



The Sister's Petition.

(Alice G. Lee.)

'Look not upon the wine when it is red.'

Thou art the last to whom my hopes can cling,
The only being on this drear wide earth,
To whom my sorrows and my joys can bring
Kind thoughts, for the lone heart that gave
them birth.

I have none else to love, none else to pray
'God speed me' on my solitary way.

Thou can'st not know the yearning tenderness
That my full soul had nursed so long for
thee;

Its restless watchings and its deep excess
Within man's heart can never, never be.
Yet thou dost love me, by that earnest eye
Which looks into my own so mournfully.

Believe me, brother, that to save thee pain
Great danger I would brave, deep pangs en-
dure,

Ay, if by death thy safety I could gain,
Thy life and happiness should be secure.
So if I grieve thee, bear with me I pray;
It is thy good that I would seek alway.

The eager, watchful love that reads each look,
That marks each change of sad or 'layrul
mood,

Hath read thy face as 'twere an open book,
And noticed changes boding little good,
Thy mind, no longer peaceful and serene,
Hath furrowed thy young brow and changed
thy mien.

For thou at times desponding and depressed,
Some crushing sorrow seems to weigh thee
down,

Thy pleasant laugh will be for days at rest,
Thy brow will wear a deep and angry
frown,—

Another, wilder mood hath vexed my soul.
With sad forebodings I might not control.

Nay, do not turn from me! my brother, stay;
For I am strong to speak. Through many
a night

I've watched in sleepless anguish for the day,
Praying for strength to plead with thee
aright.

And till this moment, think thee—hast thou
heard
From lips of mine one harsh, complaining word?

It is not for myself I bid thee burst
The chain whose charmed links have bound
so long,

These fearful thoughts were all in silence
nursed,

And I have learned to 'suffer and be strong.'
To labor for thee I should be too blest,
If by my toil these pangs could be at rest.

It is that thou art wasting, by excess,
The noble intellect unto thee given,
And that I fear unless thou canst repress
This fearful thirst, it may be from thee
riven;

Leaving a wreck of what was once so fair—
Nor for myself I bid thee now beware.

Think, oh, my brother! of the happy years
'Ve passed together in our childhood's home;
Think of the struggling sobs, the bitter tears,
With which we left it through the world to
roam;

And the last watch, in mournful silence kept,
Beside the grave where both our parents slept.

Then by the memory of that holy eve,
When we together breathed forth this prayer,
That though it was our lot on earth to grieve,
That sorrow we might still in kindness
share;

Ay, by the promise to our parents given,
That we might strive to meet them in yon
heaven.

I pray thee pause, whenever thou wouldst drain
With thoughtless, eager haste the flashing
wine,

And let this vow thy trembling hand restrain,
For it is written in the book divine:
'The drunkard may not hope to enter in
The city where there dwells no grief nor sin.'

The Children of Drinkers.

A distinguished specialist in children's dis-
eases has carefully noted the difference between
twelve families of drinkers and twelve families
of temperate one during a period of twelve
years, with the result that he found that the
twelve drinking families produced in those
years fifty-seven children, while the temperate
ones were accountable for sixty-one. Of the
drinkers twenty-five children died in the first
week of life, as against five on the other side.
The latter deaths were from weakness, while
the former were attributable to weakness,
convulsive attacks or oedema of the brain and
membranes. To this cheerful record is added
five who were idiots; five so stunted in growth
as to be really dwarfs; five when older be-
came epileptics; one, a boy, had grave chorea,
ending in idiocy; five more were diseased and
deformed, and two of the epileptics became
by inheritance drinkers. Ten, therefore, of this
fifty-seven only showed during life normal
disposition and development of body and mind.
On the part of the temperates, as before stated,
five died in the first weeks of weakness, while
four in later years of childhood had curable
nervous diseases. Two only showed inherited
nervous defects. Thus, fifty were normal, in
every way sound in body and mind.—'American
Practitioner and News.'

Three Little Shirts.

A TRUE STORY.

'Boys, did your mother buy you any winter
flannels before she died?'

These words were addressed to three little
lads, half-starved, cold and motherless, as they
lay crouched down in one corner of a bare and
fireless room, which was all they could call
home.

