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Kattie L. Tales
Aug 1880
Old Orchard Beach
TEMPERANCE
STORIES AND SKETCHES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

PEN AND PENCIL.

BY

EDWARD CARSWELL.

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E have had numerous calls for a book which should contain the many sketches and stories of Mr. Carswell, who is so well and favorably known in the lecture-field, and to meet this demand we have collected in this little volume a portion of them, and now send them out to his numerous friends and the public, believing that they will be a source of gratification and instruction to all. These stories are all from his pen, and a large number of the sketches from his pencil, most of which have appeared in The Youth's Temperance Banner and The National Temperance Almanac, to both of which he is a regular contributor. We send this little work forth on its mission of love in the same spirit of faith and hope in which the stories were written, with the earnest desire that they may guide many of our youth in the paths of total abstinence and sobriety, and aid many a tempest-tossed and tempted one on the voyage of life to a safe and peaceful haven at last.

The Publisher.
TEMPERANCE

STORIES AND SKETCHES.

Moderation vs. Total Abstinence.

Let us suppose a case. Suppose that any of you, my young friends, were standing by the river Niagara, and you saw many people in the river dead and dying—men and women, girls and boys, and even little babies—how would you feel? And suppose you saw them come headlong over the awful cataract, some dashed upon the rocks, some being torn in the whirlpool or choked in the rapids, some trying with desperate energy to reach the shore, while others in despair floated down to death without even a struggle for life. Suppose you saw frightened wives trying to drag their husbands to the shore and safety, but that in most cases the frantic husband pulled the wife into the stream and both were lost; and you saw fathers, and sometimes mothers, catch the little hands of their children on shore and drag the little ones into the roaring flood. Oh! you would cry, this is dreadful. Now, where do they get into the river? Can nothing be done to save them?

Then suppose you ran along the bank to find out how and where so many people fell in, and on your way you met with ladies and gentlemen, some in carriages and some on foot, laughing, chatting, and singing on the way; and suppose you were to shout (as I know you would) "Help, help, help! People are going over the Falls! being dashed to pieces on the rocks," and drowned "in the whirlpool." And suppose the people, instead of rushing to the rescue, were some of them
to say: "Yes, yes; we know. They have been going over like that for years; but it's none of our business"; and others were to laugh at you and say: "Why, you little goose, should you get excited and make such a fuss? You are not in the river, so come with us and dance or sing"; and suppose they went on with the dance and were merry with music, song, and laughter. But you could not stop, for the cries for help were ringing in your ears; so you ran on, and you saw two bridges reaching across the river, and that from one of these bridges people were constantly falling and dragging others with them, and that, although many crossed in safety, others stumbled and fell, and all who did fall or had ever fallen into the stream had fallen from this bridge. And suppose, on enquiry, you found that no one had ever been lost by taking the second, although many thousands of people had crossed and were crossing; that no one fell or had ever fallen, but those who had turned back and took the first bridge. And suppose you saw at the first bridge a large crowd of people, ladies and gentlemen, some of them well dressed and refined in manners, and that
they were advising the people to cross by that way, and suppose among these advisers you were to see a minister of the Gospel, what would you think?

And suppose you were to ask, "Why do you give such bad advice? Why do you not cut down this dreadful bridge, or bar its entrance so that people may not go upon it?" And suppose some were to reply, "Oh! it is a nice place to see the falls and watch the rapids"; and others said, "People would not fall if they would keep in the centre. *We* have been on it many times and never fell; and if some people will go near the edge, become giddy, and fall, that is none of our business."

Then suppose you were to ask, "Is this bridge a necessity?" and they were to answer, "No."

"Is the other bridge as short?" "Yes."
"As pleasant?" "More so."
"Broad enough and strong enough to accommodate all the people who have to cross over!" "Yes."
"The toll as low?" "It is free."

Then you would say, "Why, then, in the name of common sense and common humanity, do people go themselves and advise others to go by this dangerous way?" And suppose they were to answer, "Because it is more fashionable and far more popular than the other," what would you think?

Now, my dear young friends, one bridge is moderation, the other is total abstinence.

Every year a vast army is borne down the river, struggling, shrieking, cursing, laughing, and even praying. On, on they go, men, women, and children. Sometimes one is caught and brought safely to the shore by life-boats, such as the Church, Lodge, Division, Band of Hope, Reform Club, and others. But not one out of a hundred of those who fall from moderation bridge into the black river of drunkenness can be saved in this way.

Remembering, then, that every drunkard in the world became one by taking moderation bridge, and that no one was ever lost or became a drunkard who took and kept for the whole journey total abstinence bridge; and as in the journey of life in search of peace, health, wealth, happiness, and heaven we must take one of these two bridges, which do you suppose it would be most sensible to take?
The True Friend.

A SHADOW PICTURE.

The shadow picture of the cider-drinker so startled this poor fellow that he stopped to think. He was a cider-drinker, and the picture showed him his danger. So, after thinking a while, he said: “That is a true picture, and if I go on drinking I shall soon be a hog; I am pretty near being one now. Look at my fences all tumbling down, boards all loose, because I am so often tight; everything going wrong because I am so. But I have one good, true friend left, although I have neglected that friend more than any other, and that is the pump.” So he gave up his cider and turned to the pump, and the good Spirit of Temperance stood by him and gave him the pure cold water, and animal appetite began to slip from his back, and he soon was free, and even the pump felt good.

Bob, why is the Germans’ beer called lager bier. Because it takes a larger bier to carry them on, who drink it, when they die, than for other people.
Old Rye Makes a Speech.

I was made to be eaten,
    And not to be drank;
To be thrashed in a barn,
    Not soaked in a tank.
I come as a blessing
    When put through a mill;
As a blight and a curse
    When run through a still.
Make me up into loaves,
    And your children are fed;

But if into a drink,
    I will starve them instead.
In bread I'm a servant
    The eater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
    The drinker a fool.
Then remember the warning:
    My strength I'll employ—
If eaten, to strengthen;
    If drank, to destroy.
Getting Ready for the Procession.

"Now, Watch, you must be a good dog and mind what I say. This is the Fourth of July, and if you are good we'll have a procession. I'll be the general and the band, and you may carry the whip. I'd get you a flag, only you'd carry it crossways. I've got Uncle Charlie's sword and hat, 'cause he came home awful sick. Mamma cried, and pa said he had taken too much celebration inside. Now, I want you to be good. Remember you are a soldier, and so you must not run out
of the procession to bite other dogs, and you must not bark nor get drunk, and I'll give you some fire-crackers, and some ginger-bread."

"Eddie, what are you talking about?" asked his mother.

"I'm telling Watch to behave and be good and not get drunk."

"But, my dear boy, dogs never do get drunk."

"Well, people do. I've seen men go from processions into the saloon, and Watch might want to, and break his pledge."

"Did he ever take one?" asked his mother, smiling; for, although her heart was sad, she could not help smiling at the idea of that great Newfoundland either taking a pledge or getting drunk.

"Oh! yes," said Eddie; "he always goes to the Band of Hope on Wednesday with me, and once we gave him the pledge. One of the boys read it to him, and I said, Speak! and he sat right up and barked; so we tied it round his neck. But this morning I saw him going into a saloon with Uncle Charlie, and I was afraid. Mamma, what is Fourth of July, anyhow?"

"Well, did not my little boy have a birthday party last week?"

"Yes," said Eddie.

"Well, the Fourth of July is the birthday of the nation."

"But you don't look a bit happy. Ain't you glad?"

"Yes, dear, I am proud of our great nation and of our fathers who gained our independence; but something else makes me sad."

"What is it?"

"I do not suppose my little boy will understand, but it is this: When the British soldiers were driven out of our country, a worse enemy was left in; and this enemy has killed more men, women, and children than the British ever did, and he is doing it to-day, and we have not been able to drive him out of our land; and this morning he took one I love very dearly a prisoner."

"What's the enemy's name?" cried Eddie, trying to draw the big sword from the scabbard.

"His name, my dear, is Rum, and he is a greater tyrant than old King George ever was; and I want my little boy to be a good soldier in the temperance army, and if we ever conquer this great enemy, then mamma and nearly every woman in the nation will rejoice, and we'll have a great procession and take our children with us, and it will be the most glorious day our country ever saw."

"Well," said Eddie, "Watch and I will help."
The Bird's Conundrum.

"You were a naughty bird to-day; To see you fly from Brother Frank
  It shocked me, do you know,    And pick at Cousin Joe."
The Broken Pledge.

The moon was just rising and gilding as if with liquid silver the church-steeples, and making the snow to sparkle as if the earth had been sprinkled with diamonds, when Willie and Annie Clark, drawn by one of their father’s best teams, drove into the village. They had come
from their beautiful country home on New Year’s day to attend a party
to be given at their uncle’s elegant residence on that evening. Willie
felt very proud as he dashed up to the door with his splendid team
and lifted from the sleigh his beautiful sister. Willie belonged to the
Cadets, and his sister was a leading member of a Band of Hope.
Neither their uncle nor cousins were teetotalers, so cider, wine, and
egg-nog were used freely at the entertainment. During the evening
Annie was offered a glass of wine by her aunt, and when she said,
“Thank you, auntie, I am a teetotaler,” her aunt smilingly said, “I am
pleased to hear it, my dear,” and passed on. But when one of the
cousins offered Willie a glass of cider, saying as he did so, “I just heard
your sister refuse a glass of wine because, as she said, she was a tee-
totaler. I hope you are not afraid of a glass of cider. You will have
to break your sister off such nonsensical notions, or she will be making
a Band of Hope of you”—then Willie, instead of having the courage
to say that he was a Cadet and proud of his sister, only smiled and
said, “I do not care for any just now, thank you.” Then, when his
cousin pressed him to take one glass, he hesitated for a minute, and then
drank the cider, to the astonishment and horror of his sister, who hap-
pened to see him from the other side of the room. At first Willie felt
ashamed and even frightened at what he had done, and then he tried
to argue with his conscience: “It was only sweet cider; what uncle
and aunt do cannot be wrong.” Willie had taken one false step, and
after taking the first he found it more easy to take the second. It is al-
ways so, dear children. When we get on the wrong road, unless we
turn back, every step takes us further from the right and makes it
harder to return. Little rivulets make the channels for the great
water-courses, and a little spark, unless quenched at once, may burn a
whole city. So it was with the glass of cider; it was not so sweet as
Willie thought, for it excited him, and by and by he took a glass of
home-made wine, and before the party was over had drunk egg-nog,
which made him make some very foolish speeches, and awake in the
morning with a very bad headache, and for the first time in his life he
avoided his sister. In the afternoon, when skating on the pond, he
stopped to rest, and, while seated on a log his sister came to his side,
she looking very sad, and after a moment’s silence she said:

“O Willie! how could you do it?” And her eyes were full of tears.
“Do what?” said Willie, trying to look as if he did not understand,
although, in spite of his effort to look innocent, his downcast eyes told the story of his guilt, and that he knew to what she referred.

