

and the people were free to express their sentiments, which they were not slow to do. Some had gone out of curiosity, some to please the noble, earnest women who had instigated the meeting, and more because at the present time Dr. Ellis church was very popular, and as they looked at the address from different standpoints, the comments were of course somewhat varied. There were many who simply admired the gifted speaker, but there were a few who felt the responsibility of God's work, but among the number who felt the need of a Father's strength and love was the girl in the back seat, who still clasped in her hands a bit of white ribbon. One by one the people had left the church, or stood in groups and talked over the meeting, till at last the girl seemed to realize it was over, and starting to her feet she glided away; she walked swiftly along till she reached rather a neat looking lodging house, and entered for the night.

She lay awake counting the hours, as the bell in the adjoining steeple tolled them out, till at last she fell asleep to dream of fair faces.

The morning sunlight shone in at the window when at last she opened her eyes, and springing up she made as neat a toilet as possible, and descended the stairs to the plain, though comfortable dining room, and after a hurried breakfast made her way out upon the street, in the direction given on her card. The number brought her to a large brownstone residence, and her courage seemed to leave her as she ascended the white marble steps and gave a timid pull at the polished silver bell. The smart maid in a white cap and apron, with flowing ribbons, elevated her nose as she reluctantly permitted her to enter the hall, while she went to inform Mrs. Barney of her arrival; she soon returned, and directed her to follow. As the library door swung back, and the slender, graceful figure and sweet face of her new found friend appeared, her hesitancy vanished, but her eyes filled with tears as she felt the warm hand clasp and the thrilling gaze of the blue eyes.

"Now, my child," said the lady, "tell me all about it. How is it you are left to wander through the world, and thus early tread the path of wrong?" There was no withstanding the kindly sympathetic voice, and so, seated close to the lady, the girl told again the old, old story of love and sin, old since the world begun, yet new to many a trusting girl's heart that has no loving hand to guide: the story of a woman's love and man's perfidy, and when at last she found herself friendless and alone, the wine cup's ruddy light bade her find comfort there, and so she had only to find the result which is always sure to follow. "So you see, ma'am, nobody will take a jail-bird, so there is no good way left for me," she concluded.

While the story had been told, the listener's heart had been lifted to God in prayer, but she had not looked for an answer quite so soon as it was received; for as the girl's words died away, the curtains parted, and the hostess stood before them; her eyes filled with tears as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Barney, I could not help but hear; forgive me. I will take her and help her;—no one knows how much we have to answer for by turning a deaf ear to the cries for help which come before our Christian people. I will not stand back in the work any longer." And it was decided that Mrs. Judge B. was to take Nellie Harris in her employ, and help her to do right.

Five times has summer's sunlight shown over the stately city of Elms, and five times have the streets been wrapped in their snowy mantle, and again the Center church is crowded to listen to Mrs. J. K. Barney's words which cannot fail to entuse the hearts of her listeners, but this time she has a warm place in the hearts of the people; seventy-five earnest, loyal women, with Mrs. Judge B. at their head, are wearing the white ribbon for "God and Home and Native Land," and this time she spoke for them. Nellie Harris is still with Mrs. Judge B., and she has proved faithful and true, and her name is known to every poor unfortunate one, and many less

her; but there are few who know of a little ebony box in her room, which contains a card and a little knot of white ribbon, over which she shed many bitter tears in her struggle for right at first.

To-night she too wears a white ribbon, for the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and no one would recognize in the quiet, lady-like looking girl the wreck of five years ago. But Mrs. Barney remembers, and her greeting is cordial as to a friend.

Mrs. Judge B. has found by blessed experience that a few words, even on the busy streets, will bring forth abundant fruit. Dr. Ellis' prayer comes from the depths of his heart this night, and his words are wonderfully tender, for he knows the little story connected with the speaker's last visit, and when he ends with a blessing on the white ribbon, which is fast encircling the world, and all members of the W. C. T. U., there is a heartfelt and earnest Amen.

Reader, there is many a Nellie Harris in our crowded streets, but there are few Mrs. Barneys; let us all endeavor to live closer to the beautiful life from which she takes her example, and in a consecrated work for God and humanity, find the rest and blessing of the promise—

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

#### NOTES OF WARNING ECHOED AND RE-ECHOED.

We have thought, while reading with deep interest the minutes of the last Annual Convention of the Maritime W. C. T. U., how truly "the field is the world;" how the same evils confront the White Ribboners everywhere, and the same discouragements have to be met by untiring zeal, and the long-suffering love God sheds abroad in our hearts.

Mrs. Dr. Todd, Superintendent of "Purity in Literature and Art," writes:—"A few years ago the country was startled by the news of a terrible flood that had swept hundreds to death. For weeks the search for bodies went on. One day a man was walking over what seemed to be the unbroken surface of a field. Carelessly kicking as he walked, his foot struck and dislodged a lump of earth, when, to his horror, a dead face appeared. Immediately search was begun, and the entire field was found to be a vast charnel house, full of death and corruption. Just so, it seems to me, is the work of the department I represent. A flood of literature has swept over the land, carrying moral death in its track. One but needs to look under the surface to discover enough to turn the heart sick and faint.

"What has produced the almost numberless bands of young thieves, murderers and train-wreckers, of whom we read in every day's paper? Dime novels indiscriminately sold, and allowed to be read by children by parents who are too careless to take time and see what kind of books their children are reading. What about the impurity of heart and life that is found among children of tender years, as well as those who are older? The impure papers, pictures, and books that are sent out to do their deadly work, by those whose hearts are black and corrupt, will account for it all."

After showing the "character of the men who deal in the unclean literature of the day," and the fearful extent to which they circulate it among women and children, she continues:—

"A good suggestion comes from Yarmouth, and all fathers and mothers would do well to heed it. The post-master requests parents to come themselves for their mail, instead of sending their children; then they will know what is sent to their homes. An instance of the wisdom of so doing came to my notice, where a father examined a paper, bearing a very innocent name, but containing advertisements that were vile. The paper was given to me. In order to test their genuineness, I replied