

Phoebe and Her Father.

(National Advocate.)

Phoebe Gray was a dear little girl only five years old. Her tender loving ways had many times kept her father from saloons and bad company. It seemed to him sometimes when her arm was about his neck, as if an angel were guarding him. He never spoke crossly to Phoebe even in his worst fits of drunkenness, and if he got into a rage as he sometimes did when his poor heart-broken wife tried to talk with him about his bad habits, his anger died out when his dear child, lifting her tearful eyes and frightened face, would say, 'O father, don't, please, talk so to mother.' When she was but a few months old he would often stay home evenings just for the pleasure of holding her in his arms, carrying her about or rocking her to sleep in the cradle. It was wonderful to see what power this tender little thing had over a strong man who had become a slave of a maddening vice. As Phoebe grew her influence over her father increased. She had so many winning ways.

She was so sweet and gentle and loving that her presence always softened him and made him wish that he was a better man; it was in the gentle sweetness of her character and her forgetfulness of self and love for her father that her power lay. She was always winning, never repulsing him, and if her face grew sorrowful sometimes, and her sweet blue eyes filled with tears at the sight of her father as he came staggering home the change did not make him angry; it half sobered him with the pain he felt at the grief of his little one. But his long indulgence in drinking had made his fiery thirst so strong that after a while even Phoebe's influence failed to keep him away from the saloon, and very sad and lonely were many of her evenings while he was away. One night a storm came up; the wind blew and the rain fell heavily. A neighboring clock struck nine, and as the sound died away the wind came down with a noise, rushing along the street, rattling the shutters and driving the rain upon the windows. 'Oh, dear,' said Phoebe, starting up from the floor where she had been lying with her head on an old piece of carpet, 'I wish father was home,' and then she sat and listened to the dreary wind and rain. 'He'll get so wet, and the wind will blow him about.' The poor child knew how weak he was after he had been drinking, and she felt sure he would never be able to stand up against the fierce wind that was blowing. 'Oh, dear, mother,' she cried, starting up and going toward the window, 'He'll get drowned, he will. I must go for him.' 'You go for him!' Mrs. Gray might well look astonished. 'Somebody must go for him, he'll be drowned,' said Phoebe, in distress.

'Oh, no, dear, there's no danger of that,' answered Mrs. Gray, trying to pacify her child. 'Don't be afraid. He'll not go into the street while it rains so hard.' 'Are you sure of it, mother,' asked Phoebe. 'Yes, very sure.' But Phoebe's heart was not at rest. 'I'll just look out and see if he is coming,' she said, after a little while, and then she went to the door, as she had so often done before, night after night, to watch for her father's return. 'I'll look out just for a little minute,' answered Phoebe, lifting the latch. As she did so a gust of wind and rain swept into her face and almost blinded her. 'Oh, how it rains,' she cried, shutting the door quickly. But she held it close for a moment or two. The thought of her father out in such a storm

made her open it again, and this time she bravely faced the wind and rain and looked along the pavement as far as the next corner, where a street lamp threw down its circle of light. 'Oh, there he is,' she cried, and then shutting the door behind her, ran toward the gaslamp, against which she thought she saw a man standing. But it was only the shadow of the lamp that she had seen, and her heart sank in painful disappointment. Down upon her bare head and thin clothes the heavy rain fell, and the wind blew against her so hard that she could scarcely keep her feet.

If Phoebe had thought only of herself she would have run back home. But love for her father made her forget self. She stood close to the lamp post on the corner and looked up and down the two streets that crossed each other, hoping to catch sight of her father. But no one was to be seen; far down one of the streets a red light shone from a saloon window.

'Maybe he's there,' she said to herself, and off she ran toward the light as fast as she could go. Sometimes the wind and rain dashed so hard in her face that she had to stop to get her breath, but she kept on, and at last reaching the saloon door, pushed it open and went in. A sight to startle the crowd of noisy, half intoxicated men was that vision of a little child, only five years old, drenched with the rain that was pouring in streams from her garments, coming in so suddenly upon them. There was no weakness nor fear in her face, but a searching, anxious look that ran eagerly through the group of men. 'Oh, father,' leaped from her lips as one of the company started forward, and catching her in his arms, hugged her wildly to his bosom and ran with her out into the street.

