

Selections.

"FOR SALE!"

For sale! A good saloon—fine business place—
Good will included, too, its worth to laud!
Here's a rare snap—if wise you'll catch it up;
Reason for selling out, I go abroad!"

A "good saloon"—whence came this aspect rare?
"Fine place for business"—aye, 'tis on the way
The toiling masses pass, when home-ward bound—
A trap, devised to make the weak its prey!

"A snap?" for whom? Who gathers up this pelf
Through daily traffic of this daily wage?
It is the suffering wife and helpless babe,
Or sorrowing mother, bowed by grief and age?

"Going abroad!" To seek luxurious ease,
With coffers filled, regardless of its cost
To countless lives, by a base traffic wrecked,
And countless souls, perchance, forever lost!

And yet, "the powers that be" hold slackened rein,
Nor check the rum-fiend that enslaves the low—
Robs homes of want—builds up the bloated base,
And mocks at sighs and tears of helpless woe!

"For sale!" Can gold thus gotten move that load—
The prayers, groans, curses of the hearts it broke?
Can foreign scenes efface a sin-cured past,
Or heaven's just retributive laws revoke?
—L. S. Harris, in *The N. Advocate.*

OUR HEROES.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right,
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honor to him if he conquers.
A cheer to the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about.
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single handed
Is more a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right
Stand firm by the colors of manhood
And you will overcome in the fight.
"The right," be your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life.
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—Phoebe Carey.

ROBBING THE BISHOP.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

The Bishop was coming back to the Slum Settlement very late from some gathering of the striking tailors, and was walking along with his arms behind him, when two men jumped out from behind an old fence that shut off an abandoned factory from the street, and faced him. One of the men thrust a pistol into the Bishop's face, and the other threatened him with a ragged stake that had evidently been torn from the fence.

"Hold up your hands, and be quick about it!" said the man with the pistol. The place was solitary, and the Bishop had no thought of resistance. He did as he was commanded, and the man with the stake began to search his pockets. As he stood there, with his arms uplifted, an ignorant spectator might have thought that he was praying for the souls of these two men. And he was; and his prayer was singularly answered that very night.

The Bishop was not in the habit of carrying much money with him, and the man with the stake, who was searching him, uttered an oath at the small amount of change he found, and said:

"Got him behind the fence! We haven't half searched him yet."

They pushed the Bishop through a broken opening in the fence.
"Now, then, have you got the watch?" asked the man with the pistol.

"No, the chain is caught somewhere!" And the other man swore again.

"Break it, then!"
"No, don't break it," the Bishop said, and it was the first time he had spoken.

"The chain is the gift of a very dear friend. I should be sorry to have it broken."
At the sound of the Bishop's voice, the man with the pistol started as if he had been suddenly shot with his own weapon. With a quick movement of the other hand he turned the Bishop's head towards what little light was shining from the alley way, at the same time taking a step nearer. Then, to the evident amazement of his companion, he said roughly:

"Leave the watch alone! We've got the money. That's enough!"
"Enough! Fifty cents! You don't reckon—"

Before the man with the stake could say another word he was confronted with the muzzle of the pistol, turned from the Bishop's head towards his own.

"Leave that watch be! And put back the money, too. This is the Bishop! The Bishop, do you hear?"

"And what of it? The President of the United States wouldn't be too good, if—"

"I say, you put the money back, or I'll blow a hole through your head!" said the other.

For a second the man with the stake seemed to hesitate. Then he hastily dropped the money back into the Bishop's pocket.

"You can go on. You needn't stay any longer on our account." The man who had acted as spokesman turned and sat down on a stone.

"That's just what I'm staying for," replied the Bishop.

"You must like our company. It is hard sometimes for people to tear themselves away from us," the man standing up said, laughing coarsely.

"Shut up!" exclaimed the other.
"We're on the road to hell, though, that's sure enough. We need better company than ourselves and the devil."

"If you would only allow me to be of any help—" the Bishop spoke gently, even lovingly. The man on the stone spoke slowly, like one who had finally decided upon a course he had first rejected.

