

Selections.

My native land! amid thy cabin homes,
Amid thy palaces, a demon roams;
Frenzied with rage, yet subtle in his
wrath,
He crushes thousands in his fiery path;
Stalks through our cities unabashed,
and throws
Into the cup of sorrow bitter woes;
Gives to the pangs of grief an added
smart,
With keenest anguish wrings the
breaking heart;
Drags the proud spirit from its envied
height,
And breathes on fondest hopes a kill-
ing blight;
Heralds the shroud, the coffin, and
the pall,
And the graves thicken where his
footsteps fall!

—Wm. H. Burleigh.

THE MEN WE NEED.

The world needs noble men and great
To shape with labor of the hand
And head the destiny of State,—
To lift to higher planes the land
And save the nation from the fate
Of kingdoms buried in the sand,
And bear aloft with joy elate
Their flag where peace and honor
stand.

The age needs heroes brave and just
To fight the battles of the time;
True heroes who shall put their trust
In God and grapple with the crime,
Which, like the serpent in the dust,
Leaves on its trail a poison slime;
Bold leaders who shall conquer lust
And stand on mountain heights
sublime.

The times need thinkers, whose great
thought
Shall blossom into speech and song,
So that the people may be taught
To love the right and hate the wrong;
For there are battles to be fought
With cunning foes, who would
prolong
The tyranny that always sought
The sway of sceptres, mean and
strong.

The school needs sages who can strike
Hard blows that echo round the
world;
Whose golden hammers drive the
spike
Where freedom's banners are un-
furled,
And every land the truth alike
As a bright crown shall wear imperaled
And gun and battle-axe and pike
Into oblivion shall be hurled.

The church needs kingly men to light
The race upon the road that leads
To altitudes of loftiest height;
Bright men of thought, brave men of
deeds,
Who'll stand up in the gallant fight
To wound, and heal the wounds that
bleed;
Whose souls outshine the stars of night
Whose hearts are holier than creeds.

—George W. Bungay.

SOLDIERS, INDEED.

Do you believe that our great cause is
noble,
Worthy an effort to make it succeed?
Rouse from your lethargy, sisters and
brothers,
Fight in the battle like soldiers
indeed.

Bravely go onward and join in the
struggle—
Forward! the enemy's taking the
field;
Meet ye his fiercest assaults without
flinching,
Led by our Captain, compel him to
yield.

Think not the fight will be over so
easy—
Ours is a cruel, implacable foe.
Should he defeat us, it meaneth, my
brethren,
Misery, wretchedness, poverty, woe.

Pestilence, famine, concomitant evils;
Death and disease, and rivers of gore.
Have courage, ye brave hearts, and
close with the demon;
Faint not, retreat not.—be true to the
core.

Then gird up your loins, dash into the
conflict,
Waving the banner of liberty high;
Nor giving, nor asking for quarter—
determined
To win in the battle, to conquer,
or die.

To arms, then, ye soldiers of true
reformation,
Nor give up the conflict till drinkdom
shall cease;
Till Christ be acknowledged as King of
our nation,
And reigneth for ever—the Prince of
our Peace.

—Alfred Morris, in *The Watchword*.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

"Please don't go down town to-night,
Tom," said Mrs. Burton, a sweet-faced
little woman, as she pinned a rose on
her husband's coat.

"I won't be gone long, dear, only a
few minutes," said he, as he looked
into the pleading face between his
large hands, which he hurriedly kissed.
"I promised to meet Jim Graham at
seven, but I'll be home early. Good-
bye." He smiled over his shoulder as
he started on a brisk walk to meet
his engagement.

"I might have stayed at home to-
night to please the dear girl," thought
he. "She don't ask for many favours
nowadays." Then his thoughts ran
back to her girlhood days. "What a
pretty girl she was, and a mighty
lucky fellow I was to win her!" he
mused, as he threw back his head and
stepped like a king.

Then his mind centred on his boy,
the sturdy little fellow, who lay all
pink and white in the crib at home;
he was on the point of retracing his
steps when he met Dick Herman, a
jovial hail-fellow-well-met sort of man,
who seemed to hold the leading strings
over many a manlier nature.

"Hallo, old fellow! You're just the
man I want to see. How are you?"
shaking his hand heartily and slapping
him on the shoulder in a familiar
manner.

Tom, who had been happy in the
thoughts of home, was annoyed to
have them thus rudely interrupted,
but Dick's jolly face and captivating
way soon made him forget the vision
of his wife and child.

The evil powers that be seem to lie
in wait and gently ply their art to draw
from the heart the better and nobler
impulses, and implant only selfish ones.
So Tom Burton stepped lightly along
with his friend, whose way often led to
Sam Thirsty's saloon.

