

## "I HAVE PRAYED FOR THEE."

(LUKE XXII : 32.)

My way was dark; and round my pathway  
pressing  
Temptations fierce, from which I could not  
flee;  
My soul, its utter helplessness confessing,  
Rejoiced to hear those wondrous words of bless-  
ing—  
"But I have prayed for thee."  
"But I have prayed for thee," as though no other  
Could share the Saviour's thought and sym-  
pathy;  
No bruised reed He breaks, nor faint spark  
smothers:  
He says, in tones more tender than a brother's,—  
"But I have prayed for thee."  
"But I have prayed for thee,"—what interest-  
sion!  
And not less precious all-prevailing plea!  
"Five bleeding wounds" atone for my transgres-  
sion,  
And then draw forth the Saviour's sweet con-  
fession,—  
"But I have prayed for thee."  
"But I have prayed for thee,"—and, oh, what  
pleading  
Is that He offers now in heaven for me!  
He knows beforehand just what I am needing,  
And hence at God's right hand is interceding,—  
"But I have prayed for thee."  
"But I have prayed for thee," the dark veil lift-  
ing,  
The soul's impending danger He could see;  
He yearned to save my treacherous heart from  
drifting,  
And said, ere yet began the painful "sifting,"—  
"But I have prayed for thee."  
"Have prayed for thee": thus mercy outruns  
malice,  
However swift of foot the foe may be;  
And when we feast in yonder Royal Palace,  
No sweeter wine than this shall fill the chalice,—  
"But I have prayed for thee."  
"But I have prayed for thee"—sweet consol-  
ation!  
Who knows my direst need so well as He?  
"Have prayed for thee": oh, wondrous revela-  
tion!  
Inspiring courage for the worst temptation—  
"But I have prayed for thee."  
"That thy faith fail not." Christ permits no  
fotters  
To bind the soul which He has once set free.  
Oh, write again those words in living letters,  
Which make our souls henceforth eternal  
debtors—  
"But I have prayed for thee."  
—John Burnham, in *Word in Work*.

## BAKED TIPSIFY.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

A pretty picture Mrs. Allston made, with her fresh face and neat gown, standing by the kitchen table, holding a pie in the palm of her hand and deftly 'trimming' it, but the woman sitting by the kitchen window watched her with troubled eyes.  
"I always let my mince stand over night," said Mrs. Allston, still trimming, "and touch it up in the morning."  
"Pamela," said the woman by the window, "don't you feel a little doubtful about using brandy in your pies?"  
Mrs. Allston replied smiling, and still trimming, "Oh, not in the least. There's no tipsyfy left in a pie after it's baked. Baked brandy never harmed any one." She set the pie aside and began filling more plates.  
"Fred is so fond of mince pies—and my mince pies, he says, they can't be beat."  
"I use vinegar and grape jelly in my pies," said the visitor, "and Charles and the children seem to relish them as well as when I used spirits and cider."  
"I tried it that time there was such an excitement over Mrs. R.—'s temperance lectures," said Mrs. Allston with a shrug of her plump shoulders. "Fred called them 'flat'; the children found no fault. Children have such appetites!"  
"Was your husband one of those who signed the pledge at that time?"  
"No. Fred does not need a pledge; he is not one of the weak kind; he has a will of his own. But he is a strict temperance man, he even gave up beer and cider after those lectures."  
"Of course," said the visitor thoughtfully, "the brandy pies could not 'tipsyfy,' as you call it, but are you not afraid the flavor and the smell might arouse the old appetite?"  
"Nonsense!" was all the answer, and the

visitor departed with the troubled look still in her eyes.

At noon there is a sound of childish voices and hurrying feet, and then a rush of cold air and cries of 'mince pies, oh!' as two rosy-cheeked children eagerly enter the pleasant kitchen. Then firmer steps are heard.

"Here we are, mother; grand day! Ah, mince pies," and Mr. Allston pauses midway of the room to throw back his head and draw a long breath of satisfaction.

Mrs. Allston had an unusual realization of her blessings on this day. Later, when the children had rushed off again, she repeated the conversation of the morning, with many smiles and exclamations at the absurdity of it.

"I do not believe my pies would harm any one, and certainly not a man like you," she said, proudly, resting a hand on his shoulder and looking into her husband's face with confidence.

She could not see how he shrank from that look or know that at that very moment he was fighting his old enemy. This was the first day, and there would be mince pies all winter.

