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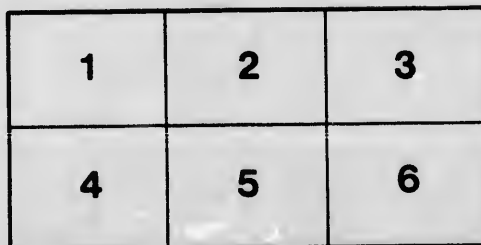
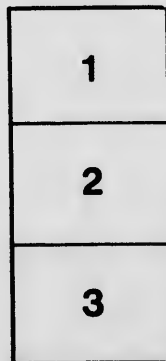
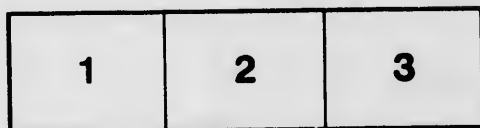
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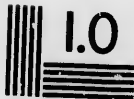
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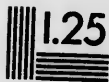
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CONTENTS.

	Page.
BURIAL, THE DRUMMER BOY'S	6
BELLS, THE	9
BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.....	15
BAR, THE SONG OF THE.....	18
BURIAL OF MOSES.....	55
BITER BIT	72
BEAUTIFUL SNOW.....	114
BAGGAGE SMASHER, YE.....	117
BARTENDER'S MANUAL.....	26
COME JOIN OUR CREW.....	5
CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY WHOM YOU WILL SERVE.....	14
CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.....	20
CHRISTMAS EVE, A VISION OF	106
CANADIAN HOME, MY OWN	110
DRUMMER BOY'S BURIAL, THE	6
DRUNKARD'S WIFE, THE	7
DOCTOR'S STORY.....	61
DUDE, A	98
ETERNAL GOODNESS.....	67
FARMER STEBBINS ON ROLLERS	51
FIGHTING SERGEANT	32
FINANCIAL STATEMENT	125
GRANDMOTHER'S REVERIE.....	111
GINGER BEER	113
HEAVY BRIGADE, CHARGE OF THE.....	20
INSANE, HE SWEEP THE KEYS.....	86
IF I WERE A MAN, MY COLORS OR.....	97
JUST CONTINNER	116
JOSH BILLINGS ON LAGER BEER.....	119

Contents.

	Page
LEGEND OF LADY'S TOWER.....	34
LABORING MEN	63
LET THERE BE LIGHT	104
LEADER WANTED	105
LAGER BEER	119
MY COLORS, OR IF I WERE A MAN	97
MY OWN CANADIAN HOME	110
MULE STORY.....	121
NO HALF-WAY DOIN'S.....	100
ONE HOSS SHAY	10
POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY	66
PROHIBITION ARMY	107
QUEBEC.....	93
SONG OF THE BAR	18
SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN RILL	126
SETTLER'S STORY.....	22
SPANISH ARMADA	57
SELLING OUT	75
STORY OF SANTA CLAUS	88
SMITH—SUPERABUNDANT	91
SETH AND HIS POUND OF BUTTER.....	122
THREE LOVERS.....	77
TEMPLAR SEARCH LIGHT	124
UNCLE SIMON'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN	46
VISIONS OF PEACE.....	70
VICTORY	85
VICTIM'S TURN, THE.....	101
VISION OF CHRISTMAS EVE	106
VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE	109
WONDERFUL ONE HOSS SHAY.....	10
WRECK OF THE JULE LA PLANTE	90
WHOSE PEESNESS VAS IT?	99
YE BAGGAGE SMASHER	117

Page	
.....	34
.....	63
.....	104
.....	105
.....	119
.....	97
.....	110
.....	121
.....	100
.....	10
.....	66
.....	107
.....	93
.....	18
.....	126
.....	22
.....	57
.....	75
.....	88
.....	91
.....	122
.....	77
.....	124
.....	46
.....	70
.....	85
.....	101
.....	106
.....	109
.....	10
.....	90
.....	99
.....	117

ROYAL TEMPLAR PLATFORM

Readings and Recitations.

COME JOIN OUR CREW.

Our Royal Templar ship's on the wide flowing sea ;
 Nailed to mast, her proud flag floats o'er faithful and
 free ;

HOPE shines in our sky, and in LOVE we unite,
 While TRUTH, the safe compass, directs day and night.

We fear not the breakers, no storm can o'erwhelm,
 For Christ is our Captain, He stands at the helm ;
 "God with us" our war cry, we shrink not from foe,
 To the ends of the earth our staunch vessel shall go.

There is room for you all, come aboard her to-night ;
 The cause needs your help, come and fight for the
 right ;

Take our vows, join our ranks, by the Truth be made
 free,
 And the happiest crew in the world we shall be.

Come now take our pledge, come now join our crew,
 And always be ready,
 Steady, boys, steady,
 To battle for temp'rance, to dare and to do.

THE DRUMMER BOY'S BURIAL.

SIDNEY C. RENDALL.

Suggested by a picture in the Royal Academy, of two soldiers burying a drummer on the battle field at midnight.

"ONLY a drummer," the soldier said,
As his lantern gleamed on the face of the dead,
And around him thick were lying
The stark and still and weak, or shrill
Came the cries of wounded and dying.
"Only a drummer!" Yet comrade, stay,
He is one of the brave who have died to-day;
In the price of the day he has paid his part
With the fire of his soul and the blood of his heart.
All that remain now the night has come
Are a mangled form and a broken drum.
Only a drummer, you say.
Only a drummer boy. What could he do
With a frame like his among men like you.
Not his to guide the charging steed,
Or the roaring shell on its errand speed,
Not his to flash the levelled steel
Through battle smoke till foemen reel;
Yet even a drummer had work to do,
And the roll of his drum, so firm and true,
Was the pulse of the army the whole day through.
Now the battle is over, and there he lies
On the blood-stained field, under midnight skies.
When we saw him last—I remember well
How the camp was roused by the sharp reveille,
When from the earth the soldier sprang,
His heart with ardour bounding,
He heard, through the loud and martial clang,
The war-drum's note resounding.
Then there was mounting in haste the steed,
Then there was hurrying forth with speed,

THE BELLS.

EDGAR POE.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody fortells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells,

From the jingling and the tingling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,

Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight!

From the molten golden notes,

All in tune,

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminous wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the future! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells.
 In the startled air of night
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek and shriek,
 Out of tune.
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation to the mad and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit, or never,
 By the 'side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair !
 How they clang and clash and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the ear too fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;
 Still the ear distinctly tells
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
 Of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—

THE WONDERFUL "ONE HOSS SHAY."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Have you heard of the wonderful one hoss shay,
 That was built in such a logical way,

Royal Templar Platform.

II

It ran a hundred years, to a day,
And then of a sudden it—ah, but stay !
I'll tell you what happened without delay.
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening the people out of their wits—
Have you never heard of that, I say ?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive,
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown—
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible earthquake day,
That the deacon finished the one hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises I tell you what,
There is always somewhere a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring, or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor or sill,
In screw, bolt, thorough brace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,
Above or below, within or without.

And that is the reason, beyond a doubt,
The chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*,
And the deacon swore (as deacons do),
With an " I dew vum," and an " I tell yeou,"
He would build one shay to beat the taown,
'n the keountry 'n all the kentry 'raoum ;
It should be so built that it *couldn't* come daoun,
" Fur," said the deacon, "'ts mighty plain,
Thut the weakes' place must stan' the strain,
'n the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,

Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest.

So the deacon enquired of the village folk,
Where he could find the strongest oak,

That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—
 That was for spokes, and floor and sills.
 He sent for lance-wood to make the thills ;
 His cross-bars were ash from the straightest trees,
 The panels of white wood that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these ;
 The hubs from logs of "Settler's ellum,"
 Last of his timber—they couldn't sell 'em ;
 Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips ;
 Step and prop iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and lynch-pin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue,
 Thorough brace bison skin thick and wide ;
 Boot, top, dasher from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he "put her through ;"
 "Thar !" said the deacon, "naow she'll dew."

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, nothing less !
 Colts grew horses, beards turned grey,
 Deacon and deaconess passed away,
 Children and grandchildren—where were they ?
 But there stood the stout old one hoss shay,
 As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake day.

Eighteen hundred—it came and found
 The deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten,
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came—
 Running, as usual, much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty and fifty-five.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundreth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer,

Royal Templar Platform.

13

In fact, there is nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

First of November—the earthquake day—
There are traces of age in the one hoss shay.

A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.

There couldn't be—for the deacon's art
Had made them the same in every part,
There was not a chance for one to start,
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbars as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*,
And yet *as a whole* it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, fifty five,

This morning the parson takes a drive.

Now, small boys, get out of the way,
Here comes the wonderful one horse shay,

Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.

"Huddupp," said the parson—off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday text,

Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed,

At what the—Moses—is coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,

Close by the meeting house on the hill,

First a shiver and then a thrill,

Then something decidedly like a spill,

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,

At half past nine by the meeting house clock,

Just the hour of the earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found

When he got up and stared around?

The poor old chaise in a heap, or mound,

As though it had been to the mill and ground,

You see, of course, if your not a dunce,

How it went to pieces all at once—
 All at once, and nothing first,
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one hoss shay,
 Logic is logic—that's all I say.

CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY WHOM YOU WILL SERVE.

[ADAPTED.]

Yes, tyrants, you hate us, and fear while you hate,
 The self-ruling, chain-breaking, throne-shaking state ;
 The night-bird dreads morning—your instinct is true,
 Immanuel's rising brings midnight for you.

Why plead with the deaf for the cause of mankind ?
 The owl hoots at noon that the eagle is blind !
 We ask not your reasons—'twere wasting our time—
 Our flag is your terror, our banding a crime.

We have battles to fight, we have foes to subdue,
 Time waits not for us and we wait not for you.
 The mower mows on, though the adder may writhe,
 And the copper head coil round the blade of his scythe !

To favor your quarrel your leaders may urge
 The needs of the revenue drawn from the scourge.
 The church and the cowl in your ranks are arrayed,
 And the legions of Hell gather fast to your aid.

We kneel in God's temple, the east and the west,
 With fire in each spirit and hope in each breast ;
 Whose cry shall be answered ? Ye Heavens attend
 The lords of the still as their voices ascend.

“ Oh Lord, we are shaped on the image of Thee,
 Smite down the base drunkards who hope to be free,
 And lend Thy strong arm to the rum-selling race
 Who eat not their bread in the sweat of their face.”

So pleads the distiller ; what echoes are these ?
The roar of the bar-room is borne on the breeze,
And lost in the shriek of his victim's despair,
His voice dies unheard. Hear the Templar's prayer !

"Oh Lord, that didst smother mankind in Thy flood,
The sun is as sackcloth, the moon is as blood,
The stars fall to earth as untimely are cast
The figs from the fig tree that shakes in the blast.

"All nations, all tribes, in whose nostrils is breath,
Stand gazing at Sin as she travails with Death !
Lord strangle the dragon that struggles to birth,
Or mock us no more with Thy "Kingdom on Earth."

If the rampant Red Dragon must reign in the land
Thou gavest Thy people so fresh from Thy hand,
Then summon old Bacchus once more from his tomb,
To be the new god for the empire of Rum."

Whose God will ye serve, O ye rulers of men,
Will ye build you new shrines in the rum-seller's den ?
Or bow with the Templars and pray as they call
On the Judge of the earth and the Father of all ?

Choose wisely, choose quickly, for time moves apace,
Each day is an age in the life of our race.
Lord lead them in love, ere they hasten in fear,
From the fast rising flood that shall girdle the sphere.

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

I WAS standing in the broad, crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain ; and although the sun was shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the ground. There was a clear, bright look, and a cold, bracing feeling in the air, and a keen northwest wind, which quickened every step.

Just then a little child came running along — a poor, ill-clad child ; her clothes were scant and threadbare ; she had no cloak and no shawl, and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child ! I pitied her. As she passed me her foot slipped, and she fell with a cry of pain ; but she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and, jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavored to run as before.

‘Stop ! little girl, stop !’ said a sweet voice ; and a beautiful woman, wrapped in a huge shawl and with furs around her, came out of a jeweller’s store close by. ‘Poor little child,’ she said, ‘are you hurt ? Sit down on this step and tell me.’

How I loved her ; and how beautiful she looked !

‘Oh, I can not,’ said the little child, ‘I can not wait — I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker’s, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more shoes to bind.’

‘To-night ?’ said the beautiful woman, ‘to-night ?’

‘Yes,’ said the child, for the stranger’s kind manner had made her bold, ‘yes, for the great ball to-night ; and these satin slippers must be spangled ; and —’

The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child’s hand and unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed and then turned pale ; but I, yes I, looked into the bundle, and on the inside of a slipper I saw a name — a lady’s name written, but I shall not tell it.

‘And where does your mother live, little girl ?’

So the child told her where ; and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little brother was sick, and that her mother bound shoes that they might have bread ; but that sometimes they were very cold, and that her mother sometimes cried because she had no money to buy milk for her little brother. And then I saw that the lady’s eyes were full of tears ; and she rolled up the bundle quickly, and gave it back to

the little girl ; and, turning away, went back into the store from which she had just come out. As she went away I saw the glitter of a diamond pin. Presently she came back, and, stepping into a handsome carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after her a moment, and then, with her little bare feet colder than they were before, ran quickly away.

I followed the little girl to a narrow damp street, and into a small, dark room ; I there saw her mother— her sad, faded mother, but with a face so sweet, so patient— hushing and soothing a sick baby. And the baby slept, and the mother laid it on her lap ; and the bundle was unrolled, and a dim candle helped her with her work ; for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then, after a while, she kissed her little girl and bade her warm her poor frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a little piece of bread ; for she had no more, and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and folded her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her.

And the little child slept and dreamed—oh ! such pleasant dreams—of warm stockings and new shoes ; but the mother sewed alone, and as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slippers, came there no repining into the heart ? When she thought of the child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of dry bread, that had not satisfied her hunger, came there no visions of a bright room and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good, a little portion of which spared to her would give warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling ?

If such thoughts ever came, and others, of a pleasant cottage, and of one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come repiningly, there also came another, and the widow's hands were clasped in deep

contrition as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me, for Thou doest all things well, and I will trust to Thee."

Just then the door opened softly, and some one entered. Was it an angel? Her dress was spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled and blazed there, such as the little grate had never known before. Then a huge loaf was placed upon the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe.

Then she passed gently before the mother, and, drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there a purse of gold, and said, in a voice like music, "Bless thy God, who is the God of the widow and the fatherless!" and she was gone, only as she went out I heard her say, "Better than diamonds—better than diamonds!" Whom could she mean? I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes she blessed her God, who had sent an angel to comfort her.

So I went too; and I went to a bright room where were music and dancing; and sweet flowers; and I saw the young, happy faces of those who were there, and beautiful dresses sparkling with jewels; but none that I knew, until one passed me whose dress was of simple white, with only a rose-bud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute. No spangled slipper was on her foot, but she moved as one that treadeth upon the air, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face that I felt, as I gazed upon her, that she was almost an angel of God.

THE SONG OF THE BAR.

ADAPTED BY S. C. KENDALL.

With garments ragged and thin,
With eye-lids heavy and red,

A drunkard sat on the bar-room bench
And wished that he were dead.
In his maudlin, drunken mood,
He thought himself alone,
And he sang the dismal song of the bar
In a sad and terrible tone :

“ Drink—drink—drink ! though a thousand fathers die,
Drink—drink—drink ! though a thousand children cry,
Drink—drink—drink ! though wives and mother’s lament,
Drink—drink—drink ! though millions of money are
spent.
Drink—drink—drink ! from the time I was young and
fair,
And all I have gained is a tarnished name, and a pain too
great to bear.
A tarnished name, a load of shame,
A darkening cloud of dread ;
Squandering fast on a filthy lust
The price of my children’s bread.
Drink—drink—drink ! rum, and brandy, and gin ;
Desolate homes and broken hearts, and thousands lost
in sin.
Thousands sinking in sin, with never a hand to stay
Their swift descent, but many to push them on in their
downward way.
Drink—drink—drink ! to struggle, to strive and fall ;
Oh, why is humanity tempted so ?
Why have we bar-rooms at all ?
’Tis all for the revenue’s sake,
The nation’s treasury needs
This price of blood, and it matters not
If the heart of the nation bleeds.
Drink—drink—drink ! misery, murder, and crime
Are all the blessings I’ve seen in thee from my youth to
the present time.
Misery, murder, and crime, crime, murder, and woe.
Oh, would I had known in my younger days the horrors
that now I know.”

Weary, and weak, and worn, drunk and ready to die,
 They flung him out through the bar-room door in the
 frozen street to lie,
 And still with failing voice, till he died in the street alone,
 He sang the song of the bar with a sad and terrible tone.

CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

TENNYSON.

I.

The charge of the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy
 Brigade.
 Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
 Thousands of horsemen drew to the valley — and
 stayed.
 For Scarlet and Scarlet's Three Hundred were riding by
 When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the
 sky ;
 And he called "Left wheel into line !" and they wheeled
 and obeyed.
 Then he looked at the host that had halted, he knew
 not why,
 And he turned half round, and he bade his trumpeter
 sound
 "To the charge !" and he rode on ahead as he waved
 his blade
 To the gallant Three Hundred, whose glory will never
 die,
 "Follow, and up the hill !"
 Up the hill, up the hill followed the Heavy Brigade.

II.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of
 the fight !
 Down the hill slowly thousands of Russians
 Drew to the valley and halted at last on the height
 With a wing pushed out to the left and a wing to the
 right.

