

# THE SUNBEAM

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## OH, MY POOR BOY!

ABOUT the year 1863, says J. F. Sanderson, I saw a little scene I shall never forget. I was walking down the main street of Nashua, N. H., and came in sight of Jim Bright's saloon, a horrible place, from which honest and sober people turned aside with disgust and dismay. As I drew near the door opened, and I saw them lead out a boy of fourteen or fifteen years who was drunk, sick and helpless. Being unable to walk, he sat down upon the sidewalk, the picture of wretchedness and distress. A number of persons stood around him, laughing at his pitiable condition, and cracking their customary bar-room jokes. As I drew nearer I saw a well-dressed, bright, intelligent-looking lady walking up the street. She came along, apparently happy and unconcerned, while she was opposite the saloon, when she cast



a glance at the helpless creature on the sidewalk, and exclaimed, in tones that I shall never forget:

"Oh, my poor boy!"

It seemed as if a lifetime of agony was condensed into that one exclamation, which marked a revelation of such sorrow as she had never known before.

She could not leave him in his misery and disgrace.

Some of the bystanders helped him up, and the poor mother led away her drunken boy.

There are places all about us where mere boys are poisoned, debauched and ruined by the accursed cup. Shall this cure consume forever? Shall mothers rear children to be devoured by this dragon? Or shall men and women who fear God and love righteousness rouse themselves from their slumbers, and seek to banish this dire and bitter evil from the homes and haunts of men.

THE PICTURE BOOK.