How could he tell her that he was just such a weak man as could be thrown into torment by the aroma of her 'harmless' pies? He would not own it, even to himself; he despised the thought; nevertheless, the battle had begun, and every day waxed hotter, and it was not long before the enemy conquered.

His wife did not know. She knew that he often went to the city for a few days on 'business'; she knew that he left the firm where he had expected to one day become a partner, because he could not 'get on' with them; she knew that he did not keep any place long after that; she knew that they grew poorer every day and that it was hard work to keep the interest on the mortgage on their little home paid. She did not wonder that in the face of all this misfortune her husband lost his bright, hearty manner, and became morose and irritable.

Two young men came home with Mr. Allston to dinner one day. Mrs. Allston knew they had been recently saved from the saloons and welcomed into the white-ribbon ranks. Many tears had been shed for them, many prayers sent up, many a battle fought.

"Don't refuse to try my mince pie," said Mrs. Allston, "nobody ever refuses my mince pie."

A moment later one young man with an abrupt "Excuse me, I am not feeling well," hastily left the table and the house.

"He looked very pale," said Mrs. Allston. The other young man so far from looking pale was much flushed. He ate the pie with great relish and praised it, and did not refuse the second piece.

The first young man went from his friend's table to his own chamber and locked himself in. Perhaps if Mrs. Allston had seen the struggle that went on there against the fierce enemy that had roused up at her table, she would never again have called her pies 'harmless.'

The other young man left the house to go by a back entrance into another house where the old enemy was kept bottled, and came out with a small package in his coat pocket. Mrs. Allston would have gone down on her knees to that young man and prayed him to destroy that package, and yet her hand had undone the work of weeks and months, and cast this soul into toils, dire danger and darkest despair. But she did not know. She only knew that neither of her husband's friends ever came to the house again.

Fred Allston came home very slowly one day. His head dropped, his face was dark. He lingered at the door. He had lost another situation, he had lost his little home, he had lost everything, even the furniture, and he had come to tell her.

He had not thought to tell her what a weak man he was; that the drink appetite scents alcohol as the war-horse scents battle smoke, when it is so faint no one else can name it; he had not meant to upbraid her as his tempter, but when he entered the kitchen Mrs. Allston was just coming from the oven with a newly-baked pie in her hand. She knew how pleased he would be; she held it out to him, smiling, and he struck it from her hand.

Then she knew, and it was such a terrible

revelation that she dropped to the floor as heavily as if he had struck her.

The Allstons moved to the city. He could get work there, he said, and she tried to reclaim him. But all her pleadings and tears and prayers could not undo the evil she had wrought. The one chance he had, was a life in the country amid wholesome and cheerful surroundings, and she had wrecked his one chance. Here in the city the enemy met him at every step, leered at him from every window, breathed out its poisonous fumes from every doorway.

And here we find them at last in a wretched tenement house attic. It is cold there, so cold. The two children have crept close to each other, and hold each other's hands for warmth and comfort, and the mother, bowed with sorrow and remorse, tries to sew by the poor light, and vaguely wonders when they will have anything to eat again. The boy has a sprained ankle, so his small earnings have ceased.

She glances from time to time toward an indistinct form stretched on a heap of rags in the corner of the room, from whence come indistinct mutterings.

There came a knock at the door and an old woman hobbled in, bearing in her hand

—a pie.  
"Mrs. Voce, bless her, sent me a basket to-day. I can't eat all the stuff nohow, and I thought maybe you'd like to try some of her cooking. It's mince, I know by the smell."

Just as Fred Allston had struck the plate from his wife's hand on that darkest day of her life, so now she struck this poor offering, while the dazed soul looked on aghast, and nearly lost her equilibrium at the unexpected onset. The fire that blazed up in Mrs. Allston's eyes died out as quickly as it had kindled.

"Sit down," she said, "and hear me tell you how I ruined my husband. To begin with, when I went to housekeeping Mrs. Voce gave me her recipes. I know what she puts in her mince pies."

"I will tell her," said the old woman after the sad story had been told; "she will not do that any more."

"She will say it is nonsense, and keep right on, just as I did," said Mrs. Allston.

The Allstons do not live in the tenement house attic now, and the boy has a situation in Mr. Voce's office, the mother has all the sewing she can do, the father has been placed in an asylum, the daughter goes to school.

Perhaps a poor old soul who went on an errand of mercy one cold winter night could tell how it came about. Mrs. Voce has a new recipe for mince pies.

"It seems absurd," she says, "that there is any harm in the old recipe, but for my conscience's sake I prefer to be on the safe side."—*Union Signal*.