But Scarlet was far on ahead and he dashed up, alone,
Through the great gray slope of men ;
And he whirled his sabre ; he held his own
Like an Englishman there and then.
And the three that were nearest him followed with force,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made
Four amid thousands ; and up the hill, up the hill
Galloped the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III

Fell, like a cannon-shot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crashed like a hurricane.
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow.
Brave Inniskillings and Greys,
Whirling their sabres in circles of light,
And some of us all in amaze,
Who were held for awhile from the fight
And were only standing to gaze,
When the dark muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right
And rolled them around like a cloud —
Oh ! mad for the charge and the battle were we
When our own good red coats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark gray sea ;
And we turned to each other muttering all dismayed :
"Lost are the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy
Brigade !"

IV

But they rode like victors and lords
Through the forest of lances and swords :
In the heart of the Russian hordes
They rode, or they stood at bay ;

Royal Templar Platform.

Struck with the sword hand and slew ;
 Down with the bridle hand drew
 The foe from the saddle and threw
 Under foot there in the fray ;
 Raged like a storm, or stood like a rock
 In the wave of a stormy day ;
 Till suddenly shock upon shock
 Staggered the mass from without ;
 For our men galloped up with a cheer and a shout,
 And the Russians surged and wavered and reeled
 Over the brow and away.

V

Glory to each, and to all, the charge that they made ;
 Glory to all the Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

THE SETTLER'S STORY.

WILL CARLETON.

A han'some night, with the trees snowwhite,
 And the time, say ten or more—
 Saw wife and me with well-fed glee,
 Drive home from Jackson's store.
 There was wife and I—no others by—
 Our horses and our sleigh,
 And the moon went along with its lantern strong,
 And lit us light as day,
 We'd made roads good drawing logs and wood
 For thirty years ago,
 And the wear and tear had sustained repair
 From Road Commissioner Snow.
 As we trotted along our two thread song
 Wove in with the sleigh bell's chimes,
 Our laugh run free and it seemed to me
 We was havin' fust rate times.

I said "fust rate" but I did not say 't
 On a thoroughly thorough plan ;

I had won my wife in legitimate strife,
Away from her first young man.
'Twas a perfect rout and a fair cut out,
With nothing sneaky or wrong,
But I wondered so, as to whether or no
She had brought her heart along!
A woman half won is worse than none
With another man keepin' part ;
Its nothin' to gain her body and brain
If she can't throw in her heart,
And I felt and thought that I sometimes caught
A chillness out of her mind ;
She was much too prone to thinkin' alone,
And rather too coldly kind.

But things seemed right this particular night,
And better than average folks ;
And we filled the air with music to spare
And complimentary jokes.
Till as I reckoned, about a second
All happened to be still—
A cry like the yell of hounds from hell
Came over a neighboring hill.
It went like a blade through the leafless shade,
It chilled us stiff with dread ;
We looked loud cries into each other's eyes,
And "Wolves !" was all we said.
The wolf ! grim scamp and forest tramp—
Why made I never could see ;
Beneath brute level—half dog, half devil—
The Indian animal he !
And this was a year with a winter more drear
Than any we'd ever known ;
It was '43, and the wolves you see,
Had a famine of their own.
That season at least, of man and beast
They had captured many a one,
And we knew by the bite of their voice that night
They hadn't come out for fun.

My horses felt need of all their speed,
And every muscle strained,
But with all they could do I felt and knew
That the hungry devils gained.
'Twas but two miles more to our own house door,
Where shelter we would find,
When I saw the pack close on our track,
Not a hundred yards behind.
Then I silently prayed "Oh God, for aid
Just a trifle, I request,
Just give us, You know, an even show,
And I'll undertake the rest."
Then I says to my wife, "Now, drive for life!
They're coming over nigh,
And I will stand, gun and ax in hand,
And be the first to die."
As the ribbons she took she gave me a look,
Sweet memory makes long lived,
I thought, I'll allow, she loves me now,
The rest of her heart has arrived."
I felt I could fight the whole of the night,
And never flinch or tire,
In danger, mind you, a woman behind you
Can turn your blood to fire.

When they reached the spot I left 'em a shot,
But it wasn't a steady aim—
'Twasn't really mine—and they tipped me a whine
And came on all the same.
Their leader sped a little ahead,
Like a gray knife from its sheath,
With a resolute eye and a hungry cry,
And an excellent set of teeth.
A moment I gazed—my ax I raised—
It swung above my head—
Crunching low and dull, it split his skull,
And the villain fell back dead.
It checked them there, and a minute to spare
We had and a second besides ;

With rites unsaid they buried their dead
In the graves of their own lank hides.
They made for him a funeral grim,
Himself the unbaked meat,
And when they were through with their barbicue
They started for more to eat !
With voices aflame, once more they came,
But faster still we sped,
And we and our traps dashed home, perhaps
A half a minute ahead.
My wife I bore through the open door,
Then turned to the hearth, clean swept,
Where a log fire glowed in its brick abode,
By my mother faithfully kept ;
From its depth raising two fagots blazing
I leaped like lightning back,
In the teeth of the howling pack.
"Come on !" I said, "with your fierce lips red,
Flecked white with poison foam !
Waltz to me now and just notice how
A man fights for his home !"
They shrunk with fright from the feel and sight
Of this sudden volley of flame ;
With a yell of dread they sneaked and fled
As fast as ever they came.

As I turned around, my wife I found,
Not the eighth of an inch away,
She looked so true and tender, I knew
That her heart had come to stay.
She nestled so nigh, with love-lit eye,
And passionate, quivering lip,
And I saw the lout that I cut out
Had probably lost his grip.
Doubt moved away for a permanent stay,
And never was heard of more !
My soul must own that it had not known
The soul of my wife before.

THE BARTENDERS' MANUAL.

SIDNEY C. KENDALL.

WITH ADDITIONAL SUGGESTIONS OF GREAT VALUE BY
THE REVIEWER.

I have before me a very neat and attractive little volume entitled, "New and Improved Bartenders' Manual. How to mix drinks." The author is Harry Johnson, its publishers, Green & Co. The place of publication is not mentioned. The first impression upon reading it is that bartenders must be very obtuse to need many of the instructions that are given here, the second impression is that this Manual is somewhat incomplete. I will go briefly through it, giving some specimen quotations and adding a few suggestions wherever they are necessary.

AS TO "THE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE BARTENDER. HOW HE SHOULD CONDUCT HIMSELF." The Manual says:—"It is of the highest importance that the bartender be strictly polite and attentive to all. He should be cheerful and have a bright and pleasant countenance. He should be neat, clean and tidy in his dress."

Of course the bartender must be allowed a little discretion. So long as a man is in receipt of a good income and is disposed to be liberal with it, it is impossible for you to be too polite and attentive; but when the man has tumbled himself into a shabby, bloated, impecunious and generally disreputable condition, then, of course, it becomes an entirely different matter.

As to your personal appearance, it is not well to be too exacting. As you advance in years your circumference will increase, your complexion will deepen, your nose will enlarge and your countenance will be covered with warts and pimples; it will not matter then if you spit over your shoulder, wipe your nose on your sleeve, and smell like a swill tub; by that time you will be keeping a bar where your patrons will not be so particular.

"It is proper, when a person steps up to the bar, for

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MANUAL.

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Royal Templar Platform.

27

you to find out in a genteel and polite manner what he may desire."

In common business it would be necessary to ask, but in the refined spirit of bartending this is unnecessary. A discreet sniff will inform you of the character of his last potations, and you will proceed to "set up" the same unless otherwise instructed.

"When a customer has finished and left the bar, you will clean the glasses used in a perfect manner at once."

I would add that you will be careful that none of the leavings from the glasses get into the family swill tub as the pigs will not eat it.

"You should stand straight and carry yourself erect."

It will not be necessary for your customers to do this after the fifth glass.

"HINTS ABOUT TRAINING A BOY TO THE BUSINESS."

I would suggest that it be a boy whose parents are both dead, who has neither friends or relatives, and who could not possibly be trained to any other business.

After a lot of instructions, the Manual says:—"Don't let him hear any bad language."

By all means; his morals might be corrupted. A bartender should have a good moral character. How dreadful bad language would sound in a bar-room. Don't let him hear any bad language. The Manual discreetly adds, "if you can help it." To be sure there will be times when you can't help it, but that isn't your fault.

"A great many people are under the impression that there is no such thing as a gentleman in the liquor business."

This is scarcely correct; the complaint is that he cannot long remain a gentleman in such a business.

"The great trouble is that most of these narrow-minded people don't know much about anything." "This has special reference to the parsons, the old women and the Templars."

"ON BEHAVIOR TOWARDS PATRONS."

"You will refuse to sell liquor to intoxicated persons or to minors."

Too rigid an application of this rule would spoil the business. It is after you have made a man intoxicated that he becomes most profitable. A man will get drunk on twenty-five cents, and then, if properly managed, will spend twenty-five dollars for the good of the house. So you will not consider a man drunk so long as he has any money. As to disorderly conduct some discrimination is necessary. High spirited young men, members of good families with substantial backing to pay damages, may be indulged in a few playful freaks. But when those same young men have drunk themselves into such a state that their friends have cast them off in disgust, their presence is no longer desirable in a first-class bar-room; they should be sent down to Joe. Beef's to finish their education. Minors are infants in arms.

"All patrons, rich and poor, should be served alike."

Certainly, a dollar is a dollar whatever it smells of.

"The greatest accomplishment of the bartender lies in exactly suiting his customers."

This may not be difficult during the first few glasses; but when he claims you for his long lost brother, puts his arms around your neck and slobbers over your immaculate shirt bosom, it is not so easy to suit him.

"The bartender should ascertain whether his customer desires his drink mixed stiff, strong, medium or mild, and then use his judgement in preparing it."

When the patron has become too drunk to know what he wants, you will fill his glass with the swabbings of the bar and charge as usual.

"It is proper to hand the change due to the customer in a neat and genteel manner and place it on a dry spot on the counter."

After the fifth glass it will not be necessary to give any change, this will save time.

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"RULES IN REFERENCE TO A GIGGER."

This is not an automatic, high-pressure apparatus for the summary bouncing of penniless patrons, it is simply a device for measuring liquor in mixing drinks. It is only used however by beginners ; as you become expert you will be able to measure the liquor with your thumb.

"HOW TO HANDLE BOTTLES PROPERLY."

This is a very important matter. In an emergency bottles must be handled with great dispatch. A handkerchief or a towel will give you a good grasp of the neck, then handle freely and keep a sharp look out. Half a dozen bottles, well handled, will furnish good entertainment for a crowded bar-room, as well as create exercise for the police and the ambulance.

"ON THE CARE OF GLASSES."

I would say that on no account should they be chained to the bar, it aggravates a patron when he wants a tumbler to throw at his neighbor's head.

"In case of a rush the bartender must do the best he can."

Just so ; and what that may be will depend upon the cause of the rush. If your liquid lightning has mounted at once to the brains of several excitable patrons so that revolvers are drawn and bullets chip the decanters, there will probably be a rush. The best the bartender can do under the circumstances is to go up the chimney and sing "Wait till the clouds roll by." If a detachment of the Women's Crusade should swoop down upon the saloon there will probably be a rush. The best thing the bartender can do is to commit an unconditional surrender, sign the pledge, shut up the saloon and change his business.

"IN REFERENCE TO A LUNCH."

"See that everything is perfectly clean."

This is a happy thought, if this practice were introduced

it would have the effect of novelty. By all means; wipe the frying pan out with the rag you clean the lamps with; the same rag will do for the dishes. The top of a barrel brushed off with a broom will do for a table, and almost anything will do for the fare. It is scarcely necessary to furnish spittoons as many of your patrons cannot expectorate with sufficient steadiness to use them. It is better to cover the floor with saw dust; this may be removed about once a year; stir it up with a hoe when it gets packed.

“HOW TO OPEN CHAMPAGNE.”

I would suggest that you hold the bottle carefully over the sewer grating and by a smart blow from a hammer dislodge the bottom.

“HOW TO CLEAN SILVER.”

Nothing better than alcohol. It will clean all the silver out of the pockets of your patrons and off their tables and sideboards.

“HOW TO KEEP INSECTS OUT OF YOUR MIXING BOTTLES.”

If it is of any importance I would suggest that you cork the bottles. But why take that trouble? Let them go in and take the consequences; it can't be worse for them than for your customers.

“HOW CORKS SHOULD BE DRAWN FROM WINE BOTTLES.”

Just think of writing a book on the art of drawing corks! And think of the mental calibre of the man who needs such instruction! Does a bartender know how to suck eggs?

Here comes a choice specimen:—“To get your money is the most important and leading point in the whole business.”

Of course it is; that is what you are in the business for. The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the tailor, the

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Royal Templar Platform.

31

bootmaker are all waiting for their money, but you have the first chance so make the most of it. The dollars in the pockets of the noble young men who throng the bar, are owing to widows who keep boarding houses, and hard working women who do laundry work. But the free-hearted manly fellows are drinking and treating lavishly and it is your business to keep them at it while the money holds out. There are working men with their wages in their pockets ; the children at home have been nearly starved because mother could get no more credit ; they have gone bare-footed till their feet are sore. The patient, toiling, suffering wife has worried through day after day looking to Saturday night in the hope of some slight relief. Saturday night has come and the pale thin woman is on the street with a shawl over her head, looking for her husband to secure a few dollars before he gets to drinking. Her husband is here, fuddled with drink, treating all hands and recklessly squandering the price of his home comforts. The children will starve and shiver ; the wife will sob and moan ; the husband and father will rave and curse in the prison cell ; but what matters, you get your money. Why, sir, it was for this that you bartered manhood and self-respect when you entered the wretched business ; it was for that you sold yourself body and soul to the devil. What shall it profit a man if he lose his own soul and fail to rake in the shekels. By all means get your money.

"LAST BUT NOT LEAST.

"After leaving the toilet room the bartender should wash his hands."

This is certainly a very appropriate close to such a lot of instructions. The bartender should wash his hands, but how shall he wash them ? What shall he wash them with ? They drip with blood, and not all the perfumes of Arabia can purify them. It is a fancy of the poet that the soul of Pontius Pilate roams forever in the spirit world, eternally washing his hands. So the bartender

should wash his hands for they have been put to the dirtiest work that ever employed the hands of man. But let him wash them however he will, the blood of his victims will cling to them still.

The larger part of the Manual is devoted to instructions concerning the compounding of mixed drinks. I find here the extraordinary number of one hundred and eighty-four different methods of serving liquor, either compounded or simple. The fanciful cognomens of these concoctions are quite a study. I have looked them over carefully, and as with the rest of the Manual, I find the list somewhat incomplete. I have devised a drink which might be added to the list. We will call it Templar Smash. So, Mr. Bartender, will you please take down the following.

Put three pieces of ice into a large glass and fill up two-thirds with water; add one tablespoonful of sugar, one pinch of red pepper, one dash of absinthe, and stir up with your thumb. Add two ounces of vermin extermiator, put on the shaker and work vigorously till it foams. Then—take it yourself and rid society of the greatest nuisance that ever plagued the earth.

N. B.—To deliver this piece with effect the speaker should read the quotations from the book and then glance at the audience while making the comments.

THE FIGHTING SERGEANT.

SIDNEY C. KENDALL.

SOME years ago a murder was committed in England; a man frenzied with liquor killed his wife. The two principal witnesses against him were his own children, a boy and a girl. A ripple of pathetic interest was excited when their names were given as Inkerman and Alma, and it was learned that the prisoner was one who had served with honorable mention in the Crimean War. When asked by the judge if he had anything to say, the poor fellow could only plead intoxication, exhibiting his Crimean medals and asking if the man who won

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Royal Templar Platform.

33

them could do such a cowardly deed. It is upon this
incident the following lines are based.

My Lord ! You have found me guilty and nothing I can
say

Is of much account, and yet I'll speak before I'm taken
away.

My wife is dead and you have charged that cruel deed
to me ;

The crime is on my guilty soul for all eternity.

I have no knowledge of the deed, the rum was on my
brain,

I search my mind for memory of that black night in
vain ;

But I have heard it from the lips of my own children
dear,

And her warm blood was on my hand, and so my guilt
is clear.

I care not for the gallows, nor the gloomy prison cell,
I dread the shame that falls upon the name I bore so
well.

A coward, cruel deed was done upon that ghastly night,
And my right hand was never raised except in honest
fight.

I bear upon my body the marks of blade and ball,
I fought those swarming Russians still before
Sebastopol.

Ask of my comrades, who survive these bloody fields and
frays,

If I were not a soldier in those wild Crimea days ;
They called me the Fighting Sergeant, and sometimes
Gallant Jack,

Because I led when the captain fell and beat those
Russians back.

My Lord ! Perhaps I'm guilty, but you know my heart
was right

When I named my boy for Inkerman, my girl for the
Alma fight,

Behold the battle trophies upon my breast, the while,

And judge if he who won them could do a deed so vile ;
 It was a cruel, cruel deed and if my hand it were
 That struck that coward blow—Oh God ! My soul is in
 despair.

Had any other hand been raised against my gentle wife,
 I would have rushed to her defense and saved her with
 my life ;

Where was the soul of Gallant Jack and where his heart
 of flame,

When his own hand was lifted up to do that deed of
 shame ?

My Lord ! My Lord ! It was the drink—the drink that
 fired my blood

And changed me to a madman with a coward murdering
 mood.

Oh ! drink will make a coward of the bravest man alive,
 And against the awful craving I have found it vain to
 strive,

And drink has made a soldier, with no stain upon his life,
 To raise the hand of murder against his helpless wife.

Oh ! I have found my native land, with liquor flowing bars,
 More deadly than the glacis beneath the guns of Kars ;

And I have been defeated by the Demon Alcohol,
 Who conquered 'mid the thunder of the Red Sebastopol.

Commit me to the gallows, for the law must take its
 course,

My body to a felon's grave, my spirit to remorse.
 But where my dismal tale is told, let the moral be
 To shun the cursed wine-cup as a deadly enemy.

THE LEGEND OF LADY'S TOWER.

SIDNEY C. KENDALL.