"Do you remember ever seeing me before?"

"No," said the Bishop.

"Don't you remember one day back in '81 or '82, a man came to your house and told a story about his wife and child having been burned to death in a tenement fire in New York?"

"Yes, I begin to recall now," murmured the Bishop. The other man seemed to be interested. He ceased digging his stake in the ground, and stood still listening.

"Do you remember how you took me into your own house that night and spent all the next day trying to find me a job? And how, when you succeeded in getting me a place in a warehouse as foreman, I promised to quit drinking because you asked me to?"

"I remember it now," the Bishop replied gently. "I hope you have kept your promise."

The man laughed savagely.

"Kept it! I was drunk inside a week. I've been drinking ever since. But I've never forgotten you or your prayer. Do you remember, the morning after I came to your house, and after breakfast you had prayers, and asked me to come in and sit down with the rest? That got me. But my mother used to pray! I can see her now kneeling down by my bed when I was a lad. Father came in one night drunk and kicked her, while she was kneeling there by me. But I never forgot that prayer of yours that morning. You prayed for me just as mother used to, and you didn't seem to take count of the fact that I was ragged and tough-looking, and more than half drunk when I rang your door-bell. My God! What a life I've lived! The liquor shop has housed me and homed me, and made hell on earth for me!

But that prayer struck me all the time. My promise not to drink was broken into a thousand pieces inside of two Sundays, and I lost the job you found for me, and landed in a police station two days afterwards; but I never forgot you or your prayer. I don't know what good it's done me, but I never forgot it. And I won't do any harm to you or let anyone else. So you're free to go. That's why."

The Bishop did not stir. Somewhere a church clock struck one. The Bishop was thinking hard.

"How long is it since you had work?" he asked, and the man standing up answered for the other.

"More'n six months since either of us did anything to tell of."

"Suppose I found good jobs for both of you. Would you quit this and begin afresh?"

"What's the use?" the man on the stone spoke sullenly, "I've reformed a hundred times. Every time I go down deeper. It's too late?"

"No!" said the Bishop. And never before the most entranced audiences had he felt the desire for souls burn up in him so strongly. All the time he had prayed, "O Lord Jesus, give me the souls of these two for Thee! I am hungry for them! Give them to me!"

"No!" the Bishop repeated. "What does God want of you two men! It doesn't so much matter what I want. But He just wants what I do in this case. You two men are of infinite value to Him." And then the Bishop's wonderful memory came to his aid. He had remembered the man's name.

"Burns, he said—and he yearned over the men with an unspeakable longing for them both—"if you and your friend here will go home with me to-night, I will find you both places of honourable employment. I will believe in you and trust you. You are both comparatively young men. Why should God love you? It is a great thing to have the love of the great Father. It is a small thing that I should love you. But if you need to feel again that there is love in the world, you will believe me when I say, my brothers, that I love you, and, in the name of Him who was crucified for our sins, I cannot bear to see you miss the glory of the heavenly life! Come! Be men! Make another try for it, God helping you. No one but God and you and myself need ever know anything of this to-night. He has forgiven it. The minute you ask Him to, you will find that true. Come! We'll fight it out together—you two and I. It's worth fighting for, everlasting life is. It was the sinner that Christ came to help. I'll do what I can for you. O God! Give me the souls of these two men!"

The bishop broke into a prayer to God that was a continuation of his appeal to the men. His pent-up tellings had no other outlet. Before he had prayed many moments, Burns was sitting with his face buried in his hands, sobbing. Where were his mother's prayers now? They were adding to the power of the Bishop's. And the other man, harder, less moved, without a previous knowledge of the Bishop, leaned back against the fence, stolid at first. But as the prayer went on, he was moved by it. What force of the Holy Spirit swept over his dulled, brutal, coarsened life, nothing but the eternal records of the Recording Angel can ever disclose. The Bishop's prayer seemed to break open the crust that had for years surrounded these two men and shut them off from divine communication, and they themselves were thoroughly startled by the event.

