

Selections.

HOW THE QUESTION CAME HOME.

In the dusk of a summer evening
I rocked my child to rest;
Then sat and mused, with my darling
Still folded to my breast.

His ringlets swept my shoulder,
His breath was on my cheek,
And I kissed his dimpled finger
With a love I could not speak.

A form came through the gateway,
And up the garden walk—
And my neighbor sat down as often
To have an evening talk.

She saw me caress my baby
With almost reverent touch,
And she shook her gray head gravely:
"You love the boy too much!"

"That cannot be," I answered,
"While I love our Father more;
He smiles on a mother's rapture
O'er the baby that she bore."

For a while we both sat silent,
In the twilight's deeper gray;
Then she said, "I believe that baby
Grows lovelier every day."

"And I suppose that the reason
I feel so drawn to him,
Is because he reminds me strongly
Of my own little baby, Jim."

My heart stood still a moment
With a horror I dared not show,
While the trembling voice beside me
Went on, in accents low:

"Just the same high, white forehead,
And rings of shining hair,
And a smile of artless mischief
I have seen this Jamie wear."

"And I've sometimes thought—well,
Mary,
The feeling no doubt you guess—
That my trouble would now be lighter
Had I loved my baby less."

My neighbor rose abruptly,
And left me in the gloom,
But the sob of a broken spirit
Was echoing in the room.

And when the lamp was lighted,
I knelt by Jamie's bed;
And wept o'er the noble forehead
And the ringlet crowned head:

For I thought of the bloated visage,
And the matted hair of him
Whom all the village children
Knew only as "Drunken Jim."

And my heart cried out, "O Father,
Spare me that bitter cup!
And destroy the liquor-traffic
Before my boy grows up."
—*Temperance Cause.*

HEAR YE THE BATTLE CRY.

Hear ye the battle cry? Soldiers of
temperance!
Forward! in serried ranks, armed for
the fray.
On! though the foe in the fortress defy
you,
Trusting in God, ye shall yet win the
day.

Fort, after fort, in the outposts have
fallen,
Both East and West beaten and forced
to retreat,
Entrenched in his stronghold, he hopes
to withstand you.
Up! Up! to the ramparts, and fear not
defeat.

Expect not fair fighting, he dares not
to meet you
In straight-forward warfare, line facing
to line,
But in intrigue and ambush, by plot-
ting and scheming,
In "ways that are dark," will he work
and design.

Yet doubt not the ending, for God in
his mercy,
Looks down on the strife with a pity-
ing eye.
And thousands in faith at his footstool
are pleading,
And has He not promised to hear when
they cry?

See the pale wife of the drunkard is
kneeling,
And gathers her starving babes round
her in prayer;
"Oh! God bless the efforts to stop the
foul traffic,
And save my poor husband from rum's
fatal snare."

Oh list to the wail of the perishing
thousands!
The demon's fire burning in heart and
in brain,
Helpless and hopeless, on! on to their
rescue!
Deliver the captives from drink's gal-
ling chain.

Then raise ye your standard, brave
temperance workers,
And plant it in front, in the thick of
the fight,
Till our land shall be free from rum's
thralldom forever,
Your motto be, "Onward for God and
the right."
—*Ajace in Temperance Journal.*

"PINK BOOTS."

A drunken man came staggering
along a village street. As he reached
a corner he saw a group of boys watch-
ing something across the way. He
had not entirely lost his senses, so he
wondered what they found so interest-
ing.

"Wha-a-at yer-yer lookin' a-at?"
"Well, old fellow," answered Billy
Dorr, "we're looking for a beauty to
come out o' that store over there."
"A-a-be-u-tie?"
"Yes a beauty; but go on, there's
no use o' you lingerin' to see Pink
Boots; your old, red eyes can't see
half across the street."

But the rude boy was mistaken; the
"red eyes" were not quite so bloodshot
as usual, and they were looking with as
much interest as the younger eyes at
Pink Boots, who just then opened the
door of the store opposite them and
came out. Pink Boots, who was a
beautiful girl of ten years old, had her
hands full of flowers—roses, lilies, and
carnations. She walked half a dozen
or more steps down the walk, and was
just stepping into a handsome carriage
when another little girl came in sight.
For a brief moment the two children
stood in strong contrast—Florence
Burr with glowing, happy face, and
Celia Hunt with her pale, distressed
one. Florence was dressed in an elab-
orately embroidered pink cashmere,
and her feet were encased in beautiful
pink kid buttoned boots; for Florence
was going to a tea-party. She wore
also a broad brimmed hat with nod-
ding pink plumes. As for Celia, she
wore an old faded dress, so short that
it revealed her bruised ankles, which
were bare like her feet. An old veil
tied about her pinched face did duty as
a head-protector, but no wrap covered
her thin shoulders, although one was
much needed this chilly day.

