

Selections.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

By Mrs. M. C. EDWARDS.

The Church and the World walked far apart
On the changing shores of time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.
"Come, give me your hand," cried the merry World,
"And walk with me this way"
But the good Church hid her snowy hand,
And solemnly answered, "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way to endless death;
Your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the World, with a kindly air,
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there.
My path, you see, is a broad, fair one,
And my gate is high and wide:
There is room enough for you and for me
To travel side by side."

Halt shyly the Church approached the World,
And gave him her hand of snow,
The old World grasped it, and walked along,
Saying in accents low:
"Your dress is too simple to suit my taste:
I will give you pearls to wear,
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair,"
The Church looked down at her plain white robe,
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church with a smile of grace.
Then her pure white garments drifted away,
And the world gave in their place
Beautiful satin and shining silk,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,
"I'll build you one like mine—
Carpets of Brussels, and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine."
So he built her a costly and beautiful house,
Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there
Gleaming in purple and gold.
The Angel of Mercy flew over the Church
To gather the children in:
But some were off at the midnight ball,
And some were off at the play,
And some were drinking in gay saloons,
So she quietly went her way.

Then the sly World gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm,
Merely indulging in innocent sports;"
So she leaned on his puffed arm,
And smiled and chatted, and gathered flowers,
As she walked along with the World,
While millions and millions of deathless souls
To the horrible gulf were hurled.
"You give too much to the poor," said the World:
"Far more than you ought to do
If the poor need shelter, and food, and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?
Go, take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine,
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine.
My children they dote on all such things;
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."
Then the Church held tightly the strings of her purse
And gracefully lowered her head
And slinked, "I've given too much away:
I'll do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her doors in scorn;
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside
As the widows went weeping by.
And the sons of the World and the sons of the Church
Walked closely hand and hand,
And only the Master who knoweth all
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease,
and said:
"I am rich, and in goods increased,
I have need of nothing, and naught to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."
And the sly World heard her and laughed in his sleeve,
And mockingly said aside:
"The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,
And her shame is her boast and pride."

The Angel drew near to the mercy-seat,
And whispered in sighs her name;
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed
And covered their heads with shame.
And a voice came down through the hush of heaven,
From Him who sat on the throne,
"I know thy works, and how thou hast said
I am rich; and hast not known
That thou art naked, poor, and blind,
And wretched before My face;
Therefore, from My presence I cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place."
—*Baltimore Christian Advocate.*

THE SPRING TIDE THAT CARRIED AWAY GRAN'SIR'S MUG.

"Cephas, do look at there're boy!"
said old lady Smith, watching from a window her grandson Peter.
Cephas Smith, who was in the room, smacking his lips over a mug, came to the window, and remarked:
"It is a dreadful high tide. Peter's hencoop may have to go. I've told that boy more'n fifty times to put his hens somewhere else."
"Yes, it is a master tide. It keeps a-comin' in and a-comin', and all the time this 'ere storm is a-blowin' guns down the chimney. Just hear it! And that tide is a-risin', and keeps a-comin' in, nearer, nearer, jest like a livin' and breathin' bein'. Oh! I don't like such things."

While she spoke she sharply watched her husband. She was now thinking of another tide that for some time had been rising, even Cephas Smith's habit of drinking.
He had just taken his favorite mug of flip at the kitchen stove, and nigh the kitchen cupboard.
Grandmother Smith had had a confidential talk with Peter, now in the yard, trying to prop up his hen-coop. She had frankly confessed to Peter that "Gran'sir was gettin' into a dreadful foolish habit," and "what to do she didn't know."
"I'd a' slave myself to stop his drinkin'. He'll jest ruin hisself, Petie."
Here Grandmother Smith buried her face in the folds of her long apron and sobbed pitifully.
"Dreadful foolish!" cried Peter.
"It's dreadful wicked!"
Then he did not know but he had gone altogether too far in thus speaking his mind, and he went up to Grandmother Smith, and began, by way of reparation, to stroke her back fondly and pityingly.
"Don't worry, Grandma. He—he—don't think. He—may be real sorry inside, but the drink gets the better of him. Now—now don't worry. I'll stand by ye, and perhaps—why, who knows?—between us both, we may do something. We can put our heads together, you know."
This made Grandmother Smith smile, for Peter was just a small boy, and his head was not a very big one. At any rate, his curly head did not seem very large beside Grandmother's, with big folds of soft white hair all about it, and outside of that a fluffy white cap and its ribbons and bows.
Then there was silence. What next?
"We can pray, grandma," murmured Peter.
"Yes, dear, we will do that," said Grandmother soberly.
And that very night two pairs of hands were folded in prayer—one in Grandmother's chamber, and one in a little nook under the low slanting roof where Peter slept.
The conference with Peter came into the Grandmother's thoughts as she and Gran'sir Smith stood side by side at the

window, and watched the high tide deepening round Peter's hen-coop.

"There may be chance for Peter to save his hen-coop by all his sticks and props," observed Gran'sir Smith, "but he ought to have built on higher ground, and I will tell him so."
He took his old tarpaulin hat from its nail and went out into the yard.
"Peter," he shouted, as he faced the storm, "you ought to have built on higher ground!"
"I think so too. Do you know, grand'sir, that the shed is in danger?"
"You—you—don't say!"
He looked at the shed, now encompassed by water.
The Smiths lived on a lane that ran down to a river making in from the sea, and subject, in certain storms, to violent tides. An "equinoctial," for instance, would beat down fiercely, and scourge the river as it were to madness.
The tide was now rising steadily about the hen-coop, and threatening soon to lift it on its blue shoulders and bear it away. Peter prudently had removed his hens to a safe retreat.

