

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

In a railroad car a man about sixty years old came to sit beside me. He had heard me lecturing the evening before on temperance. "I am master of a ship," said he, sailing out of New York, and have just returned from my fifteenth voyage across the Atlantic. About thirty years ago I was a sot, shipped while dead drunk, and was carried on board like a log. When I came to, the captain asked me: "Do you remember your mother?"—I told him she died before I could remember. "Well," said he, "I am a Vermont man. When I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented I should seek my fortune.

"My boy," she said, "I don't know anything about towns, and I never saw the sea, but they tell me they make thousands of drunkards. Now, promise me you will never drink another drop of liquor." He said: "I laid my hands in hers and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, seen the worst kind of life and men. They laughed at me as a coward. But when they offered me liquor I saw my mother's pleading face, and I never drank a drop. It has been my sheet-anchor; I owe all to that. Would you like to take that pledge?" said he.

My companion took it and he added, "it has saved me. I have a fine ship, wife and children at home, and I have helped others." That earnest mother saved two men to virtue and usefulness—how many more He who sees all alone can tell.—*Wendell Phillips.*

WHY HE SWORE OFF.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in a smoking car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking—I've sworn off."

His words were greeted by shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What is the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've sworn off drinking something is up; tell us what it is?"

"Well, boys, I will, although I know

you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married; as you all know, I love whisky—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years no day had passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. On South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawn shop in connection with his other branches of business. Well, I called on him, and while I was there a young man not more than twenty five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying:

"Give me ten cents."

"And, boys what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker. "Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman despite his sad condition. "My—my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink."

"You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No, s she won't, because because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night."

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase, and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.—*Chicago Herald.*

BOLD PREACHING.

Rash preaching disgusts, timid preaching, leaves the soul asleep, while bold preaching, dictated by love, is the only kind of preaching that God owes and blesses.—*Rowland Hill.*