"Why did you break your pledge? Why did you not tell them that you were a Cadet?"

"I was afraid they would think me silly."

"Do you think your mother silly?"

"No!" said Willie.

"Do you think she would have taken the wine?"

"No; but she is a woman."

"Do you think father would have done so?"

"No; but he is a man!"

"Was I silly to refuse?"

"No," said Willie, "but you're—you're—a girl!"

"And why should a boy do that which would be wrong for his father, mother, or sister to do?"

"Well," said Willie, as he wiped the tears from his eyes with his coat-sleeve, "uncle, aunt, and cousins took it."

"They are not pledged," said Annie, "and I fear they would not think well of you if they knew that you had broken your pledge."

"I suppose you'll tell as soon as you get home," said Willie.

"No," said Annie; "but you will. My brother will not deceive his mother. You will tell her, and then never do it again, won't you, brother?" And Annie threw her arms around his neck.
"She will feel dreadful bad about it," said Willie; "but I will tell all, so don't cry."

At dinner that day, as the waiter was filling the glasses with cider, and had come to Annie’s glass, her uncle said to the girl: "Water for Miss Annie; my little niece is a teetotaler, and I am proud of her. But how is it that she has not converted you?" he said, turning to Willie.

"Oh! I am one too. I belong to the Cadets," Willie said before he thought; and then he colored up and looked very much confused.

But here I am happy to say Willie made a stand and went no further on the wrong road, for after a moment’s silence he straightened himself and said: "Yes, uncle, I have been a very mean boy, and am ashamed of myself; I broke my pledge last night, and have felt mean ever since, and made my sister miserable."

"Why, my dear boy," said his uncle, "I am very sorry. Mary," he said to the waiter, "take away the cider. No one shall ever again be tempted to do wrong at my table."

And the aunt said: "Thank you, dear; I have been thinking about this ever since Annie refused the glass of wine last night, and I do hope that my own children will follow her example."

As soon as Willie reached home that evening he went to his mother and told her all. Mrs. Clark was very much distressed and grieved. She was proud of her children, and it almost broke her heart to think that her boy should have fallen at the first temptation. She did not scold, but she laid her hand on Willie’s head as it lay in her lap, and only said: "My poor, weak boy, I forgive you." That night she prayed very earnestly for her son. She could not sleep, and Willie could not keep back the tears when he saw her pale, sad face in the morning. He threw his arms around her neck, and promised never, never to forget the lesson which had cost his mother, sister, and himself so much—and he never did, for he ever after kept his pledge.

Now, my dear children, you may not think much of this little story, yet it is a true one. Willie’s mother had seen the evil effects of drinking liquor, and felt that safety for her boy depended on total abstinence, and that he must stand up strong for the right, and not join in the wrong because unwilling to bear ridicule. Don't be afraid to do right. Take your stand firmly, and however small the temptation may be, ask God to help you resist it. He surely will.
Searching for the Bottle.

A SHADOW PICTURE.

We have here a picture of two men, named Jones and Smith, who were friends, and went together on a regular spree. They have lain in the woods all night. Jones, when he awoke and found himself in the woods instead of in his bed at home, resolved he would drink no more, and, to put temptation out of the way, he threw the bottle into the lake. But Smith, who has just awakened, wants a drink very bad; he is dry, and instead of quenching his thirst (like a sensible man) with water from the beautiful lake, he is trying to find the whiskey-bottle, on his hands and knees. He thinks he sees it now, but it is only a shadow. Jones sits laughing at him, and even the trees can hardly keep their jaws straight, while the clouds, too, are looking on and laughing. Of course you see all this in the picture; if not, look until you do, and then pass it to some one else.
A Self-appointed Committee.

"Good-morning, Mr. Brown."

"Good-morning, girls; good-morning. And what brings two little girls out so early in the day?"

"We are a committee," said Mary.

"A committee, ha! ha! he! he! he!—appointed by Congress or the missionary society? Going to settle the Alabama Claims, or send cooking-stoves to Africa?" And Mr. Brown went into another fit of laughter.

"We were not sent by any one," said Maggie. "We have just come ourselves to ask you not to make any cider."

"Not make any cider!" repeated Mr. Brown, with a look of
astonishment. "And pray, what am I to do with all these poor apples?"

"Sell them," said Mary.

"Nobody would buy them," said Mr. Brown.

"Feed the pigs with them," said Maggie.

"Haven't a pig to feed."

"Well," replied Mary, "I'll tell you what you can do, which will be better than making them into cider."

"What?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Let them rot," answered Mary.

"What in the world has put all this into your little heads? Cider never hurt anybody, did it?"

"Yes," said Mary; "it has hurt you, and Mrs. Brown, and your little Minnie."

"Why, children, what do you mean?" said Mr. Brown, looking serious but not cross.

"Well," said Maggie, "you won't be angry?" And she took one of his great, rough hands in hers, and looked up wistfully into his face. "Perhaps it's wrong for little girls to say what we have said, and I guess we are real bold; but you know we are going to have a Sunday-school excursion and picnic. Well, when it was announced in the school, all us girls and boys were just as glad as we could be—all except your little girl, and she was crying; and when we coaxed her to tell us why she cried, she said because she could not go, as she had no boots and no dress fit to go in. Then we heard one of the teachers say, 'That's what making cider does for a family.'"

"Minnie didn't say that, did she?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Oh! no, indeed," said Maggie; "she said you would get them if you could; but you were too poor, and her mamma was sick."

Then Mr. Brown turned the basket upside down, and sat down on it, and put his head in his hands, and sat a long time without saying a word, and the girls thought he was angry; so at last Mary went up to him, and laid her hand on his shoulder, and said, "Please don't be angry, Mr. Brown." Then he put his arm around her, and set her on one knee, and Maggie on the other, and, when they looked, there were tears on his face, and he said, "It's true, my dear children; every word true. Making cider has made me a poor man, and my family wretched; drinking my own cider, and the worse stuff I exchanged it for, has
made me a drunkard. And now, if you will not tell Minnie nor any one else about this talk, I will make you a promise I will not make another drop of cider. Minnie shall have her dress and boots, and shall go to the picnic; and her mother shall go, too.”

The little girls kissed him to bind the bargain, and then danced away to school with light hearts. And Mr. Brown kept his word, and people wondered what had caused such a change; but Maggie and Mary never told, but a long time after Mr. Brown did.

The Four Seasons.

In Spring-time, Satan sowed the tares among the wheat;
Both grew alike, and none surmised the cheat.

By Autumn-time, the tares, now grown and spread,
Are ripened; but alas! the wheat is dead.

In Summer-time, the tares are plainly seen,
And blossom while as yet the wheat is green.

In Winter (as of wheat there is no yield)
The tares are burnt, and burning burn the field.
"Tis thus the boy who, tempted to the bar,
Begins with cider or a mild cigar.

In youth, perhaps, the wine, and card, or dice,
Rival a mother's prayers and good advice.

In manhood, brandy has the full control
Of mind and body, brain, and even soul.

When old, a bloated wreck without a friend,
Who in a ditch or prison finds the end.

Danger Signals.

TOOT! toot! toot! The brakeman sprang to the platform; old travellers held firmly to the seat in front of them. "Something wrong," said an old man; the ladies turned pale. Some of the passengers threw up the window, and tried to look ahead into the darkness. After what seemed a long time the train came to a standstill. "What is the matter?" said an old lady to the conductor. "A red light, madam," he answered, as he passed on. "Was that all? Well, what a fuss to make about a light!" "But a red light is a signal of danger," said a gentleman. "Oh! dear, you don't say so; then that quite alters the case. And is there always danger when you see a red light?" "No," said the gentleman; "a red light is always a danger signal; but there is not always danger. Sometimes men who have been out
mending the road are allowed to stop the train, that they may reach their homes. But all the driver knows is that a red light or flag means stop, and nothing would tempt him to run by such a signal."

"And what do the other colors mean?" asked the lady. "The green says caution, and the white means all right."

