

License?

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SHALL we license, high or low?
The answer comes, No, never, No!
Never, no, the children cry,
Never, no, the mothers sigh,
Never, no, our hearts reply;
Never while the sun shall rise,
Never while the waters flow;
Never, God himself, replies,
Never, never, never, No!

May not have the *High Saloon*?
More respectable, you know;
Tinsel glare and blaze of noon,
Music, whose voluptuous tune,
Witches, like the joys of June
Where the fragrant blossoms blow!
But, re-gild it o'er and o'er,
It is rotten to the core,
Vast, offensive, canker'd sore,
Vile as when its cost was lower!
License it? No, never, NO!
While these human bosoms swell,
While the watered grasses grow,
Legalize no earthly hell.

License then, the common mill,
Grinding daily grists of woe?
Mid the fumes of whiskey's still,
Beggars drinking human swill,
Stolen *ther. cent.*, buys a gill,
Kills them! Yes! Well, let it kill,
Killed under law! Who says NO?
Shall we license? Vote says yes;
Human greed, it answers, so;
Let the poor man have his glass,
Money's needed, too, you know!
License these? The starving child,
With its piteous wails of woe,
Mothers in their ravings wild,
Cry, for God's sake, Never, No!

Christians, will you hear and heed,
Heed the piteous wails of woe;
Never mind your kith or creed,
Never mind your present need,
If you stand aloof, or lead,
Rise to one majestic deed,
All united, thunder NO!
Thunder like the billows' roar,
Thunder like Niagara's flow,
Thunder it from shore to shore,
Let the thunders thunder NO!
Never while the sun shall rise,
Never while the waters flow:
Never, never, God replies,
Never, never, never, NO!

License? No! the earth exclaims,
License? No! the sky proclaims:
License, never, never, No,
While these human bosoms swell,
While the watered grasses grow,
Legalize no earthly hell.
Bells of Prohibition, chime,
Let the Anthem be stibline.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

It was a place where poverty had long made its home. By the fireless stove sat a man of rather powerful physique in a dejected attitude, his heavy, bleared eyes fixed upon vacancy.

In one corner of the room, upon a mean bed, a little child lay, with pallid, want-pinned features, moaning, with closed eyes, at intervals.

"Water, water," she cried, faintly, and listlessly arose the man and placed a cup to her fever-parched lips.

Her large eyes opened and fixed themselves upon his face.

"Father," she said, as a shudder shook her frame, "father!"

"Yes," said the man, stolidly. "Your mother's gone out to her work. Do you want anything?"

"Want anything?" exclaimed the child, faintly, gazing about the nearly empty room; "want anything?"

He caught her glance, and a spasm of pain contracted his features.

"Want," she again moaned, turning her head wearily upon the pillow; "it's always been want for mother and me, ever since I can remember."

The man's fingers worked convulsively as he replied:

"And for your poor old father, too, Lena. Don't forget your father, who loves you so."

A smile broke over her face.

"Love me?" and her little hand timidly sought his. "O father."

"Forgive me, Lena," he cried, "forgive me. I were drunk when I struck ye down, and did not know what I were doin'."

"Drunk!" she said, simply. "Yes."

He bowed his head, while the tears trickled down his intemperate face.

She tried to lift her face to his, but a groan of agony broke from her lips.

"Ye are sufferin', Lena?"

"My head, oh, my head," she moaned, stirring uneasily, and disclosing a much-discoloured temple. "It bleeds inside, father, I think; but never mind." she added, marking his shame, "never mind. You never struck me so hard before. I'll get well, though, and you know I—I saved mother, poor mother."

Her eyes closed, and seemingly she slept.

The man resumed his place beside the stove, his chin dropped upon his breast, and silence—only disturbed at intervals by a faint moan from the child—filled the room.

The afternoon waned, and the chill of a November twilight presently shook the man's frame. Night had fallen when the door opened and a fragile, toil-worn woman entered the room. It was the wife and mother. The child stirred, and smiled into the compassionate eyes above her. "Mother," she murmured, "dear mother."

"Did ye get your money?" eagerly inquired the man.

