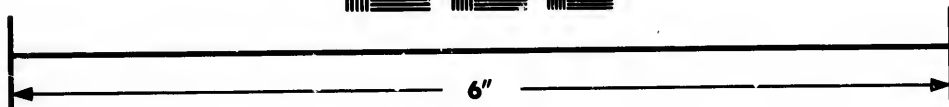
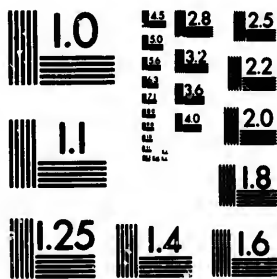


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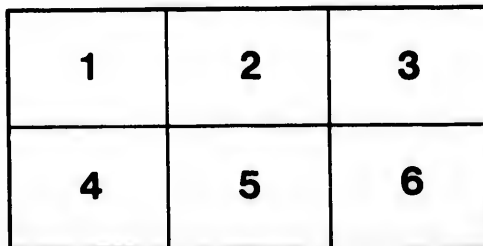
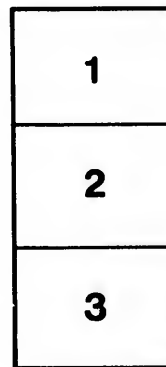
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T H E

Teetotaler's Companion:

A H A N D - B O O K

O F

DIALOGUES, RECITATIONS AND READINGS,

BY SOME OF THE BEST AUTHORS;

FOR READING AND RECITING IN DIVISIONS OF SONS,
GOOD TEMPLAR LODGES, SECTIONS OF CADETS, BANDS OF
HOPE, AND OTHER TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

Compiled by

G. M. ROSE, P.C.W.P., S. OF T. S. T. HAMMOND, P.D.C.W.C.T.

OTTAWA & TORONTO:

PUBLISHED BY HUNTER, ROSE & COMPANY.

1868.

HUNTER, ROSE & COMPANY, PRINTERS, OTTAWA.

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PREFACE.

A series of Selections, suitable for reading and recitation at temperance meetings has long been desired by those who wish to see the literary taste of the members of our various temperance organizations improved and elevated. With the end in view of meeting this necessity, the first part of the series now presented was undertaken, and is submitted to the public, in the hope that it may supply the long-felt want, and give satisfaction to those for whose especial use it is intended.

THE COMPILERS.

OTTAWA, *September*, 1868.

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T H E

Teetotaler's Companion.

Reminiscences of the Past ; or the Bright Home.

P. T. WINSKILL.

I oft am called upon to say why I from drink abstain ?
 And why all spoken in its praise doth fill my heart with pain ?
 Why fire seems from my eye to flash, and why my bosom
 heaves ?

Listen, and I'll a tale unfold that pierces whilst it grieves.

Again I see my childhood's home, and the loved ones gather-
 ed there ;

Brothers and sisters, father dear and mother in her chair ;
 There all is pleasant, bright, and fair, no threatening cloud
 is seen,

But peace, true love and joy abound, where once deep grief
 had been.

How sweet and pleasant is the sight that rises now to view !
 Behold, in humble faith, their hearts pour forth to God his
 due ;

The Book is closed, they humbly kneel, the voice of their
sire is heard
Breathing in simple, fervent prayer, thanksgivings to the
Lord.

Thanks for life, and health and strength, and praise for
mercies past ;
Prayers for grace to overcome, and rise to heaven at last.
See how the tears course down his cheeks as the prayer
ascends on high,
" Lord, bless the efforts that are made to bring poor drunk-
ards nigh !"

" Let Temperance men thy blessing feel doth rest upon
their cause ;
And soon may those for whom we plead repent and love thy
laws.
Preserve our children from that curse which we so long
have borne ;
May they delight in virtue's ways, and never from thee
turn !"

Such are the scenes these eyes beheld,—such was once our
home ;
But the foul destroyer came, and now through darker scenes
we roam.
A few short years sped swiftly on and worked an awful
change ;
Prayer and praise were heard no more, but songs obscene
and scenes quite strange.

No more we saw that manly form stand forth to preach the
Word of Life ;
We saw no more the friendly tear, but blows succeeding
words of strife.
Nor saw we now the people throng in multitude to hear
The words which oft, in fervent tones, he poured into the
ear ;

Words which told of sin's deep dye; of man's forlorn and wretched state;

Of God's great love in his dear Son, to save us from the sinner's fate;

Words which, as they fell on the drunkard's ear, touched his hardened heart,

The conscience rous'd, the fountain stirr'd, and caused the tear to start.

Many are the homes strong drink has curs'd, and many hearts that are sad

Were happily through his efforts blessed—despairing souls made glad.

But ah! how frail is sinful man, soon are his glories fled
Now he's happy, virtuous, sober; now to virtue dead!

Soon, alas! we were forsaken; home and hearth despised—forgot;

And our sire, strong drink pursuing, sought ruin in the pot.

See that group; how deep their anguish! Hear that little darling cry—

“Mamma! poor baby hungry; give me cake or baby die!”

Scenes like this are oft-repeated; soon the mother's hope is gone;

Hoping 'gainst hope for comfort; but alas! for her there's none!

Was they ne'er a brighter prospect? Did that victim ne'er repent?

Saw he not his wife's deep anguish, his children's tears, and ne'er relent?

Who can tell how great his suffering—paint the miseries that he felt

When, restored to sober reason, by that couch he humbly knelt,

Bath'd in tears of deepest anguish, groaning, mourning o'er
his sin;
Praying that he might have power to quench the fire that
burnt within.

Many a time and oft he promised that from drink he would
abstain ;
But some fiend, in human likeness, urged him "not at once
to abstain."
Urged in tones of seeming friendship, lauded, praised the
moderate plan ;
Said, " Be sober, act not rashly ; take a little and be a man."

Delusive snare, devised by Satan, enemy of all mankind.
Few, alas! of God's best creatures try it but destruction find !
Find, alas! and to their sorrow, 'tis a dark and treacherous
road ;
Leading unto death and ruin, far from peace and far from
God.

Step by step were we degraded, till at length, without a
home,
Into the open street they thrust us, caring not where we
might roam,
But a faithful Christian found us kindly shelter from the
cold.
May the peace of God be with him, now that he is growing
old !

Toiling, starving, and degraded, I, a youth, was sick at
heart.
By my dying mother's counsel, I from them at length did
part.
To a distant town I wandered, and employment there ob-
tained ;
Shelter, clothing, food and comfort, by my labour soon I
gained.

A few short months, there tidings came of my poor mother's death.

No fond husband stood beside her, watching her departing breath.

At a tavern he was drinking liquid fire that burns the brain,

Trying to forget his misery ; but alas ! 'twas all in vain.

O'er her corpse I stood beside him and beheld his sufferings there.

Love, remorse, and guilt united, filled his soul with dark despair ;

For a time he nobly labour'd to obtain his children food ;

But no sympathy was shown him : none believed that he'd do good.

With no Christian friend to aid him, with an enemy within,
Who can wonder that he struggled but in vain to fly from sin ?

Ere another year passed o'er us, he was numbered with the dead,

And the youngest of the children was to a union work-house led.

Thus were we bereft of parents, left to fight our way alone.
Widely-scattered amidst strangers, home or pleasure we had none.

O'er their graves I've since repeated vows I made in days of yore,

That the demon drink should find me fighting 'gainst him evermore.

By those vows renewed in manhood, by the bitter tears I've shed :

By the memories of my childhood, by the sufferings of the dead ;

By the mournful wail of lost ones, by those starving children's cry ;
 By the homes that *still are ruined*, that pledge I'll keep
 until I die.

A Man's a Man for a' That.

CHARLES MACKAY.

" A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
 " For a' that and a' that ;"
 But though the song be clear and strong,
 It lacks a note for a' that.
 The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
 Yet claim his wage and a' that,
 Or beg, when he might earn his bread,
 Is *not* a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare
 Were true and brave, and a' that,
 And none whose garb is " hodden grey,"
 Was fool or knave, and a' that,
 The vice and crime that shame our time
 Would fade and fail and a' that,
 And ploughmen be as good as kings,
 And churls as earls for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
 Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
 And thinks, because his strong right arm
 Might fell an ox and a' that,
 That he's as noble, man for man,
 As duke or lord, and a' that ;
 He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
 And *not* a man for a' that.

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A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that ;
And Donald herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old and a' that—
"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."
And though you'd put the minted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that.
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he for a' that,
Who stands erect, in self respect,
And acts the man for a' that.

Frozen to Death.

ANONYMOUS.

Frozen to death, so young and fair—
Regular features and large gray eyes,
Flaxen hair,
Braided with care,

Slender body, as cold as ice;
 Who knows her name,
 Her story, her fame;
 Had she a good or an evil fame;
 And who in Charity's name's to blame,
 That a girl so young yields up her breath,
 Frozen to death?

Second Avenue—Fiftieth Street?

These are streets of a Christian city,
 Trodden each day by Christian feet,
 Of men who have store of money and meat,
 And women whose souls are pure and sweet,

Filled with truth and ruth and pity:
 There is a church, with slender spire
 Pointing gracefully up to the sky,
 Pointing to something better and higher
 Than anything open to mortal eye:

All Sabbath time
 The sweet bells' chime
 Rings from the steeple,
 Calling the people

To come to prayer and praise beneath:

On Monday morn,
 A young forlorn

And hapless girl yields up her breath,
 Frozen to death.

There is a mansion costly and tall,

Builed for pride and plenty and pleasure—
 Hark to the music that bursts from the hall,
 And watch the shadows that dance on the wall,

As the dancers dance through their merry measure.
 The purple curtains are waved aside—

Peep through the window and see the throng
 Of the young who amble and leap and glide,
 And the old who watch them with looks of pride;

There are junketing, jollity, jest, and song—
 Careless, thoughtless, happy throng;
 Careless of right, yet thinking no wrong,
 As the gilded hours flash along :

Why should they grieve
 On Monday eve,
 Though on Monday morn,
 Ah! fate forlorn!

A fair young girl gave up her breath,
 Frozen to death?

An Anti-Liquor Law Dialogue.

REV. JAMES B. DUNN.

CALVIN.—Ah! Peter, is that you? I'm glad to meet you this afternoon. I've just seen something that made me feel first-rate. What do you think it was?

PETER.—That's more than I can guess, Calvin. Perhaps you've seen the military company train; or, maybe, the boys have been trying the new fire-engine.

CALVIN.—No; better than that; for I don't think much of this soldiering business; and as for the fire engines, I think the less such boys as we have to do with them the better.

PETER.—I know you have some peculiar opinions on these subjects, Calvin; and maybe you are right, though I don't think so. But what was the fine affair that tickled your fancy so much?

CALVIN.—Why, as I was passing down Yonge Street, I saw a little crowd around old Swipes' rum shep. "Ah!" said I to myself, "some mischief going on here, as usual, I suppose;" with this thought I crossed over to the opposite

side of the street, for I dont like getting to near to a rum-shop row. But I soon saw that this time the fuss was one of the right sort.

PETER.—A right sort of a fuss, eh? What could it be Calvin?

CALVIN.—Oh! it was capital; for there was Mr. Grab, the constable, with some more of the court folks, turning old Swipes' rum-jugs into the street. "Ah!" said I to myself, "that's fine." So I crossed over, and saw them put all the old fellow's strong stuff into Racer's express wagon.

PETER.—Well, what of that? Has old Swipes failed?

CALVIN.—No, better than that. Somebody has charged him with breaking Dunkin's liquor law. So they have carried his poisons off to the constable's. He will have a hearing to-morrow before Judge Smith. If they find him guilty, as I think they will, his filthy rum-jugs will be emptied into the bay, and I mean to be there to see it done, if I can.

PETER.—And that's the mighty fine sight you were so tickled with, eh? I'm ashamed of you, Calvin. I think it's small potatoes to break up a man's business in that fashion; it's downright robbery. If I'd been Mr. Swipes, I'd given them a piece of my mind.

CALVIN.—Why, Peter! an't you in favor of the Dunkin law?

PETER.—I hope not; it's a piece of miserable oppression and we ought to put it where the city fathers put the rubbish.

CALVIN.—Stop, Peter; I'm afraid you are too fast on the wrong side. If we could convert our beautiful bay into a huge rum-bottle, into which we could pour all the alcohol in Canada, I should be glad; though, by the way, I guess the fishes would get up a protest against being poisoned at that rate. But why are you so bitter against the Dunkin law?

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PETER.—Why, you see, it interferes with our liberty. It tells us what we shall and what we shall not drink. It takes away from us a right for which our fathers bled, and——

CALVIN.—Stop, stop, Peter! do you mean to say that our fathers bled to secure us the right to get drunk, and thus to make fools of ourselves?

PETER.—Why, yes—no—yes—no—I—I——

CALVIN.—You're in shoal water, Peter; you know that it was to procure us liberty to act up to our views of duty, and to enjoy a national freedom, that our noble ancestors spilled their patriotic blood. They never dreamed that true freedom implied the right of one man to bloat, and fatten, and grow rich on the ruin of others, as old Swipes and all other rum-sellers do.

PETER.—Well, I don't mean that; but haven't I a right to drink what I please?

CALVIN.—Certainly.

PETER.—But this Dunkin law says I shan't drink rum or brandy. Do you call that freedom?

CALVIN.—The law says no such thing, Peter. It only says you shall *not sell it as a common drink*.

PETER.—Well, an't that the same thing? If rum or wine can't be sold, it can't be bought; and if it can't be bought, how can a freeman exercise his right to drink what he pleases? Answer me that, Master Calvin?

CALVIN.—That's a question you must settle for yourself, Peter. The law says nothing about it; you may drink what you will, if you can get it. But the law, regarding intoxicating drinks as poison, destructive alike to public health, happiness, and life, says they shall not be sold except for medical and mechanical uses. It treats them as it does mad dogs or savage beasts. Do you think our freedom is restricted by the law which would punish a man

who should dare to keep such a public nuisance as a mad dog ?

PETER.—That's another case ; mad dogs kill people.

CALVIN.—So do intoxicating drinks. There was Tom Buntline, didn't he die drunk ? Could a mad dog have done anything worse for him than old Swipes' rum did when it killed him ?

PETER.—Ah ! I see it's no use to talk with you ; you're what old Swipes call a Temperance fanatic. I guess I'll be off.

