

amazement that Emily now cried in good earnest.

'O mother darling—it isn't a bit complimentary to us that you take it as such a wonder when we try to do things for you. It just shows what selfish, undutiful creatures we have been. You have always spent everything on us and done everything for us, and we have let you. But we are feeling a little differently of late, and have made up our minds that it is full time that mother should have a little chance.'

The Child's Blunder.

(By W. Dewitt Lukens, in 'The New Voice'.)

'O my child! My child! What shall I do? I am in such agony.' But the little girl did not seem to know of anything to do but to stand and cry. Then a thought came to her mind, 'Shall I go and tell them at the church?' Scarcely knowing what the child asked the mother replied: 'Yes, do anything.'

The woman had been an active Christian girl, always filling her church obligations, and the child's mind naturally turned in that direction when help was needed. Ignorant of the fact, she had married a man whose nerve cells were diseased with inherited alcoholism. Overwork in the endeavor to pay for their home had reduced his vitality. The effort to aid nature by the use of stimulants proved disastrous and he became a drunkard. He had returned to the house Sunday morning intoxicated and out of money. He took from the bureau a gold watch which his wife's father had given him and was leaving to trade it for drink. His wife protested and then endeavored to restrain him by taking hold of his arm. He struck her a heavy blow, and she fell upon the floor, he immediately leaving the house. In the excitement and suffering which followed, the above conversation took place between mother and child, which resulted in the latter running to tell the church. The mother did not realize where the child had gone.

The congregation were standing, singing the hymn before the sermon, when the child entered the building. The ushers had taken their seats, there seemed to be no one who was accessible and the child passed up the side aisle almost unnoticed. As she came to the front of the room the congregation had finished the hymn and were sitting down and the child finding herself in the aisle alone stepped into a front pew. The text of the sermon was, 'For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' In the introduction the minister said: 'The onward march of Christianity is the miracle of the ages. Its achievements are world around. What has our blessed religion not done?'—Please sir, said a weak trembling voice, 'mama wants the saloon shut up.'

There was a movement in the congregation in their attempt to see where the voice came from and the preacher colored in face as he continued: 'There is no power that can successfully resist our holy profession. The gates of hell cannot prevail against it. Atheists, infidels, agnostics, all, like the one who has so recently passed away, die and are forgotten, but Christianity advances with steady step to greater victories.'—Please, sir, papa is drinking at the saloon.'

At this second interruption the speaker paused and spoke to the child: 'My little one you must not speak out in church in that way. Neither is this a place to deal with personal matters. Now, sit still and listen.' Turning again to his sermon: 'I

will make my discourse this morning a series of questions and answers for the sake of emphasis. The first is, What has Christianity done for children? Jesus Christ has taken the children in his arms.'—Please sir, I am afraid of papa when he is drunk.' Both preacher and congregation were very much embarrassed, some of the women were weeping.

'My second question is, What has Christianity done for women? It has lifted her from—' Please sir, mama is a woman and she is hurt. Won't you close the saloon?'—'My child,' said the minister, 'we are sorry for you, but you must not disturb this Christian service. This is no place to speak of home conditions nor of the saloon. If you are not quiet you will spoil this entire service for us.' The minister finished this division of his sermon and proceeded to the next. 'My third question is, 'What has Christianity done for men? Notice the value placed upon human life—the life of the individual, however poor or obscure in this advanced and enlightened age. And mark closely'—'Please sir, papa is a man and mamma sent me to tell you he is in the saloon drinking.'

'And mark closely that this age is a direct and indirect product of Christianity.' The third point was finished in evident agitation. The next was entered upon, 'What has Christianity done for the home? Home is a Christian word. There were no homes before Christ. Home in its blessed relationship illustrates the Kingdom of God'—'Please, sir, mama is sick at our home. Won't you close the saloon.'

'My child,' said the minister, 'I cannot endure these interruptions any longer. Unless you keep quiet I will have to ask you to go out of the church.'

'My fifth question is, What has Christianity done for world at large? Any true history since Christ will answer that question. This enlightened age is a product of the teaching of Christ. A result of Christ in his world.'—'Please, sir, can't Christ close the saloon?'

Blushing, weeping, agitation, anger, prevailed over the entire audience. But none seemed to have the power to act further.

'My next question would be, if I am permitted to treat it without interruption. What has Christianity done for the church? You may say that the question is not relevant as Christianity and the church are one. It has made the modern church, and been its foundation and power since Pentecost. There would be no church but for the divine power of God in Christianity.'—'Please, sir, if God is in the church why don't it close the saloon for papa and mama?'

Upon this an official came and taking the child by the hand led her out of the building. She went down the steps with this injunction following her: 'Never come here again and disturb the service. You must not come and tell your home matters before everybody. Don't you know that the saloon is in politics and not a matter for us to have anything to do with? You must not do so again.'

'Mama is a member of this church and papa is drinking so that he is killing her and she wants the church to help her,' answered the child.

The minister within explained: 'None of you can be more regretful than myself for these interruptions this morning. Evidently some one who is riding a hobby has put the innocent child up to this. It was a strange and unfortunate co-incident that I should have taken a subject and so divided it as to present it in form of questions making it easy for the child to interrupt me.'

The child ran home, crying, as she had come, and finding her mother upon the bed, said: 'They would not listen to me but said I disturbed them and they sent me home.'

'Where have you been?' asked the mother. Then she also discovered the great blunder that had been made.

'Go next door and call a neighbor,' said the mother. 'No, wait, get me that ointment from the first shelf of the closet.'

The mother thought that her child could easily reach the bottle; but it was upon a higher shelf than she supposed. The chair upon which the little one climbed slipped and fell striking her head against the table, causing unconsciousness. While both lay helpless, the congregation at the church were closing their services with, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below.'

The Way to Prison.

As the heavy prison bolts turned on the minister, he looked sadly on the prisoners in their strange garments, and thought with more and more anxiety of his errand. He had come to see a young man of his congregation who had been convicted of forgery. The heart-broken parents had begged him to visit the prison, hoping the peace of the gospel might reach him even in his gloomy cell.

As the minister kindly greeted him, the youth scarcely replied, but gazed with a sort of defiance. He began giving the mother's tender message, with all the interest the church felt in his welfare. At last the prisoner broke out:

'Do you know what it was that did it?'

'What have I done?' replied the pastor, striving to understand his language.

'I began the business in your Sunday-school. Don't you remember the Sunday-school fair, when they first set up the raffling, and hid a gold ring in a loaf of cake? Just for twenty-five cents, too, I got a whole box of little books. I was pleased with my luck, and I went in afterward for chances. Sometimes I lost, sometimes I gained. Money I must have for lotteries. I was half mad with excitement; so I used other folks' names and here I am. Don't let the church come blubbering around me. They may thank themselves. Their raffling was what did it. It ruined me.'—American Paper.'

'Not Heavy'—Not Shortened.'

Not 'heavy' is the Ear

Thy prayers are seeking.
Why shouldst thou, seized with fear,
Forbear thy speaking?

As mothers' ears are keen,
Awake or sleeping—
So God, alert, unseen,
Safe watch is keeping.

Not 'shortened' is the Arm

To thee extended;
Then bid thy false alarm
Be quickly ended.
That stretched-out Arm is strong,
Almighty ever;
That stretched-out Arm is long,
And faileth never.

Not shortened is God's Arm,

Nor dull his hearing;
He bends with welcome warm,
And both hands bearing
The blessing thou dost crave
In richest measure.

Receive, till thou shalt have
Abounding treasure.

—Winifred A. Iverson, in 'The Christian.'