



### A True Heroine.

#### A FACT.

She was no lady of high degree,  
No pride of birth, and no wealth had she,  
Yet I count her a heroine quite.  
I doubt if, a mile from her mother's door,  
Even her name had been heard before,  
For she was but a little mite.

The tiniest mite, only four years old,  
Just a plaything to plague, to pet, to scold,  
But a heroine all the same.  
I'll tell you her story as told to me,  
And then I am sure you will all agree  
How well she deserves the name.

She was left alone in the house one day,  
And, alas! by accident or in play,  
Her frock was set alight;  
Her tender limbs were all burnt and charred,  
Her childish beauty was, oh! so marred,  
It was a piteous sight.

They knew she was dying; they tried in vain  
All kinds of things, just to ease the pain;  
'Give her brandy,' they whispered low.  
The little child heard them; she shook her  
head,  
Smiled up in her mother's face, and said,  
'A Band o' Hope child, you know.'

'Oh, take it darling!' once more they cry,  
'It will do you good if you only try,  
And perhaps the pain may go.'  
But again came the shake of the curly head,  
And again she smiled and more faintly said,  
'A Band o' Hope child, you know.'

And almost as soon as the words were said,  
That brave little spirit gently fled;  
And the angels who tended it smiled,  
For far up in heaven rang sweet and clear,  
The words that were faltered so quaintly here  
By the lips of the dying child.

That is all her story—'tis quickly told,  
But you'll grant that this baby of four years  
old

Was a heroine, I hope?  
For no soldier e'er fell in the fiercest fight  
More true to his colors than did this mite,  
As she lisped of her 'Band o' Hope.'

'I daresay she didn't know what she meant,  
And wouldn't the time have been better spent,  
I hear some cynic inquire,  
'If, in place of filling the little head  
With Band of Hope stories, you'd taught her,  
instead,  
The danger of playing with fire?'

Ah well, we know not, we are so blind,  
But perhaps there was more in that childish  
mind  
Than you or I can say;  
For truths that are hid from the old and wise,  
When looked at by innocent baby eyes,  
Shine out as clear as day.

Who knows but the child, as she turned away  
From what they would give her, saw, plain  
as day,  
A fire that made her shrink?  
A fire that meets us on every hand,  
That is blazing and burning all over our land,  
The terrible fire of drink!

What other flames have done half the wrong?  
What other fire, however strong,  
Has burnt at the awful cost  
Of ruined homes that were once so fair,  
Of hearts all broken in wild despair,  
Of souls degraded and lost?

Of hopes all shattered, of mis-spent years,  
Of women's sighs and of children's tears,  
Of sin and misery black;  
Of hoary heads all bowed with shame,  
Of horrors we cannot, nay, dare not name?  
Drink leaves all these on its track.

Oh, say, shall this little one speak in vain?  
Shall her words not nerve us to strive and  
strain

To break even one more link  
In the chain that binds us on every hand,  
To destroy that curse that degrades our land,  
That terrible curse of drink?  
—'Alliance News.'

### The Liquor Law of Finland.

In his book, 'All the Russians,' Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., is filled with admiration for Finland and the Finns. It is a little country full of wood and water (he says), having two hundred and fifty rivers flowing into the Baltic. Rock, and pine forest, river and lake, with here and there a little patch of cultivated land around a cluster of wooden buildings—that is Finland outside its towns. But it is the home of a hard-working, thrifty, and prosperous peasantry, whose houses are neat and tidy, fences in good order, gates sound and closed. Their homes and villages are in marked contrast to those of the Russian peasant, who is, as a rule, dirty, drunken and untidy. In the towns of Finland, neatness, self-respect, and prosperity are even more marked than in the country districts. As for the capital—Helsingfors—it has grown in forty years from being a town of 20,000 inhabitants to one of 85,000. And Mr. Norman saw in it no slums, no rookeries, no tumbledown dwellings of the poor, no criminal quarter, no dirt. Instead, he found order, cleanliness, convenience, and all the externals of modern civilization.

Then he refers to the extraordinary reports from such a sparsely populated and barren land and of the sums of money the Finns have in the savings banks. All this has been accomplished in spite of one of the worst climates where people live at all, and where the people seem to have nothing but wood and water. And to what does Mr. Norman trace this extraordinary prosperity? 'Sobriety rules in the country because the sale of intoxicants is absolutely forbidden. Almost the only thing you may not take freely in your baggage into Finland is spirituous liquors.' 'To one wise law the Finn doubtless largely owes his freedom from a vice which cold and poverty and loneliness and opportunity have developed to a terrible degree among his great neighbors to the east; the sale of alcohol, in any shape or form, is absolutely prohibited in Finland outside the towns. A Finnish country man can only obtain intoxicating liquor by going to a town and bringing it back with him, and towns are few and distant. And if he wishes to celebrate some domestic festival, he must have a police permit before he can entertain his neighbors with drink. Except for this law, the savings banks would tell a sorrier tale.—The 'National Advocate.'