A BALLAD.

I.

THERE stands a tower on Havering Hill,
 Above the Barrow so clear and still,
 The remains of a castle old.

'Tis an ancient fortress, grey and grim,
With spectral shadows so dark and dim,
That frowns o'er the sunlit wold.
Thickly around the ancestral glade
The spreading oaks throw the deepening shade
Of a stately majestic bower ;
While their gnarled trunks and their branches embraced
Plainly tell that for centuries long they have graced
The approaches to Havering Tower.
Oh ! gloomy and dreary was Havering Wood,
Where the beeches and willows so thickly stood
In the midst of the ruined halls ;
On the brink of the castle's moat they grew,
And the shade of the verdure-clad branches threw
Over all the shattered walls.
No trace or sign of life was there
But the stoat and badger who made their lair
Mid crumbling brick and stone ;
And when the shades had stilled the bird,
Then through the gathering gloom was heard
The screech owl hooting lone.
Full many a greusomé tale is told
Of the tower that frowns o'er the Essex wold,
When the evening fire is burning.
Legends of tyranny, crime and death,
Of deeds of blood and—with bated breath—
Of dead to earth returning,
That lonely tower that stands on high,
With its single port-like an evil eye
That looms o'er dale and bower,
Has an evil name in the land, and well
Do the neighboring peasants love to tell
The story of Lady's Tower.
Oh ! a ghostly place is Havering now,
When the night wind stirs the oak tree's bough,
And moans through the lonely pile.
The benighted rustic shivers with dread
As he passes the spot with hurrying tread,
And mutters a prayer the while ;

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For the story is told of a ghostly form
 That flits o'er the ruin in calm or storm,
 And startles the silent night
 With a wail of woe so loud and shrill
 That the traveller passing below the hill
 Trembles with strange afright.
 'Tis said that the form of a maiden fair,
 With flowing robes and waving hair
 And wildly gleaming eye,
 When the church clock tolls the midnight hour,
 Stands on the brink of Lady's Tower
 With hands upraised on high ;
 And when the chime of Barrow vale
 Has died away o'er hill and dale
 In murmurs soft and low,
 With a piteous wail that scares the night,
 She plunges from the dizzy height
 To the jagged rocks below.
 Then through those gloomy woods there swell
 Clearly the tones of an unseen bell,
 A tocsin wild and shrill ;
 Then spirit lights through the port holes flash,
 And swift feet tramp and weapons clash
 Around the haunted hill.

II.

Two hundred years and more have rolled their weary
 length away,
 Since Havering in her pride and glory hailed the light of
 day.
 Then showed above the clustering oaks her walls and
 turrets true,
 And high above the topmost roof the Havering banner
 flew ;
 Then pealed the bugle's stirring note through each sur-
 rounding glen,
 And rang the gate and drawbridge with the tramp of
 armed men ;

Then boomed the wrathful culverin and flashed the
petronel ;
Then gleamed the torch on pike and sword and rose the
martial yell.
Those were stirring days for England, civil war was in
the land,
King or the Cause ! Court or the Laws ! was heard on
every hand ;
The sturdy sons of England rushed from hamlet, vale
and town,
To meet in mutual slaughter for Parliament or Crown.
When first from England's capital the alarming summons
came,
The battle cry of " Liberty ! " set England in a flame ;
And trembled then each broad highway beneath the
hurrying tread
Of eager mustering multitudes that from each county
sped ;
All spurring hard for Westminister through that eventful
night,
To save the cause of liberty, to battle for the right.
Roland of Havering, dark and stern, among them rode
amain,
A sturdy file of honest tenant yeomen in his train ;
From peaceful homes of Havering, from castle, farm
and cot,
They followed without wavering to share their leader's
lot.
For though the stern and gloomy frown that darkened
Roland's brow
Bespoke an iron nature and a will that would not bow,
He had the right good will of all the tenants on his roll,
For the justice of his dealing, for the honor of his soul.
His was the Roundhead side and creed as fitted Saxon
blood,
Justice and liberty for man and reverence for God.
So when above the guarding woods from Havering's
turret flew
The long expected signal that the hardy tenants knew,

Right merrily they sprang to horse, arrayed in helm and mail,
And swelled the thundering cavalcade that swept through Barrowvale ;
Then with loose rein and bloody spur followed their leader's plume ;
" On ! on to London ! " was the cry through that dread night of doom.
And when at last the sword was drawn and fierce red flames of war
Blazed o'er the strife of factions for privilege or law,
Right nobly then at Roland's leading each man played his part,
And showed on many a battlefield the valor of his heart.

When Rupert's men came down the hill
With thundering hoofs and war cry shrill,
Calmly then Roland stood ;
His sturdy file of Essex yeomen
Faced the charge of their Royalist foemen
As the firm rock stems the flood.
Oft in the midst of battle's harm,
When all hearts sank in wild alarm,
And hope had well nigh fled—
When foes exulting charged amain
His shattered ranks and strewed the plain
With wounded, dying, dead—
Fearless even then was Roland's eye,
His gleaming falchion flashed on high,
Inspired his reeling band ;
They rallied with the war-like yell,
Where fast the stoutest yeomen fell
Beneath their leader's brand.

And when at last the struggle ceased, and liberty was won,
The war-scarred warrior veterans with duty bravely done,
Could lay aside the battered helm and sheath the blunted brand,

And smiling peace once more could cheer and bless the
wearied land ;
Then home again to Havering, to castle, farm and cot,
They followed without wavering to share their leader's lot.

III.

Two miles down the Barrow, by the misty autumn light,
Behold the stately towers of Tadmor rise upon our sight.
Where flows the river clear and still below the rugged
steep,
There rise on high the turrets of the old embattled keep.
All through the long hard struggle that shook the spoiler
down,
Tadmor had stood for Royalty, a stronghold of the
Crown.
Ill-fared the pride of Tadmor then the fortunes of the
sword,
For fell at once on battle-day her glory and her lord.
Foul flowed the tide of vengeance then through her dis-
mantled halls,
As showed her riven battlements—the breaches in her
walls.
No longer from her turret did the Tadmor banner fly,
The shattered flag-staff naked stood against the autumn
sky.
Yet bravely had she borne herself on that eventful day,
When last her banner floated above the direful fray ;
For though the Roundhead forces has mustered thick
and strong,
And plied their weapons day and night the siege was
fierce and long ;
While powder held and heated cannon still a shot could
throw,
The gunners manned her walls and hurled foul scorn
upon the foe.
Torn by the cannon of Fairfax, sapped by pick and
spade,
Carried with a rush of the war-dogs by dent of pike and
blade.

When sword met sword in English hands,
 And pike staves crashed in deadly fight,
 When lurid gleams of blazing brands
 Lighted the darkness of the night,
 'Mid dying groans and victors' yell ;
 When over all her shattered walls
 Swarmed the fierce foe with frenzied ire,
 Swept the wild conflict through her halls,
 With blood, smoke, flame and carnage dire,
 The banner of Tadmor fell.
 Who is the first in the front of the battle
 Leading the charge where the death blows are falling,
 Blending his clamour with war's loudest rattle,
 By his fierce onset the foemen appalling ?
 Roland of Havering !
 With sword-riven halliards the flag has descended,
 Torn into shreds in a forest of lances—
 Hear the loud shout that proclaims the fight ended,
 As over the ramparts the mad crew advances.
 Roland of Havering !
 When in the courtyard they rallied again,
 All that were left of the Tadmor men,
 And with one voice in pealing cry,
 Swore they would neither yield nor fly,
 Roland of Havering
 Struck back the pikes with a desperate blow,
 And gave soldiers' grace to a perishing foe.
 Ellen of Tadmor weeps alone amid her ruined towers ;
 There are strangers in her father's halls and foemen in
 her bowers ;
 Above her smoking turrets a hated banner flies,
 And in his grave uncoffined the Lord of Tadmor lies ;
 Of all her spirit's agony, the worst it is to know,
 The conqueror is Roland, her lover and her foe.

IV

The sound of strife is heard no more,
 The harsh discordant voice of war

Royal Templar Platform.

41

At last is hushed and still ;
Peace rests on Tadmor's ruined towers,
On all her sunny glades and bowers,
And on the Barrow's rill.
Once more above the clustering trees,
The Tadmor flag floats on the breeze,
And with the old-time pride—
Though mourning sore her valliant dead—
She lifts her late dishonored head—
Above the Barrow's tide.
Ellen of Tadmor walks alone,
Beneath the arch of time-worn stone,
That opens to the lawn ;
Where through the shadows far and near,
Across the green sward hound the deer
And many a gentle fawn.
She was a lady of high degree,
Her sire a knight of chivalry
Of long ancestral line ;
In many an age well known to fame,
The sturdy knights of Tadmor name,
Courage and faith combine.
Beauty of face and grace of form
Were hers, although the storm
Of woe so lately nigh
Upon her frame had left its trace,
Had paled the roses from her face
And dimmed her lovely eye.
With languid step and pensive air,
With soul oppressed with crushing care,
The maiden sought release,
To brood upon her many woes,
And from their pain to find repose
Amid the haunts of peace.
The gladness of a summer's day,
With wild birds' song and blossoms gay,
Should ease her heavy heart ;
The soothing power of nature's charm
Upon the wreck of war's alarm

Should play a healing part.
 Unheeding her footsteps strayed
 Beneath the beechwood's gloomy shade,
 Where light and shadow blends ;
 She rambled on, and by her side
 Her favorite hound her only guide,
 Her wandering path attends ;
 Until the towers of Tadmor quite
 Beyond the woods are lost to sight,
 And in a lonely dell
 She sank upon a mossy seat,
 In happier days a fond retreat
 That she had loved so well.

v.

A horseman rode at ambling pace,
 Along the path of Tadmor chase,
 Beneath the beechwood's shade ;
 The heavy tramp and martial clank
 Of scabbard striking his horse's flank
 The solitude dismayed.
 The Lady Ellen started when
 She heard that heavy tramp, and then
 She rose and turned to go ;
 For as the horseman came in view,
 Roland of Havering she knew—
 Her lover and her foe.
 This warrior lover, who rode apace,
 To woo fair Ellen in Tadmor chase,
 Met his first rebuff that day.
 He tendered his wealth, his castle, his land,
 His fame, his love, his heart, his hand ;
 For a traitor she told him nay.
 With gathering wrath dark Roland stood,
 His eyes flashed fire—his spirit's mood
 Was neither mild nor meek.
 As a cloud on the west horizon glows
 At the set of the sun, the color rose
 Even on his swarthy cheek.

“ Now, by the word of a soldier true,
And on the faith of a lover, too,
 I vow 'tis well good lass,
For the peace that in this dell should rest,
A silken bodice guards thy breast,
 And not a steel cuirass.
The boldest hath not dared, good dame,
Traitor to wed with Roland's name—
 I swear upon my sword.
Wert thou a man in martial gear,
And fifty or more of thy menials near,
 Thou had'st not said that word.”
“ Roland of Havering, thinkest thou,
To daunt my soul with lowering brow
 And swelling tones of ire ?
Thou hast played well the traitor's part—
There—do thy worst, my woman's heart
 Shall never lose its fire.
But know thou first, what e'er has been
Our happy past—Whate'er we've seen
 It ne'er again shall be.
Since, traitor, since thou hast made thine
The rebel part this heart of mine
 Hath no more love for thee.
'Tis true to my king, although he fled,
True to my Sire, though he is dead,
 (Alas that woeful knell !)
True to the crown, although 'tis lost,
True to the slaughtered scattered host
 True to the flag that fell.
And dost thou think, thou warrior bold,
To bear my heart to yon strong hold
 To share thy guilty life ;
Where red rebellion flaps his wings
And shrill the braggart clarion rings
 To hail the traitor's wife ;
At marriage feast or bridal dance
Served by the bloody hand perchance
 That laid my father low.

Can this be while his daughter lives?
 Spare me the pain thy presence gives,
 Thou hast my answer ; go."
 Oh ! dark was the frown on Roland's face
 As he held her fast in Tadmor chase,
 And fierce the oath he swore
 As he turned his horse and rode away
 When the shadows fell at close of day
 And dashed o'er wild Tadmor.
 Old Jock at the gate heard the hurrying tread
 Of hoofs on the road, and forth he sped
 To undo the postern bar ;
 For well he knew wild Roland's mood
 Boded speech and gesture rough and rude
 When he heard his coming afar.
 Yet scarce had the gate on its hinges swung
 When loudly the stones on the roadway rung,
 And fire from hot heels flashed
 As madly both steed and rider through
 The arch with the half opened portals flew
 And into the courtyard dashed.
 So swiftly he came through the deepening gloam ;
 Let his reeking horse to the stable roam
 And silently passed from view,
 That he bore through the night on his saddle tree
 The fainting form of a fair ladye
 Not one in the castle knew.
 He carried her into the ancient keep,
 (Yon tower that rises above the steep),
 By the cressets fitful burning.
 On his face a cloud, in his breast a storm—
 He watched by the side of her prostrate form
 Her senses slow returning.
 The storm of fury passed away,
 And honor soon resumed its sway
 Within his manly breast ;
 With pitying love his heart was stirred,
 So like crushed flower or wounded bird
 Appeared the maid distressed.

She lay upon the donjon floor
Till sense and feeling came once more—
 The spell no longer bound ;
She knew the keep of Havering Tower,
She knew herself in Roland's power,
 And wildly gazed around.
She saw the sickly cressets gleam
That mingled with the pale moonbeam
 Upon a winding stair ;
She darted—like a flash was gone,
She reached the port—she hurried on
 In frenzy of despair.
Dark Roland sped, on her retreat,
In hot pursuit. Her flying feet
 He heard far up the height.
With labouring breath and heart appalled
He bounded on ; aloud he called
 To stay her frantic flight.
The summit reached, her foot she set
Upon the dizzy parapet ;
 Then furious turned to bay :—
“ Now, traitor, see what I can dare
Before thy guilty life I share.
 But mark ye what I say,
My Sire in bloody grave is lying,
My Brother is at Worcester dying,
 The Tadmor line is run ;
The woeful ruin thou hast wrought
To thine own house with woe is fraught ;
 Now sets the Havering sun,
In thine own self, in dark disgrace,
Thou art the last of all thy race
 To bear the ancient name ;
Thy pride shall fall, of all thy power
Naught shall remain but this lone tower
 A monument of shame ”
He heard her garments in the air,
He saw her look of dark despair,
 He heard her wailing moan.

Into the night in frenzied mood
 The maiden sprang and Roland stood
 Upon the tower alone.
 A ghostly place is Havering Tower
 When the church clock tolls the midnight hour ;
 When that wild death shriek scares the night
 And a spirit falls from the dizzy height ;
 When through those gloomy woods there swell
 The ghastly tones of an unseen bell,
 A tocsin wild and shrill ;
 When spirit lights through port holes flash
 A swift feet tramp, and weapons clash
 Around the haunted hill.

NOTE.—On occasions when the whole of the ballad could not be read, cantos one, two, three or five would each make a complete reading by itself.—ED.

UNCLE SIMON'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

S. C. KENDALL.

THE fact is, my dear young friend, you are troubled with greatness ; you are afflicted with a great round, swelling sense of overwhelming importance. Is it not so ? You have been thinking over your unobserved excellences until you are filled with admiration for yourself, and have come to the conclusion that the world does not half appreciate you. Am I right ? Well, the fact is, that to a certain extent you may be quite correct in feeling as you do. I don't want to flatter you ; but I admit that you are one of the finest creatures God ever made, and the world certainly does not esteem you as it should. But let me remind you that there are millions of young men thinking and feeling much as you do, and the peculiarity of it is that they are all about correct. I have been there myself ; in fact it is one of those things that seem to be common to all flesh. I know what it is to feel out of patience with the world

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TO A YOUNG

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because it failed to discern my claim to special recognition. That was a long time ago. As I advanced in years I became calmer in the soul and cooler in the head. I understand this old world a great deal better now. I have since discovered that the only reason why there was not an illumination when I was born was because there are so many of us ; such demonstrations, if granted to every man who is worthy of them, would become too common and lose their significance. And, young man, by the time your hair is as thin as mine you will have made that discovery for yourself.

Now the question is, what shall you do about it? How shall you prevail upon an unappreciative world to accept you at your face value, and render you the homage that is your due?

My advice is that you do nothing at all.

You are undoubtedly a great man ; we all were at your age, and what matter if the world is a little slow finding it out.

You have heard that pathetic little parable about an ambitious batrachian who aspired to the dimensions of an ox. The climax in this case, you remember, was that the thing "busted." That is what frequently happens when young men attempt to hurry on the development of their "embryo vastness."

Sometimes a young man will take to drinking, just by way of impressing the world with a due sense of his importance. His age will be somewhere between sixteen and twenty when he determines that he is no longer a boy ; hence he must be a man, and, of course, a man of no ordinary stamp. His sense of his new dignity first manifests itself in a disregard of parental views and wishes, which grows into a supreme contempt for the opinions and counsels of all who are older and wiser, and culminates in a sneering disregard for any and every kind of authority. Then, as a crowning evidence of superiority, he takes to drink. He may content himself with the ordinary "Tom and Jerry" kind of drinking at the bar of the "shebeen," or he may aspire to the fash-

ionable club room, wine at dinner, champagne suppers, etc. Anyhow this blooming genius electrifies society by taking to drink. "It is valorous, you know, and so manly." Well, yes, it is about the only indication of valor and manhood that is seen in some young men. "All geniuses were great drinkers, you know. Lord Byron, Shelley, Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Burns, and— and what's his name, that other fellow don't you know." So our phenomenon, in company with other phenomena, demonstrates his unusual genius by taking to drink. He may even proceed to the length of smashing a window or two, or stoning a gas lamp whenever it can be done with safety. Harmless diversions like these simply indicate the characteristic playfulness of great minds.