CALVIN.—Here, stop ! stop, Peter ! It's no use he's off. He can't argue the case a bit ; perhaps it is easier to cry fanatic than it is to reason. [Exit.]

The Vagrant and his Dog.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

We are two travellers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp !
Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye !

Over the table, look out for the lamp !

The rogue is growing a little old ;

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !

The paw he holds up there's been frozen),

Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,

(This out-door business is bad for strings),

When a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Arn't we, Roger?—See him wink!
Well, something hot, then, we wont quarrel.
He's thirsty too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do ft, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriotic soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
 When he stands up to hear his sentence;
 Now tell us how many drams it takes
 To honour a jolly new acquaintance.
 Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
 The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
 Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—
 Some brandy,—thank you,—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,
 That my poor stomach's past reform;
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
 At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
 A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—
 The same old story; you know how it ends.
 If you could have seen these classic features,—
 You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
 I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
 Whose head was happy on this breast!
 If you could have heard the songs I sung
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
 That ever I, sir, should be straying
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing
 To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:
 'Twas better for her that we should part,—

Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
 I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
 On the dusty road; a carriage stopped:
 But little she dreamed, as on she went,
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry,
 It makes me wild to think of the change!
 What do you care for a beggar's story?
 Is it amusing? you find it strange?
 I had a mother so proud of me!
 'Twas well she died before——Do you know
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
 This pain; then Roger and I will start.
 I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
 Aching thing, in place of a heart?
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
 No doubt, remembering things that were,—
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.—
 You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
 We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
 And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;
 The sooner the better for Roger and me!

A Glass of Cold Water.

J. B. GOUGH.

Where is the liquor which God the eternal brews for all his children ? Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odours, and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play ; there God brews it. And down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing ; and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun ; where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunderstorms crash ; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar ; the chorus sweeping the march of God : there he brews it— that beverage of life and health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop ; singing in the summer rain ; shining in the ice-gem, till the leaves all seem turned to living jewels ; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun ; or a white gauze around the the midnight moon.

Sporting in the cataract ; sleeping in the glacier ; dancing in the hail-shower : folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world ; and waving the many-coloured iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven ; all chequered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful, that life-giving water ; no poison bubbles on its brink ; its foam brings not madness and murder ; no blood stains its liquid glass ; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths ; no drunken shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair ; speak on, my friends, would you exchange it for demon's drink, alcohol !

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Conjugal Love.

R. S. SHARPE.

I read of the Emperor Conrad the Third,
As pleasing a story as ever I heard.
As it may not have happened to come in your way,
Perhaps you'll allow me to tell it to-day.

"The City of Wensburg I mean to besiege,"
He said, and his soldiers said, "Do you, my liege?
We are all at your service; command, we obey."
So; "blockade and bombard," was the rule of the day.

I can't avoid saying, I think it a pity
A king should seek fame by destroying a city;
What a very small portion of glory *he* shares,
And how it deranges the city's affairs!

Think of peaceable citizens all at their duties,
Their wives at their needlework (bless 'em! the beauties!)
To be frightened, and have the house broken to bits,
And, may be, the little ones thrown into fits.

For the purpose of raising an emperor's fame—
I hope 'tis no treason to say—"It's a shame."
You will pardon, I trust, this parenthesis long,
But one cannot be silent when people do wrong.

The firing continued, the famine began,
For all had good appetites there to a man,
And because of the noise, as they slept not a wink,
They had more time remaining to eat and to drink.

That Conrad would conquer the ladies knew then,
For the women oft see twice as far as the men;
So their tongues and their heads then together they laid,
And an active and eloquent senate they made.

They remained full two hours in close consultation,
 And during the whole of their confabulation
 No noise did they hear of ram, mortar, or ball—
 Could it be the fair council was louder than all ?

No, bless their kind hearts! not a word let us hear
 Against ladies whose memories all must revere;
 These excellent women, my story will show,
 All talked to some purpose—(most women do so).

To Conrad they sent a well-written petition,
 To beg him to pity their hapless condition;
 Their city (and welcome) to take and to sack,
 So each lady pass free—*with a load on her back.*

“Yes, dear little creature,” the emperor said;
 “To be sure! let each load both her back and her head;
 The contents of their handboxes cannot be much,
 Let them take what they will, not a thing will I touch;
 They may take their whole wardrobe, and welcome for me;
 All shall pass unmolested—I sign the decree.”

In beautiful order the army arrayed
 In two lines a magnificent spectacle made;
 Impatient, the emperor cried out, “Who waits?
 A flourish of trumpets, and open the gates.”

The gates were thrown wide, the procession began,
 Five hundred fair ladies, each bearing—a man.
 'Twas her husband, her person thus proud to bedeck
 With his arms—where they ought to be—round his wife's
 neck!

'Tis said that the emperor melted to tears
 At the sight of these ladies thus saving their dears;
 Relinquished his spoils, spared the citizens' lives,
 And pardoned the men for the sake of their wives.

My story is finished, I must not impair
The beautiful truth 'tis intended to bear;
That the "wealth of the mind" is all other above,
And the richest of treasures is "*Conjugal Love.*"

The Natural Bridge ; or One Niche the Highest.

ELIHU BURRITT.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them, and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no royal road to learning." This

ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, in that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment that glance would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! there is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions

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instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair—"William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shout of hundreds perched upon cliffs, trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must

be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again in the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his devoted heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity!—Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting! and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

The Ladder of Fame.—An Allegory.

WILLIAM HENRY HARWOOD.

I once saw the Ladder of Fame,
It stood o'er a ditch full of slime,
At its foot were the halt and the lame,
And strong men were striving to climb.
And all eyes were fixed upon one,
Whose triumph shone out on his face ;
And they spoke of the deeds he had done,
And he still appeared rising apace.
But his triumph soon changed into doubt,
And he looked around amased and perplext ;
For a stave of the ladder was out,
And he couldn't reach up to the next.
So he sought inspiration from Love ;
I scarcely could catch what he said,
When a "brother" who stood just above,
Turned and struck him a blow on the head.
At this, there arose a loud cry,
And too ill-looking men—Jones and Brown—
Who stood on the ladder close by,
Endeavoured to hustle him down.
But his grasp was so stubborn and tight,
That his knuckles were rapped all in vain ;
And he sent out his feet left and right,
Till his enemies writhed with their pain.
Then one cried aloud, "It were base
For the man to be driven to yield !
Let us succour his sorrowful case."
But alas ! all in vain he appealed,
For the people cried, "Give it him, Brown !"
And pelted the poor man with stones,
And scoffed at his hopes of renown,
And cheered on the efforts of Jones.
Then Brown seized him fast by the feet,
And Jones said, "We'll teach him who's who !"

And "the brother" proclaimed him a cheat,
While the little boys shouted "Buzzoo!"

And the wiseacres seeing him prest,
Talked loudly of "pride and its fall,"

And the notions *some people* possess,
"It didn't surprise *them* at all:

"They knew he would never get up,

"His place was with them down below;

"The silly conceited young pup,

"They saw it a long time ago!"

And those whom he fancied his friends

Now joined with the others who jeered,

And tried hard to thwart all his ends,

But the little man still persevered;

And his face grew uncommonly red,

When, I noticed, Love lent him a switch,

Which he very soon swung round his head,

And Brown and Jones splashed in the ditch.

Then Love lent him wings, and he flew,

With proud flashing eyes and bent brow;

And "the brother so faithful and true"

Was quickly hurled headlong below.

At this there arose a great shout,

And they lauded him up to the skies;

For now there could not be a doubt

That he would continue to rise.

And they said that the man for the time

Was Robinson—(that was his name),

A man who was certain to climb

To the top of the Ladder of Fame!

Then Robinson took of his hat,

And bowed with his hand on his breast;

And the people cheered loudly at that,

And Brown and Jones cheered with the rest.

Then lots of folks helped him along,

And gaily he sped on his way;

And "the brother" confessed himself wrong,

While the little boys shouted "Hooray!"

And the wiseacres looked very wise,
And said, with his courage and wit
Of course he was certain to rise,
And *they* weren't astonished a bit!
They had watched him since first he began,
And nothing could keep him below,
For he was a *wonderful man!*
They said so a long time ago.
Now, my friend, whosoe'er you may be,
I think you will surely discern,
Without any prompting from me,
The lesson I'd have you to learn.
Of that there can scarce be a doubt,
But I hope you wont take it amiss
If, for *dull people's sakes*, I point out
That the moral I aim at is this—
If your lot in this life should be hard,
Men will treat you with scorn and neglect;
For they always mete out *their* regard
By the credit that *yours* will reflect.
While you till your poor acre alone,
They will mock as they sit and carouse;
When your wide fields are harrowed and sown,
They will hasten to lend you their ploughs.
If your foes should be thoroughly thrased,
They will see your success with delight;
But if your own head should get smashed,
Their verdict will be "Serve you right!"
For how noble soever your plan,
The world lays it down as a rule—
"To succeed is to be a great man,
To fail is to be a great fool!"

A Shot at the Decanter.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

There is a current story that a Quaker once discovered a thief in his house, and, taking down his grandfather's old fowling-piece, he said, "Friend, thee had better get out of the way, for I intend to fire this gun *right where thee stands.*" With the same considerate spirit we warn certain good people that they had better take the decanters off their tables, for we intend to aim a Bible truth right where that decanter stands. It is in the wrong place. It has no more business to be there at all than the thief had to be in the honest Quaker's house. We are not surprised to find a decanter of alcoholic poison on the counter of a dram-shop, whose keeper is licensed to sell death by measure; but we are surprised to find it on the table or the sideboard of one who professes to be guided by the spirit and the teachings of God's Word. That bottle stands right in the range of the following inspired utterance of St. Paul: "*It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing wherely thy brother stumbleth.*" This text must either go out of the Christian's Bible, or the bottle go off the Christian's table. The text will not move, and the bottle must.

The passage itself is so clear that it can hardly admit of a cavil or a doubt. It teaches the holy and benevolent principle that abstinence from things that are naturally hurtful to others is a Christian expediency that has the *grip* of a moral duty.

It would be easy to prove unanswerably that alcoholic beverages are injurious to those who use them. The famous athlete, Tom Sayers, was once asked by a gentleman, "I suppose that when you are training, you use plenty of beefsteaks, and London porter, and pale ale?" The boxer replied, "In my time I have drunk more than was good for me; but when I have business to do, there's nothing like water and the dumb-bells." After retiring from "business," he took to

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drink and died like a sot. Cold water made him a Samson ; alcohol laid him in his grave.

The inherent wrong of using intoxicating drinks is twofold. First, it exposes to danger the man who tampers with it ; for no man was ever positively assured by his Creator that he could play with the "adder" that lies in a wine-cup without being stung by it. Second, it puts a stumbling-block in the way of him whom we are commanded to love as ourselves.

Now, on the same principle—not of self-preservation merely, but of avoiding what is dangerous to others—what right have I to sustain those fountain-heads of death from which the drink-poison is sold ? What right have I to advocate their license, to patronize the traffic, or even in any way to abet the whole system of drinking alcoholic stimulants at home or abroad ? If a glass of wine on my table will entrap some young man, or some one who is inclined to stimulants, into dissipation, then I am thoughtlessly setting a trap for his life. I am his tempter. I gave the usage my sanction, and to him the direct inducement to partake of the bottled demon that sparkles so seductively before him. If he goes away from my table and commits some outrage under the effects of that stimulant, I am, to a certain degree, guilty of that outrage. I gave him the incentive to do what otherwise he might have left undone. The man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips is accountable for what comes from those lips under the influence of the dram, and is accountable, too, for every outrage that the maddened victim of the cup may perpetrate during his temporary insanity.

It is an old-fashioned total abstinence that we are pleading for. We ask it, as Paul did, for the sake of those who "stumble." Oh, those stumblers ! those stumblers ! We dare not speak of them. It would touch many of us too tenderly. It would reveal too many wrecks—wrecks that angels wept over. It would open tombs whose charitable green turf hides out of sight what many a survivor would love to have forgotten. It would recall to me many a college friend who went down at midday into blackness of darkness.

And to-day I see this social curse coming back into our houses, into our streets, into our daily usages of life, with redoubled power. Would that every parent were a "prohibitory law" to his family! Would that every pulpit and every platform would thunder forth the old warning cry, "Look not on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." At the *last!* at the LAST! But, oh, who can tell when that "last" shall ever end? When will the victim's last groan be heard? When will the last horror seize upon his wretched soul?

What is Noble?

CHARLES SWAIN.

What is noble?—to inherit
 Wealth, estate, and proud degree?—
 There must be some other merit
 Higher yet than these for me!—
 Something greater far must enter
 Into life's majestic span,
 Fitted to create and centre
 True nobility in man.

What is noble?—'tis the finer
 Portion of our mind and heart,
 Link'd to something still diviner
 Than mere language can impart:
 Ever prompting—ever seeing
 Some improvement yet to plan;
 To uplift our fellow being,
 And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? —is the sabre
 Nobler than the humbler spade?—
 There's a dignity in labour
 Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
 He who seeks the mind's improvement
 Aids the world, in aiding mind!
 Every great commanding movement
 Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,—
 O'er the engine's iron head,—
 Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
 And the spindle whirls its thread:
 There is labour, lowly tending
 Each requirement of the hour,—
 There is genius, still extending
 Science, and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamour,
 Of the loom-shed and the mill;
 'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
 Great results are growing still!
 Though too oft, by fashion's creatures,
 Work and workers may be blamed,
 Commerce need not hide its features,—
 Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble?—that which places
 Truth in its enfranchised will,
 Leaving steps—like angel-traces,
 That mankind may follow still!
 E'en through scorn's malignant glances
 Prove him *poorest* of his clan,
 He's the *noble*—who advances
 Freedom, and the Cause of Man!

The Contrast.

REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

A wild cry from groups of people scattered up and down the banks of the flooded river, and a sudden rush to where a dam-dyke stretched across it, startled me. Hurriedly climbing a stiff *brae*, and dashing through a small wood that fringed a ravine, I came in view of the point to which the crowd were running, and saw a sight I shall never forget. A strong man, up to the middle in the broken water—steadily breasting the flood, was making for the shore, with a child seven or eight years of age in his arms. Her head lay on his shoulder, and her long flaxen hair, dripping with water, almost swept the stream; her face was turned to the sky, and while one arm hung down, the other, resting on his, was stretched right out—pointing up as it were to the heavens, where her spirit had gone. The attitude and face were so life-like, that at first I fancied it to be some girl who had fallen in and been swept away; and that the man on whom all eyes were bent was a father periling his own life to save his child's. But women weeping, men looking on with faces pale with pity and wrath, and especially the frantic excitement of a poor, ragged old woman, who, in a voice almost choked with grief, cried, as she tossed aloft her bare and withered arms, "The sweet lamb, the *puir drowned* lamb! oh, the monster, to *drown* his ain sweet bairn," soon undeceived me. It was the body of one that men and women, peasants and mill-workers, with boats, and drags, and long poles shod with iron, had deserted their homes and business to search for in the foaming river, and its dark, sullen pools. It was not disfigured; the arms and hands were pale as marble; but the blood, thrown into the face, from the head having lain lower than the trunk, had left there the rosy flush of health. And as she lay on the bank—so calm, with her fair young head resting on her arm—but for the glassy eyes, the clothes that clung to her limbs, her long, dripping,

disheveled locks, and the crowd of boys and girls, of men and women that stooped and wept over her, I could have supposed this to be some happy child, that, weary with play, had lain down and gone to sleep on the sward, already speckled with the flowers of spring.

She was one of the many thousand victims offered up, year by year, to the demon of this land. Her father was a drunkard. The horrors of *delirium tremens* had come on him. By wiles he led her and her brother to a place where the river, hemmed in by horrid rocks, dashes through with the rush of an eagle and the roar of thunder. Appearing to fondle, perhaps really fondling them for a while, he suddenly seized the boy, and, more like a devil than a man, hurled him in—and the water shot him away. By God's good providence it swept the poor boy on to a rock which raises its black head from the middle of the whirling pool below; carried within reach of that, he seized it, with strong death-grasp held on, and climbed up. By this time the man has tossed in the other child, and followed her into the jaws of death; they are floating past but near him, and calling her by name, he shrieks to the drowning girl to make for the rock. "My father *winna* let me!" she cried—and cried no more—for then he saw a hand rise out of the water, and, laid on her gentle head, press it down. The hand was her own father's. He never saw father or sister more; their bodies went the same way, but as the bubbles of their last breaths broke on the pool, their spirits parted forever. That hand lifted up to press down the lips and head of the drowning child, led many thoughtful men and loving women to put their hands to the Temperance Pledge; and, striking the neighborhood with horror, made Abstainers by the hundred.

It was never God that made that man the monster he was. Never! Such never came out of Nature's womb. We see the fathers and mothers that God makes in one who perished in the *Rothsay Castle* when she was wrecked, years ago, off the coast of England. As the steamer lay broken-backed on the sandbank in a dark, stormy night, one great wave after

another came rolling on and swept her deck. In a group that waited their doom there stood a woman with a babe in her arms, and her back to a broken mast; and as they marked a giant wave advancing against their part of the wreck, she took the shawl from her shoulders, and obeying the strong instinct of maternal love—although useless—she wrapped it round her infant, clasping the little creature close to her bosom. The sea broke; a wild shriek rose, mingled with the thundering of the billow; and where the living, shivering group had stood, not one remained. But the rude shock had not separated the mother and her child. The ruling passion is strong in death, and one tells how he saw the dying mother touchingly, but, alas! uselessly, trying to save her little one—her last drowning thoughts given to it. Her own form sunk out of sight, she held her infant, to the full stretch of her arms, up above the waves. It was a pitiful sight; but what a beautiful contrast to him who raised a dying hand to press down the head of his own child till her young breath was choked!

What made the difference between that father and this noble mother? Not God, certainly. It was drink—nothing else than drink. Foul parent of by far the larger number of the evils that curse our country, disgrace our churches, and afflict humanity, it never made a woman virtuous, but has made many virtuous women vile; it never made a child obedient, but has, by rebellious children, brought many gray heads with sorrow to the grave; it never made a husband kind, but has made many kind husbands unfeeling brutes; it never made a mother loving, but has made mothers monsters, that they should not have compassion on the fruit of their womb.

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• **The Gambler's Wife.**

COATES.

Dark is the night!—how dark!—no light! no fire!
Cold on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle-side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

“Hark! ’tis his footstep! No—’tis past: ’tis gone:
Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
And I believed ’twould last;—how mad! how blind!

“Rest thee, my babe!—rest on! ’Tis hunger’s cry!
Sleep!—for there is no food! the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done;
My heart must break!—And thou!”—The clock strikes one.

“Hush! ’tis the dice-box! Yes, he’s there, he’s there!
For this, for this, he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton’s smile—the villain—and the sot!

“Yet I’ll not curse him! No! ’tis all in vain!
’Tis long to wait, but sure he’ll come again!
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
My child!—*his* child—Oh fiend!”—The clock strikes two.

“Hark! how the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by!
Moan!—Moan!—A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha!—’tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more—
—’Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o’er!

“Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! it cannot be. He will be here.

“Nestle more closely, dear one; to my heart!
 Thou’rt cold! thou’rt freezing! But we will not part.
 Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
 Oh Heaven! protect my child!”—The clock strikes three.

They’re gone! they’re gone! The glimmering spark hath fled,
 The wife and child are number’d with the dead!
 On the cold hearth, out-stretched in solemn rest
 The child lies frozen on its mother’s breast!
 —The gambler came at last—but all was o’er—
 Dead silence reigned around—he groaned—he spoke no more.

The Ruined Cottage.

MRS. MACLEAN (L.E.L.).

None will dwell in that cottage, for they say
 Oppression reft it from an honest man,
 And that a curse clings to it; hence the vine
 Trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground;
 Hence weeds are in that garden; hence the hedge,
 Once sweet with honey-suckle, is half dead;
 And hence the grey moss on the apple-tree.
 One once dwelt there, who had been in his youth
 A soldier; and when many years had passed
 He sought his native village, and sat down
 To end his days in peace. He had one child—
 A little laughing thing, whose large dark eyes,
 He said, were like the mother’s he had left
 Buried in stranger lands; and time went on
 In comfort and content—and that fair girl
 Had grown far taller than the red rose tree
 Her father planted her first English birth-day;
 And he had train’d it up against an ash
 Till it became his pride;—it was so rich

In blossom and in beauty, it was called
The tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal
To all the better feelings of the heart
To mark their quiet happiness; their home,
In truth, a home of love: and more than all,
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came
Among the first to church; and Isabel,
With her bright color and her clear glad eyes,
Bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer;
And in the hymn her sweet voice audible:—
Her father look'd so fond of her, and then
From her looked up so thankfully to Heaven!
And their small cottage was so very neat;
Their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and flowers;
And in the winter there was no fireside
So cheerful as their own. But other days
And other fortunes came—an evil power!
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped
For better times, but ruin came at last;
And the old soldier left his own dear home,
And left it for a prison. 'Twas in June,
One of June's brightest days—the bee, the bird,
The butterfly, were on their brightest wings;
The fruits had their first tinge of summer light;
The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad,
And the old man looked back upon his cottage
And wept aloud:—they hurried him away,
And the dear child that would not leave his side.
They led him from the sight of the blue heaven
And the green trees, into a low, dark cell,
The windows shutting out the blessed sun
With iron grating; and for the first time
He threw him on his bed, and could not hear
His Isabel's "good night!" But the next morn
She was the earliest at the prison gate,
The last on whom it closed; and her sweet voice,
And sweeter smile, made him forget to pine.

She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers,
 But every morning could he see her cheek
 Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones
 Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew
 Was on the hand he held. One day he saw
 The sun shine through the grating of his cell,
 Yet Isabel came not; at every sound
 His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still
 She came not near him. But one sad day
 He marked the dull street through the iron bars
 That shut him from the world;—at length he saw
 A coffin carried carelessly along,
 And he grew desperate—he forced the bars;
 And he stood on the street, free and alone!
 He had no aim, no wish for liberty—
 He only felt one want, to see the corpse
 That had no mourners. When they set it down,
 Or e'er 'twas lower'd into the new-dug grave,
 A rush of passion came upon his soul,
 And he tore off the lid, and saw the face
 Of Isabel, and knew he had no child!
 He lay down by the coffin quietly—
 His heart was broken!

A Temperance Dialogue.

MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

Characters.—CHARLEY, DICK, ETHELBERG, FRANK.

SCENE.—Boys' room at College. Table at one side with books, etc. Pitcher of water. Small stand in the middle of the room. Enter young men, Frank bearing a tray with glasses and large pitcher; sets it on the stand.

FRANK.—Come, boys, this is my birthday, and I am going to treat you all. Here's a paper of crackers I bought last night, and here's a pitcher of the best Scotch ale. The

cat's away and we mice can play. I got Black Joe to smuggle up the ale for me, and cook supplied the glasses. She'll expect us to remember her when we are through, and I will if we have to fill the pitcher twice over. Come boys, walk up and help yourselves. (*Pours out the liquid.*)

ETHELBERT.—Thank you, Frank, but you will please excuse me. I never drink intoxicating liquors of any sort.

FRANK.—Fie! Bert, you don't call ale intoxicating liquor, do you? That pitcher full would'nt hurt a common head.

ETHELBERT.—Mine must be an uncommon one, then; for half a glass would set it spinning like a top and beating like a trip-hammer.

CHARLEY.—That's because you are a green hand at the business. Try it a few times, and you'll stand it like a soldier.

ETHELBERT.—Thank you, I prefer to show my bravery by fighting alcohol to the death.

DICK.—Hurrah for the distinguished temperance lecturer that is to be—Hon. Bertie King! Come, give us a specimen of your eloquence, and we'll let you off from the beer.

(*Several Voices.*) That's it. A speech, a speech from Bertie King.

(*Boys seat themselves, fold their arms with mock gravity.*)

CHARLEY.—Come, no flinching, Bert. We shall relish our beer so much better afterward. We can't excuse you.

ETHELBERT.—(*smiling, though somewhat confused.*) Ahem! Gentlemen, this unexpected honor—ahem—

DICK.—Very good, go ahead.

ETHELBERT.—Well, as I was saying, this unexpected honor—(*draws a manuscript from his pocket, and pretends to be reading. Boys laugh.*)

DICK.—(*Goes about, all primed ready for action.*) Well, give it to us, old fellow, and we'll stand it, whatever it is.

ETHELBERT.—Well, boys, as you all seem to be of one mind, I don't think anything will suit you better than a brief address about Prince Alcohol. You all know what a great general he is. I suppose he has fought twice as many battles as Colonel Gunpowder: and, what's more to the point, he's conquered nine times out of ten.

You'll know his brigade anywhere by their uniform—red turned up with purple. The old veterans are often ornamented with ruby-colored jewels called carabuncles. If you stick to his service long enough, you are sure to get promoted.

There's another mark by which you will not fail to know the general's men. They all show they were drilled by one man. Every one of them, in common walking even, illustrates finely what Hogarth calls "the waving line of beauty." But on horseback these knights of the bottle chiefly excel. Such wonderful circus feats as they perform, such circling and zigzagging—now this side, now that. It is commonly thought as good as a show to watch one. And then how courteous they are! What low bows they make to every one they meet, particularly to the ladies!

Then, too, you all know the "happy-go-lucky" state of mind they usually possess. One may be rolling in the gutter without a coat to his back or a hat to his head, but you will find him still as happy as a king on his throne. He will feel that he can have all the world for the asking. No matter if the ground does tumble and heave about him at a wonderful rate. He knows that *he* is travelling on all right, as far as the tipping sidewalks will permit. If, the next day, snaky horrors haunt him, just give him another glass or too, and it will help him over the difficulty wonderfully.

DICK.—Talks it off like a book, don't he?

ETHELBERT.—(*bowing.*) I'll not pretend but what I

found some of my ideas in a book; but they are just as true as if I had made them up myself. Now, boys, whoever wants to enlist as a private under this general, let him walk up and take a glass of beer. Just take one glass, and you have enlisted. For my part, I train under another leader. (*Goes to the water pitcher, and pours out a glass.*)

"You may boast of your brandy and wine as you please,
Gin, cider, and all of the rest;
Cold water transcends them in all the degrees,
It is good, it is better, 'tis best."

DICK.—I'll follow your lead, Bert. Your speech makes me dry. (*Takes a glass of water.*)

CHARLEY.—You may as well send down the ale to the cook, Frank. We want none of it here.

ETHELBERT.—(*earnestly.*) No, no; let us have nothing to do with making drunkards. The sewer is the only proper place for it. There isn't an animal so low down in the scale that would drink it.

FRANK.—Throw it out then, Bertie, and I'll put a quarter in the bottom of the pitcher to make it right with the cook. She'll spend it on a new cap-ribbon, I'll engage, rather than a pitcher of beer.

CHARLEY.—Let's wind up with a song, Bertie. You are always on hand with one, and it's the order in all well-regulated temperance meetings.

(*Bertie takes from his pocket a copy of "Temperance Chimes," and turns the leaves.*)

ETHELBERT.—Here is one you all know, I am sure.
(*Boys sing.*)

"There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time a coming,
There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.

They shall pledge eternal hate
 To all that can intoxicate,
 In the good time coming;
 They shall use, but not abuse,
 And make all virtue stronger;
 The reformation has begun,
 Wait a little longer.

Chorus.—There's a good time coming," etc.

(*Exit all.*)

The Mother of Coriolanus.

MARY ANN M'IVER.

My son! my son! and must I hail,
 As such my country's foe?
 May not a mother's prayers avail,
 In this dread hour of woe?
 I who have watched thy infant bed,
 Till the last star grew dim,
 And sung above thy pillowed head,
 Full many a glorious hymn,
 Of deeds by god-like heroes done,—
 Dost thou reward me thus, my son!

With sight of thee there comes a flood
 Of thoughts of brighter years,
 Before thy high patrician blood
 Had woke my hopes and fears.
 And when unarmed, except with truth,
 I see thee proudly stand,
 Among the stately Roman youth,
 The noblest of our land,—
 I never thought thy worshipped name,
 Should coupled be with sin and shame.

