

## Only A Drunkard.

BY E. F. ANDREWS.

As at the close of a bleak winter's day,  
I wandered, aimless, through the crowded city,  
Reeling from side to side I saw a man  
Whose hapless plight appealed to all for pity.

And yet small pity moved that goodly throng;  
For when, at last, o'er-mastered by the cup,  
The poor man fell, net one kind hand and strong  
Extended aid to help the fallen up.

Fathers were in that crowd, hurrying home  
To greet the loving wife and take the kiss  
From childhood's fragrant lips, and 'neath the dome  
Where plenty waits to quaff unmeasured bliss.

And mothers, too, laden with fruits of gold,  
Hugging the wall for fear that touch of him,  
Prone in his filth and rags, should stain some fold  
Of silk or satin, or some jewel dim.

And still the poor man, on his icy bed,  
Benumbed by drink and battered by his fall,  
With haggard face upturned, lay as the dead,  
Bruised, bleeding, loathsome, homeless, shunned by all.

"Only a drunkard! Let the liveried law  
Do its stern duty—bear the wretch away!"  
And from that hurrying, eager crowd I saw  
No gleam of pity, not one loving ray.

And thus I mused while rough, unloving hands  
Raised the poor man and bore him from my sight,  
Perchance upon the morrow, with strong hands  
To bind the wretch doomed to the prison's night.

Who is this ruined one, disowned by all?  
Was his dark life ne'er cheered by love's pure ray?  
Ere by the tempter led to virtue's fall,  
Had youth for him no bright and sunny day?

Ah, yes! That form now clad in shame and sin,  
Nestling within a mother's arms once lay;  
From her fond eyes, unconscious, drinking in  
A love as pure as morn's unclouded ray.

And he was pure; the guardian angel's eye  
Saw no foul blot on that untarnished page;  
With soul unstained and free from sin's deep die,  
Its young light brightly flashed from youth to age.

That father, hurrying to his gilded home,  
Sees there no purer life; the girl or boy  
That glads his loving heart with, "Father's come,"  
Gives to his soul no sweeter light or joy.

That mother, shunning now this prostrate one,  
Pales at the thought of her sweet, fair-browed child  
Could e'er a drunkard be, then, hurrying on,  
Laughs at her fears as some crude fancy wild.

Her boy a drunkard! Hers! The loving face,  
So pure and beautiful, ever to wear  
Such hideous marks of shame, such deep disgrace!  
That thought is more than mother love can bear.

So thought that other mother; and her boy  
Seemed just as pure and good; and nestling there  
So near her heart, gives just as sweet a joy  
And floods her future with a light as fair.

Ah, fathers, mothers, doting fond and proud,  
Could but the future open to your ken,  
Dark, gloomy pictures would your visions crowd,  
With contrasts sad between the now and then.

That bright-eyed boy, hailing thy coming home  
With kiss and laugh, and shout of purest joy,  
Might stand revealed waiting the drunkard's doom,  
The slave of passion, and of vice the toy!

Go back and lift that nerveless spirit up,  
Speak words of kindness to that ruined one;  
Win him by love from the deceiver's cup—  
So God shall deal in mercy with thine own!

WHAT is it when a child dies? It is the great  
Headmaster calling that child up into his own  
room, away from all under-teachers, to finish his  
education under his own eye, close at his feet.  
The whole thought of a child's growth and develop-  
ment in heaven, instead of here on earth, is one of  
the most exalting and bewildering on which the  
mind can rest.

## A Singular Imposition.

A VERY remarkable imposition, practised by a  
spectator, was once successfully carried out at  
York assizes. A highwayman, in the garb of a  
labourer, was put upon trial, during which there  
entered the court a well-dressed gentleman, who  
was accommodated by the high sheriff with a seat  
upon the bench. He was a stranger, and had ar-  
rived the day before at the principal hotel. He  
had much luggage, and fared sumptuously; and,  
on asking the landlord what excitement could be  
got at York, was recommended to try the assizes.  
He seemed, however, to take but a languid interest  
in what was going on. The evidence for the pro-  
secution was finished, and the prisoner called upon  
for his defence.

"I am innocent," he said; and, suddenly catch-  
ing sight of the stranger, added, "and there—  
there is a gentleman, my lord, who can prove it."

The stranger said he knew nothing about the  
matter; but the prisoner, in a most impassioned  
way, entreated him to call to mind where he had  
been, and what he had been doing, on the day of  
the robbery.

"You were at Dover, sir, and lodged at the *Ship*  
inn; and I was the man who carried your trunk  
from the inn to the steamer."

"I was at Dover, and I did have my trunk  
taken by a porter," was the cold reply; "but I  
don't remember you!"

The prisoner, however, asked him a good many  
questions, some of which were to his advantage,  
and others not; and at last said the stranger, "If  
his lordship will permit, I will send to the hotel,  
where, in my luggage, will be found a diary, in  
which it is my custom to put down all these little  
matters."

