of young men—that they must take care of themselves." Her personal effort proving useless, she sought and obtained the services of a gentleman, whom she hoped might be more successful. He visited the saloon keeper, laid the matter plainly before him, and added, "The boy is breaking his mother's heart, and will send her prematurely to the grave."

And what did the dealer say? Pointing to a small banner standing in the corner, he remarked, "You see that. I paid five hundred dollars license for that. I have fitted up this house in first-class style—sparing neither money nor labour to make it attractive for all; and I have taken special pains to make it a first-class slaughter house for young men."

The gentleman wrote the reply in his note-book, read it over to the dealer, and asked him if it was correct. "Yes," said he, "it is correct;" and, added: "You take that and read it to the young man's mother, and tell her, as long as her son has ten cents to pay for a drink he can have it, and when he has no money he will be refused."

This may be an extreme case, but it clearly shows what lengths human beings can go when completely dominated by the whiskey demon. Such cases, though comparatively rare, are met with often enough to stir good men, and move holy women, to the extermination of the liquor traffic. Alexander was never more determined on the conquest of the world than the temperance army is on the destruction of the rum power—and the saloon will go.—*J. W. Boswell.*

Why Not in the Sunday-School?

"I AM too busy during the other days of the week to think of being in the Sunday-school on the Sabbath." Too busy! Read the following: "No busier man than John Wanamaker exists. He owns and conducts the largest store in the world; he has sixteen thousand employees in stores and factories; he is sought for in connection with every great project that engages the attention of Philadelphians; his name is a household word in business circles throughout the world, and yet he finds time every Sunday to superintend the Bethany Sunday-school, with its more than twenty-four hundred pupils, and to do it well."

You may not be able to do what Mr. Wanamaker does, but could you not hear a small class? Or, if not, could you not attend a Bible-class? Or, should that be too much, could you not be present as a visitor, and so encourage the workers? The Sabbath religiously spent is often more restful from secular employments than simple inaction. Try the Sunday-school. You can hardly fail to get good, as well as do good. Yes, try the Sunday-school.