Their mother, a hard-working woman, had
been obliged to support husband and children
through most of her married life by scrubbing
floors and cleaning offices.

One day, exhausted from the long strain, she
dropped dead at her post.

The doctor said 'heart trouble'—and heart
trouble indeed it was.

And now the humble home was made more
humble each day by the disappearance of what
little household goods it contained—to pur-
chase—what?

The necessities of life?

No, to buy liquor for one who was now ut-
terly unworthy of the title of father, so com-
pletely had rum transformed him into a brute.
Scarcely two weeks had elapsed since the
mother had passed away, when the above
question was asked.

The little lads, shivering and trembling, re-
plied: 'Yes, she bought us each a warm shirt
before she died.'

'Give them to me at once!' he cried, and
three little shirts were taken off and handed
to him.

Right to the saloon went father and shirts,
the latter to be changed into rum to satisfy
the thirst of the former.

The boys cried out from cold and hunger,
but no father came to their help. Neighbors,
however, responded, and soon the wretch was
found, arrested, sentenced and condemned, and
the boys placed in a home, where it is hoped
some kind heart will love and pity them.

Does this sound like fiction? It is truth,
and the bare room was in the tenement district
of New York City.

Bishop, Mayor, Alderman, voter, will you
take the shirts from innocent helpless boys,
boys who some day, with pleasant home sur-
roundings, might find a place among the hon-
orable and mighty?

Will you cause poor, overworked mothers to
sink under their heavy load?

Will you turn home into a place of misery
and married life into wretchedness?—then li-
cense, extol, endorse, commend the saloon.

How long must the innocent and helpless
suffer?

Just as long as Christian men license and
sanction the saloon and not till this is out-
lawed can we hope to see a brighter day dawn.
—'National Advocate.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Life.

'Tis not for man to trifle; Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of the leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we;
One—only one!
How sacred then that life should be,
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Pass it On.

'You're a great little wife, and I don't know
what I would do without you.' And as he
spoke he put his arms about her and kissed her
and she forgot all the care in that moment,
says a young wife. And, forgetting all, she
sang and the dishes, and sang as
she mended and the song was heard
next door, and a man there caught the re-
frain, and sang so, and two homes were
happier because he had told her that sweet
old story, the story of the love of a husband
for a wife. As she sang, the butcher boy who
called for the order heard it and went out
whistling on his journey, and the world heard
the whistle, and one man, hearing it, thought,
Here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy
and contented.

And because she sang her heart was mellow-
ed, and as she swept about the back door the
cool air kissed her on each cheek, and she then
thought of a poor old woman she knew, and
a little basket went over to that home, with
a quarter for a crate or two of wood.

So because he kissed her, and praised her,
the song came, and the influence went out and
out. Pass on the praise.

A word, and you make a rift in the cloud;
smile, and you may create a new resolve; a
grasp of the hand, and you may re-possess a
soul from hell. Pass on the praise.

Does our clerk do well? Pass on the praise.
Tell him that you are pleased, and he will
appreciate it more than a raise. A good clerk
does not work for his salary alone.

Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about
it; if he is better, tell him again; thus, you
see, good, better, best.

Pass on the praise now. Pass it on in the
home. Don't go to the grave and call, 'Mo-
ther.' Don't plead, 'Hear me, mother; you were
a good mother, and smoothed away many a rug-
ged path for me.'

Those eyes cannot see the light of earnestness
in yours. Those hands may not return the
embraces you now wish to give.

Pass on the praise to-day—Argenta 'Hustler.'

More Suggestions for Stains.

Fruit Stains.—Stretch the fabric containing
the stain over the mouth of a basin and pour
boiling water on the stain. In cold weather
fruit spots can frequently be removed by just
hanging the stained garments out of doors
over night. If the stain has been fixed by
time, soak the article in a weak solution of
oxalic acid, or hold the spot over sulphur.

Hot Tea and Coffee Stains.—These may be
treated like fruit stains, or soak the fabric in
cold water; wring, spread out, and pour a
few drops of glycerine on each spot. Let it
stand several hours, then wash with cold wa-
ter and soap.

Grease Spots.—Hot water and soap general-

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