

in the time of Claudius, 41. The Dutch landed in Ceylon in 1602; they captured the capital, Colombo, in 1603. Intercourse with the British began in 1713. A large portion of the country was taken by them in 1782, but was restored in 1783. The Dutch settlements were seized by the British, 1795. Ceylon was ceded to the British by the peace of Amiens in 1802. The British troops were treacherously massacred or imprisoned by the Adigar of Candy, at Colombo, June 29, 1803. The complete sovereignty of the island was assumed by England in 1815.

#### Pennies a Week and a Prayer.

Two cents a week and a prayer,  
A tiny gift may be,  
But it helps to do a wonderful work  
For our sisters across the sea.

Five cents a week, and a prayer,  
From our abundant store—  
It was never missed, for its place was filled  
By a Father's gift of more.

Ten cents a week, and a prayer,  
Perhaps 'twas a sacrifice;  
But treasure came from the storeroom  
above,  
Outweighing by far the price.

Pennies a week, and a prayer;  
'Twas the prayer, perhaps, after all,  
That the work has done and a blessing  
brought,  
The gift was so very small.

Pennies a week, and a prayer,  
Freely and heartily given;  
The treasures of earth will all melt away—  
—This is treasure laid up in heaven.

Pennies a week, and a prayer,  
A tiny gift may be,  
But it helps to do such wonderful work  
For our sisters across the sea.

#### A DRUNKARD'S APPEAL.

A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for drink. The landlord said: "No, you have too much already. You have had the *delirium tremens* once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for two young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other had stood by silent, and when the others had finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at that age, I stood where those young men stand now. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, both body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now give me a few glasses more and your work is done. I shall soon be out of the way. There is no hope for me. But they can be saved; they may be men again. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me, and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for Heaven's sake sell them no more!" The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down the decanter, he exclaimed: "God helping me, that is the last drop that I will ever sell to anyone;" and he kept his word.—*Irish Templar and Temperance Journal.*

#### "FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

"I'm done with him. I've said so, and I'll stand to it. He's disgraced himself and my good name, and I wash my hands of him henceforth and forever."

Mrs. Arnold stood in the cottage doorway, the sweet bloom and verdure of the early spring-time all about her, and listened to her husband's angry words.

"O James," she entreated, "remember, he is our son!"

"I shall make it my business to forget it from this hour; he is no son of mine."

"But, James, James, think what the end may be. What if they send him to the State prison?"

"Let him go—he deserves it."

The angry father strode away, a hard, relentless look upon his face.

The mother stood there in the early sunshine, her poor face white with agony, her hands clutched hard together.

She could see the village spires from the cottage porch, and in the village prison her only son lay.

The trouble had come about after this wise: Dick Arnold was confidential clerk in the hardware house of Robinson & Co., at a very fair salary. A promising young fellow was Dick, bright, intelligent, and as shrewd and clever in business matters as he was genial and winning in his social relations. But his character had its weak points. In the first place, he was fond of strong drink; in the second, he had not the courage to say "No" when temptation assailed him.

Many a scrape poor Dick was lured into, many a heart-ache he caused his fond mother, many a setting-down he got from his over-severe father; the did not mend his ways. Nevertheless, his employers were fond of him, and trusted him, and winked at his shortcomings.

"He's a fine fellow; he'll get all his wild oats in, and do better after a while," they said.

One afternoon Dick was summoned into Mr. Robinson's private office.

"Here, Dick," said the gentleman, putting a sealed envelope into the young man's hands, "I want you to take this and deliver it to Mr. Selbo, in Covington. You know the place?"

"O yes, sir."

"Very well, mind you keep steady on your legs, my boy, and deliver it safely."

Dick put the envelope into his breast pocket, bowed himself out, and was steaming on his way to Covington on the next train.

He reached there a little before nightfall, and feeling somewhat tired and thirsty, he dropped in at a restaurant for a drink. Ah, me! if there were no such places, how much misery, and sin, and shame would be banished from the world! But they meet us at every turn, these devil's dens, wherein men are despoiled of

their earnings and their honour. Dick went in and stumbled right into the midst of some three or four old cronies. They leaped up and welcomed him with uproarious delight.