If Mr. Gray's mind was confused and his body weak from drink when Phoebe came in, his mind was clear and his body strong in an instant, and when he bore her forth in his arms, strange to say, he was a sober man.

'My poor baby,' he sobbed, as a few moments afterwards he laid her in her mother's arms, and kissing her passionately, burst into tears. 'My poor baby, it's the last time.' And it was the last time. Phoebe's love had conquered. What persuasion, conscience, suffering, shame, could not do, the love of a little child had thus wrought. Oh, love is very strong. Startled and touched by her sudden appearance and disappearance in the arms of her father, the little company of men who had been drinking in the barroom went out, one after another and sought their homes.

Said one of them as he came in fully an hour earlier than he was in the habit of doing, and met the surprised look of his wife, who sat wearily sewing when she should have been at rest; sewing because she must earn to make up for what he spent for drink. 'Jane, I saw a sight just now that I hope I shall never see again.' 'What was it?' asked the tired woman. 'A little thing not as old as our Jenny, all drenched with rain—just think what a night it is—looking for her father in a saloon. It made the tears come into my eyes when her poor drunken father caught her up in his arms, and ran out with her held tightly to his bosom. I think it must have sobered him instantly; and one thing is settled; our Jennie shall never search for her father in a saloon any night, fair or foul. I'll stop now while I have a little strength left.'

And he kept his word. Another of the men present when little Phoebe appeared was so affected by the scene that he, too,

stepped out of the dangerous path which his feet were treading, and by God's grace which he prayed for walked henceforth in the safer ways of sobriety.

Pity and Pray.

No house, no home,
Scarce a boot or shoe;
What will these poor
Little children do?

Nothing to eat,
And but rags to wear;
No mother's love,
And no father's care.

The pouring rain,
And the pelting sleet,
Upon these poor
Little children beat.

With shaking limbs
They patter along,
With never a word,
Nor a gladsome song.

Wearied they rest
In the snow so cold;
Or 'neath a hedge
When the winds are bold.

No home have they
But the roofless street;
No fire to warm
Their shivering feet.

My children dear
With nice books and toys,
Your happy homes,
And your many joys,
Pity and pray
For these girls and boys.

—By Pauline, in 'Buds of Promise.'

How Lady Hope Signed the Pledge.

Speaking at a recent meeting, Lady Hope said: 'I was made a total abstainer by a doctor, but he did it in rather an extraordinary fashion, by advising me the reverse of total abstinence. To relieve my headaches from overwork, he recommended me sherry at luncheon and brandy in the evening at dinner. Hearing from my mother that I was taking only a teaspoonful, he got very angry, and said to me, "You ought to take it and pour it out freely and drink it down." When he said "Pour it out freely," there rose before my eyes a vista of the future, if every time I was fagged I was to "pour it out freely." I also recollected that all round my district the poor women used to tell me "the doctor ordered it," and so I just looked him straight in the face and said, "From this hour, God helping me, I will never touch it again." He was very angry, and said, "Is it possible that you mean to defy my prescription?" Then I went out of the room, and later on my mother said to me, "How could you speak so unkindly to our faithful friend, the doctor?" "Because," I said, "he gave me such an alarm." I will tell you now how I got my reward. That night I went down to my coffee-room. The first person I saw was a man who had been missing for a week. "Where have you been?" I said. "You need not ask me," he replied. "One or two people asked me to come here, but a hundred asked me to go opposite." I said, "My friend, do give it up." "What!" he said, "you ask me to give up my beer, and you take your wine every day?" "I do not take wine," I replied. "Are you a total abstainer, then?" he said. "Yes," I replied. He then called to a friend, and said, "Bill, she has become a total abstainer. Why, the