Can'st thou assail thy cherished home,
 Attack those sacred walls,
 Raze to the earth each lordly dome,
 And thy ancestral halls ?
 If thou must war, stern as thou art,
 Oh ! let it not be here !
 And stain not with this crime a heart
 That never bowed to fear.
 Thou wav'st me mournfully away ;—
 Alas that I should see this day !

If thou art not thus to be moved,
 By Rome's appeal or mine,
 Tears that fill eyes far better loved,—
 Oh ! can they soften thine ?
 There is but weeping round the hearth,
 Where once melodious rung
 Thy children's careless tones of mirth—
 Thy gentle consort's tongue.
 Had I not found a son in thee,
 My father's land—Rome had been free !

Nothing Good Shall Ever Perish.

J. C. HAGEN.

Nothing good shall ever perish ;
 Only the corrupt shall die ;
 Truth which men and angels cherish,
 Flourishes eternally.

None are wholly God-forsaken—
 All His sacred image wear ;
 None so lost but should awaken
 In our hearts a brother's care.

Not a mind but has its mission—
Power of working woe or weal ;
So degraded none's condition,
But the world his weight may feel.

Words of kindness, words of warning,
Deem not ever spoke in vain ;
Even to those thy counsel scorning,
Oft shall they return again.

Though the mind absorb'd in pleasure,
Holds the voice of counsel light,
Yet doth faithful memory treasure,
What at first it seem'd to slight.

Words of kindness we have spoken,
May, when we have pass'd away,
Heal, perhaps, some spirit broken—
Guide a brother led astray.

Thus, our very thoughts are living,
Even when we are not here ;
Joy and consolation giving,
To the friends who hold us dear.

Not an act but is recorded —
Not a word but has its weight—
Every virtue is rewarded,
Outrage punish'd, soon or late.

Let no being, then, be rated
As a thing of little worth ;
Every soul that is created,
Has its part to play on earth.

Stimulants.

REV. JOHN TODD.

I cannot persuade myself that I need say a word on the subject of stimulating drinks; for I cannot believe that any one who has self-respect enough to read a book designed for his improvement, will need a single caution on this point. Many classes of men are more frequently in the way of temptation from this quarter than the student; but no class has half the temptation from within. There is a depression, and a sinking of the animal spirits, at times, which makes the desire for artificial stimulants almost irrepressible. And when the experiment has been once made, and the appetite once indulged, you are, probably, too completely in the hands of your enemy to be saved. Let it alone: never suffer a bottle, a decanter, a wine-glass, to come into your room or to touch your lips. You could point out some who, in their several professions, were brilliant while they lived, and whose tongues and pens were made eloquent by artificial stimulants. Their suns, almost without exception, set in clouds, and what they wrote will lie unread, at least, till the memory of the authors has passed away. But if you could take the catalogue of our colleges, and hear the history of those who, by the star, are marked as having gone to the grave, you would be astonished at the number who were destroyed by this fatal indulgence. The student who, even occasionally, uses strong drinks, may be marked as one who will soon cease to be in your way as a rival, and whose career will probably be marked, hereafter, only with shame and degradation. While I feel that I almost insult my reader by cautioning him on this subject, I must be permitted to say that the danger, to the student, is very great, and that, owing to the peculiar excitability of his nerves, and the relaxed state of his system, he probably receives treble the injury, by stimulants, that any other man does.

What can you do ?

ANONYMOUS.

A Diamond lay in a jeweller's tray
And sparkled and glittered and looked very gay.
There a Loadstone too was exposed to view,
But looked very dull (as loadstones do).

The Diamond bright, said, " You gloomy fright,
You're quite a disgrace to me—Out of my sight !"
But the Loadstone stayed, for he was not afraid,
And now you shall hear what a speech he made :—

" It is plain to me that we cannot agree,
As *you* only wish to be seen and to see.
Now *I*, I'm aware, have no beauty to spare,
But of use if you talk—Ah! I beat you there.

It was owing to me that the ship which brought thee
Found her way from America over the sea.
You are pretty, 'tis true, but I yield not to you
Till you answer me candidly,—What can you do ?"

(*The Diamond's Answer.*)

Now the Diamond knew it was all very true
That the Loadstone had said about what he could do.
And she felt she was foiled, for her speech had recoiled,
But to *blush* would at once her complexion have spoiled.
So recovering her fright, like a Diamond bright,
She made him an answer as clear as light :—

" Kings and queens you're aware must have something to
wear
In their beautiful crowns, and pray what must be there ?
Not your heavy eye, Mr. Loadstone, and why ?—
Who would bear a black spot in a crown to desery ?

On the breast of the fair, or her locket of hair,
 Or the bright ring of Friendship—its love to declare,
 'Tis for gems such as me they send over the sea,
 And I came, brother Loadstone, conducted by thee.

I lay still in the mine,—it was other's design
 To raise me and polish and bid me to shine.
 And a crime is it pray, thus to sparkle away
 With all the sev'n colors of night and of day ?

But I've still something more to say on the score
 Of *usefulness* too, that you make such a bore :
 How came you to be in this case beside me ?
 Whose point cut the glass ? May I ask that of thee ?

Then let us both turn, not defects to discern,
 But from Him who hath made us our duties to learn.
 You the ships path to define, but leave *me* to mine
 In the daylight of heaven like a prism to shine.

Attraction to earth is the lot of your birth,
 But for purest *Reflection* hath He sent me forth :
 Still the same be our care, and if you from afar
 The *Pole* can distinguish, I'll gleam like a star."

David's Interview with King Saul.

MRS. H. MOORE.

Characters :—SAUL (*dignified and distrustful*) ABNER, DAVID (*meek and earnest*).

DAVID. Hail, mighty King !

ABNER. Behold your champion here !

SAUL. Art thou the youth, whose high heroic zeal
 Aspires to meet this giant son of Anak ?

DAVID. If so the king permit.

SAUL. Impossible !

Why, what experience has thy youth of arms ?
Where, stripling, didst thou learn the trade of war ?
Beneath what hoary veteran hast thus served ?
What feats hast thou achieved—what daring deeds ?
Hast thou e'er scaled the city's rampart wall,
Or hurled the missile dart, or learned to poise
The warrior's dreadful spear ? The of targe,
Of helm and buckler, is to thee unk .

DAVID. Arms I have seldom seen. I little know
Of war's proud discipline. The trumpet's clang,
The shock of charging hosts, the embattled wall,
The serried phalanx, and the warrior's spear,
With use of targe and helm, to me is new :
My zeal for God, my patriot love of Israel,
My reverence for my King—these are my claims.

SAUL. But, gentle youth, thou hast no fame in arms ?

DAVID. True, mighty King ! I am indeed, alike
Unblessed by Fortune, and to Fame unknown ;
A lowly shepherd-swain of Judah's tribe :
But thou, O King ! thyself wast once unknown,
Till fair occasion brought thy worth to light.
Far higher views now warm thy youthful heart
Than human praise : I seek to vindicate
The insulted honor of the God I serve.

ABNER. 'Tis nobly said.

SAUL. I love thy spirit, youth,
But dare not trust thy inexperienced arm
Against a giant's might. The sight of blood
Will pale thy burning cheek.

DAVID. Not so, O King !
This youthful arm has been imbrued in blood,
Though yet no blood of *man* has ever stained it.
Thy servant's occupation is a shepherd.
With jealous care I watched my father's flock ;

A brindled lion and a furious bear,
 Forth from the thicket rushed upon the fold,
 Seized a young lamb and tore their bleating spoil :
 Urged with compassion for my helpless charge,
 I felt a new-born vigor nerve my arm,
 And eager on the foaming monsters rushed ;
 The famished lion, by his grisly beard,
 Enraged I caught, and smote him to the ground ;
 The panting monster, struggling in my gripe,
 Shook terribly his bristling mane, and lashed
 His gory sides ; fiercely he ground
 His gnashing teeth, and rolled his starting eyes
 Bloodshot with agony ; then with a groan,
 That roused the echoes of the mountain, died.
 Nor did his grim associate 'scape my arm ;
 Thy servant slew the lion and the bear ;
 I killed them both, and bore their shaggy spoils
 In triumph home ; and shall I fear to meet
 This rude uncircumcised Philistine ? No !
 The God who saved me from the lion's fang
 And jaw of hungry bear, will save me, too,
 From this idolater.

SAUL. He will, he will !
 Go, noble youth ! be valiant and be blessed :
 The God thou serv'st will shield thee in the fight,
 And nerve thy arm with more than human strength.
 Farewell, my son ! the God of Jacob guard thee.

The Drunkard is our Brother.

MRS. BALFOUR.

Oh turn not hastily aside with cold contemptuous mien
 When in our streets that sad, that loathsome sight is seen—
 The drunkard ! although sunk in folly, guilt and shame,
 Looking like a blot—a stain upon humanity's fair fame,

He yet has claims—that wretched one! that may not be denied;

Pause, Christian! e'er you turn in stern disgust aside;
He owns a name that angry scorn can neither change nor smother;

Christian! whate'er his sins, that drunkard is "thy brother."

His deathless soul is precious in the blest Saviour's eyes
As thine, whoe'er thou art: Oh! then, let fervent love arise
And break up the pure fountains within thy heart's great deep,

That floods of warm compassion may o'er thy bosom sweep.
Call up thy conscience, Christian! and faithfully begin
To seek for truthful counsel from the monitor within—
Ask, "Has the example I have set been better than another,
That I should dare contemptuously to pass my erring brother?"

"Have my habits or my tastes, the enjoyments that I seek
Been a stumbling-block or snare, in the pathway of the weak?
Am I myself condemned, in that which I allow?
What right have I, to fix a brand upon the drunkard's brow?"

An answer vibrates through thy soul, and pleads for mercy's sake,

That thou the tempting wine-cup, would'st evermore forsake:
The light of truth if cherished shall lead thee to discover—
Example, not contumely, must win thine erring brother.

Christian! for the honor of that dear and sacred name,
Oh! look not with indifference on human nature's shame;
Come nobly to the rescue—with hallowed ardour come!
Seek for the lost, and gently lead the erring wand'rer home!
Haste to redeem the past; for the solemn book of life
Condemns us by the record of many a grief-worn wife:
The woes of many a child—the despair of many a mother
Proclaim, "We verily are guilty concerning our poor brother."

The Cause of Temperance.

J. B. GOUGH.

Our enterprise is in advance of the public sentiment, and those who carry it on are glorious iconoclasts, who are going to break down the drunken Dagon worshipped by their fathers. Count me over the chosen heroes of this earth, and I will show you men that stood alone—ay, alone, while those they toiled, and laboured, and agonized for, hurled at them contumely, scorn, and contempt. They stood alone; they looked into the future calmly and with faith; they saw the golden beam inclining to the side of perfect justice; and they fought on amidst the storm of persecution. In Great Britain they tell me when I go to see such a prison:—“There is such a dungeon in which such a one was confined;” “Here, among the ruins of an old castle we will show you where such a one had his ears cut off, and where another was murdered.” Then they will show me monuments towering up to the heavens:—“There is a monument to such a one: there is a monument to another.” And what do I find? That the one generation persecuted and howled at these men, crying “Crucify them! crucify them!” and dancing round the blazing faggots that consumed them; and the next generation busied itself in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes and depositing them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Oh, yes! the men that fight for a great enterprise are the men that bear the brunt of the battle, and “He who seeth in secret”—seeth the desire of his children, their steady purpose, their firm self-denial—“will reward them openly,” though they may die and see no sign of the triumphs of their enterprise.

Our cause is a progressive one. I read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York, in 1809, and one of the by-laws stated, “Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall take place on the 4th of July, or any

other regularly appointed military muster." We laugh at that now; but it was a serious matter in those days: it was in advance of the public sentiment of the age. The very men that adopted that principle were persecuted: they were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated. The fire of persecution scorched some men so, that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. Some are living to-day; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner stone. They laid it amid the persecution and storm. They worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By-and-by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with "Love, truth, sympathy and good will to men." Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning keystone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet—because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building; but by-and-by, when the hosts who have laboured shall come up over a thousand battle-fields waving with bright grain never again to be crushed in the distillery—through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase—when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy

it; to the last stream of liquid death and dry it up; to the last weeping wife and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child and lift him up to stand where God meant that man should stand; to the last drunkard and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then will the capstone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will start in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. The last poor drunkard shall go into it and find a refuge there; loud shouts of rejoicing shall be heard, and there shall be joy in heaven, when the triumphs of a great enterprise shall usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ. I believe it; on my soul, I believe it. Will you help us? That is the question. We leave it with you. Good night.

Which ?

ANONYMOUS.

+

“Which shall it be? Which shall it be?”
 I looked at John, John looked at me,
 (Dear patient John, who loves me yet,
 As well as though my locks were jet),
 And when I found that I must speak,
 My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
 “Tell me again what Robert said;”
 And then, I listening, bent my head.
 This is his letter :

I will give
 A house and land while you shall live,
 If, in return, from out your seven,
 One child to me for aye is given.

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share.

I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

“Come, John,” said I,
“We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;” so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lillian, the baby, slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white,
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down its loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, “Not her, not her.”
We stood beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak
“He's but a baby too,” said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Bobby's angel face,
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
“No for a thousand crowns, not him,”
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, he who gave,
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he.

“And so,” said John, “I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer.”
Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
“Perhaps for her ’twould better be,”
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her face in wilful way,
And shook his head. “Nay, love not thee—”
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and faithful, good and glad—
So like his father. “No, John, no—
I cannot, will not, let him go.”
And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

The Drunkard's Wife.

MRS. BALFOUR.

Within a fireless, dreary room,
A lonely mourner weeps;
Through the long night, 'mid cheerless gloom,
Her weary watch she keeps—
Waiting in grief, and shame, and fear,
Her husband's well-known step to hear.

An infant on her bosom lies,
And in the wretched bed

A pining prattler, restless, cries,
 "O, mother, give me bread!"
 While she—the wretched! breathes a prayer
 For strength, her mighty griefs to bear.

Oh! woman's heart! and woman's love!
 Must many trials know;
 But language has no words to prove
 The *wife's* keen, bitter woe,
 When he, who made her earthly bliss,
 Sinks in the drunkard's foul abyss.

For *him* she changed her father's name
 And left her mother's care;
 With sweet, confiding fondness came,
 His varied lot to share:
 And warmly hoped, on life's steep road.
 His love would lighten every load.

