

Blood-Stained in the Snow.

BY REV. E. STUART BEST.

The story told in this little poem is a sad reality—recorded not long ago in the columns of the *Holyoke Transcript*.

Out in the cold, yes, out in the cold,
A shivering, shivering child;
Young in years, in sorrow old,
This is the terrible tale she told
In chattering accents wild:

"I go to the shop that sells the beer,
I want them to fill my pail:
I'm trembling to death, Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
I'll never get home again, I fear,
I'll freeze in this awful hail."

The cruel ice cuts into her feet,
Her blood encrimsons the snow,
As she moans and minces along the street,
Her scanty garments covered with sleet,
A picture of want and woe.

"Come in! come in! No longer stay
Facing this fearful cold!
Little lost lamb, no longer stray,
Wandering thus wild and wintry way,
But rest in this o'er-cared fold."

"Oh, no! Oh, no. I must never stray;
My mother is dead a year;
They beat me almost every day,
They never listen a word I say,
But order me off for beer."

She enters the bar; 'tis blazing with light;
To minors they make no sale;
They order the little wretch out of their
sight,
And send her wandering back through the
night,
Bearing her battered pail.

Ah! those sellers of rum, so sly and shy,
Their hearts with pity swell,
When they hear a measured tread go by,
Or catch a glance of an officer's eye—
To minors they never sell!

Home again, but almost dead,
No beer for her brutal father;
Scoffed, and cursed, and beaten to bed,
With hardly a tatter to cover her head,
She weeps for a grave with her mother.

Out again goes the battered pail,
And with it the tottering toper;
He shudders and shakes in the howling gale,
But dreads far more than the driving hail
The pain of sleeping sober.

The pail is filled, the money tilted—
A legalized transaction;
Talk not of stuff with poison filled,
Talk not of thousands it has killed
And buried in perdition.

Who sold the right to curse and kill
His weak and tempted brother!
Who sold his suffrage to the still!
Who voted license with a will?
We need not ask another.

These blood-stained footprints in the snow
Are calling loud to Heaven.
God will his righteous anger show,
And all who traffic in this woe,
Down, down to death be driven!

A NEW ZEALAND girl, brought over to England to be educated, became a true Christian. When she was about to return some of her playmates said:—"Why do you go back to New Zealand? You love England, its shady lanes and clover fields. Besides, you may be shipwrecked or killed and eaten up by your own people." "What!" she said, "do you think I could be content with having got pardon and eternal life for myself and not go to tell my father and mother how they can get it too! I would go if I had to swim there."

A SCENE FROM THE LIFE OF MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.

Dr. Judson himself had been arrested by the Burman authorities, and had been thrown into a loathsome prison. Mrs. Judson was indefatigable in her efforts to secure some mitigations of his sufferings, and if possible, his release. As often as she could, she visited the authorities, and implored them on his behalf. One of these visits she thus describes:

"For two or three months I was subject to continual harassments, partly owing to my ignorance of the police management, and partly through the insatiable desire of every petty officer to enrich himself through our misfortunes. When the officers came to our house to confiscate our property, they insisted on knowing how much I had given the governor and the prison officers to release the teachers from the inner prison. I honestly told them, and they demanded the sum from the governor, which threw him into a dreadful rage, and he threatened to put all the prisoners back into their original place. I went to him the next morning, and the first words with which he accosted me were, 'You are very bad; why did you tell the royal treasurer that you had given me so much money?' 'The treasurer inquired; what could I say?' I replied, 'Say that you had given me nothing,' said he, 'and I would have made the teachers comfortable in prison; but now I know not what will be their fate.' 'But I cannot tell a falsehood,' I replied. 'My religion differs from yours; it forbids prevarication; and had you stood by me with your knife raised, I could not have said what you suggest. His wife, who sat by his side, and who always from this time continued my friend, instantly said, 'Very true; what else could she have done? I like such straightforward conduct; you must not—turning to the governor—'be angry with her.' I then presented the governor with a beautiful opera-glass I had just received from England, and begged his anger at me would not influence him to treat the prisoners with unkindness, and I would endeavour, from time to time, to make him such presents as would compensate for his loss. 'You may intercede for your husband only; for your sake he shall remain where he is; but let the other prisoners take care of themselves.'

It is pleasant to know that Mrs. Judson's efforts on behalf of her husband and the other prisoners, seconded as they doubtless were by the wife of the governor, were successful, in part, at least. Had it not been for her, they would, in all probability, have been put to death.

