

Family Reading.

Two Women.

I.
A woman stood by the storm-tossed ocean,
Watching the foam-capped billows play,
Like miniature mountains they seemed to wrestle,
Each claiming the Right of Way.
Long hours she stood though the rain beat around her,
The winds in maddest fury blew,
For somewhere out mid the angry breakers
There tossed a fisher-boat and crew.
"God in heaven," her white lips murmured,
"Thou who stilled of old the sea,
Bring my loved one safe to harbor,
Bring him safe again to me."
Still raged the storm—still rose the prayer—
All the dreary night-watch through;
But morning found the Storm King spent,
And peace o'er the waters blue.
A weary, sad-eyed watcher
Knelt on the glittering strand,
Beside the form of her loved one
That the waves had brought to land.
Again the white lips murmured—
And these were the words they spoke:
"The Lord doth give, the Lord doth take,
I bow beneath the stroke."

II.

A woman stood by a dram-shop window,
Watching the human stream flow in,
Crowding and jostling as if in a hurry
To plunge headlong in the tide of sin.
Long hours she stood though the rain beat round her,
The wind in maddening fury whistled;
For somewhere back of those stained glass portals
A soul to ruin was being hurled.
"God in heaven," her white lips murmured,
"Thou who died his soul to free,
Bring my loved one safe to harbor,
Bring him safe again to me."
Still raged the storm—still rose the prayer—
All the dreary night-watch through,
But morning found the Storm King spent,
And peace 'neath the heavens blue.
A weary, sad-eyed watcher
Knelt on the pavement bare
Beside the form of her loved one,
But her soul rose not in prayer;
But still the white lips murmured,
And these were the words they spoke:
"No drunkard can enter heaven,
My weary heart is broke."
—Valma Caldwell Melville.

A Little Maid's Sermon.

A little maid, in a pale blue hood,
In front of a large brick building stood.
As she passed along her quick eye spied
Some words on a little box inscribed,
'Twas a box that hung in the vestibule,
Outside the door of the Charity School.
"Remember the Poor!" were the words she spelled,
Then looked at the dime her small hands held,
For chocolate creams were fresh that day,
In the store just only across the way;
But gleams of victory shone o'er her face,
As she raised her eyes to "the money place."
But her aim was short and the box so high
That a gentleman heard who was passing by,
"Please, sir, will you lift me just so much!"
(For the tiny fingers could almost touch.)
The stranger stopped, and he quickly stooped
By the sweet faced child in the pale blue hood.
As he lifted her, she gently said:
"Would you mind it, sir, if you turned your head?"
For, you know, I do not want to be
Like a proud, stuck-up old Pharisee!"
He humoured the little maid, but a smile
Played over his face, as he stood there the while.
"Excuse me, child, but what did you say?"
The gentleman asked in a courteous way,
As he took in his the wee, white hand.
"I believe I didn't quite understand."
"Oh, sir, don't you know! Have you never read,"
Said the child amazed, "what our Saviour said?"

"We shouldn't give like those hypocrite men
Who stood in the market-places then,
And gave their alms just for folks to tell,
Because they loved to be praised so well;
But give for Christ's sake, from our little store,
What only he sees, and nobody more."
"Good bye, kind sir, this is my way home,
I'm sorry you'll have to walk alone."
The gentleman passed along, and thought
Of large sums given for fame it brought.
And he said, "I never again will be
In the market-place, a Pharisee.
She preached me a sermon true and good—
That dear little maid in the pale blue hood."

The Lips That Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine.

You may smile at my subject and think it quite strange,
But if you'll be patient I'll try to arrange
In prose or in rhyme, though not over nice,
A few simple thoughts as a piece of advice;
And if they're too pointed to suit all your views,
I hope you will listen and try to excuse,
For as you all know, "I'm a foe to the wine,
And the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

The tales of deep sorrow how often we've read,
Of a heart-broken woman awaiting the tread
Of him who promised to love and protect
When, a few months before, as his bride she was decked,
But who now has dampened all the joys of her life,
By that terrible blight, a poor drunkard's wife,
Which she would not have been had she said this in time:
"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

There are hundreds of mothers all over the land
Who are pleading to-day with penniless hand
For help to support the children they love,
Whose fathers have left them as beggars to rove.
Although it seems hard to censure or blame,
Yet 'twould have been better, to all 'tis quite plain,
Had they said this when young: "I'm a foe to the wine,
And the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

