

prayer and entreaty to turn him from his shameful work. Although the son seemed touched by his aged father's appeal, yet he went on with his vile traffic as before. The old gentleman now tried to buy his saloon, offering him the sum of two thousand dollars, which was all the money he had in the world.

"You don't want to run the thing yourself, do you, father?" said the son, in a mirthful tone.

"Yes, if you'll let me have it, I'll run it off the face of the earth," was the old gentleman's ready reply. But the son would not sell, and the old gentleman's next move was to follow his son up town the next morning, and when the saloon door was unlocked, he stationed himself, with cane in hand, in the doorway. The saloon was on the corner, and men began to flock around it as bees do around the hive; but the old man who stood there, leaning heavily on his cane, with sadness depicted on every lineament of his kind old face, his hair white as the snow, presented such a sad picture of age and helplessness, that the would-be tipplers turned away in shame.

But there was another class of debauchees who were not able to be out so early in the morning as the former. They came at last, with unsteady step and blood-shot eyes. What did they care for this little old man, who stood as a barrier between them and the subtle poison that robbed them of strength and will?

"Don't come here!" said the old man, as they attempted to pass him. "It's the gate-way to death and destruction; think of—"

"I'm thinking of a drink just now!" yelled any old toper in an angry tone, and as he said this he caught the old man by the arm and threw him on the pavement with great force.

Before the bar-tender could realize what was being done, he saw his father lying bleeding and senseless on the sidewalk. He was over the counter and out of the saloon in a moment, and picking his father up, he carried him tenderly across the street to a doctor's office. Seeing that he would receive proper attention, he rushed out of the office, like a lion let loose in its rage, hurrying hither and thither in search of the villain who had committed the outrage; but this monster in human form was not to be found, and it was well for him that he could not. The old gentleman was soon restored to consciousness. There was a slight cut on his temple. This and the shock that he sustained to his nervous system, rendered him incapable for a time. But when he was again able to be out, he took his stand in the saloon door again, saying to his son:

"I shall stand here until I am again thrust out, or if need be, until I drop dead in my tracks, if God so wills it."

It is needless to say the saloon was closed.—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

WHY A LITTLE BOY SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

I'm a little temperance boy
I signed the pledge to-day,
My Uncle John, he says to me,
"Why did you do it, pray?
I'm sure a little chap like you
Is quite too young to drink or chew."
'Tis true that I am rather small,
And scarcely eight years old;
But then Tom Toper o'er the way
This story to me told,
With trembling hand upon my head,
And almost crying too, he said:
"Once I was just a child like you—
A happy, bright-eyed boy,
My mother often said that I
Was all her pride and joy;
My father loved me none the less,
But loved his liquor more, I guess.
"He often gave me sweetened sips,
And sometimes lager-beer;
He'd laugh to see me drink it up,
It looked so very queer.
I learned to like the stuff too well,
Years passed; it held me like a spell.
"My father didn't laugh when first
I staggered past his door.
Oh! no; he frightened looked, and grave,
And bade me drink no more.

'Twas easy said, but harder done;

His work had been too well begun.

"I'm what you see me here to-day—

A drunken, gray-haired sot,

My years upon the book of life

Have been a wretched blot.

My dear old mother weeping died;

Alas! for me, her joy and pride.

That's why I have signed the pledge to-day,

Dear friends, now wouldn't you?

For temperance boys make temperance men,

A rule both good and true.

I mean to make my life all bright

With virtue, temperance, and right.

—*Official Organ.*

Signor Brignoli was telling the other day that once while he was singing in concert for a charitable object, the prima donna was suddenly attacked with singer's sore throat, and it became necessary that some one should apologize to the audience. The manager declared he was suffering from nervousness and could not do it, and he begged Brignoli to make the explanation. The tenor, going forward, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say zat Madame N— eez a leetle horse dis evening."

Peels of laughter greeted this announcement, and the tenor looked puzzled, thinking the audience misunderstood him. He advanced once more, and with thundering emphasis roared out:

"I zay zat Madame N— eez a little horse dis evening."

Another roar of laughter, amid which a voice in the gallery cried out: "Then if she is a horse why not trot her out?"

Then the mistake was plain to him, and Brignoli laughed as heartily as any one.

Literary Record.

HIGH LICENSE, THE MONOPOLY OF ABOMINATION.—The National Temperance Society has just published this thrilling and eloquent sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Tammage, in the Brooklyn Tabernacle to over five thousand people from the text, "It is not lawful to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood." It gives fact, argument, statistics, and appeal, showing the folly and un-Wisdom of the so-called high-license law. With this is published "The delusion of High License," by Herrick Johnson, D.D., an able and convincing argument showing that high license neither diminishes intemperance, lessens the number of dram-shops, nor benefits the cause of temperance. No more important addresses were ever delivered on this question, and they should have wide circulation. They are both issued in one pamphlet. Twenty-four pages. Price 10 cents; \$1 per dozen; \$7 per hundred. A special campaign edition has been issued on thin paper, with cover, at \$4 per hundred, \$30 per thousand. Let the friends of temperance everywhere organize to circulate this in every community. Address J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade Street, New York.

STRONG DRINK, WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT DOES.—A little pamphlet with the above title has been recently published by T. S. Brown, Esq., of Montreal. It treats in clear and very concise forms the physical, moral and social aspects of the temperance reform. Mr. Brown is one of the best known and most liberal supporters of our cause, and his object in issuing this valuable little book will be best shown by the following extract from the preface:

Though past eighty years of age, and with excuse for indolence in complete loss of sight, I belong to the active class, mercantile and mechanic, whose united energies move the product of the world's industries and make the interchanges; and I think I cannot render a better service to the successors of those with whom I commenced active life two-thirds of a century ago, than by preparing this little book for publication.

The appalling magnitude of evil consequent upon the common use of a known poison in daily drink, and the earnestness of temperance reformers have during the past twenty years forced observation, investigation, analysis and discoveries upon chemistry and science now spread through a multitude of speeches, reports, essays and volumes, exhibiting as in a mirror the laws of life, and I have endeavored to compress what Joseph Hume would have called the "tottle (total) of the whole" to dimensions that a business-man may read with understanding of all he cares to know, without encroaching too much on time and thought required for his own affairs which are always pressing.—T. S. Brown.

The work is published by W. Drysdale & Co., 232 St. James street, Montreal.