

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS WANDERING SHEEP.

[A NEGRO SONG.]

DE massa ob de sheepfol' Dat guards the sheepfol' bin, looks out in de gloomerin' meadows Wha'r de long night rain begun— So he calls to de hirelin' shepa'd, Is my sheep, is dey all come in?

Oh, den says the hirelin' shepa'd Dey's some, dey's black and thin, And some dey's po' ol' wedda's, But de res' dey's all bring in, But de res' dey's all br'ing in.

Den the massa ob de sheepfol' Dat guards de sheepfol' bin, Goes down in the gloomerin' meadows, Wha'r de long night rain begun— So he le' down de ha's ob de sheepfol', Callin' sof, Come in, Come in, Callin' sof, Come in, Come in,

Den up t'ro de gloomerin' meadow, T'ro de col' night rain and win' And up t'ro de gloomerin' rain-paf' Wha'r de sleet ta' pie'cin' thin, Do po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol' Dey all comes gadderin' in, Do po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol', Ley all comes gadderin' in.

THIRTY YEARS IN GAOL.

**A** CANADIAN gaoler, Mr. A. Lang, of the Barrie gaol, gives his thirty years' experience, as follows:

"Thirty years ago on the first day of last December I took possession of this gaol. My experience is that eighteen-twentieths of our gaol population during that period found their way here through using the poison vendid by what is now miscalled the Licensed Victuallers' Association. To talk about building houses for the drunkards' widows and orphan children sounds like an empty echo, while the law licenses men to make the poison, licenses men to sell the poison, licenses men and women to drink that poison till they become insane and commit crime, and then license judges and magistrates to send them to prisons or the gallows. Yes, first make men drunkards and ruin them, and then tax the country to build houses for the widows and orphans all manufactured by law, and finish up by employing keepers to oversee them.

"I remember a very solemn case which occurred here about nine years ago. A man in our county was hanged for killing his wife. On the evening prior to his execution, he asked the privilege of addressing all his fellow prisoners, and fellow drunkards as well. This he did by calling each one by his name, and as an earnest dying man he urged them never again to touch the accursed cup which had been his ruin, and had brought them to prison. He went on:—'To-morrow morning I must die in the fulness of good health, and had it not been for whiskey I would never have been inside this gaol a prisoner.' And on that very same evening the hangman asked me to let him out so that he could procure a bottlefull of the licensed victuallers' cordial to help him through that terrible ordeal. For degraded and brutalized as that hangman was, the forty dollar fee was insufficient to make him kill his fellow-man, but a good draught of the licensed victuallers' punch once down, he could kill his fellow-creature bound and helpless on his knees before him. Yes, with a strong hand and a steady nerve, like a beast of prey, he could finish his terrible job. If our good men who

can write so sympathetically for the poor lost drunkard's starving child will only set themselves to work till the next general election, and then work on with an unconquerable will to place honest, sober, and sterling men at the head of the polls, instead of the drunken sots who are willing for the sake of holding office to open wide the flood gates of drunkenness and ruin to our beloved country!

"Why, sir, if it were possible next week to sweep off from the face of our continent the whole of those streams of liquid death and moral destruction, I would guarantee that in twelve months the Toronto gaol would hold every prisoner in Ontario, thus doing away with 38 gaols and 8 lockups, with a saving to the country of over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year in cash. Then add to that the amount of prisoners' time saved,—it would rise to ten times that amount in our own Province. And in three years more there would not be a pauper child in our country. Every man and woman would be clothed and in their right mind, and their children would grow up to fill respectable positions, instead of finding their way into gaols, reformatories, and penitentiaries. Then we would have peace within our borders and prosperity within our walls. We go on the principle of strict teetotalism in our gaol, and I try to treat my prisoners as if they were human beings, the workmanship of God's hand, and the object of God's love."

The worthy gaoler might have added to his interesting letter a few statistics, showing the waste of money and evil consequences arising out of the legalized (?) business in other countries. For instance, in 1879 there was paid out for strong drinks in

Germany .....	\$850,000,000
France .....	580,000,000
Great Britain .....	750,000,000
United States .....	720,000,000
Canada .....	50,000,000

Grand Total.....\$2,750,000,000

The result of this illegitimate traffic is that about 250,000 immortal souls are launched (unprepared) into eternity every year!!

Dear reader, in view of the above what are you doing to stem the torrent of this gigantic evil? Are you folding your arms Cain-like, saying, "Am I my brother's keeper?" or like Gallio, "caring for none of these things?"

By your influence and example in the Temperance movement you may "save a soul from death," and help a cause which has for its object the elevation of our fellow-man and ultimately the glory of God.

"Do not then stand idly waiting, For some greater work to do? Lo! the fields are white to harvest, And the labourers are few; Go and toil in any vineyard, Do not fear to do or dare, If you want a field of labour, You can find it anywhere."