Those hopes were vain; and yet in woe
 Her love is still the same;
 No change her gentle heart can know,
 Through years of want and shame,
 That heart may break, but cannot chill;—
 The wanderer is welcome still!

He comes at length,—to mock the tear
 Upon her pallid cheek—
 To taunt with language stern, severe,
 The suffering and the meek.
 Heedless he hears his infant's moan—
Intemperance turns the heart to stone!

Oh! widely spread the glorious plan,
 That heals a grief like this;
 That raises fallen, degraded man,
 And seals domestic bliss;
 That bids intemperance vile, depart.
 And pitying, binds the broken heart!

Why stand ye here all the day idle?

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

Two fields for toil—the outer and the inner,
Both overgrown with weeds ;
Who to the labour hastes, to be the winner
Of all the labourer's needs ?

To bathe in radiant mornings, daily spreading
Over the heavens anew ;
To sit 'neath trees of life, forever shedding
Their bounteous honey-dew.

To rouse a spirit formed from God, from slumber,
And robe it for the light ;
Their heirs of heaven from clay to disencumber,
Which clogs their upward flight.

To lift a world, 'neath sin and sorrow lying,
And "pour in oil and wine ;"
To warble, in the dulled ears of the dying,
Refrains of hymns divine.

Work for a life-time, in each path up springing
In low or lofty spheres !
Hark to the Master's summons, always ringing
In quick and heedless ears !

Cool brain, strong sinew, heart with love o'erflowing,
Shall all in sloth escape ?
Like vine, which fruitless through his wanton growing
Ne'er purples into 'grape !

The daylight wanes and dies—"Why stand ye idle ?"
Life hastens to its bourne !
The bridegroom tarries—will ye greet the bridal,
Or in the darkness mourn ?

Lo! in the fields the yellow harvest drooping,
 As lilies in the rain ;
 Where are the reapers, that they come not trooping,
 To gather in the grain ?

Some, in the festive hall disporting gaily ;
 On slothful pillow some ;
 Some, in delays most blameful, and yet daily
 Exclaiming, " Lo! I come."

And some, infatuate, 'mid the aliens scoffing,
 Quarrel about their toil ;
 As wreckers, when ships founder in the offing,
 Grow murderous over spoil.

Meanwhile the harvest waiteth for reaping,
 God's patience hath not tired.
 Ye cannot say—extenuate of your sleeping—
 " We wait for none hath hired."

Through the hushed noon-tide hour the master calleth ;
 Ye cannot choose but hear ;
 Still sounding when the length'ning shadow falleth,
 " Why stand ye idle here ?"

Up! for a while the pitying glory lingers!
 Work while it yet is to-day!
 Then rest the Sabbath rest—where angel-singers
 Make melody for aye.

Green Apples.

ANONYMOUS.

Pull down the bough, Bob! Isn't this fun?
 Now give it a shake, and—there goes one!
 Now put your thumb up to the other, and see
 If it isn't as mellow as yellow can be!

I know by the stripe,
It must be ripe !
That's one apiece for you and me.

Green are they? Well, no matter for that,
Sit down on the grass and we'll have a chat ;
And I'll you what old parson Bute
Said last Sunday of unripe fruit.

“ Life,” says he,
“ Is a bountiful tree
Heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

“ For the youth there's love, just streaked with red,
And great joys hanging over his head ;
Happiness, honor, and great estate,
For those who patiently work and wait ;—
Blessings,” said he,
“ Of every degree,
Ripening early and ripening late.

“ Take them in season, pluck and eat,
And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is sweet ;
But O my friends !” Here he gave a rap
On his desk like a regular thunder-clap,
And made such a bang,
Old Deacon Lang
Woke up out of his Sunday nap.

“ Green fruit,” he said, “ God would not bless ;
But half life's sorrow and bitterness,
Half the evil and ache and crime,
Came from tasting before their time
The fruits heaven sent.”
Then on he went
To his *Fourthly* and *Fifthly*, wasn't it prime ?

But I say, Bob!—we fellows don't care
So much for a mouthful of apple or pear ;

But what we like is the fun of the thing,
 When the fresh wind blows, and the hang-birds bring
 Home grubs and sing
 To their young ones, a-swing
 In their basket-nest, tied up by its string.

I like apples in various ways ;
 They're first-rate roasted before the blaze
 Of a winter fire ; and O my eyes !
 Arn't they nice, though, made into pies ?
 I scarce ever saw
 One, cooked or raw,
 That wasn't good for a boy of my size !

But shake your fruit from the orchard tree,
 And the tune of the brook, and the hum of the bee,
 And the chipmonks chipping every minute,
 And the clear sweet note of the gay little linnnet,
 And the grass and the flowers,
 And the long summer hours,
 And the flavor of sun and breeze, are in it.

But this is a hard one ! Why didn't we
 Leave them another week on the tree ?
 Is yours as bitter ? Give us a bite !
 The pulp is tough, and the seeds are white,
 And the taste of it puckers
 My mouth like a sucker's !
 I vow, I believe the old parson was right !

Labour.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Two men I honor and no third. First, the toil-worn
 craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously con-
 quers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is

the hand, hard and coarse ; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face all weather tanned, besoiled, with his rude intelligence ; for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee ! Hardly entreated brother ! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed ; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour ; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on : *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly, him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable—not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty ; endeavoring towards inward harmony ; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low ? Highest of all when his outward and his inward endeavors are one : when we can name him artist ; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us ! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return that he may have light, guidance, freedom, immortality ? These two, in all their degrees, I honor ; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

* * * * *

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were we ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works ; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valor against his task ; and doubt, desire,

sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off in their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labour is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable except to faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals.

The Dream of the Revellers.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Around the board the guests were met, the lights above them
gleaming,
And in their cups, replenished oft, the ruddy wine was
streaming;
Their cheeks were flushed, their eyes were bright, their hearts
with pleasure bounded,
The song was sung, the toast was given, and loud the revel
sounded;
I drained my bumper with the rest, and cried, "Away with
sorrow,
Let me be happy for *to-day*, and care not for *to-morrow*!"

But, as I spoke my sight grew dim, and slumber deep came
o'er me,
And 'mid the whirl of mingling tongues *this* vision passed
before me :

Methought I saw a demon rise ; he held a mighty beaker,
Whose burnished sides ran daily o'er with floods of burning
liquor ;
Around him pressed a clamorous crowd, to taste his liquor
greedy,
But chiefly came the poor and sad, the suffering and the
needy ;
All those oppressed by grief and debts, the dissolute and
lazy,
Blear-eyed old men and reckless youths, and palsied women
crazy.
"Give, give !" they cry, "give, give us drink, to drown 'all
thoughts of sorrow,
If we are happy for *to-day* we care not for *to-morrow* !"

The *first* drop warms their shivering skins, and drives away
their sadness,
The *second* lights their sunken eyes, and fills their souls
with gladness ;
The *third* drop makes them shout and roar, and play each
furious antic,
The *fourth* drop boils their very blood, and the *fifth* drop
drives them *frantic*.
"Drink !" says the demon, "drink your fill ! drink of these
waters mellow,
They'll make your bright eyes blar and dull, and tan your
white skin yellow ;
They'll fill your home with care and grief, and clothe your
backs with tatters,
They'll fill your minds with evil thoughts—but *never mind*—
what matters ?

“ Though virtue sink, and reasoning fail, and social ties
dissever,
I'll be your friend in hour of need, and find you homes for
ever.

For I have built three mansions high, three strong and
goodly houses,

A workhouse for the jolly soul, who all his life carouses,
A hospital to lodge the sot, oppressed by pain and anguish,
A prison full of dungeons deep, where hopeless felons languish.
So drain the cup, and drain again, and drown all thought of
sorrow,

Be happy if you can *to-day*, and *never mind to-morrow* !”

But well he knows, this demon old, how vain is all his
preaching,

The ragged crew that round him flock are heedless of his
teaching ;

Even as they hear his fearful words, they cry, with shouts
of laughter,

“ Out on the fool ! who mars *to-day* with thoughts of a
hereafter ;

We care not for your mansions three—we live but for the
present,

And merry will we make it yet, and quaff our bumpers
pleasant.”

Loud laughs the fiend to hear them speak, and lifts his
burning beaker—

“ Body and soul are *mine* !” quoth he—“ I'll have them
both for liquor !”

The Brave.

J. E. CARPENTER.

Who are the brave ? the warriors bold
That slaughter their fellow men for gold,
That risk their lives in the battle fray ?
Daring they are—not brave are they.

The Hindoo widow mounts the pile,
And meets her death with a placid smile,
The veriest coward for death will crave,—
He who struggles for bread is the truly brave.

Who are the brave? the brave are they
Who toil at the loom from day to day;
Who dig and delve in the open field
For the miserly pittance their labour'll yield;
The millions who work with hand or head
For little beyond their daily bread;
Ever to want, and never to save,—
The rich man's slaves are the truly brave.

Who are the brave? the suffering host
That never of wealth had chance to boast,
Yet never have fallen or turned aside
From the path of truth, or of honest pride:
But who spurn the tempter, come what may,
That their lives may be pure as the open day;
Who ask not a trophy to deck their grave,—
The Honest and Poor are the truly brave.

The Public Meeting.

A DEBATE FOR FIVE MALES AND ONE FEMALE.

THE CHAIRMAN.—My young friends, we have met for the purpose of advocating the principles of abstinence from intoxicating drinks. Though we are but young, we are old enough to know that drunkenness is a great evil, and that moderate drinking is dangerous; and, though some of the friends may desire to speak in favor of strong drink, I feel assured there are others here who will be prepared to meet their objections. I have now the pleasure of calling upon our stanch friend,

MASTER JOHN DRINKWATER.—And I hope, Mr. Chair-

man, I shall ever be a credit to my name. I am not ashamed to own that I believe cold water is the best and cheapest drink in the world, and I never look on it without feeling pleased. My good old aunt used to shake her head, and say, "Ah, Johnny, I'm sure water won't agree with you," but I went to see her the other day, and she was obliged to confess that I looked better than when mother gave me beer. I saw a poor drunkard in the hands of the policeman yesterday, and I felt assured had he been a cold water drinker he would not have been there. I hope to induce all I can to drink cold water; and I will invite as many children to attend the Band of Hope as possible.

MASTER LITTLEDROP.—Mr. Chairman, I do not like water, it makes me so cold, I greatly prefer taking a little beer, it warms me and does me good. My father says it does him good also, and a great many good people take it; and if they take it why should not I—and why should we not all take it, now and then? Besides, it is so nice at Christmas-time to take a little elder wine, and to play at snap-dragons. I do not think that teetotalism would suit me, and therefore I could not desire others to abstain.

MASTER ABSTINENCE.—I rise, Mr. Chairman, to reply to the last speaker. He says cold water makes him so cold. This is a mistake: for the tendency of cold water is to make you feel warm; and if you have a cold, the best thing you can take before you go to bed is a draught of water. This will induce a perspiration—and you will be better in the morning. The general rule is that hot drinks make you cold, and cold drinks make you warm. I know that beer seems to warm, but the man who drinks beer is not able to endure the cold as he who totally abstains. The last speaker asked why he should not take a little beer and wine now and then; and he appears to think he could not be happy at Christmas without his wine and snap-dragons. Last Christmas I had the pleasure of spending two or three pleasant evenings in the company of those who totally abstain, and we were all very happy indeed; and we have the pleasure of

knowing that no child was deceived by wine or strong drink. And we think there are several reasons why Master Littledrop should abstain. 1st, the little drop does no good; 2nd, the little drop may create a love for the drink; and, 3rd, the love for the drink may lead to drunkenness, and drunkenness may lead to death. Therefore, we hope that Master Littledrop may be induced to abstain, and join at once our Band of Hope.

MASTER LITLEDROP.—I certainly feel obliged to the last speaker, and feel that it would be a good thing to do away with strong drinks. If they do not do any good, at all events, I think as there are so many present who have tried it, and it appears to answer well, that it can not be wrong for me to give it a trial; and as you all look so happy at this Band of Hope meeting, I feel a desire to become a member, and so I shall be happy to sign the pledge.

THE CHAIRMAN.—I am glad the discussion has finished so well; and now I am sure we shall all be pleased to hear a short speech in rhyme from Miss Sobriety; after which, Master Temperance will finish the meeting.

MISS SOBRIETY.—

How happy would this nation be,
 If from intemperance it were free!
 How quickly vice would disappear
 Without the aid of wine or beer!
 Oh, how I love the temperance cause,
 It is so true to nature's laws!
 To abstain from brandy, rum and gin,
 (The cause of so much pain and sin,)
 Our tables would be better spread
 With richer food and cheaper bread.
 We see the drunkard lost in shame,
 And hear him curse God's holy name—
 And shall we not for him give up
 The smiling, dangerous, tempting cup?
 I've seen the wretched drunkard die
 In mortal, mental agony;

And thousands now are on the road
 Which leads from virtue and from God ;
 Drink leads so many youths astray ;
 Drink fills their spirit with dismay ;
 Drink fills their hearts with bad designs—
 Drink is the cause of blackest crimes ;
 Drink sinks its hopeless victims low ;
 Drink makes the mother's tears to flow ;
 Drink pains the soul and stops the breath ;
 Drink is the child of sin and death.

Oh, let us from this time begin
 To check this mighty, growing sin ;
 And ever look to heaven above,
 To fill our hearts with truth and love ;
 That this our hopeful temperance band
 Firm as the solid rock may stand,
 Until the nations, one and all,
 Are free from mighty alcohol.

Haste, happy, bright and glorious day,
 Angel of temperance, speed thy way ;
 Spread thy pinions, wing thy flight,
 And chase away the drunkard's night ;
 And let the wretched captive see
 The blessings of sobriety.

(2) MASTER TEMPERANCE.—I am delighted with this meeting ; we have had experience, oppositions, facts, arguments, a signature, and some well-said verses. I am glad to see such a meeting—and though we are but children we may do much good. Our parents love us ; and if some of them are not teetotalers, we may, by telling them what we have seen and heard, be the means of inducing them to abstain. I am happy to say that my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, are staunch teetotalers ; and I hope that we may all keep our pledge. We, doubtless, have some relations who are more or less injured by strong drink : so there is a great work for us to do, and young as we are let us strive to do it. We can speak to other children—we can tell them what

good has been done to many of our neighbors and friends—and we can ask them to attend our meetings. Let us strive to increase in numbers—tell all the children in the neighborhood, and if you can, speak kindly to the drunkard; and young as we are, we may be the means of inducing him to abstain. We should all love the Band of Hope, and ever be grateful to our kind teachers for the instruction they impart to us.

