

Who'll Kill King Alcohol?

"Who'll kill King Alcohol?"
"I," says Prohibition,
"I'm in just the position,
And if I'm backed by the Constitution,
I'll kill King Alcohol."

"Who'll see him die?"
Says every temperance man, "I!
And we won't leave a sigh;
We'll be glad to see him die."

"Who'll catch his blood?"
"There would be such a flood;
Let it flow into the mud,
For its not one far good;
So we won't catch his blood."

"Who'll make his shroud?"
List to the voices loud;
"All over the land
We'll take a hand
To help make the shroud."

"Who'll toll the bell?"
Oh! we won't toll a bell,
But we'll shout loud and clear,
So that every one can hear;
And 'twill ring through the del,
But we won't toll a bell."

"Who'll dig his grave?"
"I," says the drunkard,
"I've always been his slave;
I'll dig it long and deep,
May he be forever sleep!
I'll be glad to dig his grave."

"Who'll be the chief mourner?"
"He has made so many cry,
Now he's about to die
There's not one far or near
That could shed a tear,
Or weep o'er his bier;
So there won't be a mourner."

—Exchange.

A Good Samaritan.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

The lesson was over, but a few minutes yet remained before the bell rang. The boys had all recited well, and there had been an earnest talk between teacher and scholars—now they sat for a minute in thoughtful silence. It was the beautiful story of the Good Samaritan, bearing to us, as to the men of old, its plea for human fellowship and love; for those who seek to learn a deeper meaning—more than a story—teaching a fellowship which stretches beyond humanity.

Harry Lenox raised his head.
"Miss Eliot, how can I be like a good Samaritan, all the fellows I know have got somebody to take care of them already?"

Miss Eliot paused before replying.
"Dear, when you see your companions disobeying their parents, choosing evil associations, or using bad language, it is just as if they had fallen among thieves; only these things hurt the soul, and the thieves could only touch the body."

"I think I understand what you mean, Miss Eliot; you mean if I go away, and don't say anything, then I'm like the Levite, but if I try to get him away, and help him to be good, I'd be a little like a Samaritan anyway I guess, wouldn't I, Miss Eliot?"

And just then the bell rang, so their talk was over.

Harry did not forget—all that evening he was very serious. The man that went up to Jericho, dwelt in his mind very fixedly. Somehow he could not help connecting it with Percy Granham.

Percy sat next to him in school, and was in his arithmetic class; and very clever he was too, about those hard examples, in partial payments, they had been having lately.

Altogether, he was a particularly nice boy, not afraid of anything; and could make such wonderful things with a penknife.

Besides, he rode into school every day on a delightful brown horse, that was his very own, and he always let Harry and some other boys have a ride on it at recess.

And yet, Harry could not help thinking of times, alas! a good many times, when he had heard Percy speak profane words that actually sent a chill through him, and he had pretended not to hear, and take no notice, but had gone on playing just the same.

"I think I'll try to begin being a good Samaritan to-morrow."

"That was Harry's last thought before he went to sleep that night."

Just as he got to school, the bell rang, and so they had to go in. It was a disappointment, just as their own set arrived, to have that tyrannical old bell ring!

Percy was there, too, and joined Harry as they all trooped in.

As he slipped his arm in Harry's he muttered to himself an oath, to express his displeasure at going in.

Harry remembered his resolution of last night, and, pausing as they reached the door, said:

"Percy, old chap, won't you come up to Jones' with me at recess; I've got something important to talk to you about."

"All right," said Percy, "What's the racket?"

When recess came the two boys strolled off from the others, and arm in arm they walked along until they came to Jones' old, deserted mill.

"Percy, it's just this; it's about that swearing business, you know."

Harry grew embarrassed, but went bravely on, while Percy stood in silence.

"I say, old fellow, everytime you say things like that; it's just as if some body was to strike you and leave a mark on your body. Miss Eliot says, when boys do things they oughtn't to, their souls are hurt just as badly as the man who went up to Jericho, and fell among thieves."

Percy looked up in astonishment.
"Harry, what are you talking about? What have thieves and Jericho got to do with swearing? What thieves do you mean, anyway?"

Percy did not seem to resent Harry's reproach, rather he seemed interested in what he said.