This conversation set me to thinking. Did you ever think, my dear children, that we have signal-lights on life's pathway, and are we as careful to notice them as the drivers of the locomotives? Now, we have the great white light. Here it is; it always means all right. No one was ever deceived by it. It has been a lamp to the feet and a light to the pathway for thousands. It is the grim to the Celestial City, others. Do not be ashamed, do not leave it in your mother's trunk where your good boy has; and while it lay he has been tempted from the right road by the green light. Do not be tempted by the green or by the glass of cider and sneer, if they will. You see this signal, for it surely as on the railroad, a red will see this at nearly every under it. Stop! Whistle have passed this light into still sober men. So might and come to no harm; but such a train, or ride after such a signal unheeded? to one a wreck. So it is escape, but how many glo-wrecked! "Look not thou red; at the last it biteth like an adder." This is and it is true. Then we blue. It says Hope; it

This light-house has many
life-boats, and these boats have been led astray by and they bring thousands safety every year. The names: "Sons," "Tem-
of Hope," and the big Mr. Dodge is captain, and "The National Tempe-
girls, have you joined eith-
do so now; we need more help, for there are many in danger, and few help.

Close the Bars.

The open dram-shop is the curse of the nation. It lures the young into paths of temptation and sin. It destroys the life of manhood and old age. The liquor-traffic is the chief source of the crime, pauperism, misery, and woe of our country. The open bars of the 140,000 grog-
shops cause three-fourths of the heavy burdens of taxation. They are

ALL THE BARS ARE OPEN.

the haunts of infamy; they beget violence and murder; they rob in-
ocent, dependent wives and children of food and clothing; they ruin the bodies and imperil the souls of their unhappy victims.
Close all the "bars" of the dram-shops of the country and it would empty jails and poor-houses. Farms would be improved, factories would flourish, schools would prosper, churches would be filled, vice would be diminished, homes would be regenerated, plenty would prevail where pinching poverty now abounds, life would be safer, and the happiness and general welfare of the land would be greatly promoted. Let no more "bars" be opened, let all now open be speedily closed, and there will be joy and rejoicing as never before throughout the land.

"A Little Bow of Blue."

My heart was very heavy,
For my children cried for bread;
I wept to see my little ones
Go supperless to bed.
I listened for a footstep,
As I'd often done before,
Waiting for a staggering man,
To stumble through the door.
But his step came firm and steady,
And his eyes were clear and true;
And on his ragged coat he wore
A little bow of blue.

A bit of ribbon blue
May seem little, perhaps, to you;
But oh! how much it meant to me,
That little bow of blue.

He came and stood beside me,
And stooped and kissed my face,
Where tears but lately wiped away
Had left a burning trace.
Then, as my arm embraced his neck,
Sweet hope came back anew;
For on his ragged coat I saw
A little bow of blue.
And his step came firm and steady,
And his eye was clear and true;
And on his ragged coat I saw
A little bow of blue.

We knelt down by the bedside,
Where the children lay asleep,
And prayed the Lord to give him
strength
His new-made vow to keep.
Then to my lifted eyes a bow
Of promise rose in view;
The bow that spanned my brightened
sky,
Was just a bow of blue.
For his step is firm and steady,
And his eye is clear and true;

And on his manly breast he wears
A little bow of blue.

And is there one before me now
Addicted to the cup,
Oh! listen to a woman's prayer
And give the idol up.
Do quickly while your heart is
warm
An act you'll never rue;
Come, take our vow, and proudly
wear
Our little bow of blue.
Then with step that's firm and steady,
And eye both clear and true,
Wear in your heart and on your
breast
Our little bow of blue.

The Frightened Children.

Some children (yes, and grown-up people too) are easily frightened. A little innocent caterpillar on a lady's dress will sometimes cause more fear and fuss than if a house were on fire. Some children are afraid to be left in the dark. They have been told ghost stories by some foolish nurse, and every stone and post becomes a ghost. I know a little girl who was nearly frightened out of her wits because she saw a ghost. Oh! she was sure of it; she saw it so plain; she saw it move. But when the light was brought the ghost turned out to be a dress lying on a chair, on the back of which hung a straw hat. Now, children, I do not believe that anybody ever saw a ghost. And when you think you see one do not be afraid, but walk right up to it, and it will turn out to be a gate-post or something quite as harmless.

I have known men and women to be so terribly frightened at what they imagined they saw around them that it has taken two or three strong men to hold them down and keep them still. They would shriek with terror, and cry out that snakes and horrid creeping things
were upon them. But this was because their imagination, or rather their brain, was diseased. The whole body was made sick, and the brain too, by the use of strong drink. The fiery alcohol had poisoned them and brought on delirium tremens. I am so glad that so many of us are banded together against the use of this drink. If we never touch it we shall never suffer from this awful disease.

But I started to tell you about the children in this picture. The boys you see there (that is, if you can see them, for there are four of them) were returning home just after sundown, and as they had been told foolish stories, they became frightened; things took strange shapes; the beautiful lake became a crocodile; the distant hills became lions; every stone became a dog or pig; even the carpenter’s saw-horse became a fearful animal with a great head and very long tail; the cedars formed themselves into one tremendous great ghost. Well, you can find out all the other things for yourselves, for I have shown the picture as they saw it.
Miss Vine makes a Speech.

I am the fruitful vine,
   And, making no pretence
To eloquence, I speak
   In simple self-defence.
Great sins are charged to me,
   And poverty, and woe,
For which I’m not to blame;
   And this the world should know.
I’m sent to bless mankind;
   But he is not content
To take the gift from God,
   And use it as it’s sent;

But changes and distorts
   Until the good is ill;
And even food for life
   Is made a thing to kill.
He even makes from drugs
   A stuff, and calls it wine,
Though never in the grape
   Nor nurtured by the vine.
The wine I give is good,
   And hideth not a sting;
But what the world calls wine
   Is quite another thing.
Love and Flowers.

Oh, let me smell your pretty flowers,
You precious little Nell,
You’ve picked them all for sick mamma,
I hope they’ll make her well.
We’ll put them all about her room,
To make it sweet and bright,
And pa perhaps will like them too,
And stay at home to-night;
For dear papa was always kind
To us and to mamma

Till he began to stay so late
At Mr. Jones’s bar.
That’s how he keeps the people there:
With music, flowers, and light,
Until they drink, and then forget
How late it is at night.
Now you shall sing, and I will coax,
And dear mamma will pray;
And coaxing, music, flowers, and prayer
Will surely make him stay.
Speech of the Old Apple-Tree.

I am an old apple-tree,
   Dying, you see,
Though the best in the orchard
   I used to be.
I have borne many apples
   For Farmer Brown
To store in his cellar or
   Sell in the town.
He has eaten my apples,
   Both green and dry,
When stewed and when roasted,
   In pudding and pie.
Thus used, they were good, giving
   Pleasure and health,
Increasing his comforts,
   His strength and wealth,
And his laughter and mirth;
   For it was from me
He was furnished the fruit for
   The paring bee.
Thus it was in times past, and
   Would be still,
Had no apples been sent to
   The cider-mill.
Now Brown's children are ragged,
   His wife is sad,
And the farmer himself has
   Gone to the bad;
For drinking his cider
   Led on to worse,
And that sent as a blessing
   He made a curse.
And this is the moral: 'Tis
   Foolish in man
To try to improve on
   The Almighty's plan.
What he gives us for food
   You'll find, I think,
Does harm and no good, if
   Made into drink.

A Teetotal Doll.

Now, what do you think
   Of the dolly I've made?
It looks like a ghost,
   But don't be afraid.
It is better, I'm sure,
   Than dolls that are sold,
But won't do to hug,
   It's so awfully cold.
It's a good deal more tender
   Than you would suppose:
I just kissed her once,
   And it melted her nose.
It's a teetotal doll,
   I would have you to know;
It must be, of course,
   For it's made out of snow.
Now, my little folks, I have for you a shadow picture in which several figures appear. It shows, first, a man who is a slave to appetite. Temperance, from her vine-clad bower, tries to win him back to virtue and to happiness. She holds out to him the goblet of pure water. His child pleads on his knees, but the monster Appetite has him by the throat, and is trying to drag him on to poverty and ruin. The man hesitates. I hope he may decide to struggle with the invisible giant until with God's help he shall be free.

Never Begin.

In going down-hill on a slippery track,
The going is easy, the task getting back;
But you'll not have a tumble, a slip, nor a stop,
Nor toil from below, if you stay at the top.

So from drinking, and swearing, and every sin,
You are safe and secure if you never begin.
Then never begin, never begin,
You can't be a drunkard unless you begin.
So in mounting a ladder, or scaling a wall,
You may climb to the top or be bruised by a fall;
My philosophy's this, and I think it is sound,
If not needed above to remain on the ground.

Some boast they can stand on the cataract's brink;
Some do it, but some topple over and sink;

Then I think, to be safe, the most sensible plan
Is to keep from the brink just as far as you can.

In a journey you may have to make a descent,
By climbing, a danger to others prevent;
You may rescue the child from the rock's giddy shelf,
But never save sinners by sinning yourself.

**Bow Wow.**

It was master in the hall;
And he nearly had a fall,
For he stumbled o'er a wringer and a pail;
I fear he's had a glass,
For when me he had to pass
He kicked me when I barked and wagged my tail.

He was drunk the other night,
And gave us all a fright,
For he mistook the river for the road;
I heard the splash and shout,
And I went and dragged him out,
But I never want another such a load.