THE CHAIRMAN.—I have been much delighted with this meeting; and I hope we shall be more in earnest than ever to make known the principle of temperance. I hope we shall remember what we have heard. I hope our next meeting will, if possible, be better than this. I hope we may all be enabled to keep our pledge. I hope that our parents and teachers may not be disappointed in our future career, and that it may be our happiness to have the pleasure of meeting in that world of bliss where Christ our Saviour lives and reigns at the right hand of his Father in glory.

The Shadow on the Blind.

S. R. S.

Alas! what errors are sometimes committed,
 What blunders are made, what duties omitted,
 What scandals arise, what mischief is wrought
 Through the want of a moment's reflection and thought.
 How many a fair reputation has flown
 Through a stab in the dark from some person unknown,
 Or some tale spread abroad with assiduous care,
 When the story the strictest inspection would bear;
 How often rage, malice, and envy are found;
 How often contention and hatred abound
 Where true love should exist, and harmony dwell,
 Through a misunderstanding, alas! who can tell?

Mr. Ferdinand Plum was a grocer by trade,
 By attention and tact he a fortune had made;

No tattler or maker of mischief was he,
 But as honest a man as you'd e'er wish to see.
 Of a chapel close by, he was deacon, they say,
 And the minister lived just over the way.

Mr. Plum was retiring to rest one night,
 He had just undressed and put out the light,
 And pulled back the blind, as he peeped from behind
 ('Tis the custom with many to do so you'll find),
 When, glancing his eye, he happened to spy
 On the blinds on the opposite side—oh, fie!—
 Two shadows; each movement, of course he could see,
 And the people were quarrelling evidently.
 "Well, I never," said Plum, as he witnessed the strife,
 "I declare, 'tis the minister beating his wife!"
 The minister held a thick stick in his hand,
 And his wife ran away as he shook the brand,
 Whilst her shrieks and cries were quite shocking to hear,
 And the sounds came across most remarkably clear.

"Well, things are deceiving, but seeing's believing,"
 Said Plum to himself, as he turned into bed;
 "Now, who would have thought that man could have fought,
 And beaten his wife on her shoulders and head
 With a great big stick, at least three inches thick?
 I am sure her shrieks quite filled me with dread.
 I've a great mind to bring the whole of the thing
 Before the church-members; but, no, I have read
 A proverb which says, 'Least said soonest mended,'"
 And thus Mr. Plum's mild soliloquy ended.

But, alas! Mr. Plum's eldest daughter, Miss Jane,
 Saw the whole of the scene, and could not refrain
 From telling Miss Spot, and Miss Spot told again
 (*Though, of course, in strict confidence*) every one
 Whom she happened to meet, what the parson had done.
 So the news spread abroad, and soon reached the ear
 Of the parson himself, and he traced it, I hear,
 To the author, Miss Jane. Jane could not deny,

But at the same time she begged leave to defy
The parson to prove she had uttered a lie.

A church-meeting was called: Mr. Plum made a speech.
He said, " Friends, pray listen a while, I beseech,
What my daughter has said is most certainly true,
For I saw the whole scene on the same evening, too;
But, not wishing to make an unpleasantness rife,
I did not tell even my daughter or wife,
But, of course, as Miss Jane saw the whole of the act,
I think it but right to attest to the fact."

" 'Tis remarkably strange," the parson replied ;
" It is plain Mr. Plum must *something* have spied ;
Though the wife-beating story, of course, is denied ;
And in *that* I can say I am grossly belied."
While he ransacks his brain, and ponders, and tries
To re-call any scene that could ever give rise
To so monstrous a charge,—just then his wife cries,—
" I have it, my love, you remember that night
When I had such a horrible, terrible fright.
We both were retiring that evening to rest—
I was seated, my dear, and but partly undressed—
When a nasty large rat jumped close to my feet ;
My shrieking was heard, I suppose, in the street ;
You caught up the poker and ran round the room
And at last knocked the rat and so sealed its doom.
Our shadows, my love, must have played on the blind ;
And thus is the mystery solved you will find."

MORAL.

Don't believe every tale that's handed about ;
We have all enough faults and *real* failings without
Being burdened with those of which there's a doubt ;
If you study this tale, I think, too, you will find
That a light should be placed in front, not behind,—
For often strange shadows are seen on the blind.

The Mitherless Bairn.*

WILLIAM THOM.

When a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
 Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairn?
 'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
 Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
 His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
 An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
 O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!
 But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
 That lo'e nae the looks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
 Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid;
 While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
 An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour o' his birth,
 Still watches his lane lorn wand'rings on earth,
 Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
 Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
 He bends to your bidding, he blesses your smile:—
 In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
 That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

* To be repeated alternately with the next piece by a second person.

The Bairnless Mither.*

ANONYMOUS.

The Poet sings sweet o' the "Mitherless Bairn;"
 An gars a' our hearts to feel sairly forfairn,
 For "the puir dowie laddie" sae sad an forlorn,
 An a' the cauld sorrows to which he is born.

But sing ye nae sang o' ane sadder by far,—
 Ken ye nae grief that aboon it is waur,—
 A sorrow 'neath which e'en the cauldest hearts swither,
 Oh! wha can speak peace to the "Bairnless Mither?"

The Mitherless Bairn a kind wordie will cheer
 An' a smile or a bannock will chase awa fear,
 Young hearts are aye blithesome—hope disnae soon wither
 But hope ne'er can come to the "Bairnless Mither."

She sees nae a' wean but it makes her heart sair,—
 An echo, deep echoes, each little voice there—
 Ah! how lanely the ingle where awe a' thegither
 Her bairnies play'd round the noo "Bairnless Mither."

She dwells mid the mem'ries o' days that are gane,
 Still sees them, an' hears them, an' clasps them again;
 In fancy they call her, to joys that ne'er wither,—
 An' she pines to be wi' them that "Bairnless Mither."

Oh speak ye her saftly, for sair is her lot—
 "Lamentation and weeping because they are not,"
 The Angels in pity are whispering with her,
 For the Lord kens the grief o' the "Bairnless Mither."

He alone sees the tears that in secret are shed,
 Hears the groans o' her heart o'er the hopes that have fled,
 "In the land o' the leal," they'll soon be thegither—
 For the Lord hears the prayer o' the "Bairnless Mither."

*To be repeated alternately with the Mitherless Bairn by a second person.

The Bridge of Truth.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

It chanced a farmer, with his son,
 From market walked, their labour done.
 The son, in travels far abroad,
 With scenes remote his mind had stored ;
 Yet home returning not more wise,
 Though richer in amusing lies.
 A mastiff dog now passed them by,
 And caught the son's admiring eye.
 "This dog," he said, "puts me in mind
 Of one far nobler of its kind,
 Which in my travels once I saw,
 Larger than any known before.
 It was, I think, as large, indeed,
 As neighbor Stedman's famous steed ;
 I'm sure you never had a horse
 To rival it in size or force."

"Your tale is marvellous, my son,
 But think not yours the *only* one ?
 For I a prodigy can tell,
 To match your wondrous story well—
 A bridge we come to, by-and-by,
 That lets all down who tell a lie ;
 Down to the gulf below they fall,
 And vainly for deliverance call.
 'Tis said, none ever yet could find
 The artist who this work designed ;
 But, sure it is, this very day
 We both shall cross it in our way."

The startled youth turned deadly pale,
 Astonished at the fearful tale.
 "Nay, father, I have said too much,
 'Tis clear the case could not be such ;

For I remember being told,
 The dog was only nine months old ;
 And yet it was a creature rare,
 To which no others could compare ;
 I'm confident that it was quite
 Your very tallest heifer's height."

As nearer to the bridge they pressed,
 Again his sire the youth addressed :
 "Large as our heifer, did I say,
 The dog I met the other day ?
 Nay, for that matter, you're too wise
 To think a dog could be this size ;
 But I could on my honor state,
 That it was pretty near as great,
 And, if may believe my eyes,
 Just like a full-grown calf in size."

The fatal bridge, now close at hand,
 The stripling makes a final stand—
 "Father, at what a rate you walk !
 Is this the bridge of which you talk ?
 Hear me, the truth I will declare :
 This foreign dog was not so rare,
 But much like others in its size,
 With little to create surprise."

The bridge thus brought him to the test,
 And all his falsehoods were confess'd !

There is a bridge which must be passed
 By one and all of us at last ;
 To those whose refuge is in lies,
 'Twill be, alas ! a "bridge of sighs."
 Beneath it is a gulf of woe,
 Where those who "love a lie" must go ;
 But over, on the other side,
 A beauteous prospect, fair and wide.

Once landed on this fearful bridge,
 One step advanced upon its ridge,
 Eternal truth, without disguise,
 Will burst upon our startled eyes.
 May He who is the Way, the *Truth*,
 Direct aright the steps of youth,
 To do what's pleasing in His eyes,
 And "false ways" utterly despise.

X **The Duty and Importance of Calm Inquiry.**

(Dialogue from the same)
 ANONYMOUS.

MR. A.—Pray, were you at the anniversary of the Temperance Society last night?

MR. B.—No, I do not approve of Temperance Societies.

A.—As you have made up your mind, and thought it unnecessary to attend the annual meeting for information, I conclude that you have already taken the utmost pains to inform yourself upon the subject. Have you read the Report of the British House of Commons on the Extent, Causes and Evils of Drunkenness?

B.—No.

A.—Of course you have read the Reports of the American Temperance Society, now collected into a most valuable volume, entitled "Permanent Documents?"

B.—I have read none of these.

A.—You surely then have read the writings of those authors who have devoted their attention to the subject in England, Scotland, Ireland and Canada?

B.—No, I cannot say I have.

A.—Nor the various tracts published by the various Temperance societies?

B.—No, I say I have no time to read these things.

B.—Oh, I know all about it; it is all contained in a nutshell.

A.—The clear-headed and perspicuous Paley has the following instructive observation:—"If we would inquire why the Roman governors, statesmen and philosophers, men of sense and education on other matters, were so grossly ignorant of the nature and tenets of Christianity, though it was professed by thousands before their eyes, and was fast becoming the religion of the Roman people, the answer is resolvable into a principle which is a bar against all information, which is proof against all arguments, and which cannot fail to keep a man in everlasting ignorance. This principle is *Contempt prior to examination.*" First, hear and examine, and *then* judge of a cause, is one of the plainest maxims of justice, sense and reason. It is a violation of all these, to prejudge either a person or subject, and condemn them without a fair hearing. Some persons, it is true, argue that they already know all that can be said upon a subject, and all the arguments that can be offered in its support, when they must be conscious that they have taken no pains to obtain the necessary information, nor read the arguments of others who have bestowed upon it their time and attention. Thus, they take up their own crude notions and say, "I think so-and-so," and dismiss the subject. Now, this is precisely the way in which you have treated the subject of Temperance Societies; you fancy that you already know all that can be said about them: but where did you obtain your information? If, indeed, you had read the numerous valuable works already alluded to, and *then* made up your mind that you are master of the subject, there would be some sense in that; but if not, let us pause a while, and soberly consider the matter. Let me advise you, my good friend, not to condemn yourself to perpetual ignorance on *any one* important subject; for I doubt not but there are many upon which you are a sensible man; and why should you not be so upon all? Why should you remain wilfully ignorant upon so important a subject as

this, involving, as it does, the happiness of millions of your fellow-creatures ?

A.—Whence, then, did you derive your information, since you seem to have so decidedly formed your opinion on the subject ?

B.—Why am I bound to inquire into it at all ?

A.—Because it has been *proved* by the evidence of witnesses examined before the British House of Commons, by the evidence of the keepers of many penitentiaries and jails in Great Britain, Ireland and Canada, by the testimony of the judges of the land, the Magistrates, the heads of the police department and the physicians of our public hospitals ; it has been proved, I say, by the united testimony of all these, that intemperance among the lower orders—the chief cause of which, we must admit, is the use of fermented liquor as a beverage—is, directly or remotely, the cause of one-half of all the disease, two-thirds of all the poverty, and *more* than three-fourths of all the crime of Britain. It has been proved by the best statistical returns, that more than five hundred souls die weekly the death of the drunkard, and enter the drunkard's eternity—that the amount of misery endured by the fathers, mothers, sisters, wives and children of these wretched beings, exceeds all calculation—that intemperance sends the drunkard home to abuse, and in many instances to murder, his helpless wife, and starve her children. Now, unless you can believe that all these witnesses have entered into a conspiracy, without any assignable reason, to deceive the public, and that all such statements are false ; when a remedy is proposed, and especially a remedy that cannot fail, if universally adopted, to secure a sober population, you are bound to give it at least your candid and serious attention. But these evils, great as they are, are not to be mentioned in comparison with the moral desolation, the wreck and ruin of all moral principle, produced by intemperance. It is found by incontestable experience, that intemperance sears the conscience, corrupts

the heart, and brings a blight upon every moral, every religious, every social and domestic feeling, and renders a man a nuisance to society, a sorrow and a curse to his family, and a suicide to himself in so dreadful a sense of the word, that it were good for him that he had never been born.

Now, the origin and growth of intemperance have been ably traced to the mistaken customs of the age, and a remedy is proposed, which has wrought wonders in Maine, beyond all that could have been conceived possible, and has already done immense good in some parts of Canada, and which promises to become one of the greatest blessings to mankind.

B.—I admit all the evils you have described; but I do not believe that Temperance Societies will cure them.

A.—You are taking the best possible course to insure that they *never shall*, and if everybody follows your example, of dismissing their claims *without examination*, and not even giving them a fair hearing, they certainly *never will*. But, my good sir, I say again, you have *no right* to form your opinion on this subject, which involves the happiness, temporal and eternal, of millions and millions of your fellow-creatures, (and you know not for how many generations yet to come,) without bestowing upon it the most diligent examination and all the thinking power that God has given you. If the cause were ten thousand times more valuable than it is, CONTEMPT PRIOR TO EXAMINATION would leave you still ignorant of its value.

