



Temperance Department.

TELLING FORTUNES.

BY ALICE CARY.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my little lad,
For you to accept or refuse,—
The one of them good, and the other one
bad;
Now hear them, and say which you choose.

I see, by my gift, within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold,
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest-fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging
down
With apples of russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some
brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see doves and swallows about the barn-
doors,
See the fanning-mill whirling so fast,
See men that are threshing the wheat on the
floors,
And now the bright picture is past.

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you would
wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot-toes, they gape like the mouth
of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now
that,
And his eyes, they stand out like a bug's;
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in
hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

Now which will you choose—to be thrifty
and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish;
Or to go with your eyes like the eyes of a
bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &c.

(National Temperance Society, New York).

I.—JOE'S HOME.

A whole family working in the field to-
gether! Small, slight father, tall, gaunt
mother, slender little boy, and merry little
girl. There they all were, as busy as bees,
and hoping to make money if not honey by
their labor.

The sun was hot, and the soil was tough,
and it was plain it was a new business to
them all; yet hour after hour they went
steadily on.

First came the father making the holes for
the corn, the boy dropped in the seed, then
followed the mother covering it all up nicely,
and finally little Mollie danced and jumped
by every hill, as if hers were the most im-
portant duty of all.

As the day wore away, the father stopped
whistling at his work, and looked doubtfully
at his small, blistering hands. The large
eyes of the wife grew darker and more
sunken, and her mouth was firmly shut, as
if there were words within that needed more
than prison bars to keep them from doing
mischief. Kate Barber was very tired, and
tired women will take gloomy views of life.

"It is rather hard," she thought, "that I
should have to work in the field in the hot
sun until I am ready to drop, when we might
have had a comfortable home if—"

Mollie peeped under her mother's sun-
bonnet, and saw something there that made
her cease to trip merrily at her side, and she
drooped and lagged in the little procession
like a wounded soldier. This could not last
ong with healthy, happy little Mollie. She

found a dead bird, hushed it gently on her
bosom, wrapped it in her apron, and sang to
it, until she was the perfect picture of con-
tent. The words of the childish singer came
to her mother's ears:

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

Right to her heart they went like a message
from heaven. Yes, Jesus loved her, tired
Kate Barber. She believed she was His
child. Had he not comforted her in many a
sorrow? Was not the work in which she
was now engaged an answer to her prayers?
Had she not asked for some quiet home
where her husband could be out of tempta-
tion? Had she not been willing to endure
any hardship, if she might have a hope of
keeping him from a drunkard's path? God
had put it into the heart of her old aunt to
pledge herself that the first year's rent of this
little place should be paid, that Harry Barber
might have a chance to keep the good resolu-
tions he professed to have made.

Kate Barber was ashamed of herself that
she so soon had begun to murmur at her
share in the labors of the new home. She
was not the only one that was tired, that was
plain. Harry's red hair hung in dark points
round his damp forehead, and her boy—her
dear Joe—was actually limping, though he
tried to put a good face on the matter and
laugh a little now and then with Mollie.

"Come," said the mother, cheerily; "we
have all worked enough for to-day, and I
think we had better go in."

This proposition seemed to put new life
into the little party, and they trudged toward
the house as contentedly as if a luxurious
meal were awaiting them. Fresh water, white
bread, and a little cheese—how good they
tasted! Hungry as they all were, it was no
wonder that there was but little left when
they arose from the table.

"Yes," thought Kate, "I must make bread
to-night, and have it ready for breakfast
in the morning, and that will be the last of
the flour."

Kate knew that in their poor home the
pantry and the purse were equally empty,
but she was not in despair; her heavenly
Father would care for her and help her in all
her troubles.

While Kate was silently clearing away the
table, with these thoughts in her mind, Harry
walked restlessly about. Now he was at the
door, now at the window; at last he said,
decidedly:

"I must go to town to-night. It can't be
helped. I must mend the chicken-coop in
the morning, and there's not a nail in the
house."

"Never mind about the chickens, I'll see
to them," said Kate, cheerily. "You are too
tired to take another step this day. Come,
you stretch out on the settee."