What is there in the drink
That for it my master'd sink
Everything that's great and noble, good and pure?
If he led me such a life
As he leads his patient wife,
Mr. Bergh would have him fined, I'm pretty sure.
JONES had been drinking—as usual. His good wife wanted him to sign the pledge and go to bed; but he talked about liberty and moderation. He wasn’t drunk—sober as a judge; would go to bed, but would not sign the pledge. Never—no, never! Well, he went to bed with his hat on, after carefully putting his boots in the wash-basin. But he had hardly fallen asleep when he was frightened nearly out of his wits by an awful dream. He thought he had gone to the corner grocery for a bottle of whiskey, and was trying to get home, but had to sit down by a stump. Then he saw his wife, who had suddenly become old and ugly, rushing towards him with a club in her hand, and screaming: “I’ll give it to you, you drunken old goose!” Then he thought a big gander flew out of the lake, and ran toward Mrs. Jones, screaming that he would not allow such an insult to be offered to his beautiful lady geese. Then Jones sprang out of bed in a fright, and astonished his good wife (who was still sewing in the kitchen) by rushing into her presence with a pillow in one hand and the bootjack in the other. He
had grabbed the pillow in his sleep, thinking it was the gander, and
the bootjack his bottle. It was now Mrs. Jones's turn to be frighten-
ed. But the sight was so very comical that it overcame her fear. Just
think of Mr. Jones in his night-dress, with his best black hat jammed
down over his eyes, and a large pillow in one hand and a bootjack in
the other. Mrs. Jones had to laugh then. Mr. Jones saw that it was
only a dream, and looked rather sheepish, and tried to make Mrs.
Jones believe that he was only exercising with dumb-bells. But he
said there was a string tied around his head—would Mrs. Jones please
untie it? But when he found that it was only the rim of his best Sun-
day hat, he had to own up that he must have been drunk, and thought
he'd sign the pledge. Now, if you look at the picture carefully you
will see just what Jones saw in his dream. Of course it is not very
plain, because, you know, it was only a dream.

I'm so Tired.

And wouldn't take a drop, he said,
“To please the Queen or Pope.”

I wish I hadn't either,
For I begin to think
That currants may be good to eat,
But dre'ful things to drink.

O dear! I'm awful sleepy—
I'll go to bed; good-night!
For Willie's making fun of me
By saying I am "tight."

O dear! I'm dre'ful sleepy,
And tired as tired can be!
My head keeps going round and round,
And I can hardly see.

You see, we went to Auntie's,
Mamma and I, to dine;
And there they gave me just a drop
Of Auntie's currant-wine.

But Willie wouldn't touch it,
'Cause he's a Band of Hope,
A Brave Reply.

"Come on, boys, to the lower pond," said Tom Thompson, as he swept up in front of Frank, Charley, and Fred. "They are having glorious fun down there. Bill Smith has built a large shed on the bank, and opened a saloon. They have a good fire, raffling, music, and warm spiced ale, only ten cents a glass."

"Not for me," said Frank, the middle boy of the three.
"Why not?" said Fred.
"Because," answered Frank, "I do not wish to make myself a liar and a thief. I promised my mother that I would not go to the lower pond: and if I did go, I should not only lie, but rob her of the confidence she now has in me."

"But she would not know, so you would not take away her confidence," said Charlie.
Frank looked indignant.
"Do you think a big boy like myself could look a sick mother in the eyes after cheating her, without her seeing traitor written on my
face? Why, she would know that I had been a mean boy as soon as she looked at me. Besides, why should we go? The moon gives better light than Smith's lamps, without the smell of coal-oil. The steel on the ice, with our jolly song, is better music than is made by the asthmatic organ at the saloon, and without the accompaniments of oaths. We can get warmth with our skates without the tobacco-smoke; so I stay where I am."

"So will we all!" said the boys, and away they went across the pond, and even Carlo barked in approval of his master's sentiments.

Who's Drunk?

Not the flowers; they drink only water. One drop of alcohol would kill them. Not the birds, though they get pretty high sometimes. It's not the ship, though she staggers a little. Nor the steamboat—the worst it does is to smoke a pipe.

Then who is drunk? Somebody is, and I guess if we look sharp we shall find a man somewhere. He has a bottle in his hand. See if you can find him.
The kettle sang a merry song,
And timed it with its lid:
"Men say that liquor makes them strong—
It never, never did."

"The steamer ploughs the ocean wide;
What moves the wheel and beam?
She steams against the wind and tide,
And water makes the steam.

"You see the locomotive draw
The crowded train of cars,
With heated water, nothing more,
To pull them o'er the bars."

"The mill, the engine, boat and man,
And beast (except the sot),
Derive their strength and motive power
From water, cold or hot."

Then, if you would be well and strong,
Drink only from the stream,
And work for right with prayer and song,
And "use a little steam."
Dogs that Bite should be Chained.

Boy. "Will that dog bite?"

Man. "If I let go I guess you’ll find out, unless you can run faster than he can."

Boy. "Then please don’t let go, for I cannot run very fast, and I do not want to be bitten."

Man. "That’s your lookout. If you do not like dogs, keep out of the way. I do like them, and I am not going without my dog because some people are afraid or get bitten."

Boy. "But your dog is savage!"

Man. "Yes; I like cross dogs."

Well, at last the dog did get away from its master, and sprang at the boy, and tore his clothes, and bit him pretty severely before the man could get him away. Then the father of the boy had the owner
of the dog arrested, and the judge ordered the dog to be shot and the owner fined.

Now, there are 7,000 licensed grog-shops in New York City alone, and each one is worse and does more harm than ten cross dogs.

And the temperance people say, "We want these grog-shops chained up."

But the drinking people say, "No; we like grog-shops, and if you do not, why, keep out of their way."

But these grog-shops bite and tear—yes, and bite a great many who try very hard to keep out of the way.

Look at that mother. How sad she looks, and how she weeps! She has been bitten by a grog-shop.

"What!" you say, "did she drink?"

Oh! no. She tried very hard to keep out of the way, but her son got into a saloon, and was bitten very badly, so that he was found insensible on the street, with his nose bleeding, his eyes black, and his Sunday clothes all spoiled. Then a policeman took him before a judge, and the judge said: "What have you been doing?" and the poor young man said: "I just drank some of the stuff that you licensed a man to sell, and it has bitten me very badly."

Then I suppose you think the judge ordered the grog-shop to be shut up, and the man who kept it to be fined, like he did with the dog. Oh! no; not he. He sent the young man, who had already suffered so much, to jail for being bitten.

"Ah! but," you say, "this young man did not keep out of the way of danger." Perhaps not; but how many who did keep out of the way were injured through him and the grog-shop? His little ones went supperless to bed in a cold garret; his poor wife wandered about the streets all night trying to find him, for she had no money, food, or fuel; his poor old mother wept bitter tears because of the disgrace of her son. So you see all three had to suffer through the grog-shop, although they went not at all in its way. So I think that it is wrong to license and wicked to sell, and that the grog-shops should be chained with a prohibition chain, and every man fined or sent to prison who should let one loose. What do you think about it?
Wild Flowers.

"Oh! how I do love the wild flowers of the country," said Mabel Young as she added a fern to her bouquet.

"So do I," said her brother Charles; "and this basketful is for mother, to pay her for bringing us out from the dusty old city to this sweet place."

"Somebody once said God made the country but man made the town, and I believe that is true," said Cousin Will. "The flowers, the grass, the trees, and the grain are so beautiful, the sky and lake so blue and pure, the birds and butterflies so free, and seem so happy in the country—so different from the city, with its brick walls and chimneys, its whistles, car-bells, and rumble of carriage-wheels, its dust and heat. Just think of the crowd of poor, ragged children we used to see in the street through which we used to pass in going to school. I suppose they are there to-day, playing in the gutters and ash-boxes, or hiding from the drunken men and women," said Charley.

"Why," asked Mabel, "are there so much poverty and rags? Why are the people so wicked and so many children hungry and ragged?"

"I can answer you with one word," said Charles.

"What is the word?" asked Mabel.

"Rum!" answered Charles.

"Well," said Mabel, "why don't the good people shut up the grog-shops or send the poor little children away where they would be safe?"

"Well," said Will, "you see there are not good people enough. Why, I read in The Advocate last week that the good people were having a desperate fight just trying to close the grog-shops on Sunday."

"And," said Charles, "they never could send the children away. Why, last summer one or two of the great daily papers of New York got up one or two great picnics for poor children, and they took out thousands of children for one day into the country; but it cost thousands of dollars to do it."

"Yes," said Will, "and I heard father say that the papers that were so good, and raised so much money to send the poor children out into the country for one day in the year, dare not advocate the prohibition of the traffic which made the little ones suffer the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year."

"Well," said Mabel, "only wait until we grow up."
Wild Flowers.
Hieroglyphic Rebus No. 1.

ANSWER ON PAGE 80.

Hieroglyphic Rebus No. 2.

ANSWER ON PAGE 80.
Hieroglyphic Rebus No. 3.

Answer on page 80.

A swarm of BBB

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AND U WILL B HAPPY
Temperance Asleep.

This picture represents fair Temperance as sleeping, while Intemperance stalketh abroad like a red-handed savage to destroy old and young, rich and poor; while Moderation, sitting at her ease, looks on, and neither turns to awaken the one nor stay the other. There are three figures in the picture. Two of them, "Intemperance" and "Moderation," are readily found; but "Temperance" lies sleeping, and is not so easily distinguished. With the flowing river for her bed, you can discover her form, if you carefully examine the picture.

Moderation is a trial of strength with the devil. If you are victorious you have only your pains for your reward, but if he throws you he gets everything, mind, wealth, health, soul, and body, and as all the chances are on the devil's side, I wouldn't try it.
"Fred, did you ever hear of a 'water-spout'?" said Willie, looking up from the paper in which he had been reading an account of the great water-spout which paid a visit to Lake Michigan the other day.

"Oh! I've seen lots of them," said Fred; "tin ones."

"I do not mean t'at kind," said Willie, laughing.

"Do you mean temperance lectures, then?" asked Fred.

"No; I mean a water-spout in the sky—a column of water that reaches from the earth or sea to the clouds."

"What holds it together?" said Fred.

"Why, it is a sort of tornado in the clouds, and it whirls them round and round until they are condensed into a column of water, just, you know, as you would twist a rope out of a loose bundle of hay; and it holds the lightning and thunder too, for an old sailor told me that he
once saw a water-spout at sea, and lightning was dancing up and down its entire length."