"Why, Dick, old fellow, haven't seen you for an age! Well met, 'pon my word! Here, landlord, brandy and seltzer for four, and be spry at it."

The brandy and seltzer appeared and vanished. A broiled steak, and oysters, and crackers followed, and then came rum to wash it all down. By sunset poor Dick's head was in a whirl. When darkness fell his errand was still neglected, and he sat in the little bar parlour, looking on while his boon companions played cards, a hot bloom in his cheeks and an insane glitter in his handsome eyes.

"Come up, Dick, and try your luck."

"Don't care if I do," said Dick; and at it he went.

His own purse was soon emptied, and then—he never could clearly recall how it all happened, but, insane from drink and determined to retrieve his losses—he ventured to open the sealed envelope and to borrow a stake from the funds intrusted to him by his employer.

"I'll soon double it," he thought, "and then I'll replace the amount."

But he lost instead of doubling, and then swallowed more brandy in his excitement, at the invitation of his good friends. The end was that he made a night of it, and when the morning dawned poor Dick found himself alone, forsaken by his friends, and the sealed envelope and its contents both gone. The shock sobered him. He got up and, with his head beating like a trip-hammer, walked back to his native village, and seeking his employer confessed all that had happened. Mr. Robinson was greatly provoked, and at once put the matter into the hands of the law, and Dick Arnold was arrested and sent to prison.

When the news came to his father's ears he refused to give his son either aid or countenance.

"I've done with him. Let them send him to the State prison; he deserves it."

But the mother, her faithful heart going out in yearning pity for her erring boy, stood and pondered how she might save him.

In a little while she turned and entering the pleasant cottage, went slowly up stairs, and into the chamber where her daughter Rose sat sewing on her bridal robes.

Sitting down beside her, she told her the story of her brother's trouble. Rose understood her mother's meaning even before she could put it into words. There was a little box on the table, which contained her marriage dowry. Little by little the father and mother had hoarded it in their daughter's name, that she might not be dowerless on her wedding-day.

Pretty Rose took the box and put it in her mother's hands.

"Take it, mother," she said, "and do with it as you think best."

"Heaven bless you, my daughter; but it is hard to deprive you of your marriage dowry, and your wedding-day so near."

Rose's cheeks bloomed like her namesake's in the little garden below, and her blue eyes lit.

"Never mind that, mother," she said. "Charlie will be willing to take me without the dowry; I'm sure of it."

So Mrs. Arnold took the box and went her way. Before the day ended she had refunded the money to Mr. Robinson, the charge was withdrawn, and her boy was out of prison.

"I can't go home, mother. Father doesn't want me; he told me so," said Dick, as they stood under the green locust trees beyond the cottage lawn. "Let me go out into the world and work my way up, and then I'll come back."

She put her arms around his neck, and looked up at him with streaming eyes.

"Oh, Dick, my boy, my darling, you will do better—you will, Dick, for mother's sake."

"Yes, mother, God being my helper, I will. I've caused you so much trouble, and you've always been good and gentle to me, mother. Forgive me now; I'll come back and be a comfort to you yet."

"My boy, I forgive you, and I believe in you. Here Dick," and she drew a purse and a worn little Bible from her bosom, "take these. You may need the money; the Bible is mine, Dick—mother's Bible, don't forget that. Mother has read it every day and night for the last thirty years. You'll think of that, Dick, and you'll read it for mother's sake."

"Yes, mother."

"Every night, no matter where you may be, you'll read a chapter, and get down on your knees and pray the little prayer mother taught you if nothing else! Promise me, Dick. Every night at ten o'clock—at that hour I shall be on my knees praying for you, my boy. I shall never miss a night, Dick, while I live; promise you'll do it, for mother's sake."

Dick tried to promise, but he let his handsome head drop down on his mother's bosom, instead, and wept there like a child. As the sun set they parted.

"Good-bye, my boy, and God bless you. You'll keep your promise."

"Yes, mother, with God's help. Good-bye!"

Across the fields, with the little Bible in his bosom, and his bundle on his arm went poor, erring Dick, and down the pathway Mrs. Arnold returned to the cottage.

"I'll never give up my boy," she said. My prayers shall prevail with God for him. He will return to us