The carriage drove away with
Florence, and Celia stood gazing after
it. Of course the drunken man saw
the poor child, so did the boys. The
latter laughed and Billy Dorr said, "I
tell you it pays better to sell liquor
than it does to drink it. What's your
opinion, Daddy Hunt?"

"Daddy Hunt" did not answer; he
stood stupidly gazing at his bare-footed
weary-faced child.

"I say, old fellow, did you buy
Celia's fall outfit at the same store
as Pink Boots' father bought hers?"
"Shut up, now, will you? If you
don't I'll knock the breath all out of
you."

The drunkard spoke savagely and
raised his hand to execute his threat,
when suddenly a little arm touched
his, and a voice said coaxingly, "Come
Father."

The man suffered himself to be led
away from the heartless group, cruel
Billy singing after them, "Oh father!
dear father, come home."

It was a long walk to the drunkard's
home. Before he reached it he was
sober.

"Celia," he said, "would you like
some pink boots?"

"Like Florence Burr's the publican's
daughter's?" she asked.

"Yes, like hers."

"No, father, I would not want
them?"

"Why not?"

"They wouldn't correspond with my
rags," the child said bitterly; "and I
wouldn't wear Florence Burr's pink
boots if I had silk dresses to wear
them with," she added savagely.

Again her father questioned, "Why
not?"

"Because they were bought with
money that ought to have bought
bread and meat for poor little starving
children and their crying mothers."

"Who told you so?"

"Nobody told me; I found out for
myself."

"You're a strange child, Celia."

"Yes, perhaps I am, but I love you,
father." And Celia put her cold hand
within her father's.

"I don't see how you can," he said
chokingly.

"I guess its because your my father,"
was the innocent answer.

As father and daughter entered the
house the mother arose, put the sleep-
ing babe in its wretched cradle, and
said, "Come to supper."

Such a supper, for a family of six!—
only a stale loaf of bread and some
weak tea. The patient, weary wife
would not have been surprised if her
husband had thrown the bread across
the room at the wall and had hurled
the tea-pot after it, cursing her at the
same time, as he had often done be-
fore; but she was surprised when he
rose from the table—just after seating
himself—and said huskily, "Eat this
miserable stuff if you can, poor things!
I must be gone."

He started for the door, weak and
faint, but determined. His wife
followed him, beseeching: "Oh don't
go out again to-night, Fred, don't; the
baby is sick, and—"

She said no more, for, with the words,
"The little fellow is sick, is he?" the
father went back to the cradle, stooped
and kissed his child for the first time,
and arose with tears glistening upon
his eyelashes.

"I'm not going out to drink, Mary.
Don't be worried; I'll be in by nine
o'clock, and if the child should get
worse Celia will find me at Sergeant
Wright's."

"What do you suppose it all means,
mother?" asked Celia as soon as her
father was gone.

"I don't know, child; but perhaps it
means there is a blessing coming to us
all. Pray to God that it may be so."

"Mother," said Celia, "father asked
me this afternoon if I wanted pink
boots. What do you think of that?"
"It was a strange question, child.
I'd be thankful if he'd save enough
money to buy you some black ones.
Your feet are blue with cold."

At nine o'clock a face peered through
the little curtainless window of the
kitchen. The eyes saw a desolate
picture. It was this; a bare, cold-
looking room; a haggard woman bend-
ing over a sick babe; a little sad-faced
girl fallen asleep on the hard floor
while bravely "waiting for father,"
and two pale-faced boys asleep on a
low bed against the wall. Upon the
boys' faces were traces of tears, for
they were only little fellows of four
and six, and had cried themselves to
sleep because they were hungry.

The face moved from the window,
and the man to whom it belonged
opened the door and walked in.

