

Selections.

THE IDEAL CITY.

What makes a city great and strong?
Not architecture's graceful strength,
Not factories' extended length,
But men who see the civic wrong,
And give their lives to make it right,
And turn its darkness into light.

What makes a city full of power?
Not wealth's display nor titled fame,
Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,
But women rich in virtue's dower,
Whose homes, though humble, still are
great,
Because of service to the State.

What makes a city men can love?
Not things that charm the outward
sense,
Not gross display of opulence,
But right, that wrong cannot remove,
And truth that faces civic fraud,
And smites it in the name of God.

This is a city that shall stand,
A Light upon a nation's hill;
A Voice that evil cannot still,
A source of blessing to the land;
Its strength, not brick, nor stone, nor
wood,
But Justice, Love, and Brotherhood.
—Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.

SINCE PAPA DOESN'T DRINK.

My papa's awful happy now, and
mamma's happy too,
Because my papa drinks no more the
way he used to do;
And everything's so jolly now—'taunt like
it used to be,
When papa never stayed at home with
poor mamma and me.

It made me feel so very bad to see my
mamma cry,
And though she'd smile I'd spy the tears
a-hiding in her eye,
But now she laughs just like we girls—it
sounds so strange, I think;
And sings such pretty little songs—since
papa doesn't drink.

My papa says that Christmas time will
pretty soon be here,
And maybe good old Santa Claus will
find our house this year;
I hope he'll bring some sweeties, and a
dolly that can wink,
He'll know where our home is, I'm sure
—since papa doesn't drink.
—League Journal

The Tale Teller.

HER LAST ERRAND.

BY MRS. ELLEN ROSS.

"What did the Master tell St. Peter
to do to show his love? Not to preach
a doctrine for Him, but just to mind the
little children for Him, to care for them.
And look at the little children to-day!
See the long line with their pictures and
jugs, and hear the tramp of their little
ragged feet as they stream out of the
public-house! Care for them with
tender hearts!"—Mrs. J. K. BARNEY.

I.

"Do you know where Mrs. Simpson
lives, my dear?" asked a respectably
dressed working woman of a thin, ragged
little mite of about four years old, who
had just come out of a dirty little house
in a dirty long street of one of our manu-
facturing towns. The child was on her
way to the brilliant public house at the
corner of the street, quite near to her
home; and hugging her empty quart jug
to her bony, uncovered arms she looked
up at her questioner with wordly-wise
eyes, and answered, "What d'you want wiv
her? Have ya got aughtin' for'er? She's
my muvver. We lives there," nodding
over her shoulder. She spoke hoarsely,
and her words finished with a little cough.

"And where are you going?" asked
the woman kindly; "you ought to have
somethin' on, it's so bitter cold, and
you've got a cold, too."

"Ain't got nothin' to put on," said the
child, indifferently, "and I'm goin' for
muvver's beer, and I shall ketch it if I
don't be quick. You go in there, and
you'll find her."

The little thing passed on in the fog of
the December afternoon, and pushed
open the swing door of the brilliant
public house, like one very used to it.
At the bar she put her little bare feet on
the step provided for the child mes-

sengers, her face just peering over the
marble counter, and asked in a business-
like way for a "a pint o' fourpenny."

She watched the spry barman keenly
as he drew her pint, to see that he was
going to give her the "long pull," nearly
a pint over. She put down her two-
pence with a satisfied air, and carefully
lifted the big jug, which was now a real
burden to her. With tiny cautious steps
she got it outside, and then sat down on
the step to have a drink. A tall lanky
girl of about ten rushed up to her crying
"Let's have a pull, too, Nance!"

"You shan't," screamed the little one,
hugging the jug to her bosom. "If you
touch me, I'll scream for the pleece, I
will!"

A man passing by warned the big girl
off, and bade Nancy be quick home. He
paused a moment to see her on her way,
but it was not a quick job that the child
had in hand, to get her load home with-
out spilling it, and her little blue fingers
were painfully numbed before she
reached the dreary shelter of home.

As she entered the squalid room she
found her questioner of a few minutes
before seated on one of their rickety
chairs, sobbing piteously. She glanced
at her inquiringly, and then putting the
jug in her mother's hands, she said,
"Some for me muvver, some for me!"

"I won't! you've been drinkin' it
already, I can smell ye," said the
mother angrily.

"Well, it wasn't yours; it was some
the man gev over, and I wants some o'
yours. Givme a drop, muvver?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried the visitor, horror-
stricken. "Surely, Jane, you wouldn't
let the little 'un touch drink! Come
here, my lamb, and sit on my lap. I'm
sure you're as cold as a little frog, and
there ain't much fire to warr ye."

The child did not move, but just looked
at her as at a curiosity.

"Oh, Jane!" cried the woman, still
with falling tears, "she's only a baby, and
yet she's like a little old woman! Oh,
it's so pitiful! However did things come
to this with ye? You and me as used to
be little gels together playing in our
country home, with our good father and
mother as took such care of us; and you
in a place like this now, with this poor
little thing, and that white baby that
looks as if it was dyin'; however did it
all come about? Oh, I'm sure it's all
along of the drink, Jane; I'm certin sure
it is! And what is this darlin' to come
to, brought up like this? Oh, I've had a
heavy heart for months a-tryin' to find
out where you was, but I think my
heart'll break now I've found you like
this! Oh, you must come away from all
this, back with me to the country, and
start a new life! And the dear little gel
must be brought up proper!"

