

THE TEMPERANCE WAVE.

A MIGHTY wave is sweeping, is sweep-
ing o'er the land,
It waters a rich reaping upon the barren
sand;
A heavenly Nile o'erflowing spreads soil from
shore to shore,
And temperance hands are sowing good seed
the nation o'er.
The goodly seed is springing o'er many a
sunny field,
The sowers glad are singing to see the promised
yield,
For heavenly showers are blessing the seed so
hopeful sown,
And sunny skies confessing God smiles upon
his own
Even now some fields are showing the ripening
tinge of gold,
And reapers forth are going to harvest's battle
bold—
Strong in the strength that's lent ye, go forth
ye good and true!
Let harvests now be plenty, for labourers are
not few.
In this God shows most clearly 'tis his cause
ye fight,
He holds the cause so dearly he magnifies
your might.
When was there such a harvest song, the land
groans with the load,
And they that erst were starving throng
around from every road.
And as they come one song they sing, 'tis
freedom's joyous song,
Their voices have so glad a ring 'twill be
remembered long.
"No more shall hapless mothers weep above
their babes at night
For him the heartless demons steep till he
shall shock her sight;
No more the famished cry for bread stolen by
the robber hands,
For temperance is to justice wed—locked are
their snowy hands.
Now sorrow shall and sighing forsake our
happy homes,
And as the tear is drying the gladd'ning
laughter comes—
Now shall the desert place rejoice and blossom
as the rose,
The wilderness shall hear a voice and happy
scenes disclose.
From arid soil shall waters spring and stream
the desert through;
The lame aside their crutches fling and rush
the sight to view,
Now shall the mountains and the hills shout
out for very joy,
The trees forgetting to be still shall clap
their hands and cry!"

But, lo! some fields already won and in the
garner stored,
The harvesters, their labour done, sit round
the joyous board.
From Halton's halls the laughter rings, the
anthem rises high,
The joyous song that Miriam sings—the sea
passed over dry.
"The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, the
boasters are no more,
He led us through victoriously, but sunk
them far from shore.
Vain were their vauntings and their boasts,
for Israel's God still reigns,
And wrenched from Egypt's slavish host his
own usurped domains."
From Simcoe, too, the herald comes to cheer
us with the news
That wine in all her happy homes has turned
to Sharon's dews.
And from the east, the barren east, where we
in pity gaze,
The trumpets sound a harvest feast, and Stan-
stead shouts her praise.
And other fields are turning, the reapers to
them press,
This lesson quickly learning, God gives the
right success.
Of victory certain, who shall cease till every
field be won—
Till Scott Act holds a province lease—the
liquor traffic done!

And this shall be forever where the barren
sands have blown,
Where nothing good, or green, or fair has
ever yet been known,
There have the heavenly waters flowed, have
washed the fount away,
And on the barren land bestowed the rich
and generous clay,
And fast the seeds are springing by Temper-
ance sowers sown,
And heavenly choirs are singing, for there
the land is won.

—H. A. Jameson.

"GIVE, and it shall be given you."

"IT GOT AGOING."

ONE bright Fourth-of-July morning,
I was driving to town. As I came to
the top of the hill just above the bridge,
on the outskirts of the place, a little
boy, from a cottage on the north side
of the road, fired off a small cannon.
He was so near the road, the cannon
made so big a noise, and the whole
thing came so unexpectedly, that my
little bay pony took fright and shied,
with a spring, to the other side of the
road. He not only nearly overturned
the carriage in doing so, but was with
difficulty roined in and prevented from
running away.

"You should not fire your cannon
so near the road," said I to the little
boy, after I had got the pony somewhat
quiet; "you frightened my horse badly,
and nearly made him run away."

"I didn't mean to," said the little
boy; "but it got agoing before I saw
the horse, and then I couldn't stop it."

I said no more, but drove on, think-
ing of the boy's answer, as I have often
thought of it since, though all this hap-
pened years ago.

What I have thought is this. I
wish I could make every boy think of
it, and feel it. It would do him much
good, especially if he would try to
apply it to his actions. That little
boy's cannon was just like his habits—
just like everybody's habits. Habits,
like the cannon, are not easy to stop
when once they get started. They are
pretty sure to keep going, until, if they
are bad habits, they do mischief, in
spite of all you can do to stop them.
If you get in the habit of telling wrong
stories, you can't so easily stop it. If
you get a habit of meddling dishonestly
with what don't belong to you, it is apt
to go on until it does you some terrible
mischief. If you get into the habit of
being idle, and wasting your time and
opportunity, be assured it will not stop
and change to a good habit just when
you see how bad it is, and wish to get
out of it.

Look out, then, for the beginning of
a bad habit. Remember, there are
things that, like the cannon, you can't
easily stop when you once set them
agoing.—*Observer.*

WHAT TO DO WITH ONE'S
BIBLE.

BY REV. J. H. JAMES.

THE Bible of your own is not to be
kept on a shelf merely to show as one
of your treasures, but to be used every
day. Many seem to think it is
enough to be able to say, "I have read
so many chapters in the Bible." The
question in regard to all reading is not
how much the eye has passed over, but
how much has remained in the memory.