## HOW HE KEPT BACHELOR'S HALL.

Perhaps this story told by a boy who made a home for himself in a great, strange city, may help other boys who find themselves in a like situation. I give it in his own words:

"It was three years ago, and I was only seventeen, when I drifted to New York from the little white farmhouse in Maine. Why I left there or how I came to choose New York is not necessary to my story, I only want to tell boys who have no choice how they may live respectably and save money on even so small a salary as eight dollars a week.

"I put a little of my success down to Yankee thrift, and a great deal to the counsels and teachings of the best of mothers. I had no profession, and no special education beyond what may be acquired by any boy who leaves school at the age of fourteen. I was a self-taught stenographer, and had only that to rely upon in getting a situation.

"At last I heard of a firm of architects in search of a stenographer.

"The salary was not large, eight dollars a week to start with. The problem of how I should live on that sum confronted me, and did not seem an easy one to solve. I found that respectable board in New York, in the smallest of rooms, cost more than I could afford to give, so I determined to make a home, since I could not find one.

"Furnished rooms were out of the question, but much searching resulted in finding an unfurnished, medium-sized room

for two dollars a week. It had no closets, only a cheap paper on the wall, and shades at the windows, to make it habitable. I had not been mother's boy for nothing, however, and could sew up a seam well enough for many purposes, and handle a hammer and saw, and so I did not see the room as it actually was, but as I intended it should look with improvements which I had in my mind's eye.

"The first thing to consider was the floor, and this conundrum was settled with thirty-five cents' worth of mahogany stain, with which I stained a border of two or three feet all round the room, giving a coat of varnish afterward that cost fifteen cents more.

"I haunted second-hand stores until I found a presentable second-hand Kensington Art rug, for three dollars. A new cot with woven wire springs, and mattress and pillow, cost five dollars. The little mother in Maine sent me furnishings for this. An old-fashioned wooden 'Boston rocker' and a Shaker arm-chair cost a dollar and a half each, and these articles, for the time being, completed the furnishing of my little den.

"Next I fitted up a commissary department, for I meant to be my own cook, dining at a restaurant, by way of variety, when I felt that I could afford the extra expense. There was a recess a foot deep on either side of the chimney; one of these I fitted with three shelves and dubbed my kitchen. It looked empty enough at first with my tiny gas-stove and my solitary plate, cup and saucer, but it filled up gradually as my housekeeping became more complicated.

"In the other recess I fitted a board six and a-half feet from the floor, with looks for clothes screwed underneath and in the moulding which ran along the wall under it. In front of both of these compartments I stretched curtains of cheap cretonne, shirred on wires.

"For a long while my only table was the flat top of my trunk, but when a cheap little deal table came in my way, I bought it and concealed its homeliness under a bright table cover.

"When I began to give attention to the cuisine of my bachelor quarters I found that I could live very well on three dollars a week. I preferred my simple breakfast of oatmeal and milk, coffee and a roll or bun far more than the chop or steak served at a cheap boarding-house. My utensils were few and not too complicated for my boyish skill: A tiny kettle and coffee-pot; a double boiler for cereals, and a pan for my chops and oysters.

"After a while I could afford to take my meals at a restaurant, but I still sometimes give little bachelor oysters or chocolate parties to one or two of my chums. I have added to my possessions from time to time until I most thankfully say, 'There's no place like home.' You can't get in mischief when you live by yourself, and such companions as I have found have been of my own choosing, and not forced upon me by the gregariousness of a boarding-house table."

The bright-faced boy who told me this story invited me to see his room, and I found it as neat and cheery as himself.

It pays to train the boys so that when they must leave the home nest they shall carry with them its shielding influences.—*Alice Chittenden in Household*.

## SELFISHNESS.

Selfishness isolates.—When we make it the end of our existence to accumulate for ourselves any kind of advantage, we sever the ties which God has drawn to bind us to our fellow-men. What can be more pathetic than the spectacle of a mere rich man, who has not a friend outside his family circle, who is followed everywhere by the detectives he employs to guard a life which is valuable only to himself. Well might it be said of such a man, by the artist who painted his picture, that he had the look of a hunted animal. But this is no more than an extreme illustration of a tendency which is more or less present in all lives. We can maintain wholesome and true relations with our fellows only by refusing to make ourselves the centre to which we refer everything. That way madness lies, while the only true sanity is in forgetting self in the joy of service to our fellow-men and to God.—*Sunday-School Times*.