It was one of those nice, respectable
saloons, large and roomy; everything
looked fresh and clean; the spray from
a miniature fountain danced and glist-
ened in the bright lights, and fell in
soft, tinkling cadence on the border of
graceful ferns at the foot. On the bar
stood a fine bouquet of roses, hanging
their heads a little as though they
were apologising, yet sending delicious
fragrance through the room; the
warm, cheerful look would hardly
suggest the secret, damning influence
to men's souls!

The doors swung open as the two men
entered.

"Oh! here's Tom and Dick. Hallo,
boys!" welcomed a familiar voice
from one of the small tables, around
which sat several men.

"Tom, Dick, and here's Harry, ha!
ha!" laughed one of the men. "That
takes in everybody; here, make room
for them. Here, boys!"

Then followed a general shuffling of
chairs to seat the new comers.

A convivial spirit soon rose, and
glasses were emptied and filled again
by the obliging young man in a snowy
apron, who jauntily picked his way
among the tables, as they began to fill
with the usual number of customers.

Cigars were lighted, and the room
was soon surging with song, jest, and
smoke.

The hour had pointed to eight, then
nine, then ten. Once through Tom
Burton's mind flashed the promise
made his lovely wife, and he rose to
go.

"Oh, come, Tom," coaxed the jovial
Dick; "don't go yet; it isn't late, sit
down, sit down." Tom hesitated, and
was lost. Dick clinched his request by
saying:

"Wait a few minutes and I'll go
home your way."

More beer was ordered, and Time
kept at his work of thieving the min-
utes into hours.

Mrs. Burton had stood with folded
hands and sad eyes as she watched her
great-hearted husband out of sight.

Turning round softly she went to
their cozy sitting-room and sat down
alone. It looked so desolate now. She
recalled how for weeks she had used
every effort to make it more attractive
to her husband, but she had failed, for
every evening after tea he began to be

restless, and would then find some
excuse to go down town.

She condemned herself for her
selfishness.

"I am sure he needs other recreation
after a hard day's work, besides coming
home to baby and me."

She sighed as she remembered how
happy he had been in his home, and
how much pleasure he once found in
her company.

The tears came to her eyes as she
stepped to the glass and looked at her-
self critically.

"Perhaps I'm growing old and ugly,"
she thought; but she saw only the
same blue eyes and fair cheeks that
Tom admired so much. "Oh, that
can't be," she sighed, "for he is so
tender and true," and her delicate lips
quivered as she gazed lovingly at a
miniature likeness of Tom, which stood
on the dresser.

Seating herself, the house seemed so
silent; the clock's ticking jarred on
her ears. Once she heard footsteps.
Jumping up and hastily brushing aside
a tear, she went to welcome her hus-
band. The footsteps died away, and
she sank back into her chair with a
heavy heart, only to doubt, and then
condemn herself for doubting.

The clock struck nine, then ten. For
a half hour she sat almost rigid. A
thought seemed to flash upon her mind,
her eyes brightened with a look of
desperation, her colourless lips tight-
ened, the flush had left her cheeks. She
rose, then sat down again, saying, "I
can't do it." Her courage rose again.

"If it's best for Tom, it's best for me,"
she panted. Clutching her hands until
the nails left prints in her palms, she
rose resolutely and dressed with un-
usual care, donning a gown and bonnet
given her by her husband. She even
pinned a bit of bright ribbon at her
throat to relieve her paleness. After
a satisfactory survey of her toilet she
slipped into the nursery to look at
baby, but refrained from kissing him
lest he waken, and her courage fail
her. Softly she slipped from the house
and hastened towards Sam Thirsty's
saloon. Once at the door her heart
beat wildly; clasping her hands over
her heart she looked to heaven for
strength. "Help me, O Father!" she
breathed. A moment, she halted, then
a strange composure came over her.

She opened the door and walked in,
with a very white face, but a brave
smile.

She knew just where her husband
sat, but refrained from looking that
way.

It was sometime before her presence
was discovered. She walked quietly
down the aisle and seated herself at
one of the tables, composedly drawing
off her neatly fitting gloves.

The look of surprise on the faces of
those who first saw her soon became
contagious, and before many minutes
every customer felt a strange presence.

A hush fell upon the place. The
astonished customers could hardly
believe their eyes when the cultured,
refined Mrs. Tom Burton beckoned to
the polite young man and said in a
clear voice,

"Please bring me a glass of beer."
Something queer happened then.

One after another of the customers
slipped sneakily out and left only the
bewildered Tom and Mrs. Burton.

