



Would You?

Would you sell yourself for a drink, boys,
A drink from the poisoned cup?
For a taste of the gleaming wine, boys,
Would you yield your manhood up?

Would you bind yourselves with chains, boys,
And rivet the fetters fast?
Would you bolt your prison doors, boys,
Preventing escape at last?

Would you wreck your youth and health,
boys,
Those blessings God has given?
Would you ruin your life on earth, boys,
And blast your hopes of Heaven?

Would you dig, with your own hands, your
grave, boys,
And willingly cast yourselves in?
Would you die a besotted wretch, boys,
In poverty, sorrow and sin?

Ah, no! a thousand times no! boys,
You were born for a noble end;
In you are our country's hopes, boys;
Her honor the boys must defend.

Then join the great Temperance band, boys,
And pledge yourselves strong against Rum;
Stand firm as a rock on your pledge, boys,
And fight till the foe is overcome.
—Temperance Leader and Advocate.

His Work.

(By Margaret Holden, in the 'Christian World'.)

He was the most brilliant man of his year; he was also, in spite of that, one of the most popular. His teachers were proud of him; his fellow-students proud or jealous according to their temperaments, but mostly proud; and they predicted great things of his future. He had other qualities besides of the intellect, which made him a safe man to expect much from.

He took his degree with flying colors, went to London, to a minor post on a good newspaper, rose rapidly in his profession in three years—and then disappeared.

Several of the students in his college had formed themselves into a society which they called 'The Order of the Owls.' They did not give themselves this title on account of any special wisdom which they considered they possessed, or because they loved darkness rather than light—the name was 'the idle thought of an idle fellow,' but it pleased them, and they kept it. They intended to try and meet once a year after leaving the university if possible, and they also agreed not to lose sight of each other. For three years they had their annual meeting, coming, sometimes at considerable inconvenience, quite long distances. One member was a foreign correspondent for a daily paper, therefore the fourth meeting was without him.

Another was teaching in an Australian university city, and of Harry Glenwood no trace could be found. So that only two of the five met at the fourth year. Of these two, one was a clergyman in a Northern town, the other a doctor in the East-end of London. They met at the doctor's house.

'I saw Glenwood to-day,' said the doctor. 'I discovered also where he lives.'

The other man looked eager. Between Glenwood and himself a great friendship had existed.

'Where did you see him? Did you speak to him?'

'No, but I followed him. I tried to catch him up, but he went too quickly. He came out of a pawnshop in which I have a patient.' 'A pawnshop! Why, has he gone to the dogs?'

'I don't think he has, not as far as his

character is concerned—I would stake all I possess on that; that he has done nothing to be ashamed of, I am certain; but, oh! Mellor, if you could have seen him—shabby clothes, broken boots, pale, haggard face, shrunken form. I can't get him out of my mind. He looked absolutely starved. He lives in the next street, No. 13.'

Mellor went in search of Glenwood the next day.

'He probably would prefer not to see me, but I must look him up, and try to help him—the "Owls" will all help.'

It was a mean street; with a row of houses all exactly alike, all with grimy lace curtains at the dull windows hiding the interiors from view; in some a sickly plant struggled to grow, but looked grey, as if it had aged prematurely in the bad atmosphere.

Mellor stopped at No. 13. It differed in one respect from the other houses; it looked rather more neglected, and had no curtains at its windows.

In response to Mellor's knock, Glenwood opened the door.

He looked astonished, frightened also, and then hesitatingly held out his hand. It was clasped warmly by the other man.

What a thin hand it was! It made Mellor shudder to feel such ghostlike fingers in his.

'Well, old man, I've found you at last,' he said in his loud, hearty voice.

The other man looked behind him nervously.

'I was afraid someone might come along when I saw Grant yesterday,' he whispered. 'You saw him?'

'Yes. Will you come in for a little while now you are here. I can spare a few minutes, but—would you mind being very quiet?'

Mellor tried to walk quietly and speak softly, though it was evidently hard work for a man of his build. The two men contrasted strangely and sadly—the one so big, well-groomed, well-fed, and hearty; and the other a pale shade of a man, who looked almost like a frightened child.

They went into a shabby, dusty room—books were everywhere, on the floor, on the chairs. And a table was covered with papers. 'What are you doing, Glenwood?' 'Literary work?'

'Hack work—reviewing sometimes—I like that. I see new books. I do anything I can get, or find time to do.'

They talked on for a time; Mellor did not talk of himself much; he felt the contrast would be too marked, but they talked of books, and the other 'Owls.'

