

WHERE DO THE KISSES GROW?

They leap from the soul of a baby
And then all over it spread,
From the white and pink of its too-tips,
To the halo of gold round its head;
From the depths of its dainty dimples,
From the roscate, laughter-turned lips,
From the smooth, shapely neck and shoulders
To the tapering finger tips.

They're hidden within every heart-fold,
And cuddled down close to the core,
And, tho' they are evermore gathered,
Still I find there's a thousand-fold more!
And each one seems softer and sweeter
Than the treasure I found just before—
Till I wonder if ever the sweetest
Is taken from baby's vast store.

So daily I search for and seize them,
And hourly I pluck a new prize—
Sometimes from the whitest of foreheads,
Sometimes from the brightest of eyes;
And I whisper—O, angel-kissed baby,
Do you feel—can you ever quite know—
Of the wonderful worth of these kisses
That ever continue to grow!
Of the wearisome woes that they soften?
Of the heart-cares they curtain from sight?
That their magic soars out thro' the sunshine,
And on thro' the knells of the night?

I hold that we're higher and better
For every fresh kiss that we take,
For every fond love-token given—
When given for sacred love's sake:
For, if Purity's planted in earthdom,
Then surely it springs from the soul
Of that beautiful, angel-like being,
As its life-page begins to unroll.

So I'll gather them early and often,
From the bright, curly head to the toe,
I can't rob the wee tot of its treasures—
For still they'll continue to grow:
And there'll gleam in years after, a memory
That backward forever will flow,
To that bonnie-eyed babe of the bygone
Whose kisses no longer may grow.

—Detroit Free Press.

SHE DID IT.

"I tell you what, Mrs. B," bringing his fist down, after listening a while, "you may talk temperance and prohibition till you're worn out and that's all the good it will do, while there isn't a single place in the town where a man can get warm in winter, or get a drink in summer, or water his horses in either season. What's more, when we did have a town pump, you temperance people took it up because it brought too much teaming down your main street; so a man can't water his horses from the time he leaves home until he gets to market, unless he drives round by a saloon and then he's plaguë mean if he don't spend a nickel after using their pails and things."

It was the close of an August day. Mr. Barstow had very evidently watered his horses on the way home. He was excited enough to be unreasonable, and he so evidently had the truth on his side now that Mrs. Barstow quietly put the early supper on the table and let the subject drop for the time.

There was no lack of theoretical temperance work in Maple Ridge. A town was never more flooded with pledges and temperance literature. There were the usual rival temperance lodges, a very useful library and two or three bands of earnest women who met in each others' parlors and meant well. But there was that long stretch of dusty road into the city and, for miles out into the country, I know of but one hospitable farm-yard where water stood ever ready for the stranger and his beast.

Mrs. Barstow had worried over her husband of late. A kinder man did not live. His farm, a market garden, contributed largely to the city's needs, and he could well be proud of the daily loads of fine fruit and vegetables in their season. A description of one day does for all. A hasty breakfast, eaten at four, or even three o'clock, is the preparation for the long drive. The horses are fed again at the market, where the first few hours are filled with confusion. Cabbages fly through the air as they are tossed into the grocers' waggons. Orders are shouted across the lines of vehicles. The air is filled with clamor; the street with a more quiet medley of men, women, children and animals, through which an occasional street car struggles. There is wonderfully little ill-will shown, however. The teamsters cramp

a little here, drive up a bit there and accommodate each other cheerfully. But by eleven o'clock the rush is pretty well over. Grocery waggons have rattled off to make ready for the early trade. The hucksters have next filled their carts with the culled fruits, the women from the crowded tenement houses have spent their day's pittance, and the men have time to realize how tired they are and how high the sun is. Then the dry lunch they have brought lacks flavor, there is a tedious ride before them, and they long for the pail under the pump at home, where they may dip head and hands and get a good cooling off. Here and there are watering places, but they are in front of saloons.

