

Drink Not!

BY LOMAX W. CHILDRESS.

Drink not the wine that's flowing,
For the tempter lurks within;
And once the poisoned liquid quaffed,
Your lips may always sin.
Drink not.

Drink not, for homes are blasted,
And men both strong and brave
Sink down, touched by the fiend's hand,
Beneath perdition's wave.
Drink not.

Drink not, for there is power
Within the flowing bowl
To light the fires that never die
Around a ruined soul.
Drink not.

Drink not, for still in memory clear
I see a smiling boy—
The pride of all who knew the lad,
His father's hope and joy.
Drink not.

I saw him in the spring of life
Ere yet the demon, drink,
Had caused his soul beneath a wave
Of sin and guilt to sink.
Drink not.

And yet again I saw him—
O the horror of that sight!
A soul forever passing out
Into an endless night.
Drink not.

His blue eyes wildly staring
As he called for drink, more drink,
While life was wavering to and fro
Upon the fitful brink.
Drink not.

The rum fiend's hand had done its work;
A soul forever lost
Passed up unto the judgment-bar
To pay the fearful cost.
Drink not.

Then, by the hopes you hold most dear,
Touch not the poisoned wine;
For death eternal lurks beneath
Its tempting ruby shine.
Drink not.

And it were better you should lie
With sod upon your breast,
Ere you should touch the cursed cup
That steals both peace and rest.
Drink not.

THE LOST BOYS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ESTELLE MENDELL.

HARFIE and Percy were two little boys that lived in a large city just across the river from New York. Can you tell its name?

Though only five and three years old, they sometimes did very strange things, and once they gave their mother a great fright.

After breakfast one morning, they were playing on the wide stone walk in front of their house, but they kept getting a little further off, first to see this sight and then that, until they were many blocks away.

Their mother was so busy in the house she did not miss them until about ten o'clock, when she looked all over the large house, and called up and down the street, but she could not find them. She then went to the police station, and told the man in charge of her missing boys, their ages, and how they were dressed.

But though many of the men with

brass buttons and clabs were hunting for the little runaways—eleven, twelve, one, two, three, four and five o'clock went by, and they could learn nothing about them. The father and mother and brothers and sisters were also wild with fears. What if some gipsies had carried them off, or they had been stolen like little Charlie Ross, or they had gone to the river and were drowned! But I cannot tell you how very badly they felt, and the many fears they had during this long, sad day that seemed like weeks or even months to them, it was so awful.

About five o'clock, as the mother stopped walking the floor and went to look out of the window, who should she see coming up the steps, whistling as happy as could be, but little Harfie.

"But where is dear little brother?" asked the mother, as she clasped Harfie in her arms.

"I don't know, mamma; I haven't seen him this good while; he wouldn't come with me. But I'll find him if you don't cry so," said Harfie, for the first time thinking something very bad had been done.

The mother and Harfie started at once, and as he led the way through street after street and alley after alley, the mother felt sure she should never find her baby boy. At last they met a stout, bustling Irishwoman, who said, "Indade, ma'm, have you lost a boy? I met one not long since, crying like his heart would break, but I couldn't git him to come in, the poor little dear!"

"Here's where we played all day, mamma," said Harfie stopping in front of a long, dingy-looking feed-store, "and I left him here." But the mother learned of the clerk that he had been gone some two hours, going from there towards the river.

"Oh—h!" thought the mother as she stood looking at the blue river, "if my baby is drowned!" Just then a dirty, ragged little boy stepped up to her, and said, "Pat and Mike has just gone to the station with a boy they found, it's right down this street four blocks, ma'am."

You cannot know how happy these words made the mother feel, and how good this dirty ragged little boy looked to her, and after giving him some pennies, and thanking him, she went as fast as she could to the station. But they had just sent him home in charge of the boys who found him.

It was quite late and dark when Harfie and his mother reached home, but they could see a crowd around the steps, and hear them quarrel over the reward for a half block away.

"Here's your boy, ma'am, I found him!" came from some twenty boys at once.

But the first thing the mother did was to take little Percy in her arms and kiss him; then she gave Pat and Mike each a dollar, and all the boys went off.

You never saw such tired, dirty little fellows in your life as the mother bathed and put to bed that night, and as they saw how pale she looked, and heard her cry as she held and kissed them, and told them how sad she had been all day, they said, "Don't cry so, mamma; we won't never do so any more."

And I am glad to tell you they never did.—*Christian at Work.*

HOW IT BEGINS.

"GIVE me a half-penny, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you three-pence."

That seems fair enough: so the boy handed him a half-penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or three-pence!"

"Three-pence," was the answer; and the money was put in his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your half-penny and won six half-pence, did you not?"

"Yes I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give his three-pence back, and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy."

He had hung his head down, but raised it very quickly; and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy, and doubtless made an honorable man.—*Morning Star.*

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

"PAPA," said the son of Bishop Berkeley, "what is the meaning of the words cherubim and seraphim, which we meet in the Holy Scriptures?"

"Cherubim," replied the father, "is a Hebrew word signifying knowledge; seraphim is another word of the same language, and signifies flame. Whence it is supposed that the cherubim are angels who excel in knowledge, and the seraphim are angels likewise who excel in loving God."

"I hope then," said the little boy, "when I die I shall be a seraph; for I would rather love God than know all things."

What to Do with Idols.

'Twas a little Hindu maiden,
With a dark and flashing eye,
Moved to throw away her idols
By an impulse from on high.
"Look! this wooden image, brother,
Never yet could see or hear!
How the foolish thing we've mended,
Strange such rubbish we should fear!"

BROTHER.

"We can no more fear an Idol,
That is crumbling to decay,—
It shall perish! See, 'tis burning,—
Into smoke consumes away!"

SISTER.

"As for this great staring monster
Made of stone, with frightful face,
We will chisel off its features
And then roll it from its place.
Surely, as a god 'twill show it,—
Some way try itself to save;
If it is no god, then truly
We are fools for it to rave."

BROTHER.

"Only stone, it has no power,—
Cannot move itself to save,
'Tis not fit for us to worship,
'Tis not fit for us to have."

SISTER.

"But, my brother, I am sinful,—
Bitterly with longing cry,
Who is there that can forgive me?
Is the living God on high?"

BROTHER.

"Yes, my sister, Christ forgiveth,—
Dwells in heavenly mansions fair,
Once came down to die and save us
From our sins, and lead us there."

SISTER.

"Good news! good news! little brother,
He forgives! He is the Lord;
You have heard this from the teachers
Who know all about his Word."

BROTHER.

"Yes, they tell me he's our Saviour,
He can save us from our sin,
We have only just to trust him
And he'll lead his fold within.
He will shelter, he will save us,
To him always we can pray,
For he is a King forever
And he'll guide us every day."

SISTER, (*joyfully clapping her hands.*)

"I am happy! I will serve him!
How my heart is full of rest,—
Since I know that he forgives me,
Loving, faithful Jesus blest!"

EMILY H. PEARSON.

NOBLE ANSWER.

"You ask," said the famous William, Prince of Orange, to Sonoy, the governor, "if I have entered into a treaty, or made a contract for assistance with any powerful king? I answer that before I ever took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in the provinces, I had entered into a close alliance with the King of kings; and I am firmly convinced that all who put their trust in him will be saved by his Almighty hand." Afterwards, when offered every personal and family favour if he would but give over his life-long endeavours to secure religious freedom to the poor Netherlanders, the brave prince replied, "He regarded the welfare and security of the public before his own, having already placed his particular interests under his foot, and was still resolved to, so long as life should endure."