

that there were fathers who never spoke a sharp word to their children; they did not know that there were mothers who never appeared in an untidy dress. Lately, it had dawned upon them that there was a difference, and that it was not altogether being poor that made them unlike other people; and since they had joined the new society, and learned some of the effects of cider, and been drinking upon the physical nature, and upon the intellectual and moral as well, they began to understand why they had such a miserable home.

One day Helena and her father had a long interview. No one knew what the girl sought with earnest pleading, nor what the man promised; but Josephine, watching for developments, saw her father go to the cellar with a heavy heart, but as he came up without the customary pitcher of cider, she stole down to investigate, and found the tap of the cider barrel cut off close to the head.

When Philip Stuart heard of it, he said: "The circle has closed around me at last. All winter I have been trying to reach Harvey St. John. It was seeing the discomfort of that home that first made me think of our little society; but I had almost given him up."

Mr. Stuart was, as you see, very ready to take to himself the credit of rescuing Mr. S. John, and it is true, he had begun the work—he had started the chain of events which had led to the cutting off of the tap of that cider barrel; but he forgot to take into account the fact that Fritz and Helena had circled the poor man about with their prayers; or, if he had remembered, he would have scoffed at the idea of prayer as one of the agencies in bringing about the desirable result. This was Helena's last work. A day or two later she quietly closed her eyes upon earth.

(To be Continued.)

THE MYSTERIOUS RIVER AND THE NEGLECTED BRIDGE.

There was once a beautiful city which stood upon the slope of a hill; it could be seen from a great distance, and the fame of it was such that many people came from far to admire it as well as to talk with its inhabitants, who were said to be a very wise race of men. One evening, a long time ago, a stranger came to this city. The more he saw, the more he was delighted. The stranger thought this such a pleasant city that he wished to remain in it for a while, that he might observe the manners of the people, and how they employed themselves. "This town of yours seems a very good place to live in," he said, one day, to a man who was weaving a basket.

"So it would be," said the man, looking up thoughtfully, "if it were not for the river." "What river?" asked the stranger. "I have not seen or heard of any river."

"Why, no," replied the man, "I dare say not, for it runs a little way out of the city, and we have planted some trees in that direction that we may not see it; you will not often hear it mentioned, for in fact we do not consider it good breeding to allude to it." "But what harm does it do to the town?" asked the stranger. "I don't wish to say much about it," replied the man, "it is a very painful subject; but the truth is, our King, whom you have heard of, lives a long way off, on the other side of the river, and sooner or later he sends for all here to cross over. We shall certainly have to cross before long. The King sends messengers for us; there is scarcely a day in which some one is not sent for." "But are they obliged to go?" asked the stranger. "Oh yes, they must go," replied the man, "for our King is very powerful. If he were to send for me to-day, I could not wait even to finish my work. Sometimes he sends for our wives and our children, and the messenger never waits till we are ready."

"What sort of a country is it on the other side of the river?" asked the stranger. "Is it as pleasant as it is here?" "The river is so wide that we cannot see across it distinctly," said the man, "and when our friends and relations are once gone over, they never come back to tell us how it fares with them there. But yet every one here is agreed that the country across the river is a far better one than this. The air is so pure that it heals all their diseases; besides, there is no such thing as poverty or trouble, and the King is very good to them, and so is his son."

"Well, then," said the stranger, "if the country is so fine, I do not see why you should think it such a misfortune to have to go to it, particularly as you are to see there your parents, and children, and friends who have gone before you. Why are you so much afraid to cross the river?"

The man did not answer at first; he seemed to be thinking of his work; at length he looked up and said—"When any of our friends are sent for, we always say they are gone over in that beautiful country; but, to tell you the truth, this river is so extremely deep and wide, and it rushes along so swiftly—"

"Well?" said the stranger.

"I don't mind telling you," replied the man, "as you do not know much of these parts, that I think it very doubtful whether many of those who have to plunge in can get to the opposite side at all. I am afraid the strong tide carries some of them down till they are lost. Besides, sometimes they are sent for in the dark, and, as I said before, the messenger never waits till we are ready." "Indeed!" said the stranger, "in that case, so far from envying these peo-

ple, when my time comes, I shall get across as well as my neighbors."

So the stranger went up to the man who had been pointed out to him, and inquired whether he could tell him anything about the dreadful river.

"Certainly," said the man, "I shall be very glad to tell you anything you wish to know. It is my duty. I am one of the ambassadors of the King's Son. If you will come with me a little way out of the town, I will show you the river." So he led him over several green hills, and down into the deep valley, till they came to the edge of a whirling, hurrying torrent, deep and swollen. It moved along with such a thundering noise, that the stranger shuddered and said:

"I hope, sir, it is not true that all the people in the city are obliged to cross this river?" "Yes, it is quite true," answered the man. "Poor people!" said the stranger, "none of them can strive against such a stream as this; no doubt they are borne away by the force of the torrent. Do you think any man could swim over here in safety?" "No," said the man,

time in telling them of the goodness of the King's Son, and how neither he nor his Father is willing that any should perish—but their pride is very great." "What! so great that they would rather die than use the bridge?" asked the stranger in astonishment.