Toronto. E. M. MORPHY.

Our abiding belief is that just as the workmen in the tunnel of St Gotthard, working from either end, met at last to shake hands in the very central root of the mountain, so students of Nature and students of Christianity will yet join hands in the unity of reason and faith in the heart of their deepest mysteries.—L. Moss.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

**T**HIS is a guide to English conversation, from the pen of a Portuguese teacher anxious to introduce the beauties of our language to the youth of his vernacular. The result is a most astoundingly funny and inconceivably comical mass of misapprehensions. Here is a sentence from his proface: "A choice of familiar dialogues, clean of gallicisms and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious portuguese and brazilian youth."

Of Degrees of Kindred he gives the following:

The gossip,	The greater-grand-
The gossip mistress,	father,
The nurse,	The greater-grand-
An relation,	mother,
An widow,	An guardian.

But he excels himself in describing feminine appeal:

The busk,	The paint of disguise,
The sash,	The spindle,
The borney,	The patches,
The pumps,	The skate.

As the book proceeds to familiar phrases the funny mistakes increase.

At what o'clock dine him. These apricots and these peaches make me and to come water in mouth. This girl have a beauty edge. She do not that to talk and to cackle. He does me some kicks.

I not make what to coughandspit. We have room for only one specimen of the familiar dialogues:

FOR TO RIDE A HORSE.

Here is a horse who have a bad looks. Give me another; I will not that. He not sall know to march.

Don't you are ashamed to give me a jado as like? He is undshoed; he is with nails up.

Your pistols are its loads! Go it more fast never I was seen a so much bad beast. She will not nor to bring forward neither put back.

Strek him the bridle, nold him the reins sharters. Take care that he not give you a foot kicks! And so on.

THE HIGHER MOTIVE.

**J**OHAN B. GOUGH, in a temperance lecture, related a conversation he once had with a Christian gentleman in England on total abstinence. The gentleman remarked: "I have a conscientious objection to teetotalism, and it is this: our Saviour made wine at the marriage of Cana in Galilee."

"I know he did."  
"He made it because they wanted it."

"So the Bible tells us."  
"He made it of water."  
"Yes."

"Well he performed a miracle to make that wine."  
"Yes."

"Then he honoured and sanctified wine by performing a miracle to make it. Therefore," said he, "I feel that, if I should give up the use of wine, I should be guilty of ingratitude, and should be reproaching my Master."

"Sir," said I, "I can understand how you should feel so: but is there nothing else that you put by, which our Saviour has honoured?"

"No, I don't know that there is."  
"Do you eat barley bread?"  
"No," and then he began to laugh.  
"And why?"

"Because I don't like it."  
"Very well, sir," said I, "our Saviour sanctified barley bread just as much as he ever did wine. He fed five thousand people on barley loaves by a miracle. You put away barley bread from the low motive of not liking it. I ask you to put away wine from the higher motive of bearing the infirmity of your weaker brother, and so fulfilling the law of Christ."

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

**O**NLY as we consecrate our lives to the divine love can we hope to become heavenly minded, and they only consecrate themselves to the divine love who, in imitation of our Saviour, give heart and hand to the service of mankind. There is a fable that four young ladies, disputing as to the beauty of their hands, called upon an aged woman who had solicited alms for a settlement of the dispute. The three whose hands were white and faultless had refused her appeal, while she whose fingers were brown and rough had given in charity. Then the aged beggar said: "Beautiful are these six uplifted hands, soft as velvet and snowy as the lily, but more beautiful are the two darker hands that have given charity to the poor." Learn the lesson of consecrated womanhood. In the olden time when the children of Israel prepared the tabernacle in the wilderness, "all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen. And all the women whose hearts stirred them up in wisdom spun goat's hair." The wise-hearted women of to-day are the daughters of modern Israel, who, from the love of God, serve faithfully the great family of mankind.

SIXTY CENTS.

**S**IXTY cents invested in whiskey in 1879 cost Fannin County in time and money more than the revenue arising from the whiskey-traffic for five years amounted to. We speak of the investment made by young Dean, He shot Dan Coulter, and poor Dan passed into the spirit-land. Then the McDonalds shot and killed Dean. For this offence they were arrested, and, after continuing the case several times, were tried and convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the penitentiary. While in jail they were rescued by their friends breaking open the prison and liberating them. Taking it all together, this sixty cents' worth of whiskey killed two men, made one widow, caused two men to be incarcerated and kept in jail, and cost the country altogether over \$10,000.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.

A SWEET little incident is related by a writer, who says: "I asked a little child not long ago, 'Have you called your grandma to tea?' 'Yes. When I went to call her, she was asleep. I didn't wish to halloo at grandma, nor shake her; so I kissed her on the cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I went into the hall and said 'Grandma, tea is ready,' and she never knew what woke her."

EARTH has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.—Moore.