

A Mother's Story.

ONE died "on the field of honour,"
Before Shiloh's murderous fire;
And he's lying low where the flowers blow,
By the side of his long-dead sire.

My other, my fair-browed Benjamin,
Too young for that long, grim fight,
Remained at home by his mother's side,
And I tried to raise him right.

But the men of our little hamlet—
They were godly men and true—
Took a fee from a tavern-keeper,
For all we mothers could do.

They said the money would help them
To lay new pavements down;
And it did, but the bricks were set in blood,
All round and through the town.

And Benjamin, last of his mother's four,
Went into the place one night,
And they gave him drink, and led him to play,
And he felt it must be right.

For the village fathers had blessed the place,
And their wise permit to sell
Was nailed up, writ in good round hand,
Where the lamp-light on it fell.

And night by night, and day by day,
My Benjamin went and came:
His eyes took on a glaring look,
And his face a look of shame.

I tried to warn, and I tried to save,
But he laughed all my fears away;
And said the good men knew what was best
When they took the saloon-man's way.

I even went to the wise men,
Who ruled our little town,
And told the curse their license act
On our hearts was bringing down.

But they laughed at me for a woman,
Who knew no business ways;
I told 'em I only knew my boy,
And wanted him all my days.

They said there was no such danger,
As my fond heart pictured out,
And that they were able to run the town,
And wanted no woman about.

I told 'em they'd better have women,
Than men who could not understand
That a license to sell meant sorrow and crime,
By the written law of the land.

They laughed, and called me a foolish soul,
Though they could see the big tears start;
They could not feel as a mother feels,
With a wearing pain in her heart.

And at last it came, as I knew it would,
A night when my boy, drink-wild
Was carried home; and on my breast—
Where he lay when a little child—

He rested for just a moment,
And then, with a maniac shout,
He tore himself from his mother's arms,
And his ruined life went out.

"Woe unto him who giveth drink
To his neighbour," said our God;
And the wise men of our village,
Will have to bow to the rod.

For had they not taken dollars
From the man who wanted to sell,
He could never have put the bottle
To the lips I loved so well.

They nerved his arm with the license,
To hand the bottle around,
And it rested against my boy's lips—
And he's lying under the ground.

One died "on the field of honour,"
With Lincoln and Grant he'll stand
In the grand review of the judgment day,
Far up in the better land.

The other, my fair-browed Benjamin,
Must go to a drunkard's place,
Where the men who for dollars sold him to death,
Will meet him face to face.

BOYS. KEEP AWAY FROM THE SMOKING-CAR.

BY LUCY M. ANDERSON.

ABOUT two weeks ago, at the third Annual Convention of the W. C. T. U. for Halton and Peel counties, the Public School inspector for the former county accosted me thus: "How do you do? I am glad to have this opportunity of congratulating you on the war you were waging with tobacco last winter."

"Thank you very much. I suppose you were in sympathy with me then?"

"Certainly! I was with you in every particular."

After speaking of this a few minutes, he said: "On my customary visits around the different schools I became very much attached to two young boys. They left school after awhile, and I had heard nothing of either of them for some time, until one morning the door bell rang. My little girl answering the door gave the caller a chair, then came and told me that a young man wished to see me. I hurried down to the drawing-room, and imagine my delight and surprise at recognizing the younger of these two boys—no longer a boy, but a tall, fine-looking young man. We talked away for some time, then I proposed that we should go for a drive. The proposal meeting the young man's approval, I went to get my coat and hat. In the hall I met my little girl, "Where are you going, papa?" she asked.

"Out for a drive."

"With whom?"

"The young gentleman caller."

"Well, I wouldn't, if I were you."

"Why, dear?"

"Because he smokes. When I opened the door and told him to walk in, he smelt so strong of tobacco I could hardly stand it."

"I will see about it, my dear," I said, and hurried for the horse and buggy. We drove for some distance before I could detect the least odor of tobacco upon him. I did not want to believe that he smoked, because I thought so much of him, but I was determined to find out, so I said, "My friend, I am going to ask you a question, will you give me a truthful answer?"

"If I can," he replied.

"Well, you most certainly can."

"Then I will."

"Do you smoke or use tobacco in any form?"

He looked so astonished that I was sorry for the moment I had asked him, then his answer came, and as he spoke I knew he was telling me the truth.

"No," said he, "I do not."

"Have you ever?"

"Never! I know nothing of the taste of tobacco whatever."

After receiving my congratulations for his past, and good wishes for his future good sense and behaviour, he said, "Now it is my turn to ask you a question."

I told him I should be happy to return his compliment.

"Then, upon what foundation was your question built?"

I told him of the conversation I had with my little girl previous to starting out for our drive.

"Oh!" he said, "I can easily account for her mistake. Two of my old companions were on the train with me. I had not seen either for a long time, so naturally wanted to have a talk with them. The only place they cared to sit was in the smoking-car, and of course I remained there with them. This is the only explanation I can give."

"It is quite sufficient, my young friend." I understand now. Can you not understand also, boys? If you can take the hint, think about it,

pray about it, and act upon it, and you will be better and wiser than those of your number who make mockery at such things. Does it not stand to reason that tobacco smoke is bad company, when you cannot be in its presence a short time without carrying away the taint of it? And would you like those who love you to form bad opinions of you simply because you were associated with it? Certainly not. Then, whenever you are tempted to sit with a friend in the smoking-car, remember the words of the good old Scriptures, and "shun the very appearance of evil."

THE BOY WHO TRIED.

MANY years ago a boy lived in the west of England. He was poor. One day during the play hour, he did not go forth with the other lads to sport, but sat under a tree by a little brook.

He put his head upon his hand and began thinking. What about? He said to himself:

"How strange it is! All this land used to belong to our family. Yonder fields, and that house and all the houses round, were once ours. Now we don't own any of this land, and the houses are not ours any longer. Oh, if I could but get all the property back!" He then whispered two words—"I'll try."

He went back to school that afternoon to begin to try. He was soon removed to a superior school where he did the same. By-and-by he entered the army, and eventually went to India as an officer. His abilities, but still more his energy and determination, secured promotion. He became a man of mark.

At length he rose to the highest post which a person could occupy in that land—he was made governor-general. In twenty years he came back to England and bought all the property which had once belonged to his family.

The poor West-of-England boy had become the renowned Warren Hastings.—*Selected.*

STORY OF A WISE MONKEY.

"IN my youth I had a friend who had a monkey. We always took him out on our chestnut parties. He shook all our chestnuts for us.

"One day my friend stopped at a tavern and gave Jack about half a glass of whiskey. Jack took the glass and drank its contents, the effects of which soon set him skipping, hopping, and dancing. Jack was drunk. We agreed to come to the tavern the next day, and see if Jack would drink again.

"I called in the morning at my friend's house; but instead of being as usual on his box, Jack was not to be seen. We looked inside, and there he was, crouched up in a heap. 'Come,' said his master. Jack came out on three legs, applying his fore-paw to his head. Jack had the headache. He was sick and couldn't go. So we put it off three days. We then met again at the tavern and provided a glass for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind chairs. 'Come here, Jack,' said his master, holding the glass out to him. Jack retreated, and as the door opened he slipped out, and in a moment was on the top of the house.

"His master called him down. Jack refused to obey. My friend got a whip and shook it at him. The monkey continued on the ridge pole. His master got a gun and pointed it at him. Jack slipped over to the back of the building. He then got two guns, and had one pointed on each side of the house, when the monkey jumped upon the chimney, and got down in one of the flues, and held on by his fore-paws. My friend kept the monkey twelve years afterwards, but never asked him again to taste whiskey.—*Exchange.*