Men of great genius are very liable to be misunderstood. While our young friend is giving evidence of his talent—while he is proving himself to be, that climax of social excellence, a high spiritual youth, it is extremely probable that an unthinking public is putting him down for a drunken rowdy and a general nuisance. Should this high spirited young man appear on the street in one of his most brilliant moods, an unscientific policeman in his hasty classification would report the phenomenon as a "drunk and disorderly," and consign it to the cells.

So my young friend, whatever you do to ease that overbearing sense of importance, don't you take to drink. You are certain to be misunderstood; it is very difficult in this age of the world to convince people that a weakness for tippling is any indication of ability. That sort of thing is not at a premium just now. We have about concluded that drinkers are a humbug, and they are classed low, very low. We don't give them any more responsibility, we keep them grubbing at the dirty work while positions of trust and honor are reserved for men whose heads are cool and level.

This inborn greatness, which seems to be generic with human nature, manifests itself in various ways. Sometimes a young man attempts to ease his swelling soul by parting his hair in the middle and wear

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ing an eyeglass—not spectacles you understand; but a circular disc of glass inserted in one side of his countenance, leaving his other optic open to the weather. The glass is held in its place by a muscular contraction, which gives his visage a decidedly quizzical expression. He supplements these exertions by wearing a hat that draws about an inch and a quarter, a coat without any tails, and pantaloons of a somewhat clinging nature. He covers his hands with kid gloves to show that he does not work. It is rumored that he sleeps with his gloves on to keep his hands soft; he probably wears a nightcap for a similar purpose. He puffs a cigar and fills the air with tobacco smoke to show his sublime disregard for the feelings of common folk, and he carries a stick for some reason that naturalists have not yet been able to discover. Thus furnished our genius sallies forth in the presence of an awstricken public. His favorite lair is the promenade deck of a steamer, the hotel steps or the fashionable city sidewalk. When in motion he generally proceeds along the middle of the sidewalk, advancing with a mincing, springy kind of pace, thrusting out his elbows to larboard and starboard and picking up his heels in a mysterious and wonderful manner. The stick is held in the middle, and swung horizontally in front of him, the cigar, when not in his mouth, is daintily poised between the fingers of his left hand, and the smoke of his tobacco trails gracefully over his shoulders.

Now, whenever an apparition like this is observed on the streets a susceptible and unreflecting public will probably smile. But really it is no smiling matter. It is not vanity that is troubling the young man, it is not water on the brain, (although the symptoms are decidedly suspicious), it is simply greatness, an overwhelming consciousness of personal importance.

Now, young man, you find yourself afflicted with a sense of superiority, and you want to know what to do about it

My advice is that you do nothing at all. This is one

of those things that will have to run its course like measles or scarlet fever.

Now I have a word of caution for you. Don't you do the first thing to thrust your superiority upon society, or you will spoil your prospects. You are really a very important individual, and if the world does not seem to be aware of that it is the world's misfortune, not yours.

Now the best thing you can do is to find your place among other great men. The world is full of great men, we are all great men. And when you have found your place, fill it. Never mind how large it is, fill it. If you can't fill it, find a place that you can fill. Take hold of things with a will. Push your affairs. Have some energy about you. There are too many flabby, boneless men, cartilagenous, mucilagenous, oleagenous men; men for whom places have to be made as you make moulds for jelly. Develop a backbone and main spring. "Be not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Don't think too much about the cut of your clothes or the shape of your hat, but guard well the integrity of your moral character. Never mind your complexion, your skin is waterproof. Wear a man's clothes, quit yourself like a man, be strong. Don't be particular about keeping your hands clean, but keep your mouth pure and your breath sweet. Never have occasion to fumigate your surroundings with tobacco smoke, or to use cloves or cinnamon as disinfectants. Honor your father and mother, and grandmother. Respect the aged, join the Templars and vote for Prohibition every time. Don't be too anxious about your dignity, unadorned manhood is dignity enough for any creature below an archangel. Never mind your appearance or manners; be a true man and then act out your nature. I am suspicious of men who must look into books of etiquette to learn how to behave. Love the Lord and your neighbor, and let your conduct express your sentiments, and your manners will be all right. Finally, my boy, "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report;

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 ys are pure, whatsoever
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if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on
 these things," and think less of yourself.

FARMER STEBBINS ON ROLLERS.

WILL CARLETON.

DEAR COUSIN JOHN :

We got here safe—my worthy wife an' me—
 An' put up at James Sunnyhope's—a pleasant place to be ;
 An' Isabel, his oldest girl, is home from school just now,
 An' pets me with her manners all her young man will
 allow ;
 An' his good wife has monstrous sweet an' culinary ways :
 It is a summery place to pass a few cold winter days.

Besides, I've various cast-iron friends in different parts
 o' town,
 That's always glad to have me whenever I come
 down ;
 But yesterday, when 'mongst the same I undertook to
 roam,
 I could not find a single one that seemed to be at home !
 An' when I asked their whereabouts, the answer was,
 " I think,
 If you're a-going down that way, you'll find 'em at the
 Rink."

I asked what night the Lyceum folks would hold their
 next debate
 (I've sometimes gone an' help 'em wield the cares of
 church an' state) ;
 An' if protracted meetin's now was holdin' anywhere
 (I like to get my soul fed up with fresh celestial fare) ;
 Or when the next church social was ; they'd give a
 knowin' wink,
 An' say, " I b'lieve there's nothin' now transpirin' but the
 Rink."

"What is this 'Rink'?" I innocent inquired, that night
at tea.

"Oh, you must go," said Isabel, "this very night with
me!

And Mrs. Stebbins, she must go, an' skate there with us,
too!"

My wife replied, "My dear, just please inform me when
I do.

But you two go." An' so we went; an' saw a circus
there,

With which few sights I've ever struck will anyways
compare.

It seemed a good-sized meetin'-house had given up its
pews

(The church an' pastor had resigned, from spiritual
blues),

An' several acres of the floor was made a skatin' ground,
Where folks of every shape an' size went skippin' round
and round;

An' in the midst a big brass band was helpin' on the fun,
An' everything was gay as sixteen weddin's joined in
one.

I've seen small insects crazy like go circlin' through the
air,

An' wondered if they they thought some time they'd
maybe go somewhere;

I've seen a million river bugs go scootin' round an'
round,

An' wondered what 'twas all about, or what they'd lost
or found;

But men an' women, boys an' girls, upon a hard wood
floor,

All whirlin' round like folks possessed, I never saw
before.

An' then it all came back to me, the things I'd read an'
heard

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About the rinks, an' how their ways was wicked an' absurd:

I'd learned somewhere that skatin' wasn't a healthy thing to do;

But there was Doctor Saddlebags—his fam'ly with him, too.

I'd heard that 'twasn't a proper place for Christian folks to seek;

Old Deacon Perseverance Jinks flew past me like a streak.

Then Sister Is'bel Sunnyhopes put on a pair o' skates,
An' started off as if she'd run through several different States.

My goodness! how that gal showed up! I never did opine

That she could twist herself to look so charmin' an so fine;

And then a fellow that she knew took hold o' hands with her,

A sort o' double crossways like, an' helped her, as it were.

I used to skate; an' 'twas a sport of which I once was fond.

Why, I could write my autograph on Tompkins' saw-mill pond.

Of course, to slip on runners, that is one thing, one may say,

An' movin' round on casters is a somewhat different way;

But when the fun that fellow had came flashin' to my eye,

I says, "I'm young again; by George, I'll skate once more or die!"

A little boy a pair o' skates to fit my boots soon found—
He had to put 'em on for me (I weigh three hundred pound);

An' then I straightened up, an' says, "Look here, you
younger chaps,
You think you're runnin' some'at past us older heads,
perhaps.

If this young lady here to me will trust awhile her fate,
I'll go around a dozen times, an' show you how to skate."

She was a niceish, plump young gal, I noticed quite a
while,

An' she reached out her hands with 'most too daughterly
a smile ;

But off we pushed, with might an' main—when all to
once the wheels

Departed suddenly above, an' took along my heels ;
My head assailed the door, as if 'twas tryin' to get
through,

An' all the stars I ever saw arrived at once in view.

'Twas sing'lar (as not quite unlike a saw-log there I lay)
How many of the other folks was going that same way ;
They stumbled over me in one large animated heap,
An' formed a pile o' legs an' arms not far from ten foot
deep ;

But after they had all climbed off, in rather fierce sur-
prise,

I lay there like a saw-log still—considerin' how to rise.

Then dignified I rose, with hands upon my ample waist,
An' then sat down again with large and very painful
haste ;

An' rose again, and started off to find a place of rest,
Then on my gentle stomach stood, an' tore my meetin'
vest ;

When Sister Sunnyhopes slid up, as trim as trim could be,
An' she and her young fellow took compassionate charge
o' me.

Then after I'd got off the skates, an' flung 'em out o'
reach,

ays, "Look here, you
past us older heads,
trust awhile her fate,
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I rose, while all grew hushed an' still, and made the following speech :

" My friends, I've struck a small idea (an' struck it pretty square),
Which physically an' morally, will some attention bear :
Those who their balance can preserve are safe here any day ;
An' those who can't, I rather think, had better keep away."

Then I limped out, with very strong, unprecedented pains,

An' hired a horse at liberal rates to draw home my remains ;

An' lay abed three days, while wife laughed at an' nursed me well,

An' used up all the arnica two drug stores had to sell ;

An' when Miss Is'bel Sunnyhopes said, " Won't you skate once more ?"

I answered, " Not while I remain on this terrestrial shore."

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab, there lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre, and no man saw it e're,

For the angels of God, upturn'd the sod, and laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling ; or saw the train go forth—

Noiselessly as the daylight comes back when night is done,

And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek, grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the Spring-time, her crown of verdure
weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand
leaves ;
So without sound of music, or voice of them that wept,
Silent lay down from the mountain's down, the great pro-
cession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle, on grey Beth Peor's
height,
Out of his lonely eyrie, looked on the wond'rous sight :
Perchance the lion stalking, still shuns that hallow'd
spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard, that which
man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth, his comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum, follow his funeral
car ;
They shew the banners taken, they tell his battles won,
And after him lead his riderless steed, while peals the
minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land, we lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place, with costly marble
dress'd,
In the great minster transept, where lights like glories
fall ;
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings, along
th' emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior, that ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet, that ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher, traced with his golden
pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage, as he wrote
down for men.

And had he not high honor, the hill-side for a pall,

Platform.

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Royal Templar Platform.

57

To lie in state, while angel's wait, with stars for tapers
tall,
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes, over his
bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land, to lay him in
the grave ?

In that strange grave, without a name, whence his un-
coffin'd clay,
Shall break again, O wondrous thought ! before the
judgment day,
And stand, with glory wrapt around, on the hills he never
trod,
And speak of the strife, that won our life, with th' in-
carnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land ! O dark Beth Peor's
hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours, and teach them
to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot
tell ;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep of him he
loved so well.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

MACAULAY.

Attend all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise,
I tell you of the noble deeds she wrought in
ancient days,
When the great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest stores of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth
bay ;

Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile ;
 At sunset she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcombe's lofty hall ;
 Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast ;
 And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post,
 With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
 Behind him' march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums ;
 His yeoman, round the market cross, make clear an ample space,
 For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
 As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon swells.
 Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
 So stalked he when he turned to flight on that famed Picard field,
 Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield ;
 So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
 And crushed and torn beneath his paws the princely hunters lay.
 Ho ! strike the flag staff deep, Sir Knight ; ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids ;

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Knight ; ho ! scatter

Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute ; ho ! gallants, draw your
blades ;
Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes, waft her
wide ;
Our glorious *Semper Eadem*—the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massive fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll
of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
sea—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again
shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford bay,
That time of slumber was bright and busy as the
day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance
spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire ;
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sun-
less caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew ;
It roused the shepherd of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beauleau.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clif-
ton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the
night,

And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-
red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the loud alarm clashed from all her reeling
spires ;
From all the batteries of the tower pealed loud the voice
of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer ;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying
feet,
And the broad stream of flags and pikes dashed down
each roaring street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the
din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spur-
ring in ;
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike
errand went,
And raised in many an ancient hall the gallant squires
of Kent.
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampsteads swarthy moor they started
for the North ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang
from hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales—
Till like volcanoes flared to Heaven the stormy hills of
Wales—
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height—

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Royal Templar Platform.

61

Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest
of light—
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately
fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the bound-
plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of
Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's em-
battled pile,
And the red glare of Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I.

Good folks ever will have their way—
Good folks ever for it must pay.
But we who are here and every where—
The burden of their faults must bear.
We must shoulder others' shame—
Fight their follies and take their blame ;
Purge the body, and humor the mind ;
Doctor the eyes when the soul is blind ;
Build the columns of health erect
On the quicksands of neglect :
Always shouldering others' shame—
Bearing their faults and taking their blame.

II.

Deacon Rogers, he came to me ;
" Wife is going to die," said he.
" Doctors great an' doctors small,
Haven't improved her any at all.
" Physic and blisters, powders and pills,
And nothing sure but the doctor's bills !

" Twenty women, with remedies new,
 Bother my wife the whole day through.
 " Sweet as honey, or bitter as gall—
 Poor old woman, she takes 'em all.
 " Sour or sweet, whatever they choose,
 Poor old woman, she daren't refuse.
 " So she pleases whoe'er may call,
 And Death is scented the best of all.
 " Physic and blister, powder an' pill—
 Bound to conquer, and sure to kill!"

III.

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,
 Bandaged and blistered from foot to head.
 Blistered bandaged from head to toe,
 Mrs. Rogers was very low.
 Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup,
 On the table stood bravely up,
 Physics of high and low degree ;
 Calomel, catnip, boneset tea ;
 Everything a body could bear,
 Excepting light and water and air.

IV.

I opened the blinds ; the day was bright,
 And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.
 I opened the window ; the day was fair,
 And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.
 Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,
 Catnip, boneset, syrups and squills ;
 Drugs and medicines, high and low,
 I threw them as far as I could throw.
 " What are you doing ?" my patient cried ;
 " Frightening Death " I coolly replied.
 " You are crazy !" a visitor said :
 I flung a bottle at his head.

V.

Deacon Rogers, he came to me ;

"Wife is a-gettin' her health," said he.
"I really think she will worry through ;
She scolds me just as she used to do.
"All the people have poohed and slurred—
All the neighbours have had their word ;
"Twere better to perish, some of 'em say,
Than be cured in such an irregular way."

VI.

"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care,
And his remedies, light and water and air.
"All of the doctors, beyond a doubt,
Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without."

VII.

The Deacon smiled and bowed his head ;
"Then your bill is nothing," he said.
"God's be the glory, as you say !
God bless you, doctor ! Good day ! good day !"

VIII.

If ever I doctor that woman again,
I'll give her medicine made by men.

THE LABORING MEN.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Who are the laboring men ?
We are the laboring men :
We, the muscle of tribes and lands,
With sun-trod faces and horn-gloved hands,
With well patched garments stained and coarse—
With untrained voices heavy and hoarse ;
Who brave the death of the noontide heats—
Who mow the meadows and pave the streets ;
Who push the plow by the smooth faced sod
Or climb the crags with the well filled hod.
Yes—we are the laboring men—
The genuine laboring men !

And each somewhere in the stormy sky,
 Has a sweet love star, be it low or high ;
 For a pride have we to do and dare
 And a heart have we—to cherish and care
 And a power have we : for lose our brawn
 And where were your flourishing cities gone.
 Or bind our hands or fetter our feet
 And what would the gaunt world find to eat.
 Ay, where were your gentry then ?
 For we are the laboring men !

Who are the laboring men ?
 We are the laboring men :
 We who stand in the ranks of trade,
 And count the tallies toil has made ;
 Who guard the coffers of wealth untold
 And feed the streams of glistening gold ;
 Who send the train on its breathless trips
 And rear the buildings and sail the ships ;
 And though our coats be a trifle fine,
 And though our diamonds flash and shine,
 Yet we are the laboring men—
 The genuine laboring men !
 We bolt the gates of the angry seas ;
 We keep the nation's granary keys ;
 The routes of trade we have built and planned.
 Are veins of life to a hungry land.
 And power have we in our peaceful strife
 For a nation's trade is a nation's life ;
 And take the souls of our commerce in
 Where were your "artizans' pails of tin ?"
 Ay, where were your laborers then ?
 For we are the laboring men !

Who are the laboring men ?
 We are the laboring men :
 We of the iron and water way,
 Whom fire and stream and tide obey ;
 Who stab the sea with a prow of oak—
 Who blot the sky with a cloud of smoke ;

Who bend the breezes unto our wills,
And feed the looms and hurry the mills ;
Who oft have the lives of a thousand known
In the hissing valves that hold our own !
Yes, we are the laboring men !
The genuine laboring men !
And though a coat may a button lack,
And though a face be sooty and black,
And though the words be heavy of flow
And the now called thoughts come tardy and slow
And though rough words in a speech may blend,
A heart's a heart and a friend's a friend.
And a power have we : but for our skill
The wave would drown and the sea would kill.
And where were your gentry then ?
Ay, we are the laboring men !

Who are the laboring men ?
We are the laboring men !
We of the mental toil and strain,
Who stall the body and lash the brain ;
Who wield our pens when the world's asleep
And plead with mortals to laugh or weep ;
Who bind the wound and plead the cause,
Who preach the sermons and make the laws ;
Who man the stage for the listening throng,
And fight the devils of shame and wrong.
Yes, we are the laboring men—
The genuine laboring men !
An though our hands be small and white,
And though our flesh be tender and light,
And though our muscle be soft and low,
Our red blood sluices be swift of flow !
We've power to kindle passion's fire
With the flame of zeal and good desire !
Or quell with soothing words and arts,
The throbs of grief, the leaping hearts.
And who shall question then ?
That we are the laboring men ?

