

Family Reading.

The Good Time Coming.

TUNE—John Hutchinson's "Good Time Coming Boys."

There's a good time coming, girls,

A good time coming,

There's a good time coming, girls,

Wait a little longer.

We hope to live to see the day,

For we can hear it on the way,

This good time coming,

Cannon balls are not for us,

But votes are weapons stronger;

We'll win our battle by their aid,

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,

A good time coming,

There's a good time coming, girls,

Wait a little longer.

When we beside our brothers stand,

Then right not night shall rule the land,

In the good time coming,

The law shall innocence defend,

And make the helpless stronger;

We'll vote for every noble cause,

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,

There's a good time coming,

There's a good time coming, girls,

Wait a little longer.

Then let us aid it all we can,—

Yes, every woman, every man,—

This good time coming,

For every prayer and every tear

Will make the impulse stronger;

'Tis surely coming, never fear,

Wait a little longer.

—Emma M. Chapin.

"For Pity's Sake."

BY MISS RICHARDSON, HARKER LODGE,
NEAR CARLISLE.

"AYE, for pity's sake, will not one of you stand by a poor fellow and save him from going to the dogs? I cannot drink moderately. You all know that when once I begin I cannot stop. It must be all or none with me. If but one of you will drink water with me, I shall have a chance."

The young lieutenant stood and spoke these words to his brother officers at the mess table, but no one stirred, no one responded; a dead silence followed his piteous appeal; some doubtless sneered, some probably pitied, but their pity was weaker than their love of wine. They all drank like men, and he drank too, and in three months he was in a drunkard's grave.

And this because English soldiers had no pity.

"For pity's sake, Sir William, aye, for pity's sake, put the wine off your table. Your son has been reclaimed by some of those fools and fanatics, the teetotallers. He had wasted his money, ruined his prospects, broken his wife's heart, beggared his children. His acquaintances had cut him, his friends had deserted him; you, his father, had cast him off, and had forbidden him to show his face in his childhood's home. But now those crotchety people, the total abstinents, have got hold of him. He has been steady for five years; his little daughter has learnt to love and trust him. She no longer hides herself tremblingly when she hears his footsteps. And you have granted his humble petition to come and see your face once more."

"But he feels his weakness still. For pity's sake put the decanter out of sight while he is your guest."

No; oh no! The father had grieved for his son, and he warmly and heartily thanked the good friends who had given him tender care and sympathy, who had raised him up to a better life, and inspired him with hope and courage to battle against the enemy.

He was really grateful to them, but the decanter held its place on his table; and in ten days' time news came from the disgraced father to those friends who had watched and guarded his son by day and by night, that his reformation was but skin deep—that he had deliberately preferred a low drinking place to his father's house; that he was gone from his home, and was drinking heavily once more. Shipwrecked, and this time for life!

Because his father had no pity.

"For pity's sake, Doctor, do not order stimulants to this fair girl. You have already, by former prescriptions, taught her to like them. She has struggled desperately with her enemy, and has overcome him. But the fatal appetite which you have created within her can never be eradicated; as long as she lives it will dog her steps like the shadow of death—her sole safety is in total abstinence. For pity's sake do not prescribe alcohol to this dear girl."

Oh, ah, yes—the doctor thinks it very sad; he is really not in the habit of prescribing alcoholic stimulants, but in this particular case there is no other medicine which will touch the disease,

and he orders only a teaspoonful of rum in milk in the morning, and a glass of weak claret at dinner.

Years pass away, and that gentle girl is a wife and a mother. She may any day be seen in the street, her cheek flushed, her step unsteady, guided home by one of her children with downcast eyes and shame-stricken heart. Her home is blighted, her sons, her daughters broken-spirited, her husband robbed of all that makes life worth the living.

And this because the doctor had no pity.

"For pity's sake, young lady, become an abstainer. You know not what poor tempted being at your elbow will yield to the enemy and drink if you drink. For pity's sake deny yourself this small indulgence. It could be no real sacrifice to you."

Sacrifice! oh, certainly not. She is young. She is not much in the habit of taking wine; oh, yes, she could do just as well without it, it is nothing to her one way or other, but it would be singular, and she sees no reason why she should not take a glass when she requires it—very rarely of course. And she has no influence. No one would be affected by her doing so absurd a thing as to turn teetotaler, and nothing in the world will ever induce her to do so. No; those who cannot restrain themselves do quite right never to touch wine, but that is no rule for her.

So she drinks her wine at table, and at the railway station she begs the gentleman who has escorted her there to bring her a glass of sherry before she starts. She has no idea, of course, that he is a reclaimed drunkard. How could she! Those who have been saved from this degrading vice do not carry a badge about them by which they may be recognized. He brings it to her, and she thanks him and waves a graceful adieu to him as the train glides out of the station. And it bears her safely to her home.

But what of him? The deadly appetite has been aroused within him in all its resistless fury, his best resolutions are swept away before it like chaff before the wind; he drinks, and he does not return from the station. He is sought for, traced to London, that vast hiding-place for sin and misery! He is never found—still living perhaps; perhaps dead. The light, the happiness, the life are gone forever from his home; those who loved him are in desolation and mourning and woe.