"I should think the sailors would be frightened," said Fred.

"So they are. This sailor said that if one came on board it would sink the ship in a minute."

"Well," said Fred, "what do they do when they see one?"

"Why, they keep away as far as possible; and if, in spite of their efforts, it comes too near them, they then fire cannon at it to try to break it."

"Well, why do they let whiskey come on board?" asked Fred (Fred is an enthusiastic Band of Hope boy). "I am sure it sinks more ships every year than water-spouts ever did. I read only to-day of a ship being lost off the Isle of Man because the captain was drunk."

"Quite true," said Mr. Mason, who had been listening to the conversation. "I am not sure that Willie is quite correct in his waterspout theory; but what Fred states is a fact, although it is hard to make people act as if they believed it. You see we become familiarized to dangers that surround us daily. The people who live about the base and up the sides of old Vesuvius sleep soundly, and seldom give much thought to the volcano which may burst out at any moment and destroy them, as it already has hundreds and thousands of their forefathers. Every system of sin and folly, like the whirlpool, has outer and inner circles; and if you enter the outer, you are in danger of being drawn to the centre and destruction. In intemperance the first glass is the outer circle, delirium tremens and death the focus, or centre. So with other sins—from taking a cent, to the confirmed thief and penitentiary; from one angry word to quarrel, the fight, and murder. So you see, boys, that the only safe way is not to enter the outer circle, but bear away as the sailors do from the 'water-spout,' and always have a shot ready to fire at the evil."

"How can we do that, papa?" asked Willie.

"Why, every time a boy says, I will not drink; or, I belong to the Band of Hope; or, Boys, don't quarrel!—these are all shots in the right direction."

"Oh! yes," said Fred, "I understand. Mr. Cuyler has a tract called 'A Shot at the Decanter.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Mason, "that has proven a regular fusilade at the enemy's ranks."
BEWARE!

FLY, fly! little birds, fly away;
   The charm of the serpent is death;
He only attracts with his eye
   To poison you both with his breath.

Trust not in his treacherous eye,
   Rather trust to the strength of your wing,
And believe me the smile on his lips
   Only covers a venomous sting.

It is madness, sweet birds, to remain;
   And yet there are people who think,
Yet are charmed to destruction like you
   By a serpent that lurks in the drink.

Naturalists tell us that serpents have the power to so charm and
fascinate birds with their eye as to draw them irresistibly into the very
jaws of death; if the poor little birds would only look another way, or
shut their eyes and fly, they would be safe. And I believe this is what
Solomon tells us to do when he says: “Look not thou upon the wine
when it is red; for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.”
Little Beavers.

"Now, children, you must work like little beavers between now and the 17th, or our celebration will prove a failure." (Mr. Taylor was speaking to his Band of Hope.)

"How do beavers work?" asked a little boy.

"Well," said Mr. Taylor, smiling, "I shall leave you to find out; and next Saturday, when we meet, each one of you can tell us all you have been able to learn about the beavers, and why we should imitate them."

So, at the next meeting, the first question was, "Why should we work like beavers?"

"Because they are very industrious," said one.

"Because they like cold water, and never want a little spirits (when they get wet, for fear of catching cold)," said another.

"Because they all work together and never quarrel," answered a little girl.

"Because they go swimming whenever they want to, and boys ought to do so too," said a little fellow.

"Cos the beaver is the emblem of Canada," sang out a little Canadian, so loud that all the little children laughed.

"Because they are very gentle and kind to each other," said a dear little girl.

"Because they cut down great trees and dam up streams of water," said Johnny Dale.

"Very good," said Mr. Taylor. "I am happy to see that so many of you have taken an interest in the question and tried to find out something about the beaver, and I must say that your answers are all pretty good, and some of them are very good.

"The beaver is a noble animal, very industrious—perhaps the most industrious animal known. They are very gentle one to the other, and very fond of their little ones. The people of Canada have chosen the beaver to be the emblem of the Dominion (as the eagle is of the United States) because of its perseverance, energy, and pluck. But perhaps the last answer will suit our case the best. The beavers do cut down trees and dam up streams. I myself have seen great trees that have been cut down by their little teeth. I remember one stump of
Little Beavers.
tree that was perhaps two feet across, and looked like the top of a pineapple (without the leaves). The beavers had gnawed around and around, until the tree fell and left the stump cone-shaped and scalloped by their teeth. Now, the Bible says, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is cut down," etc.

"The tree Intemperance is a very bad tree, and the fruit of it has been evil, and only evil, such as quarrels, fights, murders, oaths, thefts, poverty, rags, sorrow, tears, and death. Now, we are trying to cut down this evil tree, and every member of the Band of Hope is like a little beaver at the root of this bad tree. So you see we must work like beavers, and never stop working until the tree falls."

Wrong-Doers.

"Bill, there's a man a-coming! We're caught if here we stay."
"Yes, John, but there's another chap A-coming t'other way. I wish that we were both at school, And doing what was right; We're frightened, hungry, and, what's worse, We haven't had a bite. We both feel mean, and then the day Has seemed so awful long; I don't believe there is much fun When chaps are doing wrong."
Don't be a Goose.

There was no need for the old gander to poke his head through the hole in the shed and hiss at the fox. He and his geese were safe, for the fox could not get through so small a hole. But the gander thought it would appear brave in him to dare the fox, and he wanted to show off before the other geese and be considered a hero.

"Besides, there really is no danger," he said to himself, "for the fox seems to be really afraid of me." Cunning old fox! Foolish old goose! So he kept on stretching out his head further and further, and the geese crowded around him so closely to hear his brave words that when the fox suddenly made a spring at him he could not draw back in time to save his head. What a goose he was! Not more silly, though, than some boys nowadays. When I see a boy with a cigar in his mouth and hear him say, "I an't afraid of tobacco; it never can master me. I just smoke a little for fun and to let the boys see that I can smoke; but I never mean to become a smoker"—I think, and sometimes say, "What a goose! You are safe now. You do not like the taste of tobacco. Why not let it alone?" Thousands of strong men regret that they ever tampered with it—nearly every user of tobacco does; for they feel that they are in the power of this terrible weed, from which
it will take all their power to free themselves, and many can say they have not the power.

Yes, boys, tobacco is a cunning old fox. Keep out of his way, and don't be a goose.

When I see a boy or girl taking a glass of cider, lager, or wine I always want to say, "My dear young friend, you are playing with a wily old fox, and though you think that you can use it for your pleasure, that you are in no danger, that it never could master you, remember that every person who is now a slave to drink once thought as you think now; but they were caught at last, as you may be, for old Alcohol is the most cunning and cruel old fox now at large."

Keep as far from him as you can, remembering that it is never cowardly to keep out of danger when you can do no good by rushing in. Neither is it brave to rush into danger when no good is to result therefrom. Then don't be a goose.

Too Much to Carry.

In this engraving the artist has given us two pictures. In the first we see a man with a basket of provisions. He is a poor but industri-
ous man, and on this Saturday evening has spent nearly all his week’s wages for potatoes, meat, bread, and groceries. He has a wife and many children, and it takes almost more than he can stand under to supply their wants for the next week. “That man has more than he can carry,” said Tom Harris to his companion, Fred Brown. “Suppose we lighten his load,” said Fred; and noiselessly following the poor man, he stole a loaf out of the basket, and then both ran off laughing and thinking it a very good joke, forgetting that “to do mischief” is only “sport to a fool.”

Now let us turn to the other picture. Here is a man, and he, too, is getting a load to carry. He, too, is spending his week’s earnings. He also has a wife and large family. The first man had to go to several places—the market, the baker’s, and the grocer’s. But this man is getting his load in one place—the bar.

The first carried his load on his back. This one will carry his in his stomach.

The first man’s children will gather around the basket and clap their little hands in glee as the things are taken out, and if there is any sorrow it will be for the loss of the bread. But this man’s children will hide away in fear when their father staggers home with more than he can carry. The difference between the two men is, that the first has thought of and worked for his family. This man has only thought of himself.

But what shall we say of the man behind the bar? The young men who lightened the poor man’s burden by stealing the bread perpetrated a thoughtless, wicked joke. They did not need the loaf, and forgot that the poor man’s children did. They did not steal for gain, and did not stop to think that the poor man would lose. But the man behind the bar knows that his customer has more than he can carry now, and yet he adds to his load by selling him another glass. He knows that the man’s wife and children need the money he is spending for bread, and yet he takes it and gives him in return that which is not bread.

Now, boys, which (according to the text) is the greater fool in the two pictures? While you are deciding, let me say that I think we may all learn from the engraving—

1st. That any joke which injures others is only sport to a fool.
2d. That we should never take more than we can carry.
3d. That if at any time it should be necessary for us to carry a load that will make us stagger, we should always carry it outside.
The Christmas Tree.
The Christmas Tree.

Is not this a pretty picture? What a beautiful tree! How bright and warm everything looks! How happy the children appear, and the old folks, too, even to the old grandmother; and the owl in the tree seems to be winking good-naturedly. This is Mr. Barton's parlor, and these are his children, except the little boy, their cousin, who stands by his widowed mother. There is a present for each one of the family on the tree, and two for cousin. The tree was lit up when little Nellie climbed on the chair with her doll's chair, and you see her asking her mother to put it on the tree for little blind Susie, the washerwoman's little girl. "Cos," says Nellie, "she an't dot no father to be Santa Corse, and she tan feel a chair if she tan't see it." That seems to please her little cousin. Oh! how I should like to kiss sweet Nellie! Wouldn't you?