Who are not the laboring men ?
 They're not the laboring men :
 They who creep in dens and lanes,
 To rob their betters of honest gains ;
 The rich that stoop to devour the poor ;
 The tramp that begs from door to door ;
 The rogues that love the darkened sky,
 And steal and rob and cheat and lie ;
 The loafing wights and senseless bloats
 Who drain their pockets to wet their throats !
 They're not the laboring men—
 They're not the laboring men :
 And all true hearts that the price would give
 For honest joy and the right to live,
 And every soul to truth alive,
 Willing to thrive and let others thrive,
 Should rise with a true and steady hand,
 And mark these foes with a villain brand ;
 And shame them into the ranks of toil,
 Or crush them under their kindred soil,
 Away from the laboring men—
 The genuine laboring men.

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE proudest now is but my peer,
 The highest not more high ;
 To day, of all the weary year,
 A king of men am I.
 To-day alike are great and small,
 The nameless and the known ;
 My palace is the people's hall,
 The ballot-box my throne !

Who serves to-day upon the list
 Beside the served shall stand ;
 Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
 The gloved and dainty hand !

Platform.

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Royal Templar Platform.

67

The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day ;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
My stubborn right abide ;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride ;
To day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land ;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand !

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust ;
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up ! clouted knee and ragged coat !
A man's a man to-day !

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O FRIENDS ! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument ;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds :
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain woul touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross

More than your schoolmen teach within
Myselt, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust;
I veil mine eyes for shame;
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings—
I know that God is good!

Platform.

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Royal Templar Platform.

69

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see ;
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above :
I know not of His hate ; I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long ;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise ;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove ;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
 Their froned palms in air ;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.

O brothers ! if my faith is vain—
 If hopes like these betray,
 Pray for me that my feet may gain
 The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be ;
 Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on Thee !

A VISION OF PEACE.

SIDNEY C. KENDALL.

I LIE on a bank in the wildwood
 Where my spirit loves fondly to roam,
 And with the delight of my childhood
 I gaze upon Heaven's broad dome.
 Around me the shade of the wood-land,
 The veil of the sheltering bower,
 Above me the wide-spreading branches,
 Beside me the blossoming flower ;
 I am gazing right up to the zenith,
 The glory of Heaven is nigh ;
 For my spirit in fancy is rising
 To float on the blue of sky.

I feel not the breath of the summer,
 I hear not the song of the bird,
 Nor the whispering voice of the zepher
 As the gem-laden branches are stirred ;
 I heed not the shade of the forest,
 Nor the scent of the blossoming flowers ;
 I see not the flight of the swallows,
 I heed not the flight of the hours ;

Platform.

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Royal Templar Platform.

71

I gaze on the infinite azure
With more than a bodily eye ;
I am bathing my spirit in beauty—
The peerless blue of the sky.

A feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
Though my soul is serenely at a rest,
And my spirit is stirred with emotions
That language hath never expressed ;
How often in days of my childhood,
In days that have long gone by,
I have wandered alone in the wildwood
To gaze on the face of the sky—
To gaze on the far away zenith,
To watch the white clouds rolling by,
And feel the sweet calmness of Heaven
In the unruffled blue of the sky.

'Tis well for a moment to linger,
While toiling along the rough way,
To dwell on the vision of beauty
That brightens the course of a day.
Whenever with care I am laden,
Whenever life's burdens oppress,
Whenever my soul is o'erclouded,
Or sorrows my spirit distress ;
I bear me away to the wildwood,
Forgetting that years have rolled by,
And feel as I felt in my childhood
When I gaze on the face of the sky.

And so it will be in the future,
Till the course of the world is run,
While the round of its sunlight and shadow
Still follows the path of the sun.
The brightest of life may be clouded,
The best hopes of earth may be riven ;
But the peace of the Infinite azure
Is a vision of Peace in Heaven.

Oh! child of an Infinite Father,
 Look up through the clouds rolling by,
 From the tempest-horn face of creation
 To the unruffled blue of the sky.

THE BITER BIT.

From the "Modern Templar."

OCCASIONALLY the dastardly conduct of the enemy over-reached itself and re-acted against their own party, as the following instance will show:

Oscar Flood, who was taking a very active part in Repeal operations, drove out to a small town accompanied by Jimmy Denison as a sort of aid-de camp. The object of his coming was to keep an eye on a public meeting held by the Thundering Legion.

He did not venture to attend the meeting and oppose them openly, but if there were anything he could do *in a quiet way* to render the meeting a failure, he was present to seize the opportunity. He stayed at the hotel all the evening, and was somewhat chagrined to observe that the meeting was popular and largely attended.

Besides, the presence of the famous Oscar in the neighborhood had suggested to the committee the advisability of taking additional precautions to preserve order.

The appearance of a posse of muscular Templars, with substantial walkingsticks, at the rear of the hall, suggested to enthusiastic Repealers that discretion was the better part of valor.

It was beginning to look as though Oscar's errand was likely to prove a failure.

In his wrath he was led to take a most despicable revenge. Jimmy Denison was sitting in an adjoining room and overheard a conversation between the Colonel and a dark featured individual with a scar on his cheek. He distinctly heard the words: "First stall on the right

—a parson's horse—mane and tail—five dollars for a clean job." Jimmy started from a reverie and sauntered out of the house with an unconcerned air and made straight for the stables. If it were light enough for us to see his operations, we should find that he was changing the positions of some of the horses. He returned to the house and resumed his reverie, although his thoughts had apparently taken a humorous turn, for he occasionally shook with suppressed merriment. In a few minutes voices were heard again in the next room. "Are you sure you made a clean job of it?" (Jimmy pricked up his ears.) "You bet, Colonel, she's as bare as the palm o' your hand." (Jimmy smiled.) "It seemed most a shame, Colonel," the second voice continued, "she's a blamed handsome beast." (Jimmy giggled.) "What does a blamed parson want with such a fine horse?" (Jimmy withdrew to the darkest corner of the room and indulged in a series of the most surprising contortions.) [The reader will understand that I am in the habit of modifying the adjectives of some of my speakers in order to render their speech tolerably presentable.] A few minutes later, just as the public meeting was breaking up, the Colonel called for his horse. A number of persons had congregated about the front of the hotel, and something seemed to be amusing them very much. The Colonel stepped to the door to ascertain the cause of their fun. In the full glare of the light stood an elegant phaeton, to which was harnessed a stately mare—a beast handsome in every particular, except that her mane was clipped close to the neck, and every hair had been shorn from her tail. This outraged member she was whisking and flourishing in a spirited and ludicrous manner to the intense delight of the crowd. With one glance the Colonel took in the situation, and then nearly strangled himself in the effort to express his wrath. Jimmy Denison stood on the verandah with his hands on his lips solemnly surveying the devastation. As the Colonel paused to catch his breath, Jimmy exclaimed in a stage whisper: "It ain't

his fault, Colonel." "What do you mean?" roared the irate Oscar. "You told him the first stall on the right instead of on the left, and he docked your mare instead of the parson's, that's all." Jimmy's explanation was heard by the crowd, and their roars of delighted laughter so bewildered the Colonel that he scarcely realized how badly he had been given away. "If I thought the villain played that trick on me," he muttered as he got into the buggy, "I'd wring his ugly head off." "Colonel," said Jimmy, as they drove off, "If I was you I wouldn't have no dealings with that ugly warmint with the print of the hot flat-iron on his face. He's a blamed snake." Jimmy's countenance was virtue itself. The drive back to Roxton was performed in silence, save a few profound remarks from Jimmy on the folly of having to do with ugly men with marks on their faces. The fact is, Jimmy's gravity was so unnatural that as they reached the State House the Colonel scrutinized him suspiciously and remarked: "Jimmy, if you hadn't been a born fool—if I thought you knew enough—I'd bet ten dollars you swapped them horses." "Colonel," said Jimmy, as solemn as a judge, "don't you risk no more money to-night; you've paid enough for that job."

The Colonel entered the house growling at large, and Jimmy went into retirement where he shook laughter from him as a dog shakes off water after a swim. "Ho! ho! ho!" he chuckled, "a born fool. Ho! ho! ho! What must it be to be born wise." As Redfern and Maywood drove home that night in the minister's buggy they did not know the sentence of destruction that had been passed against their horse's flowing mane and tail, nor did they know that this mutilation had been diverted to Colonel Oscar Flood's high-priced mare simply by Jimmy Denison's monkey-like propensity for mischief.

SELLING OUT.

SIDNEY C. KENDALL.

THE name I was born to is Paddy Moriety,
A dealer I am of the retail variety,
Pushing my trade in the cause of sobriety ;
Which nobody can deny.

I find to my sorrow things go by contrarety—
'Tis little I ask of the world but its charity—
The trade that I follow is doomed to disparity ;
Which nobody can deny.

Indade, is it this that you call Christianity ?
Is it shut up me barroom ! And where was your sanity ?
Me that was always a friend of humanity ;
Which nobody can deny.

Oh ! the best of good luck to the tavern that bore me,
The same that was kept by me father before me,
And if I shut down how the boys will deplore me,
Which nobody can deny.

For some was hot and some was cold,
Some was young and some was old,
Some was wet and some was dry,
Some was wake and some was spry,
Some was ragged and some was tough,
Some was smooth and some was rough,
Some was born and some was dead,
Some was buried and some was wed,
Some was sick and some was well,—
What was the matter they never could tell.
Some was rich and some was poor ;
All knew the way to Moriety's door ;
All the byes from near and far,—
Jolly good fellows around the bar—
Every bummer, whatever his hap,
Knew the way to Moriety's tap ;

Winter and summer the best of society
 Come to the tavern of Paddy Moriety ;
 Which nobody can deny.

Oh Paddy Moriety you're in a fix ;
 Hang out the red flag and sell off your sticks ;
 Prohibition has come like a thousand of bricks ;
 Which nobody can deny.

When I first heard the news it gave me a shock,
 Much like what they call an electric knock ;
 And so, by the powers, I'll sell off my stock ;
 Which nobody can deny.

I've the best of good liquor for them who can treasure it ;
 Bottles to hold it, a "gigger" to measure it ;
 Benches and boxes for men who can leisure it ;
 Which nobody can deny.

I've taps and pipes and bottles and mugs,
 Spittoons, matches, lights, toothpicks and plugs.
 Cigars and tobacco, a wonderful stock,
 Mild cigarettes for the "chip of the block" ;

Cinnamon, nutmegs, red pepper and ice,
 Cloves, raisins, lemons, ginger and spice,
 Pictures of horses and women and sluggers,
 Fighting cocks, racing yachts, bulldogs and luggers,
 Sullivan, Heenan, and that sort of _____
 Which nobody can deny.

I've Champagne, Sherry, Claret and Punch
 To tickle your palate whenever you lunch ;
 Julep, Cocktail and Brandy Sling,
 Imperial Knickerbine, drink for a king ;
 Hot Locomotive and Whiskey fizz ;
 Stone Face, Stonewall, Toddy and Quiz ;
 Sandy Gaff and Tom and Jerry,
 Saratoga Brace Up, to make you merry ;

Knickerbocker and Brandy Smash—
 To garnish your nose with a beautiful rash—
 English Bishop and Brandy Flip,
 Golden Slipper and Mississipp ;
 Eggnogg, Red Lion, Whiskey Bracket,
 Best thing out for raising a racket,
 Champagne Velvet, soft as silk,
 Gin Fizz, Gin Sling, Gin and milk ;
 Brandy Shrub and Brandy Straight,
 Orange Punch and Soldiers' Fate ;
 Hot Scotch Whiskey Punch for party,
 Old Tom Gin, so hale and hearty ;
 Gin and Tansy, Bishop and Plush,
 Hot Bull Run, in case of a rush ;
 Tom Collins, Blue Blazes, Sangaree,
 Mudford, Absinthe (whatever that be),
 Martini Cafe', Sour Apple Jack,
 East India Cocktail, made with Arrack ;
 Rochester Cobbler, to swell the muster,
 Columbia Skin and Brandy Crusta ;
 Forty Rod, Negus, Ruby and Scarf,
 Eye Opener, Fork Lightning, Arf and Arf ;
 Seltzers and Nectars, Sodas and Shrubs,
 Tumblers, decanters, barrels and tubs ;—
 All these drinks however you fix 'em—
 And as many more if you know how to mix 'em—
 All to be sold for the sake of sobriety
 Out of the tavern of Paddy Moriety ;
 Which nobody can deny.

THE THREE LOVERS.

HERE'S a precept, young man, you should follow with
 care ;
 If you're courting a girl, court her honest and square.
 Mr. 'Liakim Smith was a hard-fisted farmer,
 Of moderate wealth,
 And immoderate health,

Who fifty odd years, in a stub-and-twist armor
 Of callus and tan,
 Had fought like a man

His own dogged progress, through trials and cares,
 And log-heaps and brush-heaps and wild-cats and bears,
 And agues and fevers and thistles and briers,
 Poor kinsmen, rich foemen, false saints, and true liars;
 Who oft, like the "man in our town," otherwise, ~~was~~
 Through the brambles of error had scratched out his eyes,
 And when the unwelcome result he had seen,

Had altered his notion,
 Reversing the motion,

And scratched them both in again, perfect and clean ;
 Who had weathered some storms, as a sailor might say,
 And tacked to the left, and the right of his way,
 Till he found himself anchored, past tempests and
 breakers,

Upon a good farm of a hundred odd acres.

As for 'Liakim's wife, in four words may be told
 Her whole standing in life :
 She was 'Liakim's wife.

Whereas she'd been young, she was now growing old,
 But did, she considered, as well as one could,
 When he looked on her hard work, and saw 'twas good.
 The family record showed only a daughter ;

But she had a face,
 As if each tabled Grace

In a burst of delight to her bosom had caught her,
 Or as if all the flowers in each Smith generation
 Had blossomed at last in one grand culmination.
 Style lingered unconscious in all of her dresses ;
 She'd starlight for glances and sunbeams for tresses,
 Wherever she went, with her right royal tread.
 Each youth, when he'd passed her a bit, turned his
 head ;

And so one might say, though the figure be strained,
 She had turned half the heads that the township con-
 tained.

Now Bess had a lover—a monstrous young hulk ;
A farmer by trade—

Strong, sturdy, and staid ;

A man of good parts—if you counted by bulk ;
A man of great weight—by the scales ; and, indeed,
A man of some depth—as was shown by his feed.

His face was a fat exclamation of wonder ;
His voice was not quite unsuggestive of thunder ;
His laugh was a cross 'twixt a yell and a chuckle ;

He'd a number one foot,
And a number ten boot,

And a knock-down reserved in each separate knuckle.
He'd a heart mad in love with the girl of his choice,
Who made him alternatively mope and rejoice,
By dealing him one day discouraging messes,
And soothing him next day with smiles and caresses.

Now Bess had a lover who hoped her to wed—
A rising young lawyer—more rising than read ;
Whose theories all were quite startling ; and who,

Like many a chap
In these days of strange hap,

Was living on what he expected to do ;
While his landlady thought 'twould have been rather
neat

Could he only have learned,
Till some practice was earned,

To subsist upon what he expected to eat.
He was bodily small, howe'er mentally great,
And suggestively less than a hundred in weight.

'Now Bess had a lover—young Patrick, a sinner,
And lad of all work,

From the suburbs of Cork,

Who worked for her father, and thought he could win her.
And if Jacob could faithful serve fourteen years through,
And still thrive and rejoice,

For the girl of his choice,

He thought he could play the same game one or two.

Now 'Liakim Smith had a theory hid,
 And by egotism fed,
 Somewhere up in his head,
 That a dutiful daughter should always as bid
 Grow old in the service of him who begot her,
 Imbibe his beliefs,
 Have a care for his griefs,
 And faithfully bring him his cider and water.
 So, as might be expected, he turned up his nose,
 Also a cold shoulder, to Bessie's two beaux,
 And finally turned them away from his door,
 Forbidding them ever to enter it more ;
 And detailed young Patrick as kind of a guard,
 With orders to keep them both out of the yard.
 So Pat took his task with a treacherous smile,
 And bullied the small one,
 And dodged the big tall one,
 And slyly made love to Miss Bess all the while.

But one evening, when 'Liakim and wife crowned their
 labors
 With praise and entreating
 At the village prayer-meeting,
 And Patrick had stepped for a while to some neighbors',
 The lawyer had come, in the trimmest of dress,
 And, dapper and slim,
 And small, e'en for him,
 Was holding a session of court with Miss Bess.
 And Bess, sly love athlete, was suited first rate
 At a flirtation-mill with this legal light weight ;
 And was listening to him, as minutes spun on,
 Of pleas he could make,
 And of fees he would take,
 And of suits that he should, in future have won ;
 When just as the cold, heartless clock counted eight,
 Miss Bessie's quick ear caught a step at the gate.
 "'Tis mother !" she cried : " Oh, go quick, I implore !
 But father'll drive round and come in the back door !

You cannot escape them, however you turn !
So hide for awhile—let me see—in this churn !”

The churn was quite large enough for him to turn in—
Expanded out so,
By machinery to go,
’Twould have done for a dairy-man Cyclops to churn in.
’Twas fixed for attaching a pitman or lever,
To go by horse-power—a notion quite clever,
Invented and built by the Irishman, Pat,
Who pleased Mr. ’Liakim hugely by that.

The lawyer went into the case with much ease,
And hugged the belief
That the cause would be brief,
And settled himself down with hardly a squeeze.
And Bess said, “Keep still, for there’s plenty of room,”
And shut down the cover, and left him in gloom.