Wife, he said, bending down to kiss
his wife's worn face for the first time
in years. I've been an idiot and a
brute, and I'll not ask you to forgive
me to-night. I'll wait until you find
out that I'm a changed man—thank
God that I am! Ah! Celia, your wak-
ing, child. Florence Burr will never
buy any more pink boots with the
money belonging to my little ones.
I've been over to Sergeant Wright's
working hard at blacking stoves for
four hours, and while I blackened
stoves he whitened my heart a little.
God bless him! He paid me, too, a
good price, and to-morrow I'm to be-
gin work in his tin-shop. Wake up
the poor little boys, Celia, my dear
little girl. Tell them their father, and
not a brute, has come home, and has
brought such a supper that they'll
shout for joy."—*Ernest Gilmore.*

A TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

John Jones began at the age of fif-
teen to build a monument and finished
it at the age of fifty. He worked night
and day, often all night long, and on
the Sabbath. He seemed to be in a
great hurry to get it done. He spent
all the money he earned upon it—some
say \$50,000. Then he borrowed all he
could; and when no one would loan
him any more he would take his wife's
dresses and all the bed clothes and
many other valuable things in his
home, and sell them to get more mon-
ey to finish that monument.

They say he came home one day and
was about to take the blanket that lay
over his sleeping baby to keep it warm,
and his wife tried to stop him; but he
drew back his fist and knocked her
down, and then went away with the
blanket and never brought it back, and
the poor baby sickened and died from
the exposure. At last there was not
anything left in the house. The poor
heart-broken wife soon followed the
baby to the grave. Yet John Jones
kept working all the more at the
monum nt. I saw him when he was
about fifty years old. The monument
was nearly done; but he had worked

so hard at it that I hardly know him,
he was so worn; his clothes were all in
tatters, and his hands and face, indeed
his whole body, were covered with
scars which he got in laying up some
of the stones. And the wretched man
had been so little in good society all the
while that he was building, that he
had about forgotten how to use the
English language; his tongue had some-
how become very thick, and when he
tried to speak, out would come an oath.
That may seem strange, but I have
found out that all who build such
monuments as John's prefer oaths to
any other word!

Now, come with me, and I will show
you John's monument. It stands in a
beautiful part of the city where five
streets meet. Most men put such
things in a cemetery. But John had
his own and put it on one of the finest
lots to be found.

"Does it look like Bunker's Hill
monument?" asked little Amy Arlott
by my side.

Not at all. John didn't want to be
remembered that way. He might have
taken that \$50,000 and built an asylum
for poor little children that have no
home, and the people would have called
that asylum his monument.

But here we are at the front door.
It is a grand house. It is high and
large, with great halls and towers, and
velvet carpets, elegant mirrors, and a
piano, and I know not what all; so rich
and grand.

This is John Jones' monument! and
the man who sold John nearly all the
whiskey he drank lives here with
his family, and they all dress in the
richest and finest clothes.

Do you understand it?—*Eli Perkins.*

REVENUE.

We have been selling our boys to pay
the revenue.—*Mrs. Lelitia Youmans.*

Vices financially valuable are trans-
formed into virtues eminently respect-
table.—*J. H. Ecob, D.D.*

I cannot consent as your Queen to
take revenue from that which destroys
the souls and bodies of my subjects.—
Queen of Madagascar.

For every dollar paid the school to
cultivate the intellect of this country,
nine dollars are paid the saloon to
blight that intellect.—*Geo. W. Bain.*

LIKE HIS PA.

Pa had come home, and the children
were glad to see him, for he played
delightful games with them, and told
them wonderful stories. He loved his
family, and though he had learned to
look upon the wine when it was red,
yet he was a kind and tender father to
his children.

The family were in the sitting-room,
and little six-year-old Freddie climbed
on his father's knee and asked him all
sorts of questions, and talked of what
he would do when he was a big man,
and asked if he would be like papa
then; and finally after looking long
and seriously into his father's face, the
boy enquired:

"Papa, when I grow up to be a man
will my nose be red like yours, and my
face swelled?"

The reddened face flushed yet redder,
the tears started from his father's
eyes. He paused a moment, then drew
his boy to his bosom, and said in tones
that thrilled the heart of the wife and
mother with a strange new joy:

"No Freddie, please God, you won't
be like me when you get to be a man;
nor neither will your father, my boy,
for from this hour he will lead a sober
life."

A new light had dawned upon the
father's mind. He had not thought of
his little boy being like him; and that
thought stirred his heart as it had not
been stirred by sermon or oration,
entreaty or exhortation. And yet whose
example should a child follow if not
his father's? Let fathers take heed to
their ways, and walk in the paths
where their children may safely follow
them.—*Christian Safeguard.*

- Ripans Tabules.
- Ripans Tabules cure nausea.
- Ripans Tabules: at druggists.
- Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.
- Ripans Tabules cure headache.
- Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.
- Ripans Tabules cure flatulence.
- Ripans Tabules assist digestion.
- Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
- Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
- Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.
- Ripans Tabules cure indigestion.
- Ripans Tabules gentle cathartic.
- Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.
- Ripans Tabules cure constipation.