So Harry's heart grew stronger, and he went on and told Percy, in his own boyish fashion, about the traveler, wounded, beaten, robbed, left bleeding by the way side, scorned and neglected, till the Good Samaritan came and ministered unto him.

Then how Miss Eliot had told them there might be wounded travelers even in these days, and each boy might be a good Samaritan or a haughty Levite, as he chose. How when boys start out to school and play, with nobody to watch over them, they are like the man who went up to Jericho; and bad habits and temptations are the thieves which beset their pathway.

And that prayer was the oil and wine to be poured upon a wounded soul.

"And I say, Percy, old chap, if we were to go 'inside the mill, nobody would see us, and we could kneel down and say a little prayer, and ask Christ to help us from falling among thieves. He was a boy once himself and I guess he'll know."

Percy had not spoken once, but he had listened with real attention, and when he met Harry's wistful glance, he nodded and followed him in. There in a corner of the empty, gloomy mill, the two boys knelt down, and after pausing a second, Harry whispered a little, earnest prayer. When he had done, Percy joined in the Amen.

After a little while, he followed Harry outside, and throwing his arm affectionately over his friend's shoulder, the two moved off in a sympathetic silence. Just before they reached the school building, again, Percy said:

"Harry, I reckon I'll try not to let those thieves get hold of me again. I mightn't have a good Samaritan to help me out next time.—Presbyterian Observer."

Juvenile Forgiveness.

A street boy was run over several weeks ago, by a heavy wagon in one of the large towns. He was in the gutter in the act of stooping, and did not see the approaching horses. Another boy, who had been taunting him ran away when the accident happened. The injured lad was taken to the nearest hospital, where he was found to be fatally hurt.

After he had been in the hospital a few days a small youth, as ragged and friendless as himself, called to ask about him and to leave an orange for his injured friend. The visitor was shy and embarrassed, and would answer no questions.

He soon came again with an apple to be used for the same purpose. After that almost every day he appeared at the hospital, bringing some small gift.

One day the nurse told the little visitor that his friend could not get well. The boy lingered in the receiving-room, and then with some hesitation asked if he could see John. He had been invited before, but had refused.

The little patient was lying on his cot very pale and weak. His eyes opened in dull surprise when he was told he had a visitor. Before he knew it two little arms were about his neck and a familiar, grimy face bent over him and sobbed.

"I say, Johnny, can yer forgive a feller? We was always fightin', an' I know I hurt yer, an' I'm sorry. Won't ye tell me, Johnny, that ye hain't got no grudge agin me?"

The boy reached up his thin arms and locked them about his little mate's neck and said, "Don't cry, Robbie. Don't feel bad. I was firin' a rock at yer when the waggon hit me. You forgive me? Yes, you forgive me—an' I'll forgive you, an' then we'll be square. The folks here have learned me a prayer. How does it go, aurse?"

"Forgive us our trespasses," said the white-robed nurse, softly.

The next morning Rob was a little late. The kind nurse met him with a grave face. Johnny, she said, had just died. She led the boy to the place where his little friend lay shrouded.

ed from sight. He looked at the dead face a moment, and turned away with streaming eyes.

"Didn't he say—nothin'—about me?"
"He spoke about you before he died and asked if you were here," replied the nurse.

"Are you sure he forgiv' me?" pleaded the trembling voice.
"I am quite sure."
"Then—may I—may I go to the funeral?"

"Indeed you may," said the nurse, tenderly. "Poor Johnny has not any friends."

He was the only mourner; his little heart the only one that ached, and his the only tears shed over the pauper sod. But Rob had exchanged forgiveness with his friend before he died and felt his conscience clear with his small world.

If such nobility of feeling can be found in the midst of ignorance and vice, what excuse can there be for us if we fail to exhibit it? His teaching, "Who spake as never man spake," is emphatic: "Forgive if ye have ought against any, that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses."—Anon.

Care in Trifles.

A druggist in one of our large cities said lately: "If I am prompt and careful in my business, I owe it to a lesson which I learned when I was an errand-boy in the house of which I am now master. I was sent one day to deliver a vial of medicine, just at noon, but being hungry stopped to eat my luncheon.

"The patient, for lack of the medicine sank rapidly, and for some days was thought to be dying."