But scarcely were matters left decently so,
In walked—not her mother,
But—worry and bother !—
The mammoth young farmer, whose first name was Joe.
And he gleefully sung, in a heavy bass tone
Which came in one note
From the depth of his throat,

“I’m glad I have come, since I found you alone.
Let’s sit here awhile, by this kerosene light,
An’ spark it awhile now with all of our might.”
And Bessie was willing ; and so they sat down.
The maiden so fair and the farmer so brown.
They talked of things great, and they talked of things
small,

Which none could condemn,
And which may have pleased them,
But which did not interest the lawyer at all ;
And Bessie seemed giving but little concern
To the feelings of him she had shut in the churn.

Till Bessie just artlessly mentioned the man,
 And Joe with a will to abuse him began,
 And called him full many an ignoble name,
 Appertaining to "scrubby,"
 And "shorty," and "stubby,"
 And other descriptions not wide of the same ;
 And Bessie said naught in the lawyer's behalf,
 But seconded Joe, now and then, with a laugh ;
 And the lawyer said nothing, but winked at his fate,
 And, somewhat abashed,
 And decidedly dashed,
 Accepted Joe's motions sans vote or debate.
 And several times he, with policy stern,
 Repressed a desire to break out of the churn,
 Well knowing he thus might get savagely used
 And if not quite eaten,
 Would likely be beaten,
 And probably injured as well as abused.
 But now came another quick step at the door,
 And Bessie was fearful, the same as before ;
 And tumbling Joe over a couple of chairs,
 With a general sound
 Of thunder all 'round,
 She hurried him up a short pair of back stairs ;
 And close in the garret condemned him to wait
 Till orders from her, be it early or late.
 Then tripping her way down the stair-case, she said,
 "I'll smuggle them off wher the folks get to bed."

It was not her parents ; 'twas crafty young Pat,
 Returned from his visit ; and straightway he sat
 Beside her, remarking, The chairs were in place,
 He would sit near her, and view her sweet face.
 So gayly they talked, as the minutes fast flew,
 Discussing such matters as both of them knew,
 While often Miss Bessie's sweet laugh answered back,
 For Pat, be it known,
 Had some wit of his own,
 And in irony efforts was sharp as a tack.

And finally Bessie his dancing tongue ied,
By a sly, dextrous turn,
To the man in the churn,
And the farmer who eagerly listened o'erhead ;
Whereat the young Irishman volubly gave
A short dissertation,
Whose main information
Was that one was a fool and the other a knave.

Slim chance there must be for the world e'er to learn
How pleasant this was to the man in the churn ;
Though, to borrow a figure lent by his position,
He was doubtless in somewhat a worked-up condition.
It may ne'er be sung, and it may ne'er be said,
How well it was liked by the giant o'erhead.
He lay on a joist—for there wasn't any floor—
And the joists were so few,
And so far apart too.

He could not, in comfort, preempt any more ;
And he nearly had knocked through the plastering quite,
And challenged young Pat to a fair and square fight ;
But he dare not do otherwise than Bessie had said,
For fear, as a lover, he might lose his head.

But now from the meeting the old folks returned,
And sat by the stove as the fire brightly burned ;
And Patrick came in from the care of the team ;
And since in the house there was over much cream,
He thought that the horses their supper might earn,
And leave him full way
To plow early next day,
By working that night for awhile at the churn.

The old folks consented ; and Patrick went out,
Half chuckling, for he had a shrewd Irish doubt,
From various slight sounds he had chanced to discern,
That Bess had a fellow shut up in the churn.
The lawyer, meanwhile, in his hiding-place cooped,
Low grunted and hitched and contorted and stooped,

But hung to the place like a man in a dream ;
 And when the young Irishman went for the team,
 To stay or to fly, he could hardly tell which ;
 But hoping to get
 Neatly out of it yet,
 He concluded to hang to the very last hitch.

The churn was one side of the house, recollect,
 So rods with the horse-power outside could connect ;
 And Bess stood so near that she took the lamp's gleam in
 While her mother was cheerfully pouring the cream in ;
 Who, being near-sighted, and minding her cup,
 Had no notion of what she was covering up ;
 But the lawyer, meanwhile, had he dared to have spoke,
 Would have owned that he saw the whole cream of the
 joke.

But just as the voice of young Patrick came strong
 And clear through the window, " All ready ! go 'long !"
 And just as the dasher its motion began,
 Stirred up by its knocks,
 Like a Jack-in-the-box

He jumped from his damp, dripping prison—and ran,
 And made a frog-leap o'er the stove and a chair,
 With some crisp Bible words not intended for prayer.

All over the kitchen he rampaged and tore,
 And ran against everything there but the door ;
 Tipped over old 'Liakim flat on his back,
 And left a long trail of rich cream on his track.
 " Ou ! ou ! 'tis a ghost !" quavered 'Liakim's wife ;
 " A ghost, if I ever saw one in my life !"
 " The Devil !" roared 'Liakim, rubbing his shin.
 " No ! no !" shouted Patrick, who just then came in :
 To bring on him a laugh—
 In the shape of a calf ;
 It isn't the devil ; it's one of his sons !
 If so that the spalpeen had words he could utter,
 He'd swear he loved Bessie, an' loved no one butther."

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Now Joe lay full length on the scantling o'erhead,
And tried to make out
What it all was about,
By list'ning to all that was done and was said ;
But somehow his balance became uncontrolled,
And he on the plastering heavily rolled.
It yielded instanter, came down with a crash,
And fell on the heads of the folks with a smash.
And there his plump limbs through the orifice swung,
And he caught by the arms and disgracefully hung,
His ponderous body, so clumsy and thick,
Wedge'd into that posture as tight as a brick.
And 'Liakim Smith, by amazement made dumb
At those legs in the air
Hanging motionless there,
Concluded that this time the devil had come ;
And seizing a chair, he belabored them well,
While the head pronounced words that no printer would
spell.

And there let us leave them, 'mid outcry and clatter,
To come to their wits, and then settle the matter,
And take for the moral this inference fair :
If you're courting a girl, court her honest and square.

VICTORY.

WHEN weary in the conflict,
When saddened in the fight ;
When conscious of thy weakness,
And of the tempter's might—
Let hope uphold thee, brother,
And give thee second sight.

Then shalt thou see around thee
The holy and the true ;
At one with thee in object,
At one to be and do :
At one to dare and suffer,
To bear the battle through.

Royal Templar Platform.

Ah, pause a moment, brother,—
 Look o'er what has been gained
 By those who've gone before us,
 And many a vict'ry claimed :
 And canst thou doubt full triumph
 At last shall be attained ?

Then cast thine eye around thee,
 Survey the battle-field,
 And know ours are no armies
 To falter or to yield :
 Nay, rather shall our contract
 With our life-blood be sealed.

What though the foe possesses
 A licensed tyrant's might
 To devastate our nation—
 Think, brother, we have right ;
 And right, wrong might must vanquish
 As daylight chaseth night.

Then turn thou to the future,
 Behold it drawing near ;
 That glad, that glorious morning,
 To faithful hearts so dear,
 When Bacchus shall be banished,
 No more to blight and sear.

Then back to work, my brother,
 Turn thou, with stalwart heart,
 Right bravely in the conflict
 Maintain thy place and part,
 Until the shout of "Vict'ry !"
 From each fond lip shall start.

INSANE, HE SWEEP THE KEYS.

W. C. HAFLEY.

It was at one of the railroad stations in the Northwest that the incident referred to in the following

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Oh, light and shade ! The artist hand
Must mingle tints of every hue
To paint a picture stern and true
Then turn to sorrow's haunt thy gaze !
A dim light o'er a garret thrown,
A care-worn woman, who hath known
That saddening dream called "better days."

Dragged down to drink-caused woes by him
Whose vows of love her youth beguiled ;
A drunkard's wife, a drunkard's child
Are doomed to want and penury grim.
This night the mother's heart was wrung ;
She saw, by dim light, faintly shed,
Oh, grief ! beside her darling's bed
A little empty stocking hung !

And she had naught to fill it left !
No little toy, for childish treat ,
No golden orange, juicy, sweet,
By him for drink, of all bereft !
She slept that night, 'twas misery's sleep,
Till Christmas carols, sweet and clear,
Broke in the morning on her ear ;
Then she awoke to sigh and weep.

Her mother-heart gave one wild throb.
She heard her darling's fingers grope
Around the cot, in childish hope—
Then came a silence, and a sob !
It spoke of childish hopes all crushed,
Of an awakening from a dream
Bright with an almost fairy gleam,
It told of joy's song, rudely hushed !

Much grief the mother's heart had known,
Hunger and cold and untold woe ;
But ne'er such anguish did she know
As wrung her heart that Christmas morn !
And this she felt grief's greatest sting ;

Whate'er life's miseries, or its woes,
None are so fierce, so dire as those
Man on his fellow-man doth bring!

Oh, loving mother! tender wife,
Whose hand upholds the wine-cup red,
Yet seest no cause for future dread,
Know this—that wine with woe is rife!
He drank and fell, and thou dost blame;
Hath not the cup the selfsame sting?
When thou thy stone at him doth fling,
Remember! Thine may do the same!

WRECK OF THE JULE LA PLANTE.

'Twas one dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De weend was blow, blow, blow,
When de crew of de wood skow Jule La Plante
Got scar an' ron below.

For de weend she's blow lak hurricane,
Bimeby she's blow some more,
When de skow bus up on Lac St. Pierre
'Bout 'alf mile from de shore.

De captain she's walk on de front deck,
She's walk on de hine deck too;
She's call de crew from up dat hole,
She's call de cook also.

De cook he's name was Rosa,
He's come from Mo'real,
Was chambermaid on lumber barge
On de beeg Lachine Canal.

De ween was blow from de nor, eas, wes,
De sou weend she's blow too,
Wen Rosa say "Oh, captain, dear,
Watever shall we do?"

My
Smith,
be that

Royal Templar Platform.

91

De captain she's trow de hank,
But still dat skow she's dreef,
For de crew he can't pas on de shore
Because he's loss dat skiff.

De night was dark lak one black cat,
De wave ron high and fass
Wen de captain take poor Rosa
An' lash her by de mass.

De captain she's put on de life preserve,
An' jump into de lak,
An' he say " Good-by, Rosa dear,
I go drown for your sak "

Nex morning very early,
'Bout 'alf-pass two, tree, four,
De captain, cook and wood skow
Lay corpses on dat shore.

An' weend she's blow like hurricane,
Bimeby she's blow some more,
An de skow buss up on Lak St. Pierre.
'Bout 'alf mile from de shore.

L'ENVOI.

Now hall good wood skow sailors man,
Take warnin by dat storm,
An' go marry one nice French girl
A' leeve on one good farm,
Den de weend she may blow lak hurricane,
An' spose she's blow some more,
Yon don' be drowned on Lak St. Pierre
So long's you stop on shore.

SMITH—SUPERABUNDANT.

MY FRIENDS AND FELLER FOLKS,—My name is
Smith, and I am not ashamed of it. No sir-ee. It may
be that no person in this vast assemblage owns dat very

uncommon name. If, however, dar be one such, let him hold up his head, pull up his dickey, turn out his toes, take courage, thank his stars dat "dar are a few more left ob de same sort."

Smith, gentlemen, am an illustrious name,
And stands eber high in de annals ob fame.
Let White, Brown and Jones increase as dey will,
Believe me dat Smith will outnumber dem still.

What am de reason dat Smith am such a universal genius? What am de reason dat he am here, dar, and all ober at de same time? Sometimes he am preachin' a sermon, sometimes robbin' a bank, sometimes he is blowed up in a steamboat, sometimes he am smashed by a railroad car, sometimes he am livin' in de St. Nicolas Hotel, and sometimes in a dry goods box, sometimes he am dancing on a ball-room floor, and sometimes he am dancing on nuffin'.

Some people say he was de man who bucked de bull off de bridge; and some folk say dat he was de man what struck Billy Patterson; and den, agin some folks say dat he was de pussun what laid the foundation of Gorden Bennet's fortune, by starting ahead wid a fire in de rear.

Now, what am de reason ob all des different reports? It's becuse dey ain't de real Smith, no more dan a hoss chestnut am a chestnut hoss, and becuse de Peter Funks ob de human pop'lotion wants to come de gum game and bamboozle de male heds of society. But dey can't do it. Ah, I am here myself. I is! I's a waiting for dem. I'se a lyin' low, like a jackal, to take care of de honour of de Smith generation, and I'll fetch 'em out all right, jest as certain as four and eleben are eight.

What wuz the origen ob de Smiths? Why sah, de Smiths wuz the 'riginal human family, an' es long es dey behaved demselves dey wuz allowed to keep de family name. But es soon es a man disgraced himself he wuz put out ob de family and had to take some oder name.

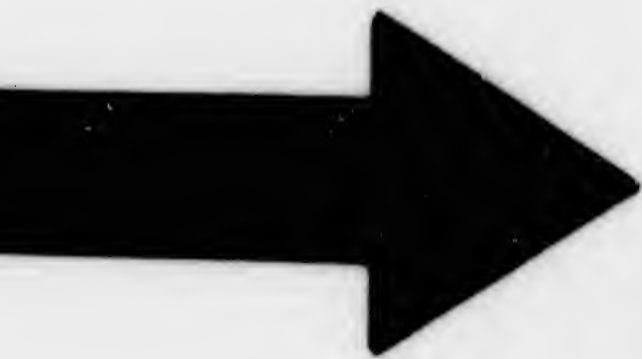
Feller-citizens, I am proud of being an original *Smith*—not a SMITHE, nor a SMYTH, but a regular S-m-i-t-h—Smith. Putting a Y in de middle or an E at de end won't do, gentlemen—nary time. Who eber heard of any great men by de name ob SMYTH or SMITHE? Echo answers, *Who?* and everybody answers, "nary one." But as for Smith, plain S-m-i-t-h, de pillars of fame are covered wid dat honorable and reverend name. Who was de most witty, racy and most popular authors ob dis century. Horace and Albert Smith. Who was de most original' pithy, and humorous preacher? Rev. Sidney Smith. Who could raise de debil faster dan any man ob his size? Why Garret Smith. To go fader back; who was de bravest and boldest soger in Sumpters army in de time of de Revolution? A Smith. Who palavered wid Powhattan, gallivanted with Pocahontas, and became the ancestor ob de fust families ob Yirginia? A Smith. Again; and who, I ask—I ask de queston, and I ask it seriously and soberly—who, I say, am dat man, and what is his name, who has fought de most battles, made de most speeches, preached de most sermons, held de most offices, sung de most songs, written de most poems, counted the most money, kissed the most gals, and married the most widows? History says, I say, you say, and everybody says, John Smith. I expect dat I,ll tackle dis powerful subject to morrow ebenin' again, when I hope dar will be a large attendance ob de Smith family.

QUEBEC.

SIDNEY C. KENDALL.

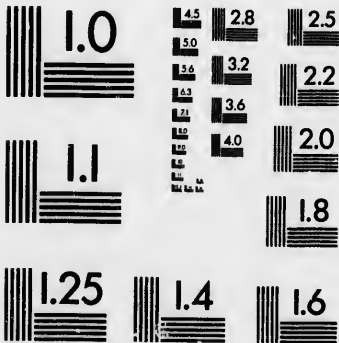
"QUAINT old Quebec" the tourists say,
 Treading thy tortuous ways;
 "Quaint old Quebec" we hear full oft
 Through summer holidays;
 And quaint thou art old city,
 With thy antiquated halls,





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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Thy winding streets and stair-ways
And battlemented walls.
But thou hast other moods than this,
Thou ancient Capitol,
When down Cape Diamond's rugged breast
The sulphurous vapors roll ;
And when from off thy lofty brow,
Peal vollied thunders forth ;
How grandly towers thy war-crowned head
Thou Monarch of the North !

We've seen thee when the calm of peace
Was on thy war worn breast,
When fleecy cloud and azure heaven
Canopied thy crest ;
The meteor flag of England
Was on thy turret furled,
And round thy foot confiding,
Lay the commerce of the world ;
Oh ! then we felt the charm and power
Of thy majestic grace ;
For the sunlight lay upon thee,
Like the smile on a warrior's face,
And only from thy dizzy peak
The noon-day gun pealed forth,
To warn us of thy slumbering might,
Thou Monarch of the North.

We've seen him when the gathering tempest
Darkened earth and sky,
And like the marshalled ranks of war
The thunder clouds rolled high ;
While boomed above his towering head
The artillery of heaven,
And with the lurid lightning flash,
The frowning sky was riven ;
Silent and stern the war king sat
Upon his mountain throne,
And seemed another storm-cloud,

Royal Templar Platform.

95

Charged with thunders of his own ;
Shouldst thou unlock thy storied might
And hurl thy lightnings forth,
'Twould quell the raging elements,
Thou Monarch of the North.

We've seen thee when the wearied sun
In grandeur sank to rest,
And filled the heavens with golden light
Around thy soaring crest,
And England's banner caught and waved
The passing gleam on high,
As the fading hues of evening
Shot across the western sky,
From Levis' heights we've seen the red sun,
Pour his radiance forth,
Till glory crowned thy towering head,
Thou Monarch of the North.

We love to view thee, when the moon
Assumes her gentle sway,
When far and wide on mount and plain,
The silvery moonbeams lay.
From the dark Laurentian mountains,
To the green hills of Vermont,
From the gleaming spires of Beauport,
To the pine woods of Pierpont ;
From the slopes of Montmorency
To the rugged peaks of Main,
Let eye and fancy wander freely
O'er the moonlit plain.
How grandly downward from the west,
Rolls on the glorious river !
And how upon his heaving breast,
The dancing moonbeams quiver !
Save where the thousand masts of trade
Are gathered thickly now,
And where the gloomy shadows fall
From bold Cape Diamond's brow.

Royal Templar Platform.

See how the city walls are gleaming
 In the pale moonlight !
 How wierdly stand the city spires
 Against the shades of night !
 High over all the frowning fortress
 Looms upon the eye,
 Turret and bastian standing boid against the
 starlit sky,

And—Bang ! from out thy battlements
 The night gun flashes forth,
 To warn us thou art mighty still
 Thou Monarch of the North.

