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THE BELL OF ATRI.

From "Echoes from Tyrconnel," by Rebecca Scott.

"Hark! 'tis the loud accusing tones
Of Atri's blessed bell;
Though now for countless years unheard,
I know the sound full well."

So spake the generous gray-haired king:

"'Tis not the time to rest
While there is yet some deed of wrong
Which needs to be redress'd."

"When first our father filled the throne
With firm unsparing hand,
From fierce oppression's iron grasp
He sought to purge the land."

"The high-born knight, the lowly serf
Alike his justice felt;
Alike secure from force and fraud,
The peer and peasant dwelt."

"And high within the market-place
He hung that blessed bell,
That all who 'neath injustice pined,
By its deep tongue should tell."

"The tale of suffering or of wrong
Its swift redress demand,
Till at its sound oppression fled
Forever from the land."

"At first, for many a month and year,
Went on the good old king,
The bell's accusing voice became
A loved familiar thing."

"Till as the years rolled slowly on,
Injustice ceased at last;
And then the grand old bell became
A memory of the past."

"And men have passed to middle age,
And never heard its tone;
And o'er it, in the old gray tower
Have moss and ivy grown."

"Now in this solemn midnight hour,
When all these years have flown,
Once more its iron tongue speaks out
In fierce accusing tone."

"Hark, hark! across the silent streets
Its echoes ring again;
Who'er the suppliant be, I vow,
He shall not plead in vain."

They gathered round the gray-haired
king,

His courtiers, roused from sleep;
While still the bell's accusing tones
Kept echoing loud and deep.

And hurrying to the market-place,
With eager feet they ran,

When lo! a ringing peal of mirth
Broke from the foremost man.

A poor old useless worn-out steed,
Half-starved and gaunt and thin,
Whose starting bones seemed fit to pierce
The rough untended skin.

His ruthless master lived hard by,
A churlish, cruel knight,
Whom oft the faithful charger bore
Through many a hard-fought fight.

But now no longer fit to toil,
His thankless lord had cast
The poor old helpless war-horse forth
To starve and die at last.

And wandering, in the quest of food,
Around the gray old tower,
Caught gladly at each soft green weed,
Fresh leaf and luscious flower.

And reaching to the ivy wreaths
Which round the belfry hung,
He grasped the wire, and echoing peals
Forth on the midnight rung.

The monarch smiled, then o'er his face
There passed a deeper shade:
"Methinks, injustice worse than this
Nè'er called for monarch's aid."

"Oh! shame upon the ungrateful knight,
To wrong the faithful steed,
Who oft, we know, by flood and field,
Served him in direst need."

"Hark! still the bell's accusing voice
Demands redress again,
And I have pledged my kingly word
He should not plead in vain."

"Here gently to our royal stalls
The worn-out charger bear,
And while he lives, to him be given
Food, warmth, and tenderest care."

"And he, the churlish, thankless knight,
All cost shall surely bear:
Nor man nor beast shall suffer wrong,
Who dwell beneath our care."

All honor to the grand old bell
Within this ivied tower;
It needed never more to speak
In Atri from that hour.

—Family Friend.

RUM.

Some years ago, in one of the counties of New York, a worthy man was tempted to drink until drunk. In the delirium of drunkenness, he went home and murdered his wife in a most barbarous manner. He was carried to gaol while drunk, and kept there through the night. Awakening in the morning and looking around upon the walls, and seeing the bars upon the windows, he exclaimed:

"Is this a gaol?"

"Yes, you are in gaol," answered some one.

"What am I here for?" he asked.

"For murder," was the answer.

"Does my wife know it?"

"Your wife know it?" answered some one, "why it was your wife that you have murdered."

On this announcement he dropped suddenly, as if he had been struck dead.

Let it be remembered that the constable who carried him to gaol, sold him the liquor which caused his drunkenness. The justice, who issued the warrant, was one of those who signed his license. The sheriff, who hung him, also sold liquor and kept a ten-pin alley.—Selected.

Mrs. W. F. CRAFTS makes a very practical suggestion, which we commend to the consideration of our schools, though she suggested it specially for Primary Classes. She says: "A missionary birthday box is a good thing to have in the primary class. Let it be either a locked box or a sealed one. Request the children as their birthdays occur, to bring the number of their years in pennies on the Sundays following their birthdays. At the end of the year let the box be opened, and a report given of the amount found in it. Let the children be told just what will be done with the money. Teach them to pray for God's blessing to go with the money which they thus send out."
—Moravian.



THE POOR WORN-OUT WAR-HORSE RINGING THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

AVBURN GALLON ONE