

The Daughter's Grief.

JUST six years to-night—and remembered too well
Since the blackest of shadows across my path fell.
A life that was dear to my own life went out
In the terror of fear, in the anguish of doubt!

They brought father home from the gilded saloon,
And said he had suddenly fallen in a swoon.
We watched by his bedside, my mother and I,
And sorrowed and prayed as the hours went by.

Dear mother, sweet mother!—not till then did I know
How many long nights she had watched by him so;
Not till then did I know the dark secret which lay
In the cup where the serpent is lurking away.

My father was kindly and noble and good,
And never before had my heart understood
How the club room could draw him from mother and me,
When we were so happy together, we three.

What lightning revealing there came that dread night!
They filled my whole being with anguish and fright—
Their memories still are burning deep in my brain.
O God, must I evermore bear their keen pain?

My father awoke, and his mournful brown eyes
Looked into my own with a tender surprise;
I covered with kisses his beautiful face,
He whispered—how fondly—"My dear little Grace!"

Then throwing his arms round my mother he cried:
"Oh, faithful and true, still here at my side!"
What self-reproach then, and what penitent tears,
Confession of weakness, revealing of fears!

He sank on his pillow—a pitiful sight—
No hope in the future, or faint gleam of light;
No comfort or solace his soul found in prayer,
But deeper and deeper it sank in despair.

Then suddenly over his features there fell
The silent precursor, life's closing to tell.
"I'm dying," he whispered, "I'm dying, I know,"
"And my soul! oh, my soul! tell me, where will it go?"

My mother assured him of welcome in heaven,
Said even the thief on the cross was forgiven,
That Christ never turned from a penitent's prayer—
He answered, "No drunkard can ever go there!"

He spoke nevermore, and his last uttered thought
In the overcharged brain of my poor mother wrought
A ruin most fearful! And I—how bereft!
But God and his promise were still to me left.

Where now is my mother? Ah me, dare I tell?
She spends these long years in a maniac's cell,
And this strain she weaves in her song morn and even,
"No drunkard inherits the kingdom of heaven."

Teachers' Department.

That Old Whirlpool.

THERE is a whirlpool ahead. Just a series of bewildering whirls, driving round and round a stormy, wrecking centre. These whirls have only a moderate power on the circumference, but as they near the centre they go faster, go stronger, go deeper—as if scooping out a black grave. There are several boats in the clutches of those inner circles, struggling awhile to break away from these sinuous, slippery, yet strong fetters; then abandoning themselves to that deadly drift, finally plunging down into that yawning vortex in the centre. But look! There is somebody outside the whirlpool, crying: "Don't venture within this current! Keep away!" He waves a red danger-signal as he cries: "Keep away!"

What wise advice! Even if he cry again and again, shriek louder and louder, so that some might think him crazy, you, in your better estimate of those dangerous forces on the mad drive, would wreath his name with such adjectives as "praiseworthy," "considerate," "wise." A whirlpool! Intemperance is that maelstrom whose vast circles, sweeping out through the land, reach so much of its pride and promise. No words can measure the power of this maelstrom. The too often futile

efforts of its victims to reform, are a demonstration of power in comparison with which all word-testimony is weak. Those victims try to break loose from a grip that seems to give way and yields on every side, but it is the yielding and giving way of the ocean when it lets one down to the bottom.

It is wise for us who are teachers, standing without those wild whirlpool rings, to warn away the young. Emphasize—repeat the warning. Again and again, tell the young to keep away from those outer circles. Let others, if they will, label you "meddlers," "troublesome," "crazy." You can stand the pelting of words. The next generation will lay wreaths on your grave. We have done much toward making unpopular the rum-whirlpool. We must keep it unpopular. That means keeping at it. So warn, counsel, teach, especially by your example.—*S. S. Journal.*

One Effort More.

THE old astronomer, with his trusty glass, is searching the heavens for a star—"a lost star," he says.

"It ought to be there!" he murmurs, looking along the jewelled lines of some constellation. Not finding his diamond, he shakes his head, and is about to give up the search.

"Just one trial more," he murmurs.

He directs his glass toward the sky, and, lo, there it is! Out of the dark depths of space flashes the pure, bright face of the lost star.