"Only part of it," said the weary woman. "Mrs. Brown always leaves something over, yet she has plenty of money. There are some cold scraps, if you want them."

"I'm not hungry," said the shivering man, "but I want to get Lena an orange or two. She's been asking for 'em," he added, in a low voice, turning his face from her sad eyes.

"I'm so tired," answered the wife, "and—and—I can't trust you, John, to go. You'll not come back."

"Yes, I will; oh, yes, I will," he replied, eagerly, "and bring wood for a fire. I'll hev to watch by Lena while you sleep, to-night, and it's very cold. I'm a changed man, wife—a changed man. No more want, no more drink, no more blows. I'll be a man."

A look of hope filled her eyes. She had caught at the straws of his promises, oh, how many times, how many times! but his tone this night was so convincing, the sob in his throat, the tear in his eye, so unwonted, that, despite the past with its broken promises and failures, a new hope, sweet and strange, thrilled her being.

She gave him the few bits of silver. He stooped over the child as he turned to leave the room, and pressed his lips to hers.

"Dear father," said the delighted child, "it's so long since you kissed me. Wake me up that way in the morning, and if I groan through the night don't think of the blow, but kiss me, and I'll smile through the pain, perhaps."

His eyes were dry now, and so was his throat; no sob, no tear.

"Where's father?" cried the child, as the minutes sped on.

"Gone to get you the oranges you wished, dear," was the answer.

"Oranges!" cried the child. "O, how nice but, mother, I didn't ask for oranges. We are too poor for that, little mother, too poor."

The wife's heart sank.

"A lie," she muttered, "a lie built upon the sufferings of his child. Alas! he will not come back!"

Hours passed. Colder and colder grew the room. Shivering, the mother lay beside the child, the scanty covering over both.

"I am ill, I fear," she murmured, "and there's such a pain at my heart."

Ever and anon the child groaned.

The clock from an adjoining steeple struck on—"Has father come?" cried the little one, opening her eyes.

"No! he will be here presently, though," wearily answered the mother.

The clock struck thrice.

"Has father come?" more faintly now the question.

"No my, child, no."

The white dawn of morning crept into the room. The mother slept; the little one ceased to groan. The sun lifts up his head, and rosy-red blushes the dawn. Smilingly the god of day arises and peeps into the attic window, creeps over the floor and shyly kisses the face of the sleeping mother and child.

Eight o'clock rings out from the steeple.

"Father," suddenly cries the child, unclosing her heavy eyes, "come, kiss me good-morning."

The mother made no response.

Lena's eyes closed again.

Nine from the steeple clock.

Hark! a heavy footfall upon the stairs, a fumbling at the latch.

Father has come home.

"In bed yet," he mutters angrily. "Here, get up," shaking the sleeping woman's shoulder; "get up and make a fire, I'm cold."

His wife stirred not.

Waveringly he makes his way to the chair beside the empty stove, droops his head upon his breast, then sinks into a drunken slumber.

Noon passes. No movement breaks the silence.

Twilight again ere the man raises his head. Dazedly, at first, he gazes about him, then recollection sits enthroned.

"Lena," he cries, stooping over the quiet little one, "Lena, father was too late to kiss you good morning, but he will to-morrow, indeed, he will. Your father is going to be a man."

Cold and rigid were the lips he touched with his. "Dead!" he cried, starting back, "dead! Wife, wake up; see, our Lena is dead."

The wife made no movement, and in terror turned her face to his whose lips were forever dumb, whose ears were forever closed to his frail promises; eyes, to which his vain words had brought the last gleam of hope, closed in an eternal sleep.

His dead for years filled a pauper's grave, then one day a prosperous man stood beside a new mound in a beautiful cemetery. Upon the headstone was the simple inscription, "Hope Grey"—"Our Lena."

A kneeling figure, chisel in hand, was adding a few words—"Too late."

"Yes," said the man, in extinguished tones, falling upon his knees when the work was done, "for them it has come too late."—*New York Observer.*

A LITTLE girl, nine years old, having attended a soiree, being asked by her mother, on returning, how she enjoyed herself, answered: "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."