"Stop, Kate," said the husband quickly;
"I'm going to town. Didn't you say this
morning the flour was almost out, and your
brown shawl must go for the next? I can
take it in to-night, and get the flour and
other notions and that will be taking time by
the forelock."

"Harry, I think there's a shower coming
up; it's very black in the west. There's
no use in going to-night," urged the wife.

"Get the shawl, woman," said Harry,
angrily. "Why must there be such a talk
about everything?"

Kate silently obeyed.

She had not far to go, for there were but
two rooms in the one-story house, and it was
but a step to the trunk where her choicest
treasures were kept. She had the key on a
string, which she wore round her neck, "lest
Mollie should rummage," she said, even to
herself, though she knew there was some one
else who might be tempted to go there secretly—some one who once had been as honest
and true as the sun.

The brown shawl with the yellow spots
had been a Christmas gift from her old aunt,
long years ago, and yet the folds in it were as
fresh as if it had been bought yesterday. To
Kate it was a most valuable possession, just
the thing for a respectable married woman,
and connected, too, with those bygone days
before she knew care or bitter sorrow. To
Harry it was an almost useless thing, that
was kept locked up in a trunk, to come out
once or twice a year on special occasions. It
was much more to the purpose, that it should
provide for the family, he thought, and he
threw it over his arm, without so much as a
"thank you" to Kate when she quietly
handed it to him. Kate sat down on the
door-step and watched her husband as he
walked quickly away.

The house stood far back from the road,

and on the edge of the field where they had
all been working that day. Along by the
fence there was a foot-path beside the two
deep ruts that marked where occasional
waggons had come up to the house. It was
a poor, lonely-looking place, and a poor,
lonely-looking woman Kate seemed, as she
kept her eyes on her husband until he reach-
ed the turnpike and turned his face toward
the town three miles away.

It was not her beloved shawl that Kate was
regretting as she sat there silently. If it were
but brought back in good food for them all,
she would only be too thankful that so they
were provided for; but there were saloons
to be passed, there were old companions to
be met with. Would Harry keep his new
resolutions?

Kate was so anxious and miserable that
she bowed her face on her knees, and sat for
a moment the image of silent distress. Mollie
came behind her, and, throwing her little
brown arms round her neck, she said:

"Come, mamma, I want to say my pray-
ers and go to bed. Will you hear me?"

Prayer; that was just what the mother
needed at that moment. She must place
her hand in her Saviour's, or she could not
go on in the dark, dreary road that seemed
to stretch out before her. Mollie repeated
the Lord's Prayer, and then added her usual
petitions:

"God bless father, God bless mother, God
bless brother, God bless Mollie and make her
a good girl."

This was all, but in those few words, the
mother, too, drew near to the throne above
and found comfort.

(To be Continued.)

JANE DUNLAP'S WISH.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"O dear! I wish—"

"What do you wish? Tell us, and per-
haps we can help you get your wish," said a
pleasant-looking girl, coming up to where
the speaker was standing by the big gate.

The child who had first spoken started
with affright at this response to the thought
she had uttered. She would have hurried
away, but it seemed impossible for her to
move. She could only look at the intruder
with wide-open eyes. There were two other
girls and a boy coming toward her.

"Don't be afraid," said the boy pleasantly.
"We wouldn't hurt you for anything. Mother
said we might come to see you; she thought
you'd be lonesome. She means to come to
see your mother to-morrow."

Jane Dunlap drew a long breath of relief,
yet she was ill at ease with her visitors. She
was a stranger in a strange place. Her
parents were so poor and wretched in the city
they were glad of any change, but, unfortun-
ately, the husband and father brought with
him the enemy of the household.

"I guess you wanted to see somebody,"
now said one of the girls. "There ain't
many neighbors round here, and we were
real glad when we heard there was a little girl
over at the camp. The wood-chopper used
to live where you do, so folks called it a camp.
Do you like it?"

"I should if I could get my wish. When
you come I was wishing—just what I always
do. I read in a book once that if you keep
wishing and wishing you'll get your wish
some time. So I'm trying, but I've wished
ever so long."

"Tell us, and perhaps we can help you.
We know how to do lots of things."

"I wish my father would stop drinking
liquor."

"Does he drink liquor?"