But, if you could look out of the window, you would see another picture not so pleasant. There stand a boy and girl in the cold, darkness, and snow, looking at the bright, pleasant picture within. The girl is about twelve and the boy seven years old. How cold they look! How their teeth chatter! Their clothes are thin and patched, and the snow melts through the worn-out soles of their boots. That is Mary Wilson and her brother Johnny. Their father is a drunkard and neglects his children, although he once loved them dearly; and Mary, although so poorly clad, is a good girl. She is a mother and sister to her little brother, and tries to keep the garret in which they live clean and neat. "Lift me up and let me have one more look," says Johnny, "and then we'll go home. Oh! wouldn't you like to have a tree like that?" he cries, as his sister lifts him so that he can look into the parlor.

"We used to have just as nice ones as that," said Mary.

"It must have been an awful long while ago— afore I was born, I guess? Did father take all the things off and sell 'em for rum?" asked Johnny.

"No, indeed," said Mary; "he was just as good as he could be, and he used to make the tree, and put all the things on."

"I guess he'll never do it again," said Johnny.

"I believe he will," answered Mary; "for mother told me just be-
fore she died that if I was a good girl, and did all I could for father and you—"

"Did she put me in?" cried Johnny; "I didn't think she knewed me."

"You were a little baby," continued Mary; "she said if I prayed she believed father would some time repent and be good again."

"Well, I wish he'd hurry up. Do you love him, sister?"

"Do I love him? Of course I do. Don't you?"

"Well, I want to, dreadful bad sometimes; but he looks so I can't."

"He won't look so when he is a temperance man; he'll look real handsome then."

"Well, I'll wait till then," said Johnny.

"Now let's run as hard as we can, and get warm." And, hand-in-hand, away they went through the snow-drifts, away from the light and into the darkness.

"Thank God for your faith, my darling girl!" said a man who had stood behind the children, and heard all they had said. It was their poor drunken father—not drunk now; for he had been engaged on a job that had to be finished by Christmas, and his employers had informed him that if he drank to excess that week he should never have another job. This had kept him pretty sober all the week, and this day he had not tasted. "Thank God!" he repeated, "and oh! give me strength for the struggle; for I am determined to conquer or die. Let me think," he said, passing his hand over his burning forehead. "I must find Stearns, and get a pledge the first thing." And he too went on into the darkness. Next morning Johnny Wilson awakened early. He had been dreaming of the tree, and how bright and warm it was around it.

"Why, it is warm!" said he, opening his eyes and starting up into a sitting posture, and rubbing his eyes with both hands. Then he opened them wider than before; then he reached over and shook his sister, but never moved his eyes.

"Mary!" said he, in a stage whisper, as if he were afraid of frightening away what he saw if he spoke aloud—"Mary! is it real? Look, quick!" Mary did look, and what did she see? A bright fire in the stove, the table set for breakfast with new crockery, a steak frying on the fire, and the coffee-pot steaming on top of the stove, everything bright, warm, and clean; but on one end of the table stood
a tree hanging with oh! such fruit—new boots, stockings, skates, a red woollen shawl, picture-books, ribbons, toys, apples, and sweetmeats; and on top was a National Temperance Society family pledge, with one name on, and waiting for two more. But Mary paid very little attention to all this. Her eyes sought her father, who sat before the fire with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands.

"O you dear, good papa!" she cried, as she sprang from her bed and rushed towards him. He opened his arms, and she fell upon his breast and cried as if her heart would break.

"Don't, don't! there's a dear!" said her father as he stroked her hair. "I have signed the pledge, and, with God's help, will never drink again. You are glad, are you not, my child?"

"I never was so happy in my life!" cried Mary, with a sob between each word. "But oh! oh!—"

"'Oh!' what, my child?"

"Oh! if I could only tell mamma."

"I guess the angels told her long before we were up," said Johnny.

"I believe they did," said the father. "And now let's forget the past, and this shall be the happiest Christmas we have spent for years."

"It will be the happiest of my whole life," said Mary, wiping the tears from her face.

"Me too," said Johnny; "I feel—like—like—a morning-star; but, Mary," and he whispered, "don't tell papa what I said about loving him. I'd feel awful mean if he knew."

So you see, my dear little readers, the tree in the picture did some outside missionary work, unknown to the happy children around it. And if my little story does as much, I shall be happy too.

The Complaint of the Fish.

They caught us in a seine,
And we die;
For we cannot reach the water,
Though we try.
But some men are more insane
Than you and I,
For they will not take to water
When they 're dry.
The Sheep and the Goats.

It was Sunday morning in the carpenter's cottage. The father, as usual, had come home late on the night before intoxicated.

He now sat at the table, with his head lying upon his arms, as if asleep. He felt very miserable. The children, whom the hard-working mother had dressed clean and neatly, were looking at an illustrated paper on the wall.

"Tell me all about it," said Johnny to his sister Annie.

"Well," said Annie, "you see the man in the picture was once a good, sober man and went to church."

"Well," said Johnny, "our pa used to go to church once."

"But," continued Annie, "he got to drinking, and didn't bring home any money to buy things for his children or their mother."

"And," said Johnny, "did their mother do washing and not let their pa know, to get them things, like our mother does?"

"Hush!" said Annie. "Don't speak so loud. Well, one Sunday the man was sober and he went to church, and the sermon was about the sheep being on the right hand and the goats on the left."

"What do you mean by goats and sheep? Do they go to heaven?"

"No," said Annie. "It means people; and that the good people will be on the right hand, and the people who are wicked, and don't go to church, and swear and get drunk, will be on the left."

"Then our pa will be a goat?" said Johnny.

Here the carpenter raised his head and looked in wonder at the children.

"Oh! no, no," said dear little Annie, and tears were in her eyes; "our pa will stop drinking and be like he used to be."

"How do you know?" asked persistent Johnny.

"Because mother prays for him every day, and God will help him to be good again. Mother says so. Well, the man in the picture, after he came home from church, was lying asleep on the lounge."

"Like our pa at the table?"

"No," said Annie, "the man was only pretending to be asleep, and his little boy all at once asked his mother if his pa would be a goat, and his mother couldn't help crying, and then the man jumped up off the lounge and got down on his knees and said that if his wife
The Sheep and the Goats.
would forgive him he would be a better man, and, with God’s help, he would never drink again; and he never did."

“Oh! but our pa will never do that, will he?”

“Well, perhaps not just like that, but mother says that Jesus will make him love Him, and when he loves Jesus then he will love us.”

Tears were running down the carpenter’s face, and he said to himself: “Their faith shall not be disappointed. God helping me, I will arise and do likewise.” And he crept from the room; and if you had looked into the kitchen a minute after you would have seen another picture like the one on the wall.

Johnnie and the Indian.

I like the Indians. “What!” you say, “the wicked Indians who kill so many people, and even women and little children?” Yes, I admit that the Indian is sometimes cruel, and when wronged thinks only of revenge. But you must remember that you only hear one side of
the story, for the Indian has no newspaper to tell of his wrongs. The white man has taken away the Indian’s land, driven him away from his home, and often treated him with great injustice.

Now, the worst of all is that the white man has taken among the Indians what they call “fire-water,” and we call rum. This the Indian cannot resist. It has ruined whole tribes, killed thousands, and made them more savage and brutal than they were by nature.

If you gain the friendship of an Indian he will be always true to you, and will lay down his life for your defence, if need be. If you wrong him and make him your enemy, he can think of nothing but revenge. You know how hard it is for you boys and girls to forgive an injury, and it seems impossible for an Indian, because he has not been taught the blessed teachings of Christ. He has no Bible, no Sunday-school. I know of one little boy who had his life saved by a good Indian named Aqurota. The little boy’s name was Johnnie White. It happened this way. Some Indians visited a new settlement out in the Northwest, and the white people sold them all the whiskey they wanted, taking as pay the furs and baskets which they had brought.

They drank it, and became noisy and quarrelsome, fought with the white men, and several were killed on both sides. They were driven out of the village, but the next night they returned with more of their tribe, carrying tomahawks and guns, when they killed several white people, burned their houses, and carried off little Johnnie White, a bright little fellow whom everybody loved. His mother was nearly crazy, and they all thought Johnnie would be killed.

Aqurota belonged to another tribe, who hated the tribe which had carried off Johnnie. He heard of Johnnie’s being stolen, and because he loved Johnnie resolved to save him.

He followed the trail until he came in sight of the camp, and there was the little fellow tied to a tree. The Indians had been drinking again, and some lay in drunken slumber. Aqurota crept up through the bushes behind the tree, and when night came cut the cords which bound him and carried him away. When the Indians missed him they were very angry, and started in pursuit, but Aqurota was too swift for them, and reached the village safely.

I am sure that whiskey has done more harm than the Indians, and yet we send out men to fight the Indians, and yet license whiskey-selling. Do you not think this wrong?
Charlie and the Looking-Glass.

"Oh! I can see two babies and two mammas," said Charlie, as he looked into the mirror before which mamma was dancing the baby.

"That is because you are looking into a glass. People often see double when they do that."

Now, Charlie’s mamma being President of the Woman’s Temperance Union, and a very zealous temperance worker, talking temperance at home and wherever she went, it is no wonder that Charlie so readily caught her meaning, and exclaimed, "Oh! I know—you mean a wine-glass; 'cause I heard Mr. Harris tell papa that once when he came home after taking too much wine he thought there were two doors to his house, and tried to sit down on the step where there wasn’t any, and tumbled through the cellar-window."

"Yes; I did refer to the glass of the bar-room," said mamma. "The looking-glass never deceives us. It always shows us just as we are; so if we look cross or untidy in the glass, it is not the mirror’s fault, but our own."

