

self with the thought that what was worth having was worth waiting for.

When he did return to school in the fall, it was with renewed strength, a higher aim in life and a feeling of self-reliance that was well worth the little time lost at his studies, while little Grace rejoiced in a new red dress.—The Presbyterian.

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### WHAT WHISKY DID TO A HOME.

**I** was sitting at my breakfast table one Sunday morning when I was called to my door by the ringing of the bell. There stood a boy about fourteen years of age, poorly clad, but tidied up as best he could.

He was leaning on crutches; one leg off at the knee. In a voice trembling with emotion, and tears coursing down his cheeks, he said :

"Mr. Hoagland, I am Freddy Brown. I have come to see if you will go to the jail to talk and pray with my father. He is to be hung tomorrow for the murder of my mother. My father was a good man, but whisky did it. I have three little sisters younger than myself; we are very, very poor and have no friends. We live in a dark and dingy room. I do the best I can to support my sisters by selling papers, blacking boots and odd jobs, but, Mr. Hoagland, we are awfully poor. Will you come and be with us when father's body is brought home? The Governor says we may have his body after he is hung."

I was deeply moved to pity. I promised, and made haste to the jail, where I found his father.

He acknowledged that he must have murdered his wife, for the circumstances pointed that way, but he had not the slightest remembrance of the deed. He said he was crazed with drink or he never would have committed the crime. He said: "My wife was a good woman, and faithful mother to my little children. Never did I dream that my hand could be guilty of such a crime." The man could face the penalty of the law bravely for his deed, but he broke down and cried as if his heart would brake when he thought of leaving his children in a destitute and friendless condition. I read and prayed with him, and left him to his fate.

The next morning I made my way to the miserable quarters of the children.

I found three little girls upon a bed of straw in one corner of the room. They were clad in rags. They were beautiful girls, had they had proper care.

They were expecting the body of their dead father, and between their cries and sobs they would say, "Papa was good, but whisky did it."

In a little time two strong officers came, bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine box.

They set it down on two old rickety stools. The cries of the children were so heart-rending that they could not endure it, and made haste out of the room, leaving me alone with this terrible scene.

In a moment the manly boy nerved himself and said: "Come, sisters, kiss papa's face before it is cold." They gathered about his face and smoothed it down with kisses, and between their sobs cried out: "Papa was good, but whisky did it."

Strong drink has caused many tragedies as terrible; keep a long way from it; do not touch it, for its bite is worse than a serpent. The man who murdered his wife was once as innocent and good as you. Alcohol made him what he was, and no child can say that he will not be a drunkard unless he resolves with God's help never to touch what ruins so many lives.—Bombay Guardian.

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### AN IDEAL BROTHER.

**G**UY is coming, mother," said little Walter, running up the steps; "I can see him on the car; can I go and meet him?"

"Bless the dear boy! Yes," cried the mother, her face beaming.

"Is brother Guy coming?" cried Lillian, running to the door.

The visitor immediately decided that Guy must be a paragon of a brother. Every one was eager to see him.

At this moment a fine-looking young man came up the walk with his arm around the little brother, Walter.

"Did you think I had forgotten you, mother?" he said, and hat in hand, he leaned over and kissed her tenderly.

"And here is little sister. You must be well, dear, for your roses are so bright," he said.

While Guy remained everyone of the family circle exerted themselves to be entertaining. It was easy to see how everyone loved him. It was quite easy to see why. He was as chivalrous to his mother and sisters as he would have been to his sweetheart; he listened to the little ones and told stories for their special amusement. They are always an agreeable family, but his coming was like a burst of sunshine even to them. His work was such that he could not be with them often, but how they treasured his visits when he did come!

I wonder how many brothers could be so ill spared from the family circle? Surely only those who, like Guy, love their relatives enough to be agreeable to them.—Christian Standard.