There's many a one who has worked long and well
This terrible fiend of intemperance to quell;
But what can they do when young ladies will wed
Drunkards, in spite of all that is said?
Then if you would aid in this calling divine,
Say, "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"
Oh, take this advice, young lady, from me,
No matter how wealthy a young man may be;
No matter how handsome, how gay or how nice;
No matter how grand be his station in life;
No matter how seldom a glass he may take—
If he takes it at all, for your happiness sake
Say, when you are wooed: "I'm a foe to the wine,
And the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"

You may say it's all nonsense, my heart is a stone;
And, if I act thus, I will spend life alone.
I care not for that—my mind is made up
To do what I can 'gainst the poisonous cup.
And, if I must wed a drunkard or none,
Of the two great evils I'll choose the less one.
Yes, I'll live an old maid to the end of my time,
Ere the "lips that touch liquor shall ever touch mine."
—Ida W. Ballenger, in *The Light*

Where the Money Goes.

"As I was walking out in the back yard," began Brother Gardner, "Minister Darius Green, the white man, came along and there was a powerful and look on his face as he leaned over the fence and said.

"Where the money goes."

"Missus Gardner, this sufferin' has got to come to a cease."

"Has yer got the shakes and chills?" I asked.
"Wuss dan dat, Missus. I zo workin' all do long week for ten shillin' a day and whar do money goes I can't tell. De ole woman wants new clothes, de chillin' wants dis an' dat, de rent runs behin' an' I zo gettin' desprit."

"Shoo!" now let's make some figgers on de fence, I tole him. "Now den, you chow terbacker!"

"Yes, I chow about ten cents' worth a day."

"Dat's seventy cents a week. An' you drink lager?"

"Well, of course, I drink a glass now and den—maybe fifteen glasses a week."

"Dat's seventy-five cents moah, sah. What d'ye do on Sundays?"

"Oh, go up to de beer garden."

"And you spend a dollar at least?"

"I guess so—maybe two of 'em."

"Say twelve shillins, an' dat makes two dollars an' ninety-five cents per week. I reckon you throw away at least five dollars every week, sah?"

"Frow it away!"

"Yes, sah. Dat money would pay your rent an' buy you flour."

"But a fellow must have some comfort."

"De same, sah. De , reatest comfort in de world am to see de rent paid up, de table loaded down an' de ole woman able to go to church. You frow away free dollars every week, sah, an' den you go roun' cussin' de times, de wedder an' de man who has saved his money."

"Gen'len, dat white man called me an' ole black fool an' dog stealer, but dat didn't alter de case a bit. He is frowin' away one-third of his weekly wages, an' den blowin' round dat's his gettin' desprit an' am ready to head a riot. Don't let me hear eny member o' dis club spinnin' dat yarn, 'cas if I does dar's gwine to be a committee of investigation, and dat committee won't whitewash wof a cent."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Crooked Tree.

Herbert and Bertha were two bright little folks, who, with their father and mother, lived in a beautiful home on the shore of Lake Ontario. The house, which was a large one, was surrounded by fine grounds, shaded by rows of maple-trees, that afforded a delightful playground for the children, who, like most little folks, dearly loved to be out of doors in the summer time. Herbert and Bertha were very observing children; and they had noticed that while most of the trees that grew upon the grounds were straight and graceful, there was one that was very crooked; and they had often asked their father why he did not have something done to straighten it, for they thought it looked very ugly.

One morning, just as they had finished breakfast, their father said to the workmen who took care of the grounds, "You may get a rope this morning, and we will try to straighten the crooked tree."

"Oh, papa! may we go and see it done?" asked Bertha.

"Yes; get your hats, and as soon as I have finished my writing, I will go with you," said her papa.
When Herbert and Bertha and their father reached the place where the men were at work, they found that the men had driven two strong stakes—one on each side of the tree—and with a stout rope attached to these were pushing and pulling with all their strength to straighten the tree. Although they tried very hard, and worked till the perspiration fell in drops from their faces, they were able to straighten the tree only the least bit; and at last one of the workmen said to Mr. Brown: "Indeed, it is no use to try any longer, the tree will not yield."

"No," said Mr. Brown, "the tree has been crooked so long that it can never be made straight, and we shall have to cut it down, and plant another in its place. If, when the tree was young and slender, we had tried to straighten it, we might easily have done so; but it has been allowed to grow crooked so long that it cannot now be changed." Then, turning to the children, he said, "This tree is like a great many people."