In you, it may be thoughtlessness; but there are some subjects upon which thoughtlessness is *crime*. Intemperance is making shipwreck of the happiness, corrupting the morals, and destroying the souls of your fellow-creatures by millions; and if not arrested, the destroying flood will roll on to future generations; a remedy is now proposed to arrest the march of the destroyer; and to refuse to *weigh* and *examine* its claims, is to incur guilt in the sight of

Heaven. By all the ties of country, by all the claims of humanity, by the spirit and the commands of the holy and benevolent religion of Christ, you are called upon to *examine* and *inquire*.

The Tavern Abandoned.

GEORGE ROY.

'Twas past two on the tavern clock,
 And still one bell did ring,
 While voices strong, a drinking song,
 In chorus full, did sing.
 'Twas then, the tavern-keeper's pride—
 A child whose face was fair—
 Was kneeling at her mother's side
 To say her evening prayer.

Her hands were clasped, her eyes were closed,
 Her little head did lie
 On mother's lap. 'Twas then that child,
 Did heave a childish sigh ;
 She ope'd her eyes, and said, " Mamma !
 I will not pray, just yet ;
 For while those nasty songs I hear,
 I all my prayers forget."

The mother looked perplexed, and sad :
 The child did farther say—
 " I don't think God could hear me, now,
 Although I were to pray—
 That singing is so very loud !"
 The mother, did not speak—
 A big, round tear, is rolling now,
 Adown that mother's cheek.

The song had ceased, the child had prayed,
And now, was fast asleep ;
'Twas then, the tavern-keeper's wife,
Did unrestrainedly weep.
Her husband entering, said, "Thank God
They all have gone at last ;
The lights are out, and both the doors
My hands have bolted fast."—

He yawned, and sunk upon a chair,
Then met his wife's sad eyes.
"What ails thee, dear !" with falt'ring voice,
The loving husband cries.
The wife replied,—'mid sobs, and tears,—
"Ere Mary went to rest,
She spoke some very simple words,
That have my heart distressed :

"Kneeling to pray, while that rude song
Was ringing in her ear,
She said, she could not pray ; and that—
She thought, God could not hear.
"Oh, John, we lead a wicked life—
I feel this trade is cursed ;
I wish I ne'er had been your wife!"—
Her heart throbb'd, as 'twould burst.

No word, the awe-struck husband spoke,
He gazed—in silent dread.
His wife, at length, the silence broke,
These words, she softly said—
"I wronged myself, to say, that I
Regret I am your wife ;
I did but mean, that I regret,
We both do lead this life !"

"We'll leave it !" said the husband, then.
"O, when !" the wife replies.

"This very night!" Tears of delight
 Streamed from the wife's glad eyes.
 "I have no trade!" the husband said.
 The wife said, "Never fear;
 We'll trust in God, take virtue's road,
 And all shall soon seem clear!"

She mirrored forth their way through life,
 In such a hopeful style,
 That sadness fled her husband's face,
 'Twas then, they both did smile.
 "We may be rash," the husband said,
 Closing his eyes to sleep;
 The wife replies, closing her eyes,
 "The vow, we've made, we'll keep."

How swiftly change the scenes of life:
 The eyes, that late were streaming
 Are locked in sleep—husband and wife
 Of future times are dreaming.
 Full fifteen years, do pass away,
In fancy, of the sleeper,
 And still, the husband sees himself—
 Mine host, the tavern-keeper;

The patrons of his former days
 He now beholds no more;
 Their burials, one by one, have passed
 Their favorite tavern door.
 His wife, now likes the tavern trade—
 Observing neighbors tell—
 And he doth blush—to know it true,
 She likes the trade—too well.

His daughter, now is woman grown—
 A lovely woman, truly—
 The father, sometimes, now doth think
 His child's not valued duly.

"The Tavern-keeper's Daughter," is
 The name she's best known by;
 Or, "Pretty Moll"—at both these names,
 The beauteous girl doth cry.

Now, he sees rude men salute her
 With coarse, licentious jest;
 And he feels they must pollute her,
 Though she doth such detest.
 Amongst the crowds that call—there's one
 Who marked attention pays her:
 He's handsome, rich, and young. Oh, God!
 That wicked youth—betrays her!

The husband wakened with a scream.
 "Be still!" the wife did cry,
 "You have broken quite my charming dream,"
 He answered, with a sigh.
 "Oh, John, I had a blissful dream!"
 The wife with rapture said;
 "We were a long way down life's stream,
 You had a fortune made;

"We lived in a sweet, rural spot,
 Far from each city snare,
 And when we went to town, we drove
 Our family chaise and pair.
 "Of children, we had ne'er but three,
 The other two were boys,
 And better sons, there could not be;
 I dreamed of naught but joys!

"I need not tell you, all I dreamed:
 You waked me, as the carriage
 Drove away on a bridal day—
 The day of Mary's marriage."
 "And was she wed!" the husband said.
 "She was!" the wife replied.

"Our pastor's son, the eldest one,
Claimed Mary, as his birde."

"Your way's the best!" the husband said.
His dream, he did not tell;
But to this day, he oft does say,
He liked his wife's dream well.
That dream bids fair to be fulfilled,
For, at the trade he chose,
Few have been ever better skilled;
The change he never rues.

William and Mary.

GEORGE ROY.

'Twas midnight's deepest, darkest hour,
The clock had just struck two,
When Mary—lonely watching—raised
The sash, the street to view.
She strained her eyes, but nought could see
Her drooping heart to cheer;
She listened—but his well-known step
Fell not upon her ear.

"He soon must come!" she said—and yet
Her heart o'erflowed with fear;
And slowly o'er her blighted cheek,
There stole a burning tear.
She inly pray'd to God for strength
To bear her heavy fate.
A drunkard's wife! "No, no!" she cried—
"It is not yet to late

"To turn him from his erring ways.
Oh! Father, touch his soul,

And cleanse him from this leprosy,
 For thou canst make him whole ;
 Oh ! let him see the drunkard's fate,
 In truth's own searching light,
 His children's crushed and bleeding hearts ;
 Oh ! rouse him with the sight

"Of all the woes that fast approach
 His broken-hearted wife ;
 Oh ! turn his erring footsteps back
 From paths of death to life."
 She raised her eyes, and instantly
 A deadly fear came o'er her,
 For there—with looks of sullen wrath—
 Her husband stood before her.

She knew not if he'd heard her prayer,
 His look was hard and cold ;
 And yet his voice was strangely husk,
 When he began to scold.

"Why did you sit so long for me,
 You knew I must be late ?"
 "I did not know when you might come,
 And thought it best to wait."

"You knew my business kept me late,
 And should have gone to bed."
 "Your business !" in a doubting tone,
 The wife responding said.
 "Yes, business !" said the husband, then,
 In voice with anger hoarse ;
 "Oh ! do not mock me," said the wife,
 With deep indignant force.

"I speak the truth !" was the reply ;
 "I care not for your jeers,
 I care not for your canting prayers,
 I care not for your tears !"

“There is no need to tell me so,”
 Replied poor Mary, weeping ;
 “But speak, I pray, in softer tones,
 Our children both are sleeping.”

“I care not though they never wake !”
 The husband wildly cried ;
 “And leave me instantly !” he said, •
 In stern and wrathful pride.
 “I will not leave you !” Mary said,
 In calm determined voice ;
 “You’ll listen, now, to what I say,
 You must, you have no choice.

“It is not for myself I speak—
 I have a mother’s power ;
 And you must change your wicked ways,
 Or we shall part this hour !
 I gave you love, God only knows
 How deep, how true, how strong ;
 And you, in base return, have done
 Me cruel, cruel wrong.

“Oh ! William, when you won my heart,
 And won my maiden vow,
 You well remember what I was,
 And you behold me now
 A blasted, withered, hopeless wretch.
 Upon that contrast think !
 Then to your darling bottle cling,
 Your wife, your god, your drink !”

“You’re not afraid !” the husband said.
 “No ! wherefore should I fear—
 You are killing me by inches,
 And can but kill me here.
 And if my children go along,
 I’m ready now to go.

You tremble—but indeed I think
It would be better so.

“I see for them no future, now,
But beggary, and crime,
And wretchedness, and misery ;
I have no hope in time !
These dark forebodings crush my heart
With such a weight of sadness,
That oft I think, relief will come
To me, in instant madness !

“Yes! William, I'll go raving mad !
What! are you shedding tears ?
Then, God has touched your heart at length—
Oh! heaven, dispel my fears—
And pardon, oh! the bitter words
That I in wrath have spoken.
Oh! William, William, hold me up,
I fear my heart is broken !”

With tender care was Mary clasp'd,
By William, as of old,
And fast upon her pallid cheek
His burning tear-drops rolled.
At length he spoke, “My Mary dear,
Forgive my errors past,
And I, this night, will make a vow
That with my life shall last.

“Your tears, and prayers, and truthful words,
Have broke the fatal spell ;
And God, in his great mercy, snatched
Me from a drunkard's hell !
For, with God's help, I now resolve
To taste strong drink no more.”
This noble vow did Mary's peace
Of heart and mind restore.

In God-given strength, that vow was kept ;
 And now, where'er you roam,
 You will not find in Britain's isle,
 A sweeter Christian home !

The Mother and her Dying Child.

N. P. WILLIS.

They bore him to his mother, and he lay
 Upon her knees till noon—and then he died !
 She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
 Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon
 The dreamy languor of his listless eye,
 And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
 And kiss'd his delicate lip, and lifted him
 Into her bosom till her heart grew strong—
 His beauty was so unlike death ! She leaned
 Over him now, that she might catch the low
 Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned
 To love when he was slumbering at her side
 In his unconscious infancy—

“ So still !

'Tis a soft sleep. How beautiful he lies,
 With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
 Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek !
 How could they say that he would die ! Oh, God !
 I could not lose him ! I have treasured all
 His childhood in my heart, and even now,
 As he has slept, my memory has been there,
 Counting like treasures all his winning ways—
 His unforgotten sweetness ;—

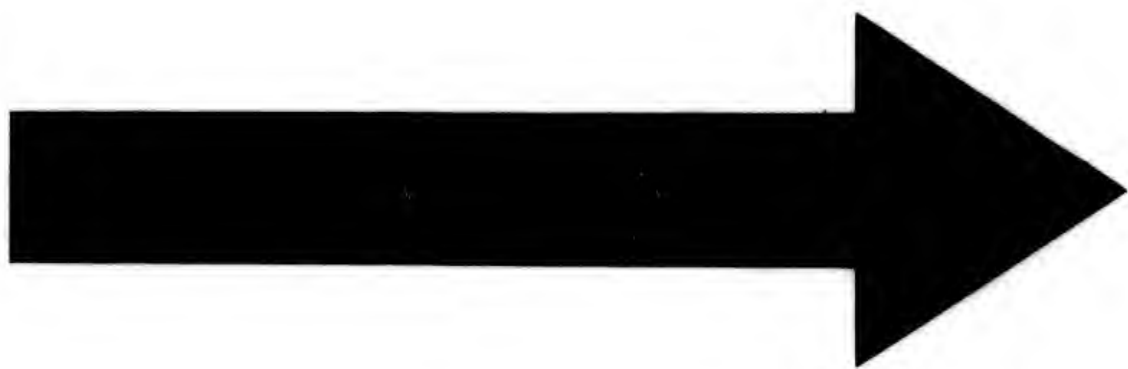
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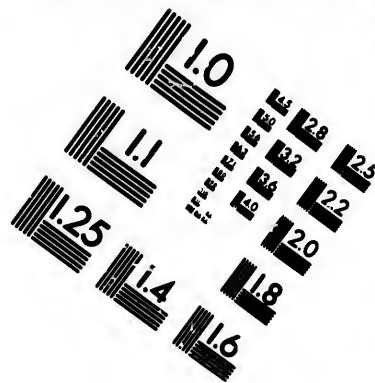
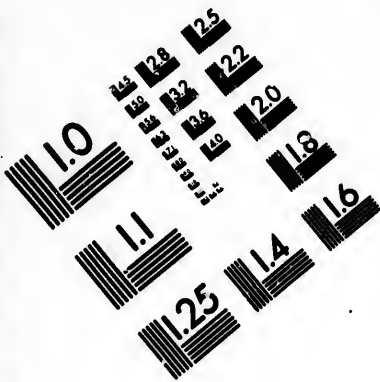
How like this breathless slumber is to death !
 I could believe that in this bosom now
 There was no pulse—it beats so languidly !

I cannot see it stir ; but his red lip !
 Death would not be so very beautiful !
 And that half smile—would death have left *that* there ?
 —And should I not have felt that he would die ?
 And have I not wept over him and prayed
 Morning and night for him ?—and *could* he die ?—
 No—God will keep him ! He will be my pride
 Many long years to come, and this fair hair
 Will darken like his father's, and his eye
 Be of a deeper blue when he is grown ;
 And he will be so tall, and I shall look
 With such a pride upon him ! *He* to die !"
 And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,
 And smiled, as 'twere a mockery to think
 That such fair things could perish—

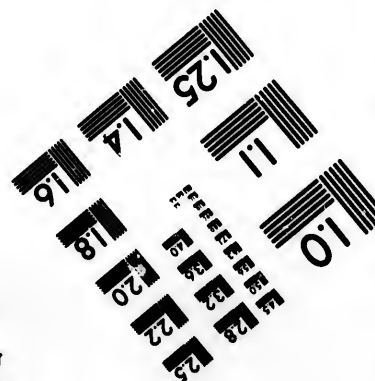
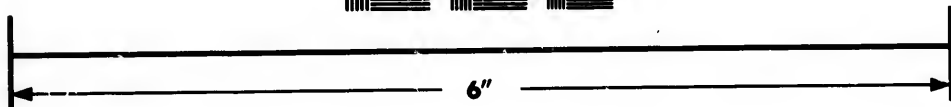
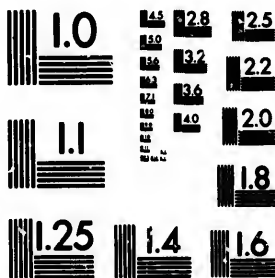
—Suddenly

Her hand shrank from him, and the color fled
 From her fix'd lip, and her supporting knees
 Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touched
 His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—
 And it was cold—like clay ! Slow, very slow,
 Came the misgiving that her child was dead.
 She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed
 In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she took
 His little hand and pressed it earnestly—
 And put her lips to his—and look'd again
 Fearfully on him, then bending low,
 She whispered in his ear " My son!—my son !"
 And as the echo died, and not a sound
 Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,
 Motionless on her knee—the truth *would* come !
 And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
 Were crushed, she lifted him and held him close
 Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
 As if death had no power to touch him there.