There is a temperance eating house, but it does not merit a second thought, unless it is to wonder why temperance houses are so apt to be dirty and uninviting. They must not drive down the boulevard and out through the park to the Talcott fountain, for traffic teams are not allowed there, although they most need it. Come, Mr. Barstow, come, boys, settle down to a ten-mile drive with no prospect of an honest drink till you get to the end of it, unless you are fortunate enough to find a street sprinkler filling up and apply your lips to the overflow at the main. At the city limits there is a final cluster of saloons with their attendant sheds and watering troughs. You whip by in your light rig. Your horse does the distance in forty-five minutes and you stopped for park water not five minutes since. If you had a two or three hours' jog in an open waggon over the limey, shimmering road in the sun and dust—

That is what you see every day and could have seen for years; in fact, ever since Mr. Barstow first stopped there and spent the nickel he felt honorably bound to leave. By this time he had spent quite too many nickels, more than strict justice called for, and Mrs. Barstow began to see it long after the neighbors had said, "Pity about Barstow, isn't it?"

This digression has lasted long enough for Mrs. Barstow to do some hard thinking. The result was that she astonished the ladies by taking part in the next monthly meeting, when she very earnestly asked their aid in the new project. After the usual amount of red tape had been unwound and tied into neat little knots, it was discovered that they lacked a quorum and that any proposition requiring money would have to be presented at two meetings before it could be definitely acted upon. It was disheartening. The season would be well over by the time of the third following meeting and Mrs. Barstow could not wait. So she took it into her own energetic hands and found that one woman could do a great deal if she had to. She lived some distance from the main street, which she thought was a drawback, but within a week a shiny green pump held its handle invitingly up to the passer-by, and upon it in white letters an invitation: To every thirsty one.

It was astonishing how soon it became known to the driving public. It seemed as if weary horses and stray dogs knew by instinct when to turn. Birds and bees came in the early morning. The tramp stopped and fanned himself with his hat while he drank from the tin cup and added his initials to the choice collection that soon made its appearance in the characteristic American fashion. "Drive around by Barstow's" became a current order and if a good local trade in melons followed it did not effect the merits of the effort. Nor was it expected; for the water was free to all, while, with a perseverance only worthy of her cause, Mrs. Barstow button-holed each member of the town board in an attempt to restore that meritorious institution of our ancestors, the town pump. More than that, she succeeded in leasing the corner diagonally opposite the largest saloon at the limits. She offered the owner enough to pay the taxes on the entire lot, which he wisely accepted, and put up a small lodge with a long shed. She placed long troughs of flowing water there and in it all found occupation for a lame nephew of whom they were fond. Of course Barstow had to patronize his own, and soon the inviting lemonades, ginger ales and iced buttermilk became known for themselves. By the time the place was self-supporting the ladies of the local society had gotten where, in strict accordance

with their by-laws, they could begin to pass resolutions on the subject.

Mrs. Barstow is wearing her old wrap this summer, but she looks well in it and she says that next winter she is going to have beef tea, coffee and a warm room there—"see if I don't."—Gertrude Russell Lewis, in Interior.

MAKE HASTE.

Some years ago, when travelling through Palestine, we were near benighted. We had left Hebron in the morning, and had come leisurely along, passing through Bethlehem, and visiting the garden of Solomon on the way. The sun began to get low ere we caught our first glimpse of Jerusalem, and on reaching the plain of Rephaim we had to increase our speed. In a little the sun set, and we saw a man come out from the Jaffa gate and stand upon a small hillock, shouting with all his might, as if forewarning of danger, and gesticulating wildly, as if to call our attention to what he was announcing.

"What is the man saying?" we asked our guide.

"He is shouting, 'Yellah! Yellah!'"

"What does that mean?"

"Come along! Come along!"

We now found we were about to be shut out, and this messenger had come out to warn us that the gate was about to be closed. We made haste, as we did not at all relish the thought of being kept all night outside the walls. We were just in time: no more. We entered and the gate closed behind us. "The door was shut" (Matt. xxv. 10).

The lesson we learned was, "Make haste!"—a lesson which some of us never forgot. So near being shut out of the earthly Jerusalem! What if we were to be not almost, but altogether, shut out of the Heavenly City!—Dr. H. Bonar.

A SPECTRE.

Confronting me at every turn,
A weird, uncanny little shape
Beset my way. I found escape
Was vain, and angrily would spurn
The wicked elf.

Elding me, and bowing low
In mockery his wily head,
"Peace comes to him," he said,
"Who can forget me. Mortal, know,
I am thyself."

—Philip E. Howard in the Sunday School Times

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