"Why papa! how can a person be like a tree?" asked Herbert.

"I know," said Bertha, "for I once saw a boy with a hump on his back, who looked almost as crooked as this tree."

"Oh!" said Herbert, "papa did not mean in that way, did you, papa?"

"No," said Mr. Brown, "I was not thinking of outward looks, but of their actions and habits."

"What are habits, papa?" asked Bertha, who, not being quite five years old, did not understand the meaning of all words.

"Habits," answered her papa, "are good or bad things that we do and keep on doing, until after a while we get so

we do them without thinking about them. The crooked tree is like a person who has formed bad habits; for when a person has got into the habit of doing anything wrong, it is almost as impossible for him to stop doing it as it is for us to straighten the crooked tree. Bad habits, too, are very apt to make people appear ugly, like the crooked tree. Herbert, can you tell of some bad habits that make people resemble the crooked tree?"

"I think you mean the use of liquors and tobacco," replied Herbert.

"Yes," said his father, "but cannot you think of some other bad habits which boys and girls often form when they are small, and which they find it hard work to break off when they grow older?"

"Is eating cake and candy one of them?" inquired Bertha, who was very fond of sweets, and was in the habit of spending all her pennies for such things.

"Yes, that is a bad habit, and, what may seem strange to you, it is a habit which is very apt to lead to other bad habits. Children who get in the habit of eating candy are very likely to forget that they ought not to eat anything except at meal-time, and to form the bad habit of eating between meals. They are also quite apt to get such a love for sweet things that they will eat too much of what they like, and so form the bad habit of gluttony. These habits are all very hard to break; and any one of them is apt to do a great deal of harm to the stomach, and make little children feel so nearly sick that they become cross and ill tempered, and wear frowns and pouts on their faces so often that they grow to look quite ugly."

If little boys and girls have formed these habits, they ought to correct them at once; because if they indulge in bad habits until they grow to be men and women, they will find that the habits, like the tree, have grown so strong that they cannot straighten them. The tree at first was just as straight and pretty as any of the others; but something bent it just a little; and every time the wind blew, it bent it a little more, until it became very crooked; but if we had tried to straighten it when it was small and first bent, we could have done so. It is just so with our bad habits; if we try to break them off when we are young, we will find we can do so far more easily than if we wait until we become older.—*Good Health*.

A Prison Incident.

Mrs. Emma Molloy relates the following incident in one of her speeches referring to the relation of intemperance to crime.
In a recent visit to the Leavenworth, Kan., prison, during my address on Sabbath morning, I observed a boy, not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, on the front seat intently eyeing me. The look he gave me was so full of earnest longing it spoke volumes to me. At the close of the service I asked the warden for an interview with him, which was readily granted. As he approached me his face grew deathly pale. As I grasped his hand he could not restrain the fast-falling tears. Choking with emotion he said:

"I have been in this prison two years, and you are the first person that has called for me, the first woman that has spoken to me."

"How is this, my child?" I asked.
"Have you no friends that love you? Where is your mother?"
The great brown eyes, swimming with tears, were slowly lifted to mine as he replied, "My friends are all in Texas. My mother is an invalid, and fearing that the knowledge of my terrible fall would kill her, I have kept my whereabouts a profound secret. For two years I have borne my awful home-sickness in silence for her sake," and he buried his face in his hands and heart-sick sobs burst from his trembling frame. It seemed to me I could see a panorama of the days and nights, the long weeks of home sick longing that had dragged their weary length out over two years.

So I ventured to ask, "How much longer have you to stay?"

"Three years," was the reply, as the fair young head dropped lower, and the frail little hand trembled with suppressed emotion.

"Five years at your age!" I exclaimed.

"How did this happen?"

"Well," he replied, "it's a long story, but I'll make it short. I started from home to try to do something for myself. Coming to Leavenworth, I found a cheap boarding-house, and one night accepted an invitation from one of the young men to go into a drinking saloon. For the first time in my life I drank a glass of liquor. It fired my brain. There was a confused remembrance of a quarrel. Somebody was stabbed. The bloody knife was found in my hand. I was indicted for assault with intent to kill. Five years for the thoughtless acceptance of a glass of liquor is surely illustrating the Scripture truth that 'the way of the transgressor is hard!'"

I was holding the cold, trembling hand that had crept into mine. He earnestly tightened his grasp and imploringly he said, "O Mrs. Molloy, I want to ask a favor of you."