Mrs. Simpson began to cry. She was
not sober, and she was longing for the
beer he child had brought, yet she could
not raise it to her lips in the presence of
her broken-hearted sister. She set the
jug down on the hearthstone amongst the
ashes, and began in a whining voice, "It
ain't my fault as we're like this. Tom
took to drink, and sometimes he earns
next to nothin', and we don't get food
enough. Then I must have a drop o'
somethin' to keep me up, and if I can
earn a honest shilling now and then I've
a right to have what I like."

"No, my dear lass; you've only a right
to do what's right. And it can't be right
for you, a mother, to be taking drink as
brings your home to such a plight as this;
and then to be sending that dear lamb,
bare-footed and half dressed as she is, to
the public. Oh, can anything be more
dreadful, more wicked than that? Come
here, darlin', come to me. I'm your
Auntie Susan. Haven't mother ever
told you 'bout Auntie Susan?"

The child now came slowly towards
her, the loving words having an attraction
for one who never heard them. Susan
Hepworth lifted her up and tried to draw
the thin scanty frock down over her cold
legs. "The child's fair chilled to the
bone," she said; "and see what a cold
she's got on her. Oh, Jane, if I'd got a
little 'un like this I should want to
cuddle her up night and day to keep her
warm and comfortable, and I'd spend my
last penny on her to get her warm things,
ay, and pretty ones, too. Oh, I've seen
poor children like this many a time, but
it never did come so close to me afore.
It's different like when it's your own
sister's child as is neglected and put
upon, and jest gev over to destruction,
as you may say."

She leaned over the little one, and her

tears fell on the tangled hair. When
she could control her voice again she
said, "Our blessed Lord calls them all
His little ones, and He says, 'Woe to
them that offend them and make them
to stumble!' And ain't you making
this dear lamb stumble, as He've gev
you to tend for Him, when she's learnt
from you to cry out for the drunkard's
drink? Oh, don't ever let it come in
her sight again. Give me that jug now,
and I'll give yer the price of the drink,
and let me pour the cur-ed stuff down
the drain. Now, Jane, give it to me,
and I'll set about getting you and the
dear child a nice tea."

There was such authority in the tender
voice that, after a little hesitation, the
miserable mother lifted the jug and
handed it to her sister. Mrs. Hepworth
put Nancy gently down, and opened a
back door to look for the sink. The
child followed her, and as she was about
to pour it away, stamped her little bare
feet, exclaiming, "You mustn't throw it
away, bad woman! Give me a drink!"

"No, no, lovie! It's bad, wicked
stuff, and it ought all to be thrown away.
Auntie'll get her somethin' good and
nice. Come and sit by mother, and
Auntie will run and buy lots of nice
things. Make up a good fire, Jane, your
house is as cold as a prison. Put the
kettle on, and I'll be back directly to get
tea ready."

II.

When Mrs. Hepworth left the wretched
home that night promising to come
again first thing in the morning, she left
a ray of hope behind her. The good
meal of which they had partaken to-
gether seemed to put new life into the
poor mother, who had not had such a one
for many a long day. She even felt
strong enough for the moment to promise
her sister that she would not touch
drink again that night; but shortly after
her departure the baby had a fit of con-
vulsive crying, and the old ghastly habit
again asserted itself. Notwithstanding
that Mrs. Hepworth had warned her
about Nancy's condition, that she was
hoarse and feverish, and evidently in for
a bad cold, the wretched mother turned
her out once more into the biting air to
the accursed house at the corner. It
was the little one's last errand. During
the night, while her parents were too be-
fuddled to realize the gravity of her con-
dition, she was battling with an attack of
croup, and while they slept heavily the
blessed Angel of Death came and bore
the neglected and ill-used lamb away to
the fold of the Good Shepherd.

When Mrs. Hepworth came in early
next morning and realized the piteous
state of things she was too overwhelmed
to speak. She went to the corner of the
room where little Nancy lay in her last
sweet sleep, and gazed through blinding
tears at the wasted form. At length in
a burst of grief she cried, "Bless the
Lord that her little race is run! Bless
the Lord that He has taken her to safety
and shelter, to comfort and love! Oh,
if He would but gather all such neglected
lamb into His bosom, sudden, all at
once! Poor dear children, whose
mothers love, drink better'n them! God
have mercy on them all, and take them
away from this cruel and wicked life to
His heavenly home!"

As she uttered these words in a hoarse
undertone of passion, her breath came
in gasps, and her arms were stretched
upward as if calling for righteous ven-
geance on behalf of the outraged child-
hood of our country.

A week or two later she had the satis-
faction of taking her sister, with husband
and baby, back from the sordid surround-
ings of town slum-life to the sane and
wholesome life of the country, where
they might have a better chance to begin
a new life, though, indeed, the tempta-
tions to drink are there, too, as elsewhere
in our benighted land, and the oppor-
tunities for child-oppression, and for
robbery of children's rights, flourish in
the sweet country places, too. The
little innocent victims of the drink
traffic go under, and make no sign.

"It is good when it happens, say the
children,

That we die before our time."

But will not the God of Justice and
Mercy, the Lover of little children, come
to reckon in judgment with this blind
nation, if it does not speedily rise up to
prevent their being led into temptation,
if it does not strive its utmost to deliver
them from the evil of the drink traffic?
—Alliance News.

BACK AGAIN THE FAMOUS "BLACK KNIGHT"



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A veritable outburst of true spirited,
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Succeeded without any apparent
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rours of laughter.—Toronto World.

The large assemblage was inspired,
amused, thrilled and caused to weep
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the truest wisdom, completely took
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quence.—Templar Watchword.