"Found!" he cries. "It was one effort more that did it."

Yes, it is true in nature and in the world of grace, that it is the one effort more that often restores to its orbit the lost star.

It was the one more reaching out of the world of Christian sympathy that, by a friendly tap and a kindly word, arrested a drunkard, and gave to temperance a star orator—Gough.

A Sunday-school teacher touches on the shoulder, and kindly asks a young man about his soul, and this one effort more of the Church of God brought Dwight L. Moody to the Saviour. Let the blessing awaiting the maker of "one more effort" beckon us forward to special activity in our classes.

If the finding of a perishable world keeps the astronomer up all night, we can afford to spend as much time, if need be, wrestling with God for a blessing on an imperishable soul. Out of an atmosphere where we have felt and breathed the presence of God may we go to our classes!

Surely, this one more effort—*now*—this day—we are encouraged to make. Supplicating Jacobs will certainly make prevailing Israels. And oh! the joy of knowing that a new world, a new soul, a new life, has been set to revolving in obedience and love around that divine centre, God!—*S. S. Journal.*

The Most Southern Post-Office in the World.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

IF one looks on a map, or, better still, if one tips up a globe, and finds Punta Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan, down near Cape Horn, one will see that it is the southernmost town in the world—the settlements on the Cape of Good Hope, and on all inhabited islands, being farther to the north.

It is not at Punta Arenas, however, that the southernmost post-office is located, but in a little sheltered nook in another part of the strait, for the harbour of Punta Arenas is so bad, and the Straits of Magellan are so stormy, that it is not

often vessels can make a landing there, and as it is four thousand miles from the southernmost port on the west side of South America to the southernmost port on the east side, and as many vessels passing through the straits from one hemisphere to another, have come from even more distant ports, without having touched at land, it is natural that sailors should want a post-office to which they could go, no matter what the weather.

So, in a sheltered nook on the mainland, about fifty years ago, a large tin-box was placed, and hidden so cunningly that the Indians never found it. But there is not a shipmaster on all the Southern seas who does not know where that tin-box is, and who does not look forward with interest to a visit to it whenever he nears the Straits of Magellan.

When a vessel comes to anchor opposite that place, all the sailors bring the letters they have written since their last stop in port, and the steward or the captain collects all the well-thumbed books and newspapers that have been so often read that nothing more of interest can be extracted from them, and all these are carried ashore to the tin-box. How eagerly the captain looks over the contents of the box when he opens it! There are letters from every country under heaven, directed in all languages, to sailors on vessels of every sort, likely to pass this way.

If any are for the captain, or for any of his men, he takes them out with delight; and then he looks over the papers and magazines that are there, selects those that have never been in his ship's library, puts in the letters and old newspapers he has brought, and closes the box, and hides it again most carefully. No one who has not been long at sea, far from any tidings from home, or news of what is going on in the world, can imagine the delight of finding a letter in such a place, or even a newspaper two or three months old.

For fifty years this post-office has existed here in this rocky nook, on a stormy coast. It is said that its privileges have never been abused—that no sailor has ever taken a letter to which he had no right, or failed to place there for others the books and papers for which he had no further use.

A Sunday-School Meeting in a Bar-Room.

It was held in an old and now forsaken tavern, by a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union, in New Jersey. He used the bar-counter as his pulpit. This room, in many past years, had been the resort of wood-choppers, charcoal-burners, fishermen, and such like, for drinking, dancing, gambling, fighting, and all vicious practices and indulgencies; and though the tavern, as such, was now closed, the population was still very rough. The meeting was full, solemn, and impressive. Many were deeply affected. A Sunday-school was organized there, which is very interesting, and doing much good.

This missionary has organized a number of Sunday-schools in his field, down among "The Pines" of Southern New Jersey, where he has long laboured among the coloured people, who are mostly freedmen. These he is carefully watching and aiding.

These poor people take great interest in Bible study, and some of them make rapid progress. In many cases great good is done to their bodies as well as their souls.

What a blessed day it will be when taverns become meeting-houses, and bar-rooms are converted into Sunday-schools!—*The Banner.*