"Not always," said Charlie; "for at the Centennial, when I was walking through the Main Building with Aunt Mary, she walked up to a glass to fix her collar, and the nearer she went the broader and shorter she grew, until her head at last looked like an india-rubber foot-ball under the foot of an elephant. Her mouth went clear across the glass. Oh! she looked awfully funny. Then she got angry and went to another one, and that made it worse, for she grew tall and thin, until at last her head looked like a long watermelon set on end; and when she said ‘Oh!’ her mouth looked as if a thin slice had been cut out of the melon. It reached from the top to the bottom of the glass."

"You are right," said mamma. "That is because they were made convex and concave. You can look in the dictionary and find out what these words mean. Those glasses were made on purpose to deceive, and no one would ever think of using either as a mirror after once looking into them. But the wine-glass, when people look into it too much, will change the face of a person, make the nose red and the eyes watery, and pimples all over the face; it will make the clothes grow shabby and the person cross, and sometimes cruel and wicked. The mirror reflects whatever is before it, just as it does now. You
Charlie and the Looking-Glass.
see that 'baby' looks as pretty in the glass as in my arms. The other glass deceives. It makes men think they are rich when they have not money enough to buy a loaf of bread for their children; makes them think they are happy when they are most miserable; and their families in want and rags. Yes, the mirror reflects; but the other glass casts shadows dark and gloomy into the rich man's parlor and poor man's garret. You will never use the wine-glass, will you, Charlie?"

"No, mamma, never! for I see it is worse than the glass at the Centennial."

We Will Stand by the Flag.

An acting acrostic for twenty boys, who should each have a letter in the right hand. A sheet of cardboard, with a large capital letter plainly printed on, will answer the purpose. As each boy comes out and recites his line, he should hold up the card containing the letter with which his line commences. When all have recited, the motto of the piece can be plainly seen by the letters. At the close, let them recite or sing the verse given below, to the tune of Jeannette and Jeannot.

To add to the effect, a large flag should be prettily draped; or they can hold a small flag in the left hand, and wave it as they sing:

**W**hat though the hills be rough and high;
**E**xcelsior! shall be our cry.

**W**hat though the foe be firm and strong;
**I**f we are right, and he is wrong,
**L**et's nobly battle for the right;
**L**et's win, or never cease to fight!

**S**hould drinkers frown and proud men sneer,
**T**hen by our acts we'll show how dear
**A**nd **g**ood our cause, by living down
**N**eglect, abuse, and sneer and frown—
**D**efeat comes not, if we endure;

**B**ut victory by and by is sure;
**Y**es, though the foe be linked with sin,

**T**hough thousands serve and worship him,
**H**e yet shall fall and bite the dust;
**E**arth shall be pure, for God is just.

**F**ear not, then, ye who work and pray!
**L**ong coming, yet there comes a day,
**A** day when drunkenness shall cease,
**G**od glorified, and man at peace.

**A**ll **s**ing.

(Tune—Jeannette and Jeannot.)

A happy day is coming,
When King Bacchus shall resign
His throne to pure Queen Temperance,
And water conquer wine;
And the day will come the sooner
If you help the cause along,
And join our band, and not forget
The motto of our song.
How to get Warm.

"Why shiver and shake by the fire,  
Or why be afraid of the cold?  
Come out and get warm on the ice,  
Unless you're too young or too old.

"Do not let the anthracite tempt,  
And don't let the bottle entice;  
But if you'd be healthy and warm,  
Come out and get both on the ice."

Boy to Fly.

Keep away from the web, little fly,  
For behind it is hiding a spider.

Fly to Boy.

Keep away from that barrel, my boy,  
For a bigger one's hid in the cider.
The Snow-Storm.

"There, mamma, it is snowing just as hard as ever it can, and I know the girls won't come, for Fanny has a cold, and Mrs. Bell said the girls could come if it was fine. I don't see what it wants to snow on my birthday for, and just spoil my party."

"My little girl must not be selfish," said her kind mother, who was preparing cakes and delicacies. Kate was eight years old, and her mother had allowed her to ask four other little girls (sisters) to spend the afternoon with her: "No, my Katie must not be selfish, but remember that there are other girls and boys who are rejoicing at the sight of the beautiful snow, thinking of their sleds, snow-houses, and jingling bells soon to be heard. And my little girl must remember that our kind Father has sent the snow, and that if we only had snow when it would suit everybody, we should never have any, for some little girl's birthday would come every day in the year; and Katie must think of the flower-roots in the ground and the wheat in the field. The roots were getting cold and the wheat freezing, and God is spreading a white sheet over them to keep them warm."

"O mamma! I should never have thought of all that." And the cloud left Katie's face, and there was sunshine inside, though it stormed without.

"I know what I'll do," said Katie, as she clapped her hands in glee. "I know the girls won't come now, and, if you will let me, I will take some of all my nice things, and go and have a tea-party all alone with poor little Allie Wade. She has been sick a long time, and Mary Jones says they are real poor; and you know Allie used to sit with me in school, and was always so kind."

"Now I am proud of my little daughter," said Katie's mother. "I am glad that she thought of so pleasant a way of celebrating her birthday. I will muffle her up and let her go, for I know that my girl will be happy when trying to make others so." So about three o'clock Katie started with her basket. She carried the family umbrella to keep off the snow, and, with her white fur and warm red hood, looked very much like "Little Red Riding-hood" as she tripped along through the snow. On her return (just before dusk), she came dancing into the house with smiles rippling over her face like sunshine on the face of a trembling sheet of water; and when her mother asked her
The Snow-Storm.
how she had enjoyed herself, she replied: "Oh! splendid. Mrs. Wade propped Allie up in bed with pillows, and we put a tea-tray on the bed, and set out our things. Then Allie asked if the baby might come, and I said yes; so we set him on the bed, and he stopped crying; and didn't we laugh? We gave him a tart, and, instead of eating it edgeways, he pressed it flat against his face, and the jelly spread all over his cheeks, and Allie laughed till she cried; and the baby laughed, and we all laughed, except Mr. Wade. He just sat in the corner and never said a word. But when Allie picked out some of the nicest things, and asked her mamma to take them over to him, he said, 'No! no!! no!!! keep them for the children'; and, do you know? I believe he was crying. And he knows you, for he said that I had a good mother, and that you had been better to his sick child than he had; and he said he would remember the date of my birthday and be a better man. Wouldn't it be splendid if he never drank any more liquor? And the doctor came in while I was there, and he set me on his knee, and said that I was a better doctor than he was, and that I had cured his patient. And when I was coming away, Mrs. Wade kissed me, and said I had done Allie so much good; and dear Allie just put her arms around my neck, and pulled my head down, and kissed and kissed me, and just whispered, 'Thank you, Katie,' and I didn't know whether to laugh or cry; but I was very happy, and I am glad the girls did not come, and that it did snow, and that you let me go. And you are just the best mother in the world."

Mrs. Brown looked very happy as she pressed Katie to her breast and said: "I am so pleased to know that my dear little girl has enjoyed herself, and hope that she will always remember that the most certain way to secure happiness for ourselves is to try and make others happy."

**The Light-House.**

See how the waves dash up against the light-house, how the winds beat down upon it, and the thunder makes it tremble, and the lightening flashes all round it! Still the light-house stands firm and shines on, throwing its bright light over the dark water, saying to the strug-
gling ships, "Keep away from here, if you would save your life. I stand in the midst of dangers to warn others away."

The light-house hears no words of praise or thanks, for they who bless it are a great way off.

Now, every boy and girl can be a light-house. Let truth be the lamp and love the oil to keep it brightly burning. There are many rocks on which men and women and boys and girls are wrecked, just as there are rocks in the ocean on which ships are lost.

Disobedience to parents, Sabbath-breaking, the habit of drinking wine, beer, cider, and stronger drinks; the use of tobacco, profanity, etc.,—these are all rocks from which you should steer clear yourselves and warn others to keep away. Many a life has been wrecked for time and eternity by not being warned in season. A man once condemned to die for an awful crime he had committed wrote upon the wall of his cell the history of his ruin in these few words: "Disobedience to parents—bad company—strong drink—murder—the scaffold."

Now, if he had been warned off the first rock, most likely he would have escaped the others.

Never be ashamed to let your light shine. Perhaps thoughtless girls or wicked boys may laugh at your warning, and make fun and jeer at your advice. Never mind; keep on shining. The sneers of the reckless will no more hurt you than the waves do the strong light-house, and, like the waves, will recoil upon themselves.

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The Mistaken Smoker.

He smokes, and he reads, and he smokes;
He has smoke in his mouth and his eyes;
What he learns must be learned in a fog,
Yet he thinks himself happy and wise.
Rally for the Right.

Hark! it is the bugle's note,  
How the ringing echoes float!  
Sounding sharply the advance;  
Forward! or you'll lose your chance.  
Take your place in battle line;  
There's the foe, and now's your time.  
Dally not with doubt or fear,  
Charge and fight, or take the rear.

He has trampled on our rights,  
Beaten us in many fights.  
Every street is stained with gore—  
Every gateway, every door.  
Every graveyard has a mound,  
With a victim under ground.  
Every jail and prison-den  
Now is filled with wounded men.

Come from mountain and from valley,  
Come from street and come from alley,  
While the bugle sounds the rally—  
Rally for the right!

New Recruits.

Johnny Smith, and Billy Brown,  
And little Minnie May,  
With Susie Small, are going to join  
The Band of Hope to-day.  
Then work, boys, work, girls,  
In spite of sneer or frown,  
We'll soon have every boy and girl  
Who lives within the town.

Then work, boys, sing, girls,  
The traffic must go down  
When we have every boy and girl  
Who lives within the town.

We're children now, but we'll be men  
And women by and by;  
Then none will sell, because there'll not  
Be any one to buy.  
Then work, boys, help, girls,  
To bring the time along  
When none will drink, and none  
Will sell,  
But all will think it wrong.

And then, if we but keep our pledge,  
And stick to what we've said,  
'Twill not be very long before  
The traffic will be dead.
The Berry-Pickers.

