

but its creator. Not long ago a teacher was called from the school-room to be the leader in a great reform. Her life had been a quiet one up to that time, but when the Women's Crusade began its work Miss Frances E. Willard's heart was touched. She had been brought up in a temperance home and had been under temperance influences all her life.

Her early life was passed on a prairie farm in Wisconsin and hanging on the wall of their dining-room was a pledge signed by her father, and two pictures representing the difference between a temperance home, and one where intemperance prevailed. In one a motherly woman was preparing the table for the evening meal, while all around was bright and in order. In the other a poor drunkard was sitting on a dilapidated chair, raising a bottle to his lips, while his wife stood by the picture of misery. This gave her her first temperance lesson, and also fixed one other fact in her mind:—that woman is a central figure in the happiness that results from temperance, or the misery from intemperance.

When the Maine law was passed her father brought the good news home, and "when will our poor rum-cursed Wisconsin get a law like that?" to which her mother replied "when women vote." This did not seem to be the proper means to the end in his eyes.

So the question was asked "just tell me how you are going to arrange it so that women can vote?" The reply never forgotten by Miss Willard was "I can only answer you in the language of Paul to the jailer, 'you have put us in prison, we being Romans,' you must just come and take us out. How often illustrations are found to establish the fact that the mind of a child is "wax to receive and marble to retain."

At the beginning of the Crusade, Miss Willard held the position of Dean of the Womens' College at Evanstown, whither the family had moved in consideration of its splendid educational advantages here she received her education. Her brother was editing a paper in Chicago, and when others wrote slightly of the Women's work he wrote with respect. Her brother's showing of the Crusade had more to do with enlisting Miss Willard in it than any other influences.

The movement spread rapidly, and the women of Chicago presented a petition to the City Council asking for the closing of the saloons on the sabbath. The failure of this petition increased their zeal, and meetings were held daily, many hundred signing the pledge. Many were pressed into service at this time as speakers, and one day Miss

Willard found herself addressing a large noon-day prayer meeting in one of the churches in the city. She had spoken in public a few times before, having given an account of her visit to the pyramids and lectured on the higher education of women.

But her great work began that day. At first she used manuscript but her better judgment complied with a remark made by a clergyman that her address was like a school-girl's essay, led her to make the decision that it was "no more manuscript, or else no more public speaking." We who heard her speak on her recent visit to our city, know with what ease she can now speak, and how the thoughts seem to flow into her mind, and with what power she utters them.

She was led to resign her position in the college and during that summer visited New York, and many of the cities and towns, becoming acquainted with the leading temperance workers, and learning all that was possible of the movement. While in New York for the first time she had a glimpse of what she calls the "burnt district of humanity." Standing on the steps of a large warehouse on a sabbath afternoon in company with a well-known city clergyman, she looked over the vast audience. Her own words are the most fitting to use "seared and maimed, and scarred, and empty faced, and hungry souled, and hopeless, I can never describe what they seemed like to me, who had always been associated with the fortunate, the inspired, and the inspiring class of humanity. I think I got my baptism when I spoke to those people that day."

(To be continued.)

## Our Benediction.

"THE LORD WATCH 'TWEEN THEE AND ME"

In days of joyfulness,  
Enriched with God's benignant love  
Shed in each heart from Him above,  
May we its powers confess.

"THE LORD WATCH 'TWEEN THEE AND ME"

In life's most darksome day;  
Though all its pleasures fade and die  
Its brightest hopes low-buried lie  
To wither and decay.

"THE LORD WATCH 'TWEEN THEE AND ME"

When powers of death prevail;  
His love encompass and surround  
In Him be every moment found  
The strength that will not fail.

—Fennie Harvey.