

Witnesses.

"I AM working alone, and no one heeds!"
Who says so does not know
There are clear eyes watching on every side,
And wherever our feet may go.
We are "compassed about with so great a cloud,"
That if we could only see.
We could never think that our life is small,
Or that we may unnoticed be!

We seem to suffer and bear alone
Life's burdens and all its care;
And the sighs and prayers of the heavy heart
Vanish into the air.
But we do not suffer, or work alone,
And after a victory won,
Who knows how happy the hosts may be
Who whisper a soft "Well done!"

O do not deem that it matters not
How you live your life below;
It matters much to the heedless crowd
That you see go to and fro;
For all that is noble and high and good
Has an influence on the rest.
And the world is better for every one
Who is living at his best!

But even if human eyes see not,
No one is unobserved,
There are censurers deep and pious high
As each may be deserved;
We cannot live in a secret place,
There are watchers always by,
For heaven and earth are full of life,
And God is ever nigh.

O for a life without reproach,
For a heart of earnestness!
For self forgotten, for meanness slain,
For hands well used to bless!
God, raise us far from the little things,
And make us meet to be
Skilled workers here in the place we fill,
And servants unto thee.

—Marianne Farningham.

A Prison Incident.

MRS. EMMA MOLLOY relates the following incident in one of her speeches referring to the relation of intemperance to crime:—

In a recent visit to the Leavenworth, Kansas, prison, during my address on Sabbath morning, I observed a boy, not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, on the front seat, intently eyeing me. The look he gave me was so full of earnest longing it spoke volumes to me. At the close of the service I asked the warden for an interview with him, which was readily granted. As he approached me, his face grew deathly pale. As I grasped his hand, he could not restrain the fast-falling tears. Choking with emotion, he said:—

"I have been in this prison two years, and you are the first person that has called for me—the first woman that has spoken to me."

"How is this, my child?" I asked. "Have you no friends that love you? Where is your mother?"

The great brown eyes, swimming with tears, were slowly lifted to mine as he replied, "My friends are all in Texas. My mother is an invalid; and fearing that the knowledge of my terrible fall would kill her, I have kept my whereabouts a profound secret. For two years I have borne my awful home-sickness in silence, for her sake." And he buried his face in his hands, and heart-sick sobs burst from his trembling frame. It seemed to me I could see a panorama of the days and nights, the long weeks of home-sick longing that had dragged their weary length out over two years.

So I ventured to ask, "How much longer have you to stay?"

"Three years," was the reply, as the fair young head dropped lower, and the frail little hand trembled with suppressed emotion.

"Five years, at your age!" I exclaimed. "How did this happen?"

"Well," he replied, "it's a long story, but I'll make it short. I started from home to try to do something for myself. Coming to Leavenworth, I found a cheap boarding-house, and one night accepted an invitation from one of the young men to go into a drinking-saloon. For the first time in my life I drank a glass of liquor. It fired my brain. There was a confused remembrance of a quarrel. Somebody was stabbed. *The bloody knife was found in my hand.* I was indicted for assault with intent to kill."

Five years for the thoughtless acceptance of a glass of liquor is surely illustrating the Scripture truth, that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

I was holding the cold, trembling hand that had crept into mine. He earnestly tightened his grasp, and imploringly he said, "Oh, Mrs. Molloy, I want to ask a favour of you."

At once I thought he was going to ask me to help obtain a pardon, and in an instant I measured the weight of public reproach that rests upon the victims of its legalized drink traffic. It is all right to legalize a man to craze the brains of our boys, but not by any means wise to ask that the state pardon its victim. Interpreting my thoughts, he said:

"I am not going to ask you to get me a pardon, but I want you to write to my mother, and get a letter from her and send it to me. Don't for the world tell her where I am. Better not tell her anything about me. Just get a line from her, so I can look upon it. Oh, I am so home-sick for my mother!"

The head of the boy dropped into my lap with a wailing sob. I laid my hand upon his head. I thought of my own boy, and for a few moments was silent, and let the outburst of sorrow have vent.

Presently I said, "Murray, if I were your mother, and the odour of a thousand prisons was upon you, still you would be my boy. Is it right to keep that mother in suspense? Do you suppose there has ever been a day or night that she has not prayed for her wandering boy? No, Murray, I will only consent to write to your mother on consideration that you will permit me to write the whole truth, just as one mother can write it to another."

After some argument, his consent was finally obtained, and a letter was hastily penned and sent on its way. A week or so elapsed, when the following letter was received from Texas:

"Dear Sister in Christ,—Your letter was this day received, and I hasten to thank you for your words of tender sympathy, and for tidings of my boy—the first word we have had in two years. When Murray left home, we thought it would not be for long. The months have rolled on—the family have given him up for dead; but I felt sure God would give me back my boy. As I write from the couch of an invalid, my husband is in W—, nursing another son, who is lying at the gates of death with typhoid fever. I could not wait his return to write to Murray. I wrote and told him, if I could, how quickly I would go and pillow his head upon my breast, just as I did when he was a little child. My poor dear boy—so generous, so kind, and loving! What can he have done to deserve this punishment? You do not mention his crime, but say it was committed while under the influence of drink.

"I did not know he even tasted liquor. We have raised six boys, and I have never known one of them to be under the influence of drink. Oh! is there no place in this nation that is safe when our boys have left the home-fold? O God! my

sorrow is greater than I can bear. I cannot go to him; but, sister, I pray you talk to him, and comfort him, as you would have some mother talk to your boy were he in his place. Tell him that, when he is released, his place in the old home-nest, and in mother's heart, is waiting for him."

Then followed loving mother words for Murray, in addition to those written. As I wept bitter tears over the words so full of heart-break, I asked myself the question, "How long will this nation continue this covenant with death, and league with hell, to rob us of our boys?"—*Inter-Ocean*

Bad Habits Have Strong Roots.

AN old monk was once taking a walk through a forest, with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped, and pointed to four plants that were close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And now the third."

The boy had to put forth all his strength, and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the monk, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But, lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its leaves, and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth. Then the wise old man explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our bad habits and passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them—the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch your first impulses."

His Recipe.

THE old adage, "Hunger makes the best sauce," was amusingly illustrated, some years ago, at a dinner-party in Philadelphia, given by Commodore Bainbridge. Among the guests was Silas Dinsmoor, who had been United States Agent among the Cherokee Indians.

The conversation drifted upon the merits of the different brands of ham, and Mr. Dinsmoor remarked, "I do not think the quality of a ham depends so much on the brand as on the cooking."

"Well, sir, be good enough to give us a recipe for cooking a ham," said Mrs. Bainbridge, a lady famous for her culinary skill.

"Take a ham of any of the approved brands," said the guest, bowing to the hostess, "wash it clean, put it in a pot and cover with cold water, place it over the fire, and bring it nearly to the boiling-point: keep it there until thoroughly tender, and let it boil rapidly a few minutes. Then take it off the fire, wrap it in a coarse cloth, place it in a knapsack, bind the knapsack upon your shoulder, then march twenty-five miles through the woods, taking a bee-line over logs and brush-piles, and you will find the ham possessed of a most exquisite flavour."

There was silence for a moment after the guest had given his recipe. Then there was a burst of laughter, as all saw what it was that gave the ham its appetizing flavour.