And all because an English girl had no pity.

"For pity's sake, dear madam, sign the pledge. It will be no trouble to you, for you are already an abstainer, and it may be safety and happiness to your friend who is now unconsciously overstepping the dangerously narrow line which separates moderation from excess. Once beyond it she will be out of your reach. Sign the pledge now, while you may possibly save her."

No, oh no! She will not listen for a moment. It is true, as we say, that it would not be the slightest sacrifice to her; she never takes wine unless ordered to do so. But she will not bind herself. She really sees no necessity for binding herself. On principle she would not take a pledge of any sort. It is very well for such as feel that they cannot control themselves; but she is thankful to say that such is not her case. No, never will she degrade herself so far as to sign a total abstinence pledge.

And so her friend shrinks from what is thus declared to be a badge of weakness and shame; crosses the invisible line of moderation, and falls, as only woman can fall—because a Christian lady had no pity.

"For pity's sake, O wife, put away your glass of beer."

"Your husband is bowed down under the shame of enforced abstinence. He is struggling painfully to regain his footing, to conquer his love of drink. Do not parade before him the fact that you are strong where he is weak, that you can safely drink what he may not touch or taste. Do not hold the deadly temptation before his eyes. His task is hard enough; would you, his wife, make it harder, press it more heavily? Abstain with him, for pity's sake."

No. We plead in vain. She has mourned over her husband's criminal weakness; she has laid very plainly before him the disgrace he was bringing upon himself, the misery he was inflicting upon her, the ruin which must ensue; and she rejoices that at last she has succeeded in opening his eyes to the truth. He is quite right to abstain entirely, if he feels that he cannot take wine in moderation; but for herself there is no fear—she takes only what her health absolutely requires. And he has assured her that her glass of beer is no temptation whatever to him; and she is therefore easy on that score. And so they of his own household become his foes; his wife is his tempter, and after a protracted struggle he yields, no more, and falls lower than ever;

humbly confessing in his hopeless despair, that, as she tells him, he has no one to blame but himself. His sorrowing teetotal friends vainly try to save him, and he dies in unspeakable horror.

But his wife had no pity.

For pity's sake you who hold authority in the Church of Christ, remove from the Lord's Table that enemy of mankind before whose dread power multitudes have fallen; whom so many cannot look upon and live. Those whom we have rescued from drunkenness would eagerly come to that table, and offer their thanksgivings for deliverance, and seek there for strength to maintain the position of comparative safety to which they have attained. But they dare not place themselves within the reach of that evil spirit; they dare not presume to tempt God by running into the fire; they cannot expect Him to bear them unscathed through it. They have seen others make the attempt; they have seen them fall scorched and crippled into a drunkard's grave.

Yet still there is hope for these sorely tempted ones. For pity's sake we come to the rescue. Our God is not a pitiless Juggernaut, beneath the wheels of whose car his hapless votaries may be ruthlessly crushed; and we know that it is according to His will we should have pity. We who have never known the drunkard's appetite, we who have never tasted of the direst of all the curses which afflict mankind; we who, in this matter, have no cause for trembling and shame, we come before you, and with no bated breath we ask that the cup of temptation be removed from the holy table; and we declare ourselves ready to bear the reproach of our weak brother, to refuse the cup which he dare not taste, to share with him whatever censure you may be pleased to cast upon him—because we have pity. Fourteen rescued ones fell before the temptation after one communion: fourteen who had gone up to the table in the hope of finding grace and strength—because their minister had no pity!

Bishops, pastors of Christ's flock, our rescued ones are falling on every side, and those who fall through this cause are they whom our Lord Jesus Christ Himself specially commended to our tender care, those who are of the household faith.

They are being lost daily through this cause. Is this to go on for ever? Must souls perish day by day, and week by week, because Christ's own chosen servants have no pity?

Have compassion one of another. Be pitiful.—British Temperance League New Year's Tracts for 1888.

Temperance Societies.

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Copeland's Hall, cor. King and Sherbourne Sts. H. BROOKS, L.D., 195 King St. E.

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FIVE BANKS WINDING UP

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But it was as foolish for them to put their money there (upon the expectation of greater value for it than the older and richer banks could give) before their eyes were so rudely opened, as after. They did not then see; now they do see.

Upwards of twenty-two long years the writer of this advertisement has represented one of the oldest and most carefully conducted, and most profitable Life Insurance companies of this continent—THE AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN. During all that time he has kept his property, as well as his life insurance, in the oldest and most solid institutions. What were deemed tempting inducements have been held out for a change, but by pursuing this line, no loss has been met with. Fire Insurance companies, Life Insurance companies, Building societies and Banks, of mush-room character, have caused heavy losses to thousands during that time, who thought they saw in them better returns for their money in years to come than would be drawn from a With Profits Endowment Bond issued by the Aetna, and payable ten, fifteen or twenty years from date, or earlier death.

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