"Come, my brother! God is good. You shall stay at the Settlement to-night, and I will make good my promise as to the work."

The two men followed the Bishop in silence. When they reached the Settlement it was after two o'clock. The Bishop let them in and led them to a room. At the door he paused a moment. His tall, commanding figure stood in the doorway, and his pale face, worn with his recent experience, was illustrated with the divine glory.

"God bless you, my brothers," he said, and leaving them his benediction, he went away.

True to his promise, the Bishop secured work for them. The caretaker at the Settlement needed an assistant, owing to the growth of the work there, so Burns was given the place. The Bishop succeeded in getting his companion a position as driver for a firm of

warehouse dray manufacturers not far from the Settlement.

It was the afternoon following that morning when Burns was installed in his new position as assistant caretaker that he was cleaning off the front steps of the Settlement House, when he paused a moment and stood up to look about him.

The first thing that he noticed was a beer-house sign just across the alley. He could almost touch it with his broom from where he stood. Over the street, immediately opposite, were two large drink shops, and a little farther down were three more.

Suddenly the door of the nearest drink shop opened and a man came out. At the same time, two more went in. A strong odour of beer floated up to Burns, as he stood on the steps of the Settlement.

He clutched his broom handle tight and began to sweep again. He had one foot on the porch and another on the step below. He took another step down, still sweeping. He sweat stood out on his forehead, although the day was frosty and the air chill. The door opened again and three or four men came out. A child went in with a can and came out a moment later with a quart of beer. The child went on by the sidewalk just below him, and the odour of the beer came up to him. He took another step down, still sweeping desperately.

Then suddenly he pulled himself up one step and swept over the spot he had just cleaned. He then dragged himself by a tremendous effort back to the floor of the porch and went over into the corner of it furthest from the liquor shop and began to sweep there. "O, God!" he cried, "if the Bishop would only come back!" The Bishop had gone out somewhere, and there was no one about the Settlement that he knew.

He swept in the corner for two or three minutes. His face was drawn with the agony of the conflict. Gradually he edged out again towards the steps and began to go down them. He looked towards the sidewalk and saw that he had left one step unswept. The sight seemed to give him a reasonable excuse for going down there to finish his sweeping. He was on the footpath now, sweeping the last step, with his face toward the Settlement and his back turned partly on the drink shop across the alley. He swept the step a dozen times. The sweat rolled down his face. By degrees he felt that he was drawn over towards that drink shop. He could smell the liquor as the fumes rose around him. It was like the infernal sulphur of the lowest hell, and yet it dragged him, as by a giant's hand, nearer its source.

He was down in the middle of the footpath now, still sweeping. He cleared the space in front of the Settlement and went out into the gutter and swept that. He took off his hat and rubbed his sleeve over his face. His lips were pallid and his teeth chattered. He trembled all over like a palsied man and staggered back and forth, as if he were already drunk. His soul shook within him.

He had crossed over the little piece of stone flagging that measured the width of the alley, and now he stood in front of the saloon, looking at the sign and staring into the window at the pile of whisky and beer bottles. He moistened his lips with his tongue and took a step forward, looking around him steadily. The door suddenly opened again and some one came out. Again the hot, penetrating smell of the liquor swept out into the cold air, and he took another step towards the saloon door, which had shut behind the customer. As he laid his finger on the door handle, a tall figure came round the corner. It was the Bishop.

He seized Burns by the arm and dragged him back upon the footpath. The frenzied man, now made mad for drink, shrieked out a curse and struck at the Bishop savagely. It is doubtful if he really knew at first who was snatching him away from his ruin. The blow fell upon the Bishop's face and cut a gash in his cheek.

He never uttered a word. But over his face a look of majestic sorrow swept. He picked Burns up as if he had been a child, and actually carried him up the steps and into the Settlement House. He placed him down in the hall, and then shut the door and put his back against it.

Burns fell on his knees, sobbing and