At once I thought he was going to ask me to help obtain a pardon, and in an instant I measured the weight of public re-

proach that rests upon the victims of its legalized drink traffic. It is all right to legalize a man to craze the brains of our boys, but not by any means wise to ask that the state pardon its victims. Interpreting my thought, he said, "I am not going to ask you to get me a pardon, but I want you to write to my mother, and get a letter from her and send it to me. Don't for the world tell her where I am. Better not tell her anything about me. Just get a line from her, so I can look upon it. O! I am so homesick for my mother."

The head of the boy dropped into my lap with a wailing sob. I laid my hand upon his head. I thought of my own boy, and for a few moments was silent, and let the outburst of sorrow have vent.

Presently I said, "Murray, if I were your mother and the odor of a thousand prisons was upon you, still you would be my boy. Is it right to keep that mother in suspense? Do you suppose there has ever been a day or night that she has not prayed for her wandering boy? No, Murray, I will only consent to write to your mother on consideration that you will permit me to write the whole truth, just as one mother can write it to another."

After some argument, his consent was finally obtained, and a letter was hastily penned and sent on its way. A week or so elapsed, when the following letter was received from Texas:

"Dear Sister in Christ—Your letter was this day received, and I hasten to thank you for your words of tender sympathy and for tidings of my boy, the first word we have had in two years. When Murray left home, we thought it would not be for long. As the months have rolled on, the family have given him up for dead, but I felt sure God would give me back my boy. As I write from the couch of an invalid, my husband is in W— nursing another son, who is lying at the gates of death with typhoid fever. I could not wait his return to write to Murray. I wrote and told him, if I could, how quickly I would go and pillow his head upon my breast, just as I did when he was a little child. My poor dear boy—so generous, so kind and loving, what can he have done to deserve this punishment? You do not mention his crime, but say it was committed while under the influence of drink?"

"I did not know he even tasted liquor. We have raised six boys, and I have never known one of them to be under the influence of drink. Oh! is there no place in this nation that is safe when our boys have left the home fold? O God! my sorrow is greater than I can bear. I cannot go to him, but sister, I pray you talk to him, and comfort him, as you would have some mother talk to your boy were he in his place. Tell him that, when he is released, his place in the old home nest and in mother's heart is waiting for him."

Then followed loving mother words for Murray in addition to those written. As I wept bitter tears over the words so full of heartbreak, I asked myself the question, "How long will this nation continue this covenant with death and league with hell to rob us of our boys?"—*Inter Ocean*.

A Word With a Voter.

The State has appointed you a law-maker for your town on the liquor question. The responsibility is so grave that you may well, before voting, take time to consider the facts in the case.

Those who wish to sell intoxicating drinks, and those who wish to use them, favor license. The reason is plain. The air of "respectability" about a licensed saloon draws in men with money, so drunkard-making is an easy and a paying business. At the same time the tippler can indulge his appetite in good "society."

The town that accepts a license fee is a partner in the business licensed, and each tax-payer is a sharer in the profits of the rum-seller, and in his guilt for the crime, and misery, and ruin wrought by his traffic. The dealer in strong drink can afford to pay a license fee, and to reward his friends for carrying the town for license. But can you afford to take a share in his blood money?

Where there is no license, and dram-selling is punished as a crime, dram-drinking is disreputable. Respectable men will not follow the rum-seller to the den where he must hide from the officers of justice. The power of drink to lure young men to ruin is broken. Even the victims of appetite drink with a sense of shame. The experience of scores of towns in this State shows that under "no license" crime is decreased, public drunkenness almost abolished, and temperance promoted.

For these reasons the men who are honestly trying to conquer their own appetite for drink, and the mothers, wives and children of drunkards oppose license. So do all who seek to crush the demon intemperance. Would you be on the side of temperance, humanity, and God? Then vote **NO LICENSE!**—*National Temperance Society Tract*.

In the May number of "Woman" commences a series of remarkable articles, by Helen Campbell, on the wretched condition of the working classes of London. This series will be one of great interest, and will portray the misery of the poverty-stricken workers of Berlin, Paris and Rome. The illustrations, by Hugh Hutton and Edgar J. Taylor, are of the highest class of pictorial art. (Give Thorne Miller's name in this number for advance on representative of the Women's Clubs, the Bureau and Federation of New York being the subject of the first paper. Price \$2.75 a year. Woman Publishing Co., N. Y.)