### Aunt Jessie's Dark Picture.

#### A TRUE STORY.

While staying with Uncle Peter in Edinburgh, my brother William and I visited the principal places of interest. The Royal Scottish Academy formed a special attraction, and we saw much that surprised and delighted us. During the evening we had a lively discussion with uncle and cousin Bernard, concerning the work of the most distinguished artists. Aunt Jessie took little or no part in the conversation; but at length surprised us by remarking 'I have a most uncommon picture—I'm certain you'll see nothing like it in any picture gallery.' 'Indeed! may I ask what the picture is like,—landscape, portrait, or a sea piece?' queried William. 'Oh, it is too difficult to describe; but, if you come with me, you can see it, and judge for yourselves,' replied Aunt Jessie, rising. Our curiosity was thoroughly aroused as we entered her private sitting-room. 'There now,' she exclaimed, on closing the door, 'try and find out my special picture.'

We eagerly and carefully scanned the various paintings that adorned this sanctum of exquisite taste and neatness; and at last, observed a very dark looking picture in a frame of ebony and gold. 'Whose portrait is that?' we involuntarily exclaimed; 'it is surely the likeness of some negro; and yet, I never saw a face with such an expression,' said William critically. 'No; I'm sure you haven't,' rejoined

Aunt Jessie. 'The picture represents no ordinary countenance! Turn in what direction you please, the eyes are fixed upon you with that bland expression which seems to say, 'I'm not so bad as I look.'

When we had gazed long and earnestly at the strange looking visage, Aunt Jessie said, 'Sit down beside me on this cozy lounge, and I will tell you the history of that picture.'

'The artist who painted it was exceptionally clever, and his work commanded exorbitant prices. He moved in the highest circles of society; but, unfortunately, became too fond of the wines and choice liquors so frequently offered to him by those whom he called friends. His downfall was gradual but sure, and at length, an honorable name, and a bright career, were sacrificed to that subtle, hideous idol,—'Strong Drink!' One night while suffering from the tortures of delirium tremens, this poor artist imagined he saw the Evil one. Wishing to keep on friendly terms with such a cruel foe, he told him he would give him a gill of the best whiskey if he would allow him to paint his portrait. His Satanic Majesty was evidently pleased at the compliment genius paid to him; for the artist immediately selected card board, paint, brushes, and palette in hand sat down before his easel, and produced the picture you now see.'

'It is quite unlike the proverbial "blue devils" which people in the artist's condition usually see,' I remarked. 'A friend of ours who is a doctor, once told me that, in the hospital where he was, when they had patients suffering from that disease, he sometimes asked them to sketch a likeness of the horrid creatures their imagination painted. Those willing to comply with his request, received what materials they asked for; and invariably represented old nick and his imps as most grotesque figures striped in an ingenious manner with red and yellow, blue and pink.'

'Yes; I believe so; but I think this a most remarkable picture,' replied Aunt Jessie. 'The longer you study it, the more depth of character you discover. No one save a man of talent, could have produced from a dark, hazy background, a still darker face, the lofty forehead surmounted by black curly hair. Despite the heavy jaws, and grinning mouth, in which the full complement of teeth is visible, his visage wears a look of sublime satisfaction.'

'This is what surprises me,' observed William. 'Had I attempted such a subject I would have given him an expression combining ugliness, cruelty, treachery and cowardice; although I agree with the artist regarding his complexion. It is, as it ought to be—Black!'

'Many people who have seen this strange picture, have expressed the same ideas as you; yet I think the poor artist was quite right in painting our spiritual enemy like that,' answered Aunt Jessie.

'There would be less sin in the world today, if Satan always appeared to people as he really is. He only assumes his true character of "a serpent," and "a roaring lion," to those who strive to resent him. We shudder at the thought of anyone becoming a thief, a drunkard, or a murderer; and yet, Satan represents sin to be so pleasant, that those who listen to his beguiling voice, see no harm in carrying out his evil suggestions, and thus are ruined ere they are aware. If we would be safe from Satan's snares, we must give ourselves into the Saviour's keeping; and wear the Christian armor St. Paul speaks about in Eph. vi., 13.'

'Why, Aunt Jessie, you have preached a capital little temperance sermon,' exclaimed William, brightly. 'I assure you, neither of us will forget the sad story of your dark picture, nor the warning it proclaims.'—'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'—M. I. J., in the 'Temperance Record.'

### Alcohol is a Brain Poison.

Science has established that alcohol destroys first and most those parts which are most delicate and most recently developed. These are those wonderfully delicate brain cells upon whose proper formation the difference between men and beasts chiefly depends.

Whoever gives wine and beer to a child injures these delicate structures in their formation, and thoughtlessness, flightiness, passion, coarse sensuality, and all base characteristics attain domination.—Franz Schonenberger, M.D.