

They looked for a moment in each other's eyes; both reeled and gasped—

"My own injured son!"

"My father!"

They fell upon each other's necks, and wept, until it seemed that their souls would flow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that assemblage and sad faces around us.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened his guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and, kneeling down, he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was broken; all eagerly signed the pledge, going to their homes as if loath to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grand-child on the knee, as the evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His "fanaticism" has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.
—*Norwich Cheap Tracts.*

AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

Rough natures and careless lives often show surprises of redeeming kindness. An instance of this victory of the better feelings, in the presence of innocent want, is related in the *San Francisco News Letter*. A little girl of nine or ten years old entered a place which is a bakery, grocery and saloon combined, and asked for five cents' worth of tea.

"How's your mother?" asked the boy, who came forward to wait on her.

"She's sick, and aint had anything to eat to-day."

The boy was then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In a few minutes she was sound asleep and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the nickle in a tight grip between her thumb and finger.

One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was, said,—

"Say, you drunkards, see here! Here we've been pouring down whisky when this child and her mother want bread. Here's a two dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left."

"And I can add a dollar," observed one.

"And I'll give another."

They made up a collection amounting to five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickle away, and whispered to his comrades,—

"Jist look here—the gal's-dreamin'!"

So she was. A tear had rolled from her closed eyelid, but on her face was a smile. The men went out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out,—

"What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it!"

When she discovered that her nickle had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said,—

"Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery!"

We would like to believe that those men, who let the angel in them speak, went away resolved never to drink whisky any more.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

"We did not mean to do wrong," she said,
With a mist in her eyes of tears unshed,
Like the haze of the midsummer weather.
"We thought you would all be as happy as we;
But something 'most always goes wrong, you see.
When we have our play-time together.

"Before the dew on the grass was dry,
We were out this morning Reuben and I;
And, truly, I think that never—
For all that you and mamma may say—
Will there be again such a happy day
In all the days of forever!

"The sunshine was yellow as gold, and the skies
Were as sleepy and blue as the baby's eyes;
And a soft little wind was blowing,
And rocking the daisy-buds to and fro:
We played that the meadows were white with snow,
Where the crowding blossoms were growing.

"The birds and the bees flew about in the sun,
And there was not a thing that was sorry—not one—
That dear morning down in the meadow.

But we could not bear to think, Reuben and I,
That our beautiful day would be done by and by,
And our sunshiny world dark with shadow.

"So into the hall we quietly stepped,
It was cool and still, and a sunbeam crept
Through the door, and the birds were singing.
We stole as softly as we could go
To the clock at the foot of the stairs, you know,
With its big, bright pendulum swinging.

"We knew that the sun dropped down out of heaven,
And brought the night when the clock struck seven,—
For so I heard mamma saying;
And we turned back the hands till they pointed to ten,
And our beautiful day began over again,
And then ran away to our playing.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you the rest," she said,
With a sorrowful droop of the fair little head,
And the misty brown eyes overflowing.
"We had only been out such a few minutes more,
When, just as it always had happened before,
We found that our dear day was going.

"The shadows grew long, and the blue skies were gray,
And the bees and the butterflies all flew away,
And the dew on the grasses was falling.
The sun did not shine in the sky any more,
And the birds did not sing, and away by the door
We heard mamma's voice to us calling.

"But the night will be done, I suppose, by and by;
And we have been thinking, Reuben and I,
That perhaps,"—and she smiled through her sorrow,—
"Perhaps it, may be, after all, better so;
For if to-day lasted forever, you know,
There would never be any to-morrow!"

—*Margaret Johnson, in St. Nicholas for August.*

Temperance News.

CANADIAN.

The annual public meeting of the Toronto Auxiliary of the Dominion Alliance for the suppression of the liquor traffic will be held next Monday evening in Shaftesbury Hall. The following gentlemen among others have promised to take part in the proceedings: Rev. John Smith; Hon. S. H. Blake, president Ontario Branch; W. H. Howland, Esq., president Toronto Auxiliary; Richard Snelling, Esq., L.L.D., C.E.T.S.; H. O'Hara, Esq., P. G. W. P. Sons of Temperance; F. S. Spence, Esq., District Deputy I. O. G. T. A very large and interesting meeting is expected. Friends of the cause are earnestly urged to attend.

Colonel Hickman's I. O. G. T. organizing tour in Prince Edward Island is producing splendid results. This little province has already a grand record in temperance work. It is entirely under the operation of the Scott Act; the only retail sale of liquor that goes on in it now is illegal, and hopes are strongly expressed that in another year even this will be entirely crushed out.

We very much regret to learn that Rev. Thos. Gales, the active and earnest secretary of the Dominion Alliance is at present dangerously ill at his home.

The W. C. T. U. of St. Catharines is offering two prizes, one of \$10 and one of \$5, for the best essay on temperance written by pupils in the Central Schools, between the ages of 14 and 17, and 11 and 15.

The opening of a second liquor store in the village of Watford, and the proposal to license a billiard saloon in the Durand Hotel, has aroused the temperance folks to activity, and at the next council meeting a determined effort will be made to have a by-law passed, prohibiting the billiard saloon. Already a petition has been circulated amongst the ladies, and a great many signatures have been obtained, and they intimate their intention to present it *en masse* at the council meeting.

The following extract is from the recent presentment of the Grand Jury of the County of Ontario:—"The Grand Jury beg to express their belief that more stringent Legislation is required for