

ance furnishes plenty of ground for wily thoughts.

Here is a man who cast his vote for the liquor trade; he says:

“What do I care for the grocer’s gain,  
He makes some clear money, and all that’s plain;  
But I can control myself I know full well,  
So I’ll give my vote to the popular swell.  
And at midnight ’way down the track toward Sananton’,  
Is heard the cry of men and a woman’s moan;  
He cast his vote for liquor ’twas plain,  
And a drunken conductor had wrecked the train,  
And the voter’s wife was among the slain.”

Let us now glance into the midnight home of the drunkard. Methinks I can see the delicate form of a once beautiful woman, but the flush of health has departed from her cheeks. She is kneeling, lips compressed, eyes turned upward and hands together. Listen, she speaks; the words “God forbid” escape her lips. Imagine the rest.

But let us come nearer home. Take the boys of our school; enumerate the good ones. But I fear your enumeration will not reach the unit’s place. We could pick out boys that would do very well, were it not for a few bad qualities: They deceive, chew tobacco, drink, “pony,” flirt and swear just a little. But then, have I any right to point out the evil in others? Am I free from vices? No, I may have fifty to your one, so that bars me off from writing on intemperance.

What’s the trouble? My light is burning low, but I have plenty of time. I am now thinking of the new girl. On closing my eyes, I can seemingly see a path, across which lies a sign-board upon which is inscribed in gold letters, “Grace, Loveliness and Beauty Fade Beyond this Sign.” Farther down the path I see a maid of scarcely eighteen summers coming up the path at a cheerful gait. She has laughing blue eyes and