HE WATCHMAN AND SO

...ORALS AND PHILOSOPHY.

...C. BROWN, Editor.

REST.

MINNIE QUINN.

[The following fine little poem was contributed to the Rome (Ga.) Courier. The paper says the authoress is yet a school girl, "with several years of 'teens' to complete."]

Above the storm tossed billows flies
A bird with snowy breast—
A bird with sad and tender eyes—
And finds no land—no rest.
The raging main boils up in wrath,
The waves roll high and white:
The pale moon peers through parted clouds,
With weird and mystic light.

O bird, with sad and tender eyes,
O bird, with snowy breast,
A home-bound vessel onward flies,
'Tis seeking land and rest.
The angry foam gleams broad and white
Upon the billows' crest.
O ship, beware of storms to-night!
O bird there'll soon be rest.
The lightnings flash along the sky.
The surges boil and foam:
In vain the sailor strains his eye
To see the lights of home;
In vain upon the foremost mast
A weary land bird lights.
O ship you skim the deep so fast,
Alas, the stormy nights!

With snowy pinions spread once more
Above the billows' crest,
A fluttering land bird strives to soar
In search of home and rest.
The lightnings show a tossing main,
A ship with shattered mast,
That strives to breast the waves in vain
And sinks to rest at last.

At dawn upon the wave-washed shore
A lifeless land bird lies,
At rest upon the land once more
Beneath the sunlight skies.
O hearts that toil and strive in vain
Upon some faithless quest,
Remember after years of pain,
You shall find home and rest.

Atlanta, June, 1885.

It Will be Heard.

The New York *Retailer*, a liquor organ, tells the truth when it says: 'Everywhere and in every State the liquor question is pushed to the front. It has not been dragged in by politicians, but it forces itself in spite of politicians. It is prohibition in one place, taxation in another, Sunday suppression in another. Under the general head of temperance, this, now the foremost question, is breaking through party lines, overruling time-serving politicians, and demanding to be heard.'

Yes! The temperance question has come and come to stay. Politicians cannot comprehend what they consider the absurdity of constantly hammering on this subject. It interferes with their plans and purposes. Pity ridicule—and usually ridicule is one of the most effective of weapons—but still this question does not retire. They meet it with all sorts of absurd falsehoods and slanders, but it marches on as if it were deaf as an adder. They sneer at the fanactics while they deluge the philanthropic drunkard-makers with their sweet soft words, but it is all one to the temperance movement. On it moves. It is a moral question. Love to God and love to man are in it and behind it; defeat does not discourage, for it is God's work, and victory is sure at last.

The mere politician cannot understand this. He cannot conceive of ...sive in which love of ...werful motive, and ... where in this ...money for its ...er. It can... it is not ...ay live to ...ely for

A Terrible ...ignment.

Dr. Chalmers ... intemperance in the following words: "Before the throne of God I am ready to impeach the traffic. I impeach it for the misery it sows in the land. I impeach it for the poverty it creates. I impeach it for the disease it engenders. I impeach it for the ignorance it perpetuates. I impeach it for the profaneness it hardens. I impeach it for the blasphemy it emboldens. I impeach it for the Sabbaths it desecrates. I impeach it for the souls it destroys. I impeach it for the Christ it crucifies. I impeach it for the Hell it populates. I impeach it for the Heaven it depopulates. I impeach it for the God it dishonors. I impeach it for the Devil it delights and rewards. I impeach it for the ... it ... and ... it ... and ... it ... and