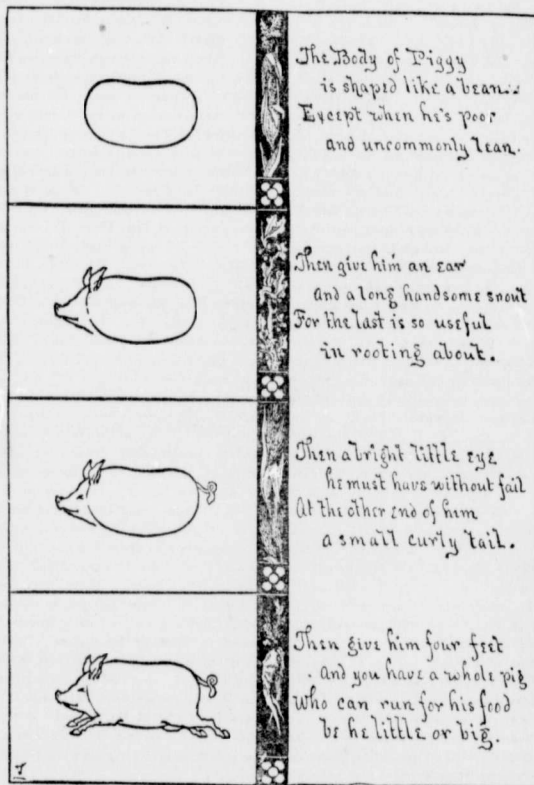
"Some of them have built up works of their own," replied the man, "which they think are strong enough to bear them over to the King's country; others say they do not believe there is but one way of getting over, and some men throw themselves headlong into the flood, saying they do not believe there is such a provision, or at least that it was not meant for them. But, as I told you, it is perfectly free, and the voice of the King's Son may be heard calling to the people over the flood, and inviting them to come to him; for, strange as it may seem to you, he loves them, though they are so backward to believe that he means them well." "What!" interrupted the stranger, "does not the King's Son repent of what he has done; is he not sorry that he built a bridge for such a thankless race?" "No," said the man, "though they slight his offers of safety, he still sends ambassadors to call them to him, even at the very brink of the river. Nay, he often himself visits them, and by night, when all is still, he comes to the doors and knocks; if any man will open to him, he will enter and sup with him. He will tell him how he has loved our nation, and what he has done for our sake; for, indeed, it cost him very dear to build that bridge, but now it stands stronger than a rock."

Now, when the stranger heard this, he wondered greatly at the ingratitude and foolishness of these people; and as he turned away, I went up to the ambassador, and ventured to ask him the name of that city, and the country it stood in. But it startled me beyond measure when he told the name of that country; for it had the same name as my own!—*Jean Ingelow.*

TEMPERANCE IN SUMMER-TIME.

It is summer-time. The world is off its guard, and the fiend is busy; it is vacation time, it is a time when people are apt to take a vacation in morals and let up a little on the religious vigor of the winter. The denizens of the heated cities are pouring into the country, to the sea-shore or the mountains. The rural districts are receiving them and carefully noting the customs of the town. The worship of God is largely abandoned by both hosts and guests. Christian people again stack their arms and lie down to unprotected slumber on the old battle-fields where Satan has won so many victories. They are seen at the bars of saloons and hotels. Claret and beer bottles find their way into their picnic baskets; and cards, tobacco, liquor and Sabbath desecration obliterate all moral distinctions in the minds of many lookers-on, when multitudes of so-called temperance people so act as at once to weakly dribble away their self-respect and the confidence of the world in temperance professions. Amid the rest and recreations of the season, it should be remembered that the devil and death take no vacations, and have insidious summer ways against which all should be on their guard. The demon of drink has a peculiarly guileless look under the shade of a tree, by the music of the waves, or in the freedom of the mountains. In fact, he has the innocent air of one of nature's aids, whose good offices it would be discourtesy to refuse. It is sorrowful to see a man or woman destroy the self respect and moral power of a whole year by the weakness of a month. Do nothing, imitate nothing, countenance nothing in August, which you would remember with regret standing by a frozen drunkard in January, listening to his children crying.—*Rev. W. A. McGinley.*

CHICKEN SALAD.—Equal to full grown chicken, boiled tender and cold; two heads lettuce, one cup boiling water, one spoonful corn starch wet with cold water; one great spoonful fat, skimmed from the liquor in which the fowls were boiled; one-half spoonful oil, one-half cup vinegar, one tea-spoonful mixed mustard, one raw egg, whipped white, two hard-boiled eggs, one-half spoonful powdered sugar. Season to suit. Omit fat and skin of fowl. To boiling water add the corn starch, and stir in and skim from cold liquid. Remove from fire, whip in the beaten egg and garnish it.



DRAWING LESSON FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

ple, I wonder to see them so happy and unconcerned. I should have thought they would have been so anxious lest the messenger should come. Pray, cannot your friends help you over?" The man shook his head. "Then," said the stranger, "are there no ships to convey you over, must you needs plunge alone and unhelped into those dark, deep waters?" "I am not learned in these matters," said the man, evidently uneasy, "and I do not pretend to be wiser than my betters, who generally think this a disagreeable subject, and one that we should not trouble ourselves about more than we can help." "But if you must all go?" said the stranger—"I am a working man," replied the basket maker, interrupting him, "and I really have no time to talk to you any further. If you want to know anything more about this, you had better go and speak to that man you see talking to that group of children. It is his business to teach people how to get over the river, but I have not time to attend to him. I dare

looking very sorrowful, "it is quite impossible, and we should be all lost if it were not for the bridge." "The bridge!" exclaimed the stranger, much surprised. "No one told me there was a bridge." "Oh yes," replied the man, "there is a bridge a short distance higher up; it was built by the King's Son, and by means of it we can pass in perfect safety." "What! may you all pass?" asked the stranger eagerly. "Yes, all. The bridge is perfectly free, and is the only way of reaching the country beyond. All who try to swim over, or cross any other way will certainly be lost for ever." "Sir," said the stranger, "if this be the case, I must hasten back to the city, and tell the people, that no more of them be lost in these swelling waters." "You may certainly do so if you please," replied the man, "but know first that all the people have been duly informed of the bridge. My brethren and myself spend nearly all our

\*Hebrews, ii, 3.