He tried to rise once, but found his
knees too weak. At last, summoning
all his gallantry, he walked to where
Mrs. Burton sat before her untasted
beer—laid down the change, raised his
hat, and offered his arm, which she
accepted. Together they walked out.

Neither spoke, for her heart throbbled
with wild forebodings, while remorse,
chagrin, and disgust warred in Tom's.

Once within their cosy home he seat-
ed her gently; her head fell wearily
back, showing a white, set face. The
next moment she would have fallen
heavily to the floor, save for her hus-
band's quick strong arms. He carried
the prostrate form of his wife to a
couch. The nervous strain had been
too great, and nature sought to redeem
herself. So for weeks Tom Burton
hardly ate or slept as he watched with
deep anxiety beside the wife, whose
precious life hung on a slender thread.

"My darling, forgive me! I've been
a brute to subject you to such a trial—
I, who ought to have protected you!
I've been blind; oh, Jennie! don't you
hear me?" he cried, in the bitterness
of his grief. "Through all these
months you have never reproved me.
You did all for me. Oh, forgive me,
dear! but she heard him not; she only
repeated in her unreasoning raving,
"I'm—so—lonely, I'm so lonely."

At last life came slowly back. The
sweet face was thin and pallid, but
there was no reproach in her eyes or

voice. Only loving, tender looks and
words.

They found it hard to speak of that
which had given them so much pain,
so the subject was not alluded to, but
both felt a new era in their lives had
begun.

One bright day, when Mrs. Burton
came to the table, the first time since
her illness, she was not a little surpris-
ed to find five burly men, Tom's boon
companions, about it.

She smiled them all a hearty wel-
come, and kept her own counsel.

There was silence for a moment,
when Tom began in a husky voice:

"Boys, when a man does a wrong
action publicly, it's his duty to confess
publicly."

Mrs. Burton looked appealingly at
him, but he gently interrupted:

"Let me go on, Jennie. I want to
get back my self-respect and the
respect of these friends." His voice
lowered.

"I need not tell you how I've done
wrong, you know too well—I want to
say I am ashamed of it—I always was.
I will say nothing of the wrong done
my dear ones, but, thank God"—fer-
vently, said Tom, with tears in his
eyes—"with His help, I will throw off
the power that would have destroyed
my soul and body. I want to commit
myself—I want it to be no secret—
from this day I mean to be a decent
man." Here he held up a pledge and
said, "I want to sign this in your
presence."

Before he had written his name,
Dick Herman jumped to his feet and
said earnestly:

"So do I."

"And so do I," responded John Burr.
Before many minutes every member
of the dinner party had signed the
pledge.

Dick Herman moved that it be en-
trusted to Mrs. Burton's keeping, who
accepted the sacred charge with glad
tears coursing down her pale cheeks.

Right-doing seems not to impair
digestion, for that dinner party was a
success!

Often after this these five men met
at Tom Burton's and brought their
wives.

Sam Thirsty wondered not a little
that they never came, and after num-
erous unsuccessful attempts to lure
them back, gave them up for lost.

Mrs. Burton archly alludes to the
experience of that night as "her spree,"
but her husband gravely says, "It
was for me well-nigh a Waterloo."
—Marie J. Hesse, in *the Union Signal*.

A SHARP REJOINER.

Some years ago Rev. E. Klumph,
now of Elm, Wayne County, Mich.,
while seated in a village store, accosted
a saloon-keeper with the remark:

"Come over to the church to-night
and hear me lecture on temperance."

The reply was: "I won't; you said
whiskey-bottlers were robbers."

"I didn't," replied Mr. Klumph.

"What did you say?"

"I said you were worse than a rob-
ber. I said you took my innocent
boy, and sent me home a maudlin fool.

I said you took an intelligent man,
and sent a lunatic to the asylum. I
said you took a respectable citizen, and
sent a criminal to prison. I said you
took a kind father, and sent a fiend to
throw his family into the street. I
said you took a loving husband, and
sent a demon to kick his wife. I said
you took the immortal soul, and sent
it to hell. I said you were worse than
a robber."

Sharp and yet terribly true.—*Nat.*
Tem. Advocate.

WHY CHILDREN SHOULD SIGN THE
PLEDGE.

It will lead them to inquire what
ardent spirits, wine or beer drinking
does.

It will lead them to resolve that
theirs shall not be a drunkard's end.

It will give them a new and perma-
nent interest in the temperance cause.

It will preserve them most effectually
from the enticements of the wine cup.

It will prevent them from being
urged to drink by others.

It will make them good examples for
others.—*Indian Juvenile Templar*.

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