"I believe I have another subscriber in my pail," cried Eddie Wild, as he climbed the bank.

"Good for you!" answered Belle Mayflower. "That makes six this morning, already."

The Youth's Temperance Banner was what they were talking about. It had been introduced at their Sunday-school by Belle; but the old folks thought they were "too poor," "couldn't raise the money," and had many other excuses. So Belle organized a berry-picking party out of the school. They were to pick berries after school each day and on Saturday; and as blackberries were then bringing twelve and a half cents, each quart represented a subscriber, if they could raise twelve dollars.

By Friday the children had raised six dollars; but Saturday was
wet and muddy, and Belle felt downhearted as she went to count over
the money again for about the twentieth time. Great was her aston-
ishment to find twelve instead of six dollars, and also the following
note from the teachers to the children:

"Please accept the enclosed six dollars from your parents and
teachers toward the amount you are trying to raise to procure the
paper for our Sabbath-school. By your energy and faith you have
taught your teachers a lesson, and we pray that you may ever be as
industrious and determined in all good works as you have proved
yourselves in this. Yours in love, etc."

Caw, Caw, Caw!

I am a poor old crow,
And I just want to know
Why you treat us with cruelty and scorn?
Why you shoot us with a gun,  
And seem to think it fun,
If we just take a grain or two of corn?  
Yet you'll make it into drink,  
Which does more harm, I think,  

Than all the crows that ever flew in air:  
For it blights where'er it flows,
Killing men instead of crows,  
Then why not eat, and let us have a share?

We must Act as Well as Think.

What's the use of writing, of speaking  
or inditing,  
And wasting printer's ink,  
Of penning lengthy leaders, of sending  
out your pleaders,  
If people will not think?

And what's the use of thinking until  
your eyes are blinking,  
Your brain with study racked?  
It will do no good (never did and never  
could),  
If people will not act.

There's weeping, and there's sighing,  
and many people dying  
Through alcoholic drink;  

And people say it's true, "but we don't  
know what to do,"  
And we have not time to think.

We know that Prohibition would save  
many from perdition—  
We speak it as a fact;  
And yet we see them die, or for help  
we hear them cry,  
Yet how many of us act?

Then hesitate no longer! The foe is  
growing stronger  
The longer we delay;  
But for God and man and right let us  
rally for the fight,  
Let us work as well as pray.

After the Battle.

We have fought a goodly battle;  
And, defeated in the fight,  
Are not dismayed, but proud to think  
We battled for the right.  
When selfishness and vice combined  
Our army to defy,  
We knew we could not conquer, yet  
Were not afraid to try.  
From sun to sun we fought the foe,  
Expecting not to win  
(With such a small though faithful band)  
Against the hosts of sin

Which stood defiant in our front,  
A hundred to a man,  
Yet trembled when our spotless flag  
Was carried to the van.  
And now the battle's over,  
And, though we bear a scar,  
One wound will not destroy the man,  
One battle end the war;  
No, though we fail a hundred times,  
Yet still again we'll try,  
And kiss the rod, yet trust in God,  
And hope for by and by.
What Whiskey Did for Me.

_TO BE RECITED IN CHARACTER._

Kind friends, I'm glad to meet you here;
I stand before you all,
A soldier who has served his time
With old King Alcohol;
I've stood by him through thick and thin,
Until they called me sot,
And when for him I sold my coat
This was the coat I got.

My boots were of the neatest fit,
As fine as boots could be;
For him I gave away my boots,
And then he booted me.

My eyes were of the deepest blue,
Nor lustre did they lack;
But now you see they both are red,
And one is also black!
My nose was never beautiful,
But still was not amiss;
Old Alcohol, he touched it up,
And what d'ye think of this?

He promised I should courage have
For all the ills of life;
The bravest thing he made me do
Was beat my little wife.
He promised he would give me wit,
And I should ne'er be sad,
Instead of which he took away
The little sense I had.

The health and wealth he promised me
He never, never gave;
But when he'd taken all I had
I found myself a slave.

So now I'll fight for him no more,
For woe is all his pay;
He's cheated me and lied to me:
I'll join the "Sons" to-day!

I fought for him, I bled for him,
As through the street I'd rave,
And when through him I lost my hat
This is the hat he gave.
A Strange Conversation.

While sitting in the office of the National Temperance Publication House the other afternoon, waiting for a friend who was purchasing books in the store, I was greatly astonished by the following conversation between the agent and his assistant. The former had a large pile of letters, just received from all parts of the country, and the lady was assorting tracts.

Agent. Did you send the Rev. T. Jones "Our National Curse"?
Assistant. No; he writes that it is not sufficiently strong. He wishes a thousand "Cholera Conductors," to distribute among his congregation. He also wants "Gin Toddy" for his Sabbath school, and says he does not think much of "Temperance in Sunday-Schools," but likes "Drunkenness and Christian Love" better.

Agent. Well, let him have what he wants, but send a "Word in Season" at the same time.

Assistant. I find we are out of "Sympathy for the Drunkard," and have more "Liquor Sins" than we ought to have.

Agent. Yes, and we must get rid of them as soon as possible, and also the "Effects of Alcohol upon the Human System." Here is a letter from Mrs. Smith, in which she complains that you have sent her the "Deacon and his Dog," instead of "Our Young Minister," and says also that she does not like "Our Stumbling Brother."

Assistant. She is certainly very particular; she wrote for "Somebody's Son," and I must have been careless in sending.

Agent. The Rev. B. Thomson writes, "I have read the 'Wife's Secret,' and, in consequence, have given one of my deacons the 'Fatal Draught,' and wish I had fifty more 'Ready to Perish.'" He also states that "His Personal Honor" was damaged in transit, and asks for some more.

Assistant. Well, we have none to spare in the office; I think the "Philosophy of Drinking" would suit him better.

Agent. Dr. Lurewell says that he believes the "Wine-Cup and the Gallows" will convert more sinners in a month than he can with a year's preaching; and as each of his congregation has "Natural and Reserved Rights," he hopes they will each get "Gled's Grip," which he thinks would do them good.
Assistant. I think if he would recommend "Temperance and the Bible" to his church, it would be in a better state.

Agent. I have written him and recommended a "Rum Fiend" for each pew; they would just suit his congregation.

Assistant. Miss Sweet says she wants the "Best Fellow in the World," and that she will let her sister have the "Temperance Doctor." I wrote her that she should have more "Self-Denial"; but she says she likes "Liberty and Love" better, and will take "Nobody's Advice."

Agent. The Hon. R. Harris says that an "Honest Doctor" has never been seen in that part of the country, and does not know anything about "Who Killed the Man." He also states that the expressman lost "Little Lizzie" on the road, and wants "William and Mary" instead.

Assistant. The Rev. P. Jenkins says he found a "Mocking Genius" in his pulpit and a "Blasted Tree" in each pew, and that his people liked them better than the "Ox Sermon" which he gave them the Sunday before.

Agent. The Rev. Fiddle, D.D., sends for one thousand "Freemen or Slaves," to put one in each cell of their penitentiary; he says, farther, "I have on hand a few 'Rescued Brands,' which I intend hanging up in the horse-cars to let people know that my church is not quite asleep."

Assistant. Did you send "Timothy a Teetotaler" to the poor-house?

Agent. Yes; and now we will send a "Shot at the Decanter," and close for the day.

Now, I knew my friend the agent to be one of the best temperance men in the world, and also one of the most energetic and successful of Sunday-school workers. I also knew the lady assistant to be a thorough-going Christian and true temperance girl, so you can imagine my relief when I found that they had not gone raving mad, but were simply filling orders for tracts, and that the quoted words were the names of those ordered, and that instead of wishing and sending all sorts of evil, they were helping to spread light and knowledge on the great question of temperance.

[If any of our readers wish to fully appreciate the above conversation, let them send 25 cents for a packet of the tracts, stating it is for those mentioned in this conversation —Ed.]
We, the children of The Banner;
Are two hundred thousand strong;
We are small, we know, in stature,
But we make a mighty throng.
As we march away to battle,
With our Banner in the van,
If not to certain victory,
To do the best we can.

Other soldiers on their banners
Place the eagle; we, the dove:
Their battles are in anger,
But ours shall be in love;
And we'll conquer, if the pure and good,
Throughout the nation wide,
Will help us plant our Banner
At every fireside.
What is a Year?

A very little space of time,
A mile upon a railroad line.
The mile-post 1879
We've past, and neither you nor I
Will see again; for on this track
We all go down, but none come back:
Though some go fast and some go slow,
We've tickets through, and all must go.
Some, sixty miles back took the train,
And still are on; yet some again
Came but a mile, some five, some ten;
And few the threescore mile and ten;
Some joined us every mile we've past,
And some got off: all must at last.

Answer to Hieroglyphic Rebus
No. 1, on Page 44.
I cannot understand;
If you can, will you tell

Why people go to bars for drink
Instead of to the well?
Why spend their dimes for that
Which steals the brain away,
When purer drink is at their door
And not a cent to pay?
Answer to No. 2, on Page 44.

What harm can there be in a glass of beer?
None, my friend, in one or two;
'Tis harmless, and you're safe, unless
The glass of beer should get in you.
Answer to No. 3, on Page 45.

No. 1. Be charitable (chair) a (table).
2. Be candid.
3. Be kind (K in D).
4. Be a teetotaler.
5. Be grateful.
6. Be honest.
7. Be wise.
8. Be content (c) on (tent).

Puzzle Picture.

Answer—Abstain.
National Temperance Society.

HON. WM. E. DODGE,  H. B. SPELMAN,  J. N. STEARNS,  
President,  Treasurer,  Cor. Sec. and Pub. Agent

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