"Yes, that's what makes us so awful poor.
Mother says so, and it makes us feel so awful
bad we 'most wish we could die. It ain't
real good where we live now, but it's better
than the old cellar we come from. You
can't help me, can you?" asked Jane wist-
fully.

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if we can. We
are poor, but it ain't because anybody drinks
liquor. Father got hurt, and it made him
lame, so he couldn't work for ever so long.
We have a queer little home, and we don't
have much money, but we are real happy.
Father could always tell us what to do, and
now he's getting better we are so glad we
want to sing all the time. It ain't very bad
to be poor if you only know how to make
the best of it."

"Drinking liquor an't making the best of
it."

"I guess it ain't. It's making the worst
of it. But don't you be discouraged. We'll
help you get your father to stop. We four

will all try, and four children on the right
side are too much for one man on the wrong
side. Father and mother'll be on our side,
too, so that will make six, and God is
stronger than the old demon of alcohol; so
we have the best of it anyway. Father says
if all the children in the country would band
together to put down liquor-drinking they
could do it. We'll try and stop one man
from drinking."

"So we will," replied Jane, in a voice which
had lost much of its sadness, and before sum-
mer was over she exclaimed joyfully: "I've
got my wish! I've got my wish! My father
don't drink a drop of liquor."

What four children have done four other
children may do.—*Temperance Banner.*

THE DRINK CURSE.

A DOOMED ARMY.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
marching!" How many of them? Sixty
thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man
of which will, before twelve months shall
have completed their course, lie down in the
grave of a drunkard! Every year during
the past decade has witnessed the same sacri-
fice; and sixty regiments stand behind this
army ready to take its place. It is to be
recruited from our children and our children's
children. Tramp, tramp, tramp!—the sounds
come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of
the army just expired. Tramp, tramp,
tramp!—the earth shakes with the tread of
the host now passing. Tramp, tramp, tramp!
comes to us from the camp of the recruits.
A great tide of life flows resistlessly to his
death.

What are they fighting for? The privilege
of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a
social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes
with shame and sorrow, of loading the public
with the burden of pauperism, of crowding
our prison-homes with felons, of detracting
from the productive industries of the country,
of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of
breeding disease and wretchedness, of des-
troying both body and soul in hell before
their time. Meantime, the tramp, tramp,
tramp! sounds on—the tramp of sixty thou-
sand yearly victims. Some are besotted and
stupid, some are wild with hilarity and dance
along the dusty way, some reel along in pit-
iful weakness, some wreak their mad and
murderous impulses on one another or on
the helpless women and children whose
destinies are united to theirs, some stop in way-
side debaucheries and infamies for a moment,
some go bound in chains from which they
seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists,
and all are poisoned in body and soul, and
all are doomed to death. Wherever they
move, crime, poverty, shame, wretchedness,
and despair hover in awful shadows.

There is no bright side to the picture. We
forget—there is just one. The men who
make this army get rich. Their children are
robed in purple and fine linen, and live upon
dainties. Some of them are regarded as
respectable members of society, and they
hold conventions to protect their interests!
Still the tramp, tramp, tramp! goes on, and
before this article can see the light, five
thousand more of our poisoned army will
have hidden their shame and disgrace in the
grave.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

ANY SAINT OR SINNER who dreams that
the principle of prohibition will ever prevail
to any considerable extent without the most
earnest and persistent efforts is laboring under
a delusion. Whenever there is an oppor-
tunity to write a line or speak a word, the
opportunity must be improved most faith-
fully. In the church and Sabbath-school, at
home and elsewhere, in season and out of
season, there must be constant energetic
work. Somehow or other New England,
which is now the deadest part of the North
on the question of temperance, must be
waked up. There are more than 800
Methodist ministers in New England, and
we call upon them to take the most radical
ground on this great question. Come to the
front on this line, brothers, and wake the
thunder of victory along the line!—*Zion's
Herald.*

DR. WILLARD Parker says: "The average
life of temperance people is sixty-four years
and two months, while the average life of
intemperate people is thirty-five years and
six months. Thus the average life of a
drinker is but little more than half that of
the non-drinker; and yet we are asked to
believe brandy, whiskey, gin and beer are
wonderful promoters of health, strength and
life!"