As it was, after many weary months, they were released. These months were, however, too much for the heroic woman. Not long after the release of Dr. Judson, she sank into the grave, exhausted by toil and anxiety.

THE BLUE RIBBON CHILDREN.

Tom and Jennie had drunk too often, and many times were they ill-treated by him when he was the worse for drink. Their mother was a teetotaler, and did all she could for them, but she could scarcely provide them with the necessaries of life, because the money which their father earned was spent in the public house.

The poor, homeless children were out together, one day, and thoughtful Jennie had been relating to Tom some of the stories she had heard at the Band of Hope meeting the night before. She had put on the blue ribbon, and had made up her mind to follow her mother's example.

It did not require much persuasion to induce little Tom to put on the ribbon too, for he had suffered a good deal from the hands of his father, and he was well aware of the disadvantages of drinking the intoxicating cup.

"Look here, Tom," said Jennie, taking the ribbon off her dress, "I will go and ask the gentleman this evening, to give me another piece, and he will be so glad to know you have made up your mind to be a 'Blue Ribbon.'" Poor little Tom stood still while Jennie pinned the ribbon to his breast, and he was never sorry for the step he had taken.

Boys and girls, I knew what it was when thirteen years of age to be tempted, by men who ought to have known better, to partake of intoxicating liquors. But it is now many years since I became a teetotaler; and, trusting in God's strength I have kept the pledge ever since. So I urge my young readers to make up their minds to follow the example of poor Tom and Jennie, to "sign the pledge, and don the blue."

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

WHAT TO AVOID.

A LOUD, weak, affected, harsh or shrill tone of voice.

Extravagances in conversation—such phrases as "Awfully this," "Beastly that," "Loads of time," "Don't you know," "hate," for "dislike," etc.

Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise and joy—often dangerously approaching to "female swearing"—as "Bother!" "Gracious!" "How jolly!"

Yawning when listening to any one. Talking on family matters even to bosom friends.

Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music that you cannot execute with ease.

Crossing your betters. Making short, sharp nods with the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

An unaffected low, distinct, silver-toned voice. The art of pleasing those around you, and seeming pleased with them and all they may do for you.

The charm of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings or prejudices of others.

An erect carriage—that is a sound body.

A good memory for faces, and facts connected with them—thus avoiding giving offence through not recognizing or bowing to people, or saying to them what had best been left unsaid.

The art of listening without impatience to prosy talkers, and smiling at the twice-told tale or joke.—*Exchange.*

The Song of the Cricket.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

Yes, the world is big; but I'll do my best,
Since I happen to find myself in it;
And I'll sing my loudest out with the rest,
Though I'm neither a lark nor a linnet,
And strive toward the goal with as tireless
zeal,

Though I know I may never win it.

For shall no bird sing but the nightingale?
No flower bloom but the rose?
Shall little stars quench their torches pale
When Mars through the midnight glove?
Shall only the highest and greatest prevail?
May nothing seem white but the snows?

Nay, the world is so big that it needs to all
To make audible music in it,
God fits a melody even to the small;
We have nothing to do but begin it.
So I'll chirp my merriest out with them all,
Though I'm neither a lark nor a linnet!

A GOOD THING FOR BOYS.

MANUAL training is one of the few good things that are good for everybody. It is good for the rich boy, to teach him respect for the dignity of beautiful work. It is good for the poor boy, to increase his facility for handling tools, if tools prove to be the things he must handle for a living afterwards. It is good for the bookish boy, to draw him away from books. But, most of all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in showing him that there is something he can do well. The boy utterly unable, even if he were studious, to keep up the book knowledge and percentage with the brighter boys, becomes discouraged, dull and moody. Let him go to the work-room for an hour, and find that he can make a box or plane a rough piece of board as well as the brighter scholar, nay, very likely better than his brighter neighbour, and you have given him an impulse of self-respect that is of untold benefit to him when he goes back to his studies. He will be a brighter and a better boy for finding out something that he can do well. Mind you, it is not planing the board that does him good; it is planing the board in the presence of other boys who can no longer look down upon him when they see how well he can plane. He might go home after school and plane a board in the bosom of his family, or go to an evening school to learn to plane, without a quarter part, nay, without any, of the invaluable effect upon his manhood that it will have to let him plane side by side with those who in mental attainments may be his superiors.