'The dear old "Owls." That time seems a long way back,' said Glenwood. 'Tell me—' he began, but at that moment there was a great crash of breaking crockery, and Glenwood, paler if possible than before, sprang to his feet and rushed from the room.

Mellor, startled, was standing in the middle of the room, wondering what he should do, when the door was burst open, and on the threshold stood a tall, elderly woman, drawn up to her full height, her beautiful features distorted by passion and intoxication.

She was screaming.

'I will go in and tell your fine friends how you treat me, keeping me a prisoner in this wretched hole.'

'Mother! for pity's sake—Mellor, please, go and leave us—you asked me what my work was—This is my work.'

The Flaw in the Boiler.

The late Mr. W., one of the leading business men of Cincinnati, was strongly opposed to the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and in his gentle, quaint way preached many an effective temperance sermon.

He received one day a visit from Judge C., of St. Louis, who then held the first place among the learned jurists of the West, and who was besides a brilliant man of the world, kind-hearted, brave and loyal in his friendship.

Mr. W. showed him over his manufactory, and his admiration was especially excited by the intricate machinery, much of which was of brass, finely polished—a work of art as well as of use.

That evening the friends dined together at

Mr. W.'s hotel. Judge C. drank to excess. Observing his friend's grave, keen eyes upon him, he said, gayly—

'You do not take brandy, W.?'

'No.'

'Nor wine?'

'No.'

'I do. Too much, probably. But I began thirty years ago. I drank as a boy at my father's table. I drank as a young man, and I drink as an old one. It is a trifling fault, if you choose to call it a fault, and will hurt nobody but myself. If it has not hurt me in thirty years, I have no cause for fear.'

Mr. W. bowed gravely, but made no reply.

When dinner was over, he said, 'We had an accident in our mills an hour after you left. Will you walk up with me?'

They reached the mills in a few minutes. One side of the wall had fallen in. The exquisite, costly machinery was a hopeless wreck. Two or three workmen had been crushed in the ruin, and laborers were digging to find the bodies.

'Horrible!' cried C. 'That machinery was so fine and massive, I thought it would last an age.'

'Yes,' said W., slowly, 'but there was a flaw in it. A very slight flaw, which the workmen thought of no importance. I have used it many years in safety. But the flaw was there, and has done its work at last.'

Judge C.'s face lost its color. He was silent a moment, and then turning, caught Mr. W.'s hand.

'I understand you, old friend,' he said, 'I will remember.'

How long he remembered, we do not know. A habit of thirty years is not easily broken.—'S. S. Messenger.'

How Will It Be?

How will it be when the day is done,
And the field of the world we are called to leave

In the shadows of mercy's sinking sun?

Shall we go as reapers to joy, or grieve?
Shall we sing of hope in the harvest field,
Garnered by us from the world's wide field?

Or, with many a sigh, if we remain,

Spared ourselves, for the little wrought—
Shall we look back to the golden grain,

Left afield which we might have brought?

Joy will arise as has been the strife
In the grasp of fruit for eternal life.

To find 'much fruit' in the better land,

Safely housed from the storms of time,

Gathered and brought by a busy hand,

Will stand a pledge for a life sublime—

Linger and reap as the sun glides low,

The day is ending, we soon must go.

—J. Albert Libby, in the 'Standard.'

St. Valentine.

The February issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial' will be a kind of Valentine Number. St. Valentine's day comes on the 14th of February every year, but in Leap Year the day never passes without something happening that rejoices Master Cupid. This number will possibly set forces in motion in the right direction.

The cover has been specially designed for the 'Canadian Pictorial' by the well-known Canadian artist, Mr. D. P. McMillan, and represents a young girl in maiden meditation with a valentine in her hand and the bewitcheries of Cupid hovering over her. Other valentine features will be found of interest.

The February issue also contains the life story of Florence Nightingale, who has just been decorated by the King with the order of merit. She is the first woman to receive it. There are sporting scenes, winter views and news pictures of events in various parts of the world in which Canadians are interested. Among the features will be a collection of portraits of the presidents of the Canadian Clubs that have now spread to almost every town in Canada. The usual departments will be of remarkable interest this month.

The 1908 programme includes more pictures, more pages, more features than ever, as well as FOUR SPECIAL NUMBERS, Easter, Midsummer, Thanksgiving, Christmas—all included with annual subscriptions.

Ten cents a copy; one dollar a year. The 'Pictorial' Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter St., Montreal.