The court waited in much excitement till the  
diary came, which amply corroborated the prison-  
er's statement, who was, therefore, acquitted. The  
judge observed that the stranger's coming was a  
most providential circumstance, and complimented  
him upon the service he had rendered humanity.

It afterwards transpired that these two men  
were in collusion in this matter, and had cunningly  
planned this defence, so as to deceive both judge  
and jury. They were thieves of long standing,  
who worked their wicked plans together. Within  
a fortnight after the occurrence above-mentioned,  
they were both in York Castle for housebreaking,  
and were hanged on the same gallows.

## Faithful Unto Death.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

ON a bright, beautiful morning when the sun  
shone, the birds sang, and even the tiny flower bells  
seemed to twinkle with joy that the summer had  
come again, a noble steamer pushed out into the  
blue waters of Delaware Bay.

A band of music sent out sweet strains from the  
upper deck, flags and steamers waved from every  
point, and the throng of passengers in their gala-  
dresses, seemed to indicate that the day was to be  
spent on a pleasure excursion.

And so it was. From the hot, dusty city streets,  
from the close chambers where hardly a breath of  
air could come in, that joyous company had crowded  
upon the splendid steamer, glad, for one day, at least,  
to throw off care, and get one breath of the sweet,  
free, cool air from the bay.

Fathers and mothers were there, with little ones  
clinging around their knees. Young people with  
hopes and faces bright alike, were there, too, and  
many whose hair was silvery, and who paused for  
one day's rest from life's busy cares.

On deck all hands were busy, the captain bustling

here and there with orders, the stewards running  
to and fro, and everything a merry, cheerful bustle  
of excitement and enjoyment.

On the top of the steamer, many eyes peered curi-  
ously in at the little glass house where stood the  
trusty pilot, and wondered why he kept always  
turning that great wheel, and why his attention  
was so earnestly fixed on the waters ahead of him.

Nor did many of the thoughtless young creatures  
who gazed in at him even know that their lives were  
dependent, almost, upon his faithfulness and skill.

Of how the merry day was spent, our simple story  
has not time to tell. But as the happiest day must  
have an end, so the excursion day began to close at  
last, and the gallant steamer was far on its home-  
ward way.

It had not as yet attracted the attention of the  
passengers that the captain was very pale, and that  
his orders were given in low husky tones. Some  
had noticed that the hatches leading below were  
closely battened down, and did not think of danger,  
until some one asked, "Don't you smell smoke?"

Ah! not only smell, but see it, curling in thin  
blue streaks, up from that fatal hold, wherever there  
was a crevice it could creep through!

Then rang out the shrill cry of terror, never so  
dreadful as when heard on the water, "Fire! fire!  
The boat is on fire!"

A scene of terrible excitement ensued; and  
knowing it needless to hide the danger any longer,  
the captain sprang upon a box and shouted, "The  
boat is on fire, but we are in sight of the city, and  
if we do not land you all safely, we will sink with  
you."

"Captain, can you do it?" asked a voice.

"Yes, we can if you will not sink us yourselves by  
a needless panic. The engine is all right, and we'll  
go as fast as we can."

He jumped from the box and strove with all his  
might to keep order among the terrified crowd. But  
it was a dreadful scene. Some wept, some raved,  
some prayed, and some sat or stood in stony, pale  
silence. While below the fire-fiend raged until flames  
mingled with the smoke, and the affrighted throng  
crowded and huddled to the end of the boat farthest  
away.

Nearer and nearer to the first point of land they  
drew. A few more turns of the wheel and they  
would be safe! The flames rolled up to the little pilot-  
house, but the brave man at the wheel never flinched,  
until, as the boat touched the shore, and with wild  
cries the passengers leaped, and jumped and rushed  
from the burning boat, he fell! Faithful unto death,  
he alone made no escape; for the next moment the  
whole upper deck was wrapped in sheets of flame.

But he had trusted in God. His body was burned,  
but his soul had gone to reap the reward of the  
faithful in heaven.

## A Slight Misunderstanding.

A TERTOTAL minister who was very particular  
about his toilet, went to preach one Sunday for a  
brother-minister in a parish church in Kinross-  
shire. On arriving at the vestry he looked around  
in search of the mirror to see that his toilet was all  
right before entering the pulpit, but, failing to find  
one, he said to the beadle:—"John, can I not have  
a glass before entering the pulpit?" "Certainly,  
sir," replied John. "Jist bide awee, and I'll get  
ane for ye immediately," and left the vestry. On  
his return the minister said: "Well, John, have  
you succeeded?" "Yes, sir," replied John. "I've  
brocht a gill; that'll be a glass for the forenoon  
and anither for the afternoon."

NOTHING is so reasonable and cheap as good man-  
ners.