If you were far away from home
and your father were to write to you
about coming home, telling you what
railroads you were to travel on, and
what trains to take, cautioning you
about wrong trains and telling you all
you needed to know of your journey
it would be wise to have that letter
with you and read all its directions
very carefully, over and over again.
This is just what our Heavenly Father
has done in this book. He has pointed
out the way to heaven, giving us many
counsels to keep us from getting astray
and particular directions as to our
course each day. Yet he knows that
in order to get the full benefit of his
instructions we must be really inter-
ested in the book. So he has taught

us many things by pleasing stories
which help us to see how he wants his
children to live. Now it is not best
for one to go picking out here and
there a story, and neglecting other
things; yet I think most children will
find more interest in the Blessed Book
if they learn first about Jesus and his
life on earth from the parts of the New
Testament that make these things
plain. In reading the stories, how-
ever, we must be careful to get not
merely the facts but the lesson they
are meant to teach us.

The other day a boy, who is far
from his parents at school, had a letter
from home. He cannot read writing
very well, so he took the letter to a
friend to read to him that he might
know exactly what his mother said to
him. So you should get your friend
to help you to understand this wonder-
ful letter from heaven. The object of
Sunday-school teaching and of preach-
ing is to help people understand the
Bible. It is delightful to talk over its
precious lessons with friends wiser
than ourselves. But no human friend
can give us such help as we get by
asking for the Holy Spirit. There are
two precious promises about this
matter of helping us to understand
and do our Father's will that you will
do well to find for yourselves, to often
think of, and to ask the Lord to fulfil
to you. John 14: 26, and Ezekiel
36: 27.

I AM NOT MY OWN.

"I wish I had some money to give
to God," said Susy; "but I haven't any."

"God does not expect you to give
him what you have not," said her papa,
"but you have other things besides
money. When we get home I will
read something to you which will make
you see plainly what you may give to
God."

So after dinner they went to the lib-
rary, and Susy's papa took down a large
book, and made Susy read aloud: "I
have this day been before God, and have
given myself—all that I am and have
—to God; so that I am in no respect
my own. I have no right to this body,
or any of its members; no right to this
tongue, these hands, these feet, these
eyes, these ears. I have given myself
clean away."

"These are words of a great and good
man, who is now dead. Now you see
what you have to give to God, Susy."

Susy looked at her hands and at her
feet, and was silent. At last she said
in a low voice, half to herself: "I don't
believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want
them, and he is looking for you now to
see whether you will give them to him,
or keep them for yourself. If you give
them to him, you will be careful never
to let them do anything naughty, and
will teach them to do every good thing
they can. If you keep them for your-
self, they will be likely to do wrong
and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to him, papa."

"Yes, indeed, long ago."

"Are you glad?"

"Yes, very glad."

Susy was still silent; she did not
quite understand what it all meant.

"If you give your tongue to God,"
said her papa, "you will not allow it to
speak unkind, angry words, or tell tales,
or speak an untruth, or anything that
would grieve God's Holy Spirit."

"I think I'll give him my tongue,"
said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands,
you will watch them, and keep them
from touching things that do not belong
to them. You will not let them be
idle, but will keep them busy about
something."

"Well, then, I'll give him my hands."

"And if you give him your feet, you
never will let them carry you where
you ought not to go; and if you give
him your eyes, you will never, never
let them look at anything you know he
would not like to look at if he were by
your side."

Then they knelt down together, and
Susy's papa prayed to God to bless all
they had been saying, and to accept all
Susy had now promised to give him,
and to keep her from ever forgetting
her promise, but to make it her rule in
all she said, and all she did, all she saw
and all she heard, to remember, "I am
not my own."—*The Sunlight.*

ALLSPICE.

THE home of the allspice tree was
South America and the West Indies,
especially Jamaica. The tree is a
beautiful overgreen. The flowers are
small and do not make much display.
In Jamaica the tree grows without
any care, but the fruit is worth so
much that the planters give more
attention to this crop than to any
other.

The berries must be picked before
they are ripe or they lose their pleas-
ant flavour. One hundred and fifty
pounds of the raw fruit is sometimes
gathered from one tree. The crops are
uncertain; it is only once in five years
that it is abundant.

CLOVES.

The clove tree is a native of the
Molucca Islands. It is said to be the
most beautiful, elegant and precious of
all trees. It is comical in form and
lives from one hundred to two hundred
years. The spice is not the fruit as is
generally believed, but it is the
blossoms that are gathered before they
unfold.

About a dozen of these blossoms
form a cluster at the end of each branch
and twig of the tree. Cloves are
gathered in December and are dried
quickly in the shade.

In the year 1521 the Molucca Islands
were inhabited by a great number of
people who were industrious, enter-
prising and happy. They devoted
most of their time to the cultivation
of the clove tree. Cloves were carried
to all parts of the civilized world from
these islands. At that time the
Spaniards and Portuguese came and
took the first ship load of cloves to
Europe. About one hundred years
later the Dutch drove away the
Spaniards and Portuguese. They also
sent ships to these beautiful islands
and destroyed every clove tree. Every
year they sent ships there, and to
other islands where the birds might
carry the seeds, to destroy all of the
trees. Any of the natives who dared
to set out a clove tree was put to
death. The natives all died or were
carried away as slaves. Then to raise
the price of the clove the Dutch burned
a part of the clove every year. These
annual burnings continued until as
late as 1824.

"WILL you join me in a cup of tea,
Mr. Simpkins?" Mr. Simpkins: "Ah,
thank you; but wouldn't it be rather
crowded?"