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The Bechuana Boy.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

I sat at noontide in my tent,
 And look'd across the Desert dun,
 That 'neath the cloudless firmament
 Lay gleaming in the sun,
 When from the bosom of the waste
 A swarthy stripling came in haste,
 With foot unshod and naked limb,
 And a tame springbok following him.

He came with open aspect bland,
 And modestly before me stood,
 Caressing with a kindly hand
 That fawn of gentle brood ;
 Then, meekly gazing in my face,
 Said in the language of his race,
 With smiling look, yet pensive tone,
 " Stranger, I'm in the world alone !"

" Poor boy," I said, " thy kindred's home,
 Beyond far Stormberg's ridges blue,
 Why hast thou left so young, to roam
 This desolate Karroo ?"
 The smile forsook him while I spoke ;
 And when again he silence broke,
 It was with many a stifled sigh
 He told this strange sad history.

" I have no kindred !" said the boy :
 " The Bergenaars, by night they came,
 And raised their murder-shout of joy,
 While o'er our huts the flame
 Rush'd like a torrent ; and their yell
 Peal'd louder as our warriors fell
 In helpless heaps beneath their shot,
 One living man they left us not !

“The slaughter o'er, they gave the slain
To feast the foul-beak'd birds of prey ;
And with our herds across the plain
They hurried us away—
The widow'd mothers and their brood :
Oft, in despair, for drink and food
We vainly cried, they heeded not,
But with sharp lash the captives smote.

“Three days we track'd that dreary wild,
Where thirst and anguish press'd us sore ;
And many a mother and her child
Lay down to rise no more :
Behind us, on the desert brown,
We saw the vultures swooping down ;
And heard, as the grim light was falling,
The gorged wolf to his comrade calling.

“At length was heard a river sounding
Midst that dry and dismal land,
And like a troop of wild deer bounding,
We hurried to its strand ;
Among the madden'd cattle rushing,
The crowd behind still forward pushing,
Till in the flood our limbs were drench'd,
And the fierce rage of thirst was quench'd.

“Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep
In turbid streams was sweeping fast,
Huge sea-cows in its eddies deep
Loud snorting as we pass'd ;
But that relentless robber clan
Right through those waters wild and wan
Drove on like sheep our captive host,
Nor staid to rescue wretches lost.

“All shivering from the foaming flood,
We stood upon the stranger's ground,

When, with proud looks and gestures rude,
 The white men gather'd round :
 And there, like cattle from the fold,
 By Christians we were bought and sold,
 Midst laughter loud and looks of scorn,—
 And roughly from each other torn.

“ My mother's scream so long and shrill,
 My little sister's wailing cry,
 (In dreams I often hear them still !)
 Rose wildly to the sky.
 A tiger's heart came to me then,
 And madly 'mong those ruthless men
 I sprang !—Alas! dash'd on the sand,
 Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

“ Away—away on bounding steeds
 The white man-stealers fleetly go,
 Through long low valleys fringed with reeds,
 O'er mountains capp'd with snow,—
 Each with his captive far and fast ;
 Until yon rock-bound ridge was pass'd,
 And distant strips of cultur'd soil
 Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

“ And tears and toil have been my lot
 Since I the white man's thrall became,
 And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
 Harsh blows and burning shame.
 Oh, English chief! thou ne'er canst know
 The injured bondman's bitter woe,
 When round his heart, like scorpions, cling
 Black thoughts, that madden while they sting !

“ Yet this hard fate I might have borne,
 And taught in time my soul to bend,
 Had my sad yearning breast forlorn
 But found a single friend :

My race extinct or far removed,
 The boor's rough brood I could have loved—
 But each to whom my bosom turn'd
 Even like a hound the black boy spurn'd!

“While, friendless thus, my master's flocks
 I tended on the upland waste,
 It chanced this fawn leapt from the rocks,
 By wolfish wild-dogs chased :
 I rescued it, though wounded sore,
 All dabbled with its mother's gore,
 And nursed it in a cavern wild
 Until it loved me like a child.

“Gently I nursed it; for I thought
 (Its hapless fate so like to mine)
 By good Utika it was brought,
 To bid me not repine—
 Since in this world of wrong and ill
 One creature lived to love me still,
 Although its dark and dazzling eye
 Beam'd not with human sympathy.

“Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
 My task the proud boor's flocks to tend ;
 And this pet fawn was all I had
 To love, or call my friend ;
 When, suddenly, with haughty look
 And taunting words, that tyrant took
 My playmate for his pamper'd boy,
 Who envied me my only joy.

“High swell'd my heart!—But when the star
 Of midnight gleam'd, I softly led
 My bounding favourite forth, and far
 Into the desert fled.
 And there, from human kind exiled,
 Four moons on roots and berries wild

I've fared—and braved the beasts of prey
To 'scape from spoilers worse than they.

“But yester morn a Bushman brought
The tidings that thy tents were here,
And now rejoicingly I've sought
Thy presence, void of fear;
Because they say, O British chief,
Thou scornest not the captive's grief:
Then let me serve thee, as thine own,
For I am in the world alone!”

Such was Marossi's touching tale.

Our breasts they were not made of stone—
His words, his winning looks prevail—
We took him for “our own:”
And one, with woman's gentle art,
Unlock'd the fountains of his heart,
And love gush'd forth, till he became
Her CHILD—in everything but name.

Casabianca, the Admiral's Son.

MRS. HEMANS.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead:
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his father's word;

That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He call'd aloud:—"Say, Father! say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried?
"If I may yet be gone?
And"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair?

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My Father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way;
They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask the winds, that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea—
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part,
But the noblest thing which perish'd there,
Was that young faithful heart!

Pour out the Tea.

ANONYMOUS.

Pour out the tea! Leave rum to them
 That think they cannot do without it—
 Who think drink makes them wiser men :
 Wise men think otherwise about it.

Pour out the tea! The soul that's shed
 By beer or wine or spirit-drinking,
 Display's itself when reason's fled,
 And men act on the devil's thinking.

Pour out the tea! Burns praises drink,
 The greatest curse his life which blighted :
 Thus genius gilds perdition's brink,
 And perishes where it delighted.

Pour out the tea, the fragrant tea—
 Sober, restorative, refreshing !
 Its influence we never see
 In love-scenes ending with a "dressing."

Pour out the tea! Leave drinking grog
 To stir the loutish, loafing, lazy,
 Or give false pluck to the poor dog
 Who thinks he's smartest when he's crazy.

Jessie's Dream at Lucknow.

GRACE CAMPBELL.

*(To be recited by a person who understands and can speak broad Scotch.
 The Division or Temple to join in the Chorus as indicated.)*

RECITER.—Far awa' to bonnie Scotland
 Has my spirit ta'en its flight,
 And I saw my mither, spinnin'
 In our Highland hame at night ;

I saw the kye a browsing,
 My father at the plough,
 And the grand auld hills aboon them a',
 Wad I could see them now !
 Oh ! leddy, while upon your knees
 Ye held my sleepin' head,
 I saw the little kirk at hame,
 Where Tam an' I were wed :
 I heard the tune the pipers played,
 I kenn'd its rise and fa',
 'Twas the wild Macgregor's slogan—
 'Tis the grandest of them a' !

*(Chorus by Ladies, like the distant music of the soldiers.
 Very softly at first.)*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' auld lang syne ?

RECITER.—Hark ! surely I'm no wildly dreamin'
 For I hear it plainly now—
 Ye cannot, ye never heard it,
 On the far off mountain's brow ;
 For in your southron childhood,
 Ye were nourished soft and warm,
 Nor watch'd upon the cauld hill side
 The risin' o' the storm—
 Aye ! now the soldiers hear it,
 An' answer with a cheer,
 As "the Campbells are a comin',"
 Falls on each anxious ear—
 The cannons roar their thunder,
 An' the sappers work in vain,
 For high aboon the din o' war
 Resounds the welcome strain.

(Chorus by gentlemen, as before—very softly at first.)

The Campbells are comin', oh ! oh !
 The Campbells are comin', oh ! oh !
 The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven ;
 The Campbells are comin', oh ! oh !

RECITER.—An' nearer still, an' nearer still,
 An' now again 'tis "Auld langsyne,"
 Its kindly notes like life bluid rin,
 Rin through this puir, sad heart o' mine ;
 Oh ! leddy, dinna swoon awa' !
 Look up, the evil's past,
 They're comin' now to dee wi' us,
 Or save us at the last—
 Then let us humbly, thankfully,
 Down on our knees and pray,
 For those who come through bluid and fire,
 To rescue us this day.
 That He may o'er them spread His shield,
 Streth forth his arm an' save
 Bold Havelock and his Highlanders,
 The bravest o' the brave !

Chorus by the assembly, rising up as they begin.

God save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen !
 God save the Queen !
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us—
 God save the Queen !

Father, dear Father, come home.

H. C. WORK.

RECITER.—Father, dear father, come home with me now !
 The clock in the steeple strikes *one* ;
 You said you were coming right home from
 the shop,
 As soon as your day's work was done.
 Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—
 And mother's been watching since tea,
 With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
 And no one to help her but me.
 Come home ! come home ! come home !
Please father, dear father, come home.

Chorus by Division or Temple.

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
 Which the night winds repeat as they roam !
 Oh, who could resist this most plaintive of
 prayers ?
 “ Please, father, dear father, come home ! ”

RECITER.—Father, dear father, come home with me now !
 The clock in the steeple strikes *two* ;
 The night has grown colder, and Benny is
 worse—
 But he has been calling for you.
 Indeed he is worse—Ma says he will die,
 Perhaps before morning shall dawn ;
 And this is the message she sent me to bring—
 “ Come quickly, or he will be gone.”
 Come home ! come home ! come home !
Please father, dear father, come home.

Chorus as before.

Hear the sweet voice, &c.

RECITER.—Father, dear father, come home with me now!
 The clock in the steeple strikes *three*;
 The house is so lonely—the hours are so long
 For poor weeping mother and me:
 Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead,
 And gone with the angels of light;
 And these were the very last words that he
 said—
 “I want to kiss Papa; good night.”
 Come home! come home! come home!
Please father, dear father, come home.

Chorus as before.

Hear the sweet voice, &c.

Girls and Wine—A Dialogue.

ANONYMOUS.

PHILIP.—Come, Ralph, give me your name for the Sons
 or Good Templars. I want you to join to-day.

RALPH.—Don't be in a hurry, Phil; if you'd asked me
 a week ago, perhaps I shouldn't have hesitated.

PHIL.—What's up now?

RALPH.—I had a glass of wine last night. The taste
 isn't out of my mouth yet.

PHIL.—A glass of wine? Where did you get it?

RALPH.—Oh! some of us were at Delia Preston's. We
 had a gay time, I can tell you; first-rate dancing and some
 choice Madeira.

PHIL.—But I thought you were opposed to drink of all
 kinds, Ralph?

RALPH.—Drink? So I am! But what's the harm of
 a little grape juice, especially if handed you by a fairy
 whose eyes sparkle brighter than the wine? Hey, Phil?

PHIL.—I do believe you are intoxicated a little yet, Ralph! Come, here's the pledge. It's time you were "anchored" with us. You may get out in too deep a sea for you, before you know it.

RALPH.—Never fear me! Could you resist a wine-glass from the hand of a—well—such a girl as Lucy, for example?

PHIL.—I don't think "such a girl as Lucy" would offer one. But if she did, yes, I could, and most certainly would.

RALPH.—Bravo! But wait 'till you're tempted, Phil. Besides, my father is a strict temperance man, and I've seen it on his table.

PHIL.—You won't get me to say any thing against your father; but the best of people do sometimes make mistakes. What some can do without danger, others can not. You know old Jim Farwell?

RALPH.—Yes.

PHIL.—Well, the first taste he ever had for drink came through a glass of "sparkling Madeira," from the hand of a fairy like yours.

RALPH.—He don't look much as if *he* ever had any thing to do with fairies. Jim Farwell, indeed!

PHIL.—He never will again, either; but once he had as charming a home and as many choice friends as any of us. His father kept expensive wines; they never hurt *him* any; but he lived to see two boys fill drunkards' graves, and would have seen three if grief hadn't killed him too soon to see Jim buried.

RALPH.—Is that so? Who told you?

PHIL.—My grandmother. She knew Jim when he was, as she says, "as bright a boy as ever made a father's heart feel proud." Sweet Clara Keene's ringing little laugh was too much for him, more than once, when he tried to refuse the tempting glass; and then she scorned him at last for his weakness, and left him to struggle alone. I tell you, it's gay for such a girl to triumph over one—no, heart; and I despise a manliness that yields against one's better judgment.

Excuse me, but I'm in earnest. No one, believe me, who cares a straw for another will offer them any thing of the kind. They will try their own power in that way, and laugh at you behind your back, just as some cunning ladies tried a certain clergyman once, who had boasted of his firm teetotalism.

RALPH.—How was that ?

PHIL.—Offered him a glass of wine at an evening party, and, no doubt to their surprise, he lifted it to his lips, when, to his own, the wine laughed at him as well as the ladies. The cup was of double glass, such as you may have seen at a glass-blower's, and the wine confined between; so that he lost his credit and pleasure, both of which were drowned in peals of indelicate laughter.

RALPH.—Good enough for him. But do you believe any one, now, would offer you wine as a test merely of your principles ?

PHIL.—I know it ! I've seen it !

RALPH.—What ! Has any body said any thing about me ? Own up—let's have it.

PHIL.—No tales out of school. Give us your name.

RALPH.—Don't fool a fellow. If you know any thing, let's have it, I say.

PHIL.—Well, Fred did tell me to-day that Delia Preston boasted to his sister Nell, that she had proved some teetotalers couldn't keep their pledge when the ladies were a mind to test their principles.

RALPH.—Bother ! Is that so ?

PHIL.—Exactly so.

RALPH.—Then here goes ! Propose me to-night. Not that I care a fig for Delia, or ever did ; but I guess a little manly independence won't hurt any body, and perhaps it'll pay better in "the long run."

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