"I felt myself his murderer. The agony of that long suspense made a man of me. I learned that for every one of our acts of carelessness or misdoing, however petty, some one pays in suffering. The law is the more terrible to me because it is not always the misdoer himself who suffers."

This law is usually ignored by young people. The act of carelessness or selfishness is so trifling, what harm can it do? No harm, apparently, to the actor, who goes happily on his way; but somebody pays.

A young girl, to make conversation, thoughtlessly repeats a bit of gossip which she forgets the next minute; but long afterwards the woman whom she has maligned finds her good name tainted by the poisonous whisper.

A lad, accustomed to take wine, persuades a chance comrade to drink with him, partly out of a good-humored wish to be hospitable, partly, it may be, out of contempt for "fanatical reformers."

He goes on his way, and never knows that his chance guest, having inherited the disease of alcoholism, continues to drink, and becomes a hopeless victim.

Our grandfathers expressed the truth in a way of their own:—

"For the lack of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the lack of the shoe the rider was lost,
For the lack of the rider the message was lost,
For the lack of the message the battle was lost."

—Youth's Companion.

What They Are.

A boy once said that dust is mud with the juice squeezed out.

A fan, we learn from another juvenile source, is "a thing to brush warm off with," a monkey, "a small boy with a tail," salt, "what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on;" ice, "water that staid out late in the cold and went to sleep."

A schoolboy, asked to define the word "sob," whimpered out, "When a feller don't mean to cry, and it bursts out itself."

A good definition of a "Pharisee" is "a tradesman who uses long prayers and short weight;" of a humbug, "one who agrees with everybody;" and of a tyrant, "the other version of somebody's hero."

Thin soup, according to an Irish mendicant, "is a quart of water boiled down to a pint to make it strong."

A walking stick may be described as "the old man's strength and the young man's weakness," and an umbrella as "a fair and foul weather friend, who has many ups and downs in the world."—Selected.

Household Hints.

Next time you boil a cabbage tie a piece of bread into a bag and drop it into the pot, it will absorb the odor.

LADY CAKE.—Beat one quarter pound of butter to a cream and add gradually one and one-half cups of granulated sugar. Mix and add slowly, beating all the while, one cup of lukewarm water, then measure two and one-half cups of sifted flour. Add

one-half of this to the batter; beat vigorously. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add half of this to the batter. Mix, stir in the remaining half of the flour, beat again. Add the juice and the grated yellow rind of one lemon, two tablespoonsful of baking powder and the remaining half of the whites of the eggs, bake in a moderately quick oven for three-quarters of an hour.

FLOATING ISLAND.—One quart of milk, half cup of sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful of corn starch. Put the milk on to boil in a farina boiler; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, put them, a few spoonfuls at a time, on top of the boiling milk; let cook one minute, and then remove them with a skimmer. Now beat the yolks of the eggs, sugar and corn starch together until light, then stir them into the boiling milk; stir until it thickens (about one minute). Take from the fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and stand aside to cool. When cold, pour into a glass dish, heap on the whites of the eggs, dot here and there with bits of currant jelly, dust with powdered sugar, and serve very cold. This will serve eight persons.

Knowing Boys.

Six things a boy ought to know:

1. That a quiet voice, courtesy, and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentle woman.
2. That rough blustering, and even polhardsness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.
3. That muscular strength is not health.
4. That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.
4. That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.
6. That the best capital for a boy is not money, but a love of work, simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.

NOBLE BOYS.—It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may speak and so live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble Christian boys; and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

A brand of whiskey has been advertised called "Horn of Plenty." A temperance writer says the name has been chosen wisely, for out of the thing named shall come plenty of poverty, plenty of pain, plenty of sorrow, plenty of shame, plenty of broken hearts, hopes doomed and sealed, plenty of graves in the potter's field.

IS YOUR RELIGION WISDOM? Does it charm and attract? Does it show itself in a pleasant face, a cheerful smile, gentle tones, courteous manners? Is it kindly and thoughtful for the comfort of others, willing to serve, slow to push personal claims, quick to sympathize and help? Or is it sour and grim and frowning, self-asserting and domineering, driving away more than it draws? Look into this matter, brother! Carefully consider this question, sister! See whether or not you are properly representing Christ, O Christian!

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