I feel my spirit stirred within me,
 When I take my stand
 Upon the neighboring heights
 And view, the portals of our land ;
 My mind on wings of fancy
 Wanders, far through coming years,
 And through the mists of future
 Thy majestic form uprears.
 Methinks the hour of danger dawns
 Once more upon our land,
 The fierce war-demon reaches forth
 His desolating hand ;
 And boldly up the broad St. Lawrence
 Sails a hostile fleet,
 Until around thy rocky throne
 The mustering forces meet.
 I hear from all the reeling spires
 The wild alarum clash,
 And see from each embrasure
 The awakened lightnings flash ;
 At once, around thy frowning brow
 The lurid war-cloud lowers,
 And swift upon the assailing host
 The iron tempest pours ;
 Back from thy rugged shoulders
 Thy blood-red mantle curls,

WHOSE PEESNESS VAS IT?

Whose peesness vas dot, ven I goes und gits drunk,
Und pounded mine wife like von tog?
Der money I paid by der briest for dat frau ;
I owns her, so much as mine hog!

Whose peesness vas dot, if mine schilderns go cry,
Because dot der cupboard vas bare?
Und den if they make so much noise I can't shleep,
I pulls dem shoost round py der hair.

It don't vas your boys mit der toes shtickin' out,
Ven Shack Frost vas peezy some day ;
If mine kirls vas shilly mitout any fire,
It don't vas your peesness I say!

Dis vas a free country I ask you forshay—
If you vas afraid for your life,
Shoost ven I vas taking some fun on der shtreet,
Keep out of der vay of my knife.

“You puts me in shail,” vell I don't cares for dot,
I gits mine goot dree meals von day,
I gits mine goot shleep mit no schilderns around,
Und you git der taxes to pay.

Dis country vas free ; in old Russia to-day,
If I vas so drunk on der shtreet,
To-morrow I cleans out der gutters for dot,
Mit balls und der shains on mine feet !

But here it vas nopody's peesness you see,
Und I vas so happy as glad ;
I shwears, und I fights, und I smashes up dings,
Und den I pleads drink maket me mad !

Und you vas der fools, for dot fine I shall pay,
Und gits drunk to-morrow some more,
Und you vill take care of mine family all,
Vile I poard in shail like pefore.

NO HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

IRWIN RUSSEL.

BELUBBED fellow-trabelers :—in holdin' fort' to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say,
De sermon'll be berry short, and dis here am de tex' :
Dat *half-way* doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl' or de
nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a libbin in is like a cotton-row,
Whar ebery cullah gentleman has got his line to hoe
And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keep on a-growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin', jes' as fas' as fas, could be :
Do you s'pose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded in
deir wish,

And reached the Promised Land at last—if dey had
stopped to fish ?

My friend's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam libbed
wid Eve,

Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to
tieve,

And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got der rations
free,

And eberything belonged to dem 'cept'n apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come
snoopin' 'round',--

A stump tail rusty moccasin, a crawlin' on de groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went to hid deir
face,

Till de angel oberseer come and drove 'em off de place.

Now, s'pose dat man and 'ooman hadn't tempted for to
shirk,

But had gone 'bout deir gardenin', and 'tended to deir
work,

Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business
to,

Royal Templar Platform.

101

And de debbil neber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do,

No *half-way doin's*, bredren! It'll neber do I say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—

For eben if de crap is good, de rain 'll spile de bolls,
Unless yon keep a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a-hoein', and a-scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes;

But if you qnits a-workin' ebery time time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's dribin' at, be shure and dribe it trough,

And don't let nuffin stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;

For when you see a nigger foolin', den, as shure's you're born,

You's gwine to see him comin' out de small eend ob de horn.

I tanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin' ob a tune—
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin' when it comes to dat!

THE VICTIM'S TURN.

PUCK.

WHEN Father Æsop finally died,
His aged spirit was full of pride;
And as he started for Styx's shore,
He looked forward with joy to passing o'er
In the special boat for spectacular shows
And Charon dressed in his Sunday clo'es;

Royal Templar Platform.

And a band of music tooting ahead,
 To announce his advent among the dead ;
 " Oh, how they will flock to the water's side !"
 The old man said in his simple pride,
 " To lead me into the spirits ground
 Where all the day I'll wander around,
 Attended by a respectful throng,
 As dropping my tables I wander along,
 And as I walk on my honored way,
 They will stretch there ears to hear what I say ;"
 But as he approached the river dim,
 They didn't seem ready to welcome him ;
 There was no procession ready to march,
 There was not a single triumphal arch,
 No flowers, no committee, no bard,
 To welcome him into the Spirit Land.

But on the shore in the cool, damp mist,
 Five forms were waiting the Fabulist ;
 And Æsop perceived with a certain shock,
 His familiar Countryman in his smack ;
 The Ass whose simple, innocent ways,
 He had often sung in his famous lays ;
 The Wolf who had also been, now and then
 A neat little subject for his pen ;
 The Lion who likewise had served his turn,
 And the Snake he had taught mankind to spurn ;
 And there in the rapidly dampening mist,
 They awaited the aged Fabulist.

Up spoke the Countryman, stern and grim,
 " We're waiting for Æsop, Be you him ?"
 " Why, yes ;" said the Fabulist, " but you see,"
 " All right ;" said the Countryman, " you hear me,
 " You are the cuss whose infernal lies,
 Have got us shut out of Paradise ;
 Here we are wandering sad and sick,
 Because they won't let us across the creek ;
 For they haint no use, them spirits free
 For the kind of fool you have made of me.

And now you tell me, and dern quick too,
 When did I do what you made me do?
 Swimming rivers with salt in sacks,
 Or warming vipers, I'd like to ax?"

"And then," said the Ass, "just tell old chap,
 When did I get in anyone's lap?
 Or imported a lion's skin from the south,
 And gave my disguise away with my mouth?
 Or when was I ever, just kindly say,
 Unable to tackle two bundles of hay?"

"Yes," said the Wolf, "and here *I am*
 The fellow who argued and fooled with the lamb,
 How long do you think the water supply,
 Would engage my attention with lamb in my eye;"
 Said the Lion, "*I am*,"—and his tone wasn't
 nice,

"*Under obligations to no derned mice,*
 "And you understand"—and the Lion looked bad,
 "I ain't taken in nets like no derned shad."

"Nor I," said the Snake, "don't chaw no file
 "And the folks I do chaw, once in a while
 "Ain't generally picked me out'en the dirt
 "And warmed me to life in no flannel shirt;
 "Yet though I'm a harmless garter snake,
 "Out of your person a chaw I'll take;
 "Come, fellows, this chance is not to be missed,"
 And the Fables went for the Fabulist;
 While the aged Æsop fled like the wind,
 With the five of his victims in chase behind.

The traveller now to Styx's shore,
 Who waits for Charon to ferry him o'er,
 May see half hid in the river grass,
 A Lion, a Countryman, an Ass,
 A Wolf and a Snake who come and go,
 Calmly patrolling to and fro;
 While in the distance may be seen,
 An aged Fabulist, agile and lean,
 Dodging about in the vain, vain hope,

Of getting down to that river's slope ;
 And he only needs to inquire to learn
 It is Æsop's victims having their turn.

“ LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

“ Let there be light,”
 'Mid innate darkness thrilling,
 Deep into night,
 The mighty sentence broke,
 Till, with its rays, the world with brightness filling,
 The slumbering day awoke.

“ Let there be light,”
 A myriad meteors gleaming,
 Transient as bright,
 With countless stars yet stay ;
 Till up the steep there climbs, with genial beaming,
 The monarch of the day.

“ Let there be light,”
 Still, still the the message ringing
 Through the dark night
 Of sin, and shame, and woe,
 Steals o'er the earth, with blessings upward winging,
 Till all its joys shall know.

“ Let there be light,”
 And life, and peace, and gladness,
 Messengers bright,
 And blessed above all worth ;
 Chasing away all pain and strife and sadness,
 As mists from off the earth,

“ Let there be light,”
 Lord, hear thy servants crying,
 “ Let there be light ”
 Upon our darksome way,
 Till all the earth, on Jesu's love relying,
 Shall hail eternal day.

A LEADER WANTED.

SIDNEY C. KENDALL.

"THERE WAS A MAN SENT FROM GOD."

Is THERE no hand to wake the sounding lyre?
Is there no voice to thrill with Power Divine?
No heart now pregnant with celestial fire?
Nor soul that sprang from the heroic line?

Ye who in former times have sounded loud
The trumpet note that summoned to the fray;
Ye living flames who stirred the sordid crowd
To deeds heroic in our father's day;

Come once again in this world's great need,
When Conscience falters and the heart is cold,
When Truth is stifled in our lustful greed,
And Right is trampled in the rush for gold;

Speak mighty voice and summon once again
The soul that slumbers in its house of clay;
Arouse the conscience of degenerate men
And bid them live as in their father's day;

By the grim scaffold and the brand of shame,
By the dark dungeon where the patriot bled,
By the red stake where glowed the martyr's flame
And bloody fields where Freedom's course was sped;

By the great price that men in noble days
Have paid for Liberty and Truth and Right;
Oh! shame our coward hearts and bid us raise
The fallen banner and renew the fight.

The hour has come, an hour of direst need,
The Oriflamme is drooping o'er the van,
The host is halting Lord, for one to lead,
If not a Demi-god at least a man.

Oh! God our Father; God of Israel, sound
The thunder voice that all the world must know
If Mammon Pharoah hath man's spirit bound,
Another Moses send to let thy people go.

A VISION OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

SIDNEY C. KENDALL.

I had a dream that was not all a dream.
 It was the blessed hour of Christmas Eve ;
 Bright shone the lights upon the midnight gloom,
 Keen blew the wintry wind along the street ;
 Fast fell the snow upon the hurrying throng.
 Along the crowded way a presence came,
 Not seen nor heard amid the multitude
 But felt and known by every human heart.
 But seen by me (the privilege of a dream),
 Though all I saw my tongue could never tell.
 No need to ask the question : " Who is this ? "
 Conviction told each awe-struck heart 'twas Christ !
 The Holy one, the Prince of love and peace.
 The howling wind that swept the busy street,
 Recoiled in reverence and struck him not,
 For he was Lord of all the earth and sky.
 The falling snow that filled the wintry air
 Paused, hovering, in its whirling downward flight,
 And formed a halo 'round that holy brow,
 Whereon sat love, undying love, enthroned,
 As in the crowded street the Saviour stood ;
 The frozen pathway gleamed like burnished gold
 Beneath his feet, the glory of his form
 Rebuked the blackness of the midnight gloom.
 And it was granted me, Oh ! wondrous boon,
 To kneel repentant at that sacred form,
 To gaze through tears upon that holy face
 And read forgiveness in those loving eyes.
 And as the Saviour gazed upon the mass,
 The hardened sinner shrank abashed and felt
 Conviction dire through all his guilty soul.
 The saint looked up with smiles of holy joy,
 Upon his radiant face, as tho' a flash
 Of heavenly light had burst upon his path.
 Amid the hurrying throng the Saviour stood,
 The Lord of earth, the guest of Christmas Day,

And scattered blessings on the sons of men ;
And at his sacred, pierced feet I knelt,
My soul so full of holy ecstasy,
My swelling heart with strong emotions stirred,
It seemed that earth were passed and Heaven had
come.

I may not—cannot—tell the whole I felt,
But fast upon those pierced feet fell tears
Of sweet repentance and of holy joy,
And I awoke and found 't was but a dream.
And was it but a dream ? o. shall we say
The veil was for the moment ta'en away,
That hides from eyes of flesh the things unscen ;
The things eternal and invisible,
And on the real world of light and life,
My spirit's eyes were privileged to gaze
And see the keeping of the Saviour's word :
" Lo ! I am with you always to the end."
Was it a dream ? I know not. This I know,
My heart was softened by the Saviour's love,
My soul subdued beneath his gentle hand.
Oh ! I shall love the Saviour all my days ;
And serve him with a purer, stronger faith,
If I may hear again that Heavenly voice,
And kneel once more to kiss that blessed hand,
'Tis worth a life of toil and patient waiting.

THE PROHIBITION ARMY.

MINNIE MOSHER JACKSON.

O THE heavy tramp of thousands, make a mighty music
roll ;
Far from ocean unto ocean, like soul answering to soul.
'Tis the Templar army marching up to Prohibition's
goal.
See their pennons in the sunshine, white as snow new-
fallen stream,

And their purpose high and noble for each flashing eye
doth beam,
For "Immanuel," God with us, on their battle banners
gleam.

Never ocean's storm-tossed billows beat against a rock-
bound shore
With a grander surge of battle ; never hero knight of yore
In his breast a nobler purpose or more knightly motto
bore

Never sun burst from the mountain sweeps to evening
through the vale,
But new souls with dauntless courage this white oriflamme
all hail,
Swell the mighty chorus louder, "Truth and right shall
yet prevail."

Hark ! ye foes of home and country ! Hark ! ye Saracens
of rum,
'Tis the sound of voice and cymbal, 'tis the clarion and
drum,
For triumphant hosts to meet ye and destroy ye all have
come.

Build ye barricades of dollars, buy ye laws with blood-
stained gold,
Like the writing on the sea-sands they shall vanish ; for
behold,
Here are hosts of new law-makers that can not be bought
and sold.

Tremble ! these are Royal Templars whose grand pur-
poses endure,
God himself gives might and power when the aim is high
and pure.
Be the victory near or distant, yet the victory is sure.

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VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

Vas marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends
Altogeddher on how you look at id, mine friends.
Like dhose double-horse teams dot you see at der traces,
Id depends pooty mooch on der pair in der races;
Eef dhey don'd pool togeddher rightd off at der start,
Ten dimes outd off nine dhey vas beddher apart.

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote vas in doubt;
E hose dot's outd would be in, dhose dot's in would be
outd:

Der man mit oxberience, good looks und cash,
Gets a wife mit some fife hundord dousand in cash,
Budt, after der honeymoon where vas der honey?
She haf der oxberience—he haf de money.

Vas marriage a failure? Eff dot vas der case,
Vot vas to pecome off der whole human race?
Vot you dink dot der oldt "Pilgrim faders" would say,
Dot came in der *Sunflower* to oldt Plymouth bay,
To see der fine coundtry dis peoples haf got,
Und dhen hear dhem ask sooch conondhrums as dot?

Vas marriage a failure? Shust go, ere you tell,
To dot Bunker Mon Hillument, where Varren fell;
Dink off Vashington, Franklin, und "Honest Old Abe"—
Dhey vas all been aroundt since dot first Plymouth babe.
I vas only a Deutscher, budt I tells yot vot!
I pelief, every dime in sooch "failures" as dot.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,
Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.
Dhen she say: "Meester Strauss, shust come here eef
you blease."

Und she take me where Yawcob und leedle Loweeze
By dheir shnug trundle-bed vas shust saying dheir prayer,
Und she say, mit a smile: "Vas dhere some failures
dhere?"

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.

BY MORLEY M'LAUGHLIN.

THOUGH other skies may be as bright,
 And other lands as fair ;
 Though charms of other climes invite
 My wandering footsteps there,
 Yet there is one, the peer of all,
 Beneath bright heaven's dome ;
 Of thee I sing, O happy land,
 My own Canadian home.

Thy lakes and rivers, as "the voice
 Of many waters," raise
 To Him who planned their vast extent
 A symphony of praise.
 Thy mountain peaks o'erlook the clouds—
 They pierce the azure skies ;
 They bid thy sons be strong and true—
 To great achievements rise.

A noble heritage is thine,
 So grand and fair and free ;
 A fertile land, where he who toils
 Shall well rewarded be ;
 And he who joys in nature's charms,
 Exulting, here may view—
 Scenes of enchantment—strangely fair,
 Sublime in form and hue.

Shall not the race that tread thy plains
 Spurn all that would enslave ?
 Or they who battle with thy tides—
 Shall not that race be brave ?
 Shall not Niagara's mighty voice
 Inspire to actions high ?
 'Twere easy such a land to love,
 Or for her glory die.

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And doubt not, should a foeman's hand
Be armed to strike at thee,
Thy trumpet call throughout the land
Need scarce repeated he !
As bravely as on Queenston's Heights,
Or as in Lundy's Lane,
Thy sons will battle for thy rights
And freedom's cause maintain.

Did kindly heaven afford to me
The choice where I would dwell,
Fair Canada that choice should be,
The land I love so well.
I love thy hills and valleys wide,
Thy water's flash and foam ;
May God in love o'er thee preside
My own Canadian home !

GRANDMOTHER'S REVERIE.

SIDNEY C. KENDALL.

Suggested by seeing an elderly lady sitting under an apple tree watching the sunset.

' THE SUN is low on the western hill,
The lake is bright with a golden gleam,
The shadows are falling on mount and rill,
The landscape fades with the fading beam.
Grandmother sits in the rustic seat,
The last ray lights up her soft gray hair,
The blossoms around, shed their fragrance sweet,
And deck with their beauty the scene so fair.
She sees not, she hears not, her spirit is roaming,
With long lost friends through a far off gloaming.

There's a holy calm on her aged face,
And a far-away look in her dim blue eyes ;
She sees not the glory the sunbeams trace,
Nor the wondrous light of the glowing skies,

Royal Templar Platform.

She has no thought of the fading bloom
 Or the peaceful close of the dying day,
 She heeds not the lowering veil of gloom :
 Grandmother's spirit is far away.
 Step softly, speak gently, Grandmother's dreaming,
 Call not her soul from the blissful seeming.

She thinks of an evening long, long ago,
 When over the green hills far away,
 She saw the red sun with his radiant glow
 Sink down at the close of a summer's day ;
 In the dear Old Land, by her early home,
 Where the happy days of her childhood sped,
 She wanders again in the evening gloam,
 Communing once more with the loved and dead,
 And she murmurs softly the evening hymn
 That she sang long ago as the day grew dim.

She hears not the whip-poor-will's plaintive cry,
 Nor the rush of the cataract through the glen,
 But the English lark from an evening sky
 Is thrilling her heart with his strains again,
 She sees them all through the starting tears,
 The friends she loved in the days of yore,
 And many a dear voice hushed for years,
 Falls gently upon her soul once more.
 Tread softly and whisper, 'tis holy ground,
 It may be their spirits are hovering 'round.

The friends of her youth have passed away,
 They have gone on before to the land of light,
 They will call her soon at the close of day
 And her soul will respond with a glad delight.
 When we see the light on her dying face
 And the far away look in her fading eyes,
 We will know she has found a resting place
 With the friends she loved in the glowing skies.
 When passes her soul 'twill be no time to weep,
 We will sigh our last farewell and leave her asleep.

GINGER-BEER.

FROM "FUN."

Since men who must work, and men who must think,
Will always be wanting a something to drink,
Why, the best of all liquor their spirits to cheer
Is a three-penny bottle of ginger-beer !

Sing ginger-beer,
You need never fear
A headache per gallon from ginger-beer !
Sing ginger-beer,
Foaming and clear,
It's capital tippie, is ginger-beer !

With my favorite liquor some critics find fault,
Preferring the essence of hops and of malt ;
But when morning arrives, and the head feels queer,
They wish they had stuck to my ginger-beer !

Sing popular pop !
Come to the shop !
Of ginger, this year, there's a capital crop !
Sing popular pop !
Taste but a drop,
And you'll scarcely be able to tell when to stop !

When, fizzing and foaming, the drink comes out,
It's prettier far than your creamy stout ;
With a delicate flavor for delicate tongues,
And warranted not to affect the lungs !

Sing ginger-beer !
Its appropriate sphere
Is the hut of the peasant, the hall of the peer !
Sing ginger-beer !
I greatly revere
The gifted inventor of ginger-beer !

The Isle of Jamaica is dear to some
For the sake of its filthy, fiery rum ;
But the Isle of Jamaica is dearer to me
As the favorite home of the ginger tree

Royal Templar Platform.

Sing popular pop!
 Tea's but a slop!
 Worthy, at best, of a Dame Mal-a-prop!
 Sing popular pop!
 Come to my shop!
 It's a drink for a king—or a British bish-op!

 BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

In the early part of the American civil war, one dark Saturday morning in the dead of winter, there died at the Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati, a young woman over whose head only two and twenty summers had passed. Highly educated and accomplished in manners, she might have shone in the best of society, but having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken-hearted outcast. Among her personal effects was found in manuscript, the following affecting lines :

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow
 Filling the earth and sky below,
 Over the housetops, over the street,
 Over the heads of the people you meet.
 Dancing,
 Flirting,
 Skimming along!

Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong;
 Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
 Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak,
 Beautiful snow from heaven above,
 Pure as an angel, gentle as love!
 Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
 How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
 Whirling about in maddening fun,
 Chasing,
 Laughing,
 Hurrying by.

It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye !
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals as they eddy around ;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow !
How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humour and song !
How the gay sleighs, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye ;

 Ringing,
 Skimming.
 Dashing they go,

Over the crust of the beautiful snow ;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.
Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell,
Fell like the snow flakes from heaven to hell,
Fell to be trampled as filth on the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat ;

 Pleading,
 Cursing,
 Dreading to die,

Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread ;
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God ! have I fallen so low ?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow ;
Once I was as fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow ;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face !

 Father,
 Mother,
 Sisters all,

God and myself, I have lost by my fall ;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by

Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh ;
 For all that's on or above me I know,
 There is nothing as pure as the beautiful snow.
 How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go !
 How strange it should be, when the night comes again,
 If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain.
 Fainting,
 Freezing,
 Dying alone,

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
 To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
 Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
 To be and to die in my terrible woe,
 With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.
 Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
 Sinner, despair not ! Christ stoopeth low
 To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,
 And raise it to life and enjoyment again,
 Groaning,
 Bleeding,
 Dying for thee,

The Crucified hung on the cursed tree !
 His accents of mercy hung soft on thine ear,
 "Is there mercy for me ? Will he heed my weak prayer?"
 O God ! in the stream that for sinners did flow,
 Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

"JUST CONTINER."

We'd an organized temperance meeting,
 But our numbers were seeming to wane,
 And here I must humbly acknowledge
 The thought of it brought to us pain ;
 And one evening, with house almost empty,
 The president sat in his chair,
 And looked just as though he was nearing
 The lowermost verge of despair :

When behold ! from a far-distant corner
Quickly echoed a piping so shrill,
The few of us there were so startled
We could only stare and be still,
And imagine, of all living objects,
What this singular mortal could say ;
For we now saw that he was a peddler,
Quite weary from tramping all day.
And I'll tell you his words that surprised us.
He remarked : " You do look rather thin,
But in a good cause you are workin',
A-tryin' to put down a great sin ;
And so often I've seen in my wanderin'
If one truly means to be winner,
That he'd have to persist in his labor,
So continner, my friends, just continner."
Well, " continner " we did, and we prospered,
The watchword he left us we cherish,
Remembering steadfast endurance
Will nevermore vanish or perish ;
And we'd bid one and all now discouraged,
A saint, yes, or even a sinner,
If he means to accomplish an object,
To persevere still, and " continner."

YE BAGGAGE SMASHER.

CANTO PRIMUS

PETE was a Tip Up baggage-man, he ran on Number 4,
Where the tears and groans of traveling folks un-
flinchingly he bore.
He cared not how the women wept, or strong men raved
and tore,
While he mutilated sample cases, desolated Saratogas,
annihilated ordinary luggage, immolated carpet-
bags, exterminated band-boxes, and extinguished
travelers' outfits by the score,

This fine old railway baggage-man, one of the modern time.

CANTO SECUNDUS.

But Thursday afternoon there came a modest traveling man,

Who smiled, and watched how ruthlessly the baggage Pete did slam;

Then, as he pointed out his trunk for him to smash and jam,

He said, "Dear friend, my worldly possessions are few and humble; silver and gold have I none, but such as I have are in that trunk. Handle it tenderly, for it is frail and I am poor; and if there's a man traveling who watches and weeps and prays over his baggage, then that's the kind of a man I am."

You're a fine old railway baggage-man, one of the modern time.

CANTO TERTIUS.

But Peter seized his shabby trunk with snorts of wrath and scorn,

And in two seconds both the handles from the ends had torn,

And heedless of the pleadings of the passenger forlorn,

He banged the trunk down on the platform, and

then threw it over the top of the car and let an omnibus run over it, and then whacked it over a

bumper and threw it off the end of the bridge and

shot into it with his revolver, and finally hugged it

in his arms, took a flying leap into the baggage-car

with it, and lit on it in a corner with his heels, head,

and stomach, and mashed it into pieces, and the next

second that baggage-car was just alive with one inter-

ested baggage-man and more crawling, squirming,

wriggling, rattling, coiling rattlesnakes than you

would believe had ever been born.

What a fine old railway baggage-man, one of the modern time.

CANTO QUARTUS.

In vain the muse essays to tell how Pete, the smasher,
tore,

And yelled and shrieked and howled and roared and
raved upon the floor,

And scratched and slashed and sweat and struck and
scrambled for the door,

And turned blue as indigo, and swelled up to nine times
the size of a double-decker Saratogo trunk, and died
in two minutes after he got out of the car, while
the modest traveler viewing his exaggerated remains,
smiled sadly, and said, "He never knew a baggage-
man so fond of snakes before."

O, a fine old railway baggage-man, one of the modern
time.

JOSH BILLINGS ON LAGER BEER.

I HAV finally cum tew the conclushun that lager-beer
as a beverage is not intoxicating. I hav bin told so by
a German, who has said he had drunk it all nite long,
just tew try the experiment, and was obliged tu go home
entirely sober in the morning. I hav seen this same
man drink sixteen glasses, and if he was drunk he was
drunk in German, and nobody could understand it. It
is proper enuff to state that this man kept a lager-beer
saloon, and could hav no object in stating what was not
strictly thus.

I believed him tu the full extent of my ability. I
never drunk but three glasses ov lager in mi life, and
that made my head untwist as tho it was hung on the
end ov a string, but I was told that it was owin to mi
bile bein out ov place; and I guess it was so, for I
never biled over wuss than I did when I got hum that
nite. Mi wife thot I was going to die, and I was afraid
that I shouldn't, for it did seem as tho everything I had

ever eaten in mi life was cummin tew the surface ; and I du really believe that if mi wife hadn't pulled off mi butes just as she did, they wud hav cum thundering up tu.

O! how sick I wuz ! It wuz 14 years ago, and I can taste it now. I never had so much experience in so short a time. If enny man should tell me that lager-beer was not intoxicating, I shud believe him ; but if he shud tell me that I wusn't drunk that nite, but that mi stummick wuz out ov order. I should ask him to state over in a few words jest how a man felt and acted when he wuz well set up. If I' wusn't drunk that nite, I had some ov the most nateral simptoms that a man ever had and kep sober.

In the first place it was about 80 rods from where I drunk the lager-beer to mi house, and I was then over two hours on the road, and had a hole busted thru each one of my pantalunz neez, and didn't hav enny hat, and tried to open the door bi the bell-pull, and hickupped awfully, and saw everything in the room trying to get round on the back side of me ; and in sitting down in a chair, I didn't wait long enuff for it to get exactly under me, when it wuz going round, and I set down a little tu soon and missed the chair about 12 inches, and cudn't get up soon enough tew take the next wun that cum along ; and that aint awl, mi wife sed I wuz as drunk az a beest, and az I sed before, I began tu spin up things freely.

If lager-beer iz not intoxicating, it uzed me mitey mean, that I know. Still I hardly think lager-beer iz intoxicating, for I hav hin told so ; and I am probably the only man living who ever drunk enny when his liver was not plumb. I don't want tew say ennything agin a harmless temperance beverage, but if ever I drink enny more, it will be with mi hands tied behind me and mi mouth p'ed open. I don't think lager-beer is intoxicating, but if I remember rite, I think it tastes like a glass of soap-suds that a pickle had been put to soak in.

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A MULE STORY.

THERE are but two ways of learning either good or evil. One is, to learn by our own experience. The other is, to learn from the experience of others. I need not say that the first method is very expensive, and sometimes dangerous, especially when the lesson learned is an evil one. The drunkard, of all men, knows the cost and pain of personal experience.

Last First of July a certain farming lad gained some very impressive personal experience which he will remember all his life. The night before the First he said to his venerable sire: "Father, the boys are going to celebrate Dominion Day to-morrow in the village, and there is going to be a procession of the 'Antiques and Horribles' in the morning—mayn't I go over early and see the fun?" "Yes, Sammy," answered the old man, "but you must do the milking and the chores before you go."

Next morning the lad was up before daylight and, with his milk-pail, hastened to the barn. It being quite dark he had to feel his way, but unfortunately got into the wrong pen—he got into the pen where the mule lived.

I am not much of a mulist. I don't know the domestic habits of the mule, but I have an idea that the average mule is not much of a milker. I do not remember ever seeing mule milk or mule butter advertised for sale, nor have I ever read of a mule that took a prize at a cattle-show for being a superior dairy animal.

Josh Billings, in his great work on natural history, says that a mule has four legs—two to travel with and two to kick with. It was the last-mentioned that the boy got introduced to. The introduction was so sudden and exciting that the boy didn't have time to fill his pail, because that disappeared through the skylight while he went through the barn-door and landed in the mash-tub. He reviewed the "Antiques and Horribles" in bed that day, and for several days thereafter.

In a couple weeks the young mule-milker managed to crawl down stairs, and went straight to the looking glass. His head was bandaged in a towel, and his face covered with strips of sticking plaster. His features seemed to be slightly mixed up, his nose slanting one way, his chin canting another way, while his eyebrows looked as though they were trying to crawl over the top of his head. As he gazed at his awful reflection in the glass, he turned to his honored parent and said: "Father, do you think I shall ever be as good looking as I used to be?"

"Well, no," answered the old man, "I don't think you will, but Sammy, *you'll know a good deal more.*"

The old man was right. Sammy has learned by sad personal experience that it don't pay to milk a mule—especially in the dark. And the man who undertakes to milk a rum-shop will make as big a mistake as Sammy did. And when he has spoiled his good looks, lost his friends, squandered his money, he will know by experience that liquor shops do not give the kind of milk that men should drink.

SETH AND HIS POUND OF BUTTER.

ONE winter's evening a country storekeeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing up for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up the window shutters, saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon. "I say, Seth," said the storekeeper, coming in, and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his feet.

Seth had his hand on the door, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon, now, on such a cold night as this, a little something warm would not hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain: he had the butter, and was

exceedingly anxious to be off; but the temptation of something warm sadly interfered with his resolution to go. The hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by the boxes and barrels that, while the grocer stood before him there was no possibility of getting out, and right in this very place the grocer sat down.

"Seth," said he, "we will have a little warm Santa Cruz; without it you would freeze going home such a night as this." At the same time he opened the stove door, and shoved in as many sticks as he could get in.

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth; come, I have a story to tell you." And Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"But I have the cow to feed and the wood to split, and I must be going," said Seth.

"Sit down, let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool. You appear to be a little fidgety," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The hot drink was no sooner swallowed than things got worse with poor Seth. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow.

Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the fun-loving grocer kept poking up the fire in the stove. "Cold night this," said he. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm. Why don't you take off your hat. Here, let me put your hat away."

"No," exclaimed poor Seth at last. "No, I must go; let me out. I ain't well; let me go."

A greasy cataract was pouring down his face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his boots.

"Well, good night, Seth, if you will go," and as he darted out of the door, he added, "I say Seth, I reckon

the fun I have had out of you is worth ninepence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter in your hat."

THE TEMPLAR SEARCH LIGHT.

ADAPTED FROM PUNCH.

Into the Liquor Trades dismal swamp,
The *Templar* sends its ray;
What is that hideous, sozy tramp?
What creatures crawling mid jungle damp,
Scuttle from light away.

Revealing radiance, shine, Oh! shine,
Through black bayou and brake,
Where knotted parasites 'entwine,
And through the tangle of poisonous vine,
Glideth the spotted snake.

Where hardly a human foot would pass,
Or an honest heart would dare,
The quaking mud or the foul morass,
With rank weed choked and with clotted grass,
Fit for a reptile's lair.

They dread the light do those dismal things,
It's gleam they dare not face;
Their snaky writhings, their bat like wings,
Their quaking menace of fangs and stings,
Make horror of the place.

All things should be so bright and fair,
In a land so glad and free,
But the *Templar* layeth dark secrets bare,
And shows how loathsomeness builds a lair,
In a land of liberty.

Push on brave bearer of piercing light,
Through pestilential gloom,
Where crawls the spawn of corruptions might,
Deal out stout *Templar* to left and right,
The cleansing strokes of doom.

That fair, tall form in a fleet strong bark,
Is a vengeful nemesis,
Before whose menace 'tis good to mark,
The reptile dwellers in dens so dark,
Are driven with growl and hiss.

The Saurida huge, the lizard slow,
Foul shapes of ruthless greed,
And the stealthy snake of the sudden blow,
All owl-like shrink from the *Templar's* glow,
Or fly with felon speed.

The Trade and it's spawn must be chased and slain,
Scourged from the wholesome earth,
It clingeth else like the curse of Cain ;
Smite, smite, like the flail upon garnished grain
These things of bestial birth.

A FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

A COLLECTION SPEECH.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

KIND ladies and gentlemen, I've been selected
To make the last speech of the night ;
My words may be pointed, and subject disjointed,
Yet I think the committee did right.
They appointed me, not for my beauty or talent,
Or the eloquent words I could speak,
Not at all for my learning or power of discerning,
But simply because of my "cheek."
'Tis pleasant to serve you with wit or with "taffy,"
And have you respond with a cheer,
But not pleasant or funny to ask you for money,
But a duty, and that's why I'm here.
Please do not get angry, or think me officious,
Till I whisper a secret to you.
Yes, to you I'll entrust it ; our treasury's "busted,"
And what are we going to do ?

We have workers who give both their time and their talent,
 And we want to do good and to please,
 But of cash we're deficient, and you have sufficient
 To put us at once at our ease.
 I think a collection would make us all happy,
 I know it will us, if not you ;
 So I think I will ask it, and send round the basket,
 And see what you are willing to do.
 Put in silver, if only a dime or a quarter,
 They're so pretty and easy to count ;
 Don't drop in a penny, it takes, oh, so many
 To make up a decent amount.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

ROSS JOHNSTON.

COME drink, come drink at my flowing brink,
 Come kiss me fondly now ;
 I'm the Mountain's child, my gambols wild
 Enliven his gloomy brow ;
 For he loves the play of my sparkling spray
 Flying free on the ambient air ;
 And admires the grace of my pure sweet face,
 With his own bright image there.

Come drink, come drink at my bubbling brink,
 Come quaff the beverage bright ;
 For pure as snow are the streams that flow
 From the grand old mountain's height ;
 And I leave no stain, nor conscious pain
 In the heart that's pure and true,
 or I'm sweet as the bliss of a honied kiss,
 And bright as the morning dew.

Come drink, come drink at my sparkling brink,
 Nor fear to quaff your fill,

Royal Templar Platform.

127

For my silvery stream, as you well may deem,
Forbodes no thought of ill ;
I add no smart to the broken heart,
And I break no heart that's whole ;
And I cause no pain to rack the brain,
As is caused by the drunkard's bowl.

Come drink, come drink at my healing brink,
Come drink both young and old ;
For the flow of health is greater wealth
Than stores of hidden gold.
So sip your fill at the flowing rill,
And fondly kiss me now ;
I'm the mountain's child, my gambols wild
Enliven his rugged brow.