What safety was there for the hen-house? It was the shed, though, that was now the object of anxiety.
"I see that there is suthin' to be done about that 'ere shed," remarked Gran'sir. "I will be back soon."
He went into the kitchen, prepared a stiff mug of flip, and drank it down eagerly.
"Oh, Cephas!" moaned Grandmother.
"Now, wife, why do you say anything? I have a hard job before me."
She wiped her tears in reply. She knew that gran'sir already had had more mugs of flip than he could carry off.
"You're cryin'!"
"Yes; you can't handle yourself out there."
"Can't I handle myself? You'll see, you'll see, madam! I think I can!"
It was a foolish boast.

He strutted across the yard, but unsteadily, and went into a shed to get a joist with which to prop up the shed on the outside. The Smith lot went down to the river. Here a wharf had been built, and the shed and hen-house were on this wharf, the rear wall of each coming to the wharf's edge.
Gran'sir went to the edge of the wharf to see where he could best set up his prop. He was feeling the liquor he had drunk. He made a careless movement, and down he tumbled, and over the edge of the wharf he went!
"Help! help!" rang out his voice.
Peter was on hand, small boy though he was. Somebody else was on hand—Grandmother Smith. She came fluttering out of the house, and then ran to the wharf. In her hand she carried her old red shawl. The faded fabric was homely now, but it was strong. Holding on to her end firmly, she flung out the other end to Gran'sir Smith.
"Ketch it, ketch it!" she shrieked.
Gran'sir Smith grabbed it.
"Now, Peter help your grandma! Pull in! Altogether—now!"
Grandmother Smith showed herself an expert. Peter did his share. They pulled him over the edge of the wharf. How they did it, they could not say. Then they led him into the house. He was put into dry clothes. He was placed before the kitchen fire.
He looked so comfortable there before the cheerfully purring fire. He wore a blue dressing-gown that Grandmother Smith had made for him, and it contrasted finely with his long white hair that the same faithful wife had brushed back from his forehead.
Now and then he looked up at the old flipmug on the mantle over the stove, glancing down at his blue dressing gown. He looked very solemn.
"What are you thinkin' of, Cephas?"
"I was thinkin' if I had looked this way, all slicked up so neat, if I had gone down to the bottom of the river."
"Oh—oh, husband, don't speak of it!"
"But I must, wife; if—if—if it hadn't been for you and Peter, I should have been down at the bottom of the river, sartin. I know why I fell over."
Here he gave a savage glance at the mug.
"Is that shed a-standin'?"
"Yes, and I believe it won't go, after all."
"Well, that hen-coop, hen-house—won't that go?"
"No, it is standin' and I don't believe it will go."
Gran'sir rose in his chair.
"Suthin' has got to go!" he said, energetically, "and it shall be that mug! Peter!"
"What, sir?"
"Take my mug and a piece of board and put the mug on the board, and

then put the board on the edge of the wharf, and then—then"—here gran'sir's voice became almost terrific—"then launch her! That thing has got to go! Not going to have this tide for nothin'!"
The mug went. The tide swept about the board, drifted it away, and smothered it.

Its fate was watched from the kitchen window, and then gran'sir said:
"Now, wife, pray for me! Where's Peter? Oh, here he is! Peter, pray too! I want my appetite to be sunk way down—way down—same as that mug. God help me!"
Such a time of prayer!
The wind raved down the chimney. The rain rattled against the windows. Above all these sounds, though, could be heard the voice of Grandmother Smith earnestly crying to God; and then came a boy's voice, clear and penetrating. Never such a day in that house as the day when the spring high-tide carried away gran'sir's mug.—*S. S. Times.*

U. S. NATIONAL PROHIBITION PARTY.

The National Prohibition Party of the United States held its convention to nominate Presidential candidates at Pittsburg, Pa., on May 27th. There was a great gathering of representatives present. From the very opening of the proceedings a hard fight was waged between the narrow gaggers who wished to make prohibition the one issue of the approaching campaign, and the broad gaggers, who desired to have a platform dealing with many other questions. The principal difference of opinion was as to the silver question. A large party led by Governor St. John desired to have a plank favoring the coinage of silver in the rate of 16 to one. The majority report of the platform committee favored the single issue. A minority report presented by St. John took the other ground. On a roll call the minority report was rejected by 427 to 387. About 150 delegates left the convention and organized a new party to be known as the National Party. Hon. Joshua Levering was nominated by the Prohibition Party as President, and Hale Johnston as Vice-President. Samuel Dickie was elected Chairman of the Executive Committee. The new organization nominated Charles E. Bentley for President, and J. H. Southgate for Vice-President.

VIRGINIA.

A law went into effect on the 1st of May forbidding the sale of liquor to a student at any institution of learning in the State, including the public schools, whether the student be over twenty-one years of age or not. It applies to academies, colleges, and universities; medical, law or theological schools, or any other. The penalty is a fine of from \$25 to \$50 and imprisonment for six months; in addition the offender must give bond in \$500 to be of good behavior for a year, and a subsequent offence is to act as forfeiture of the bond.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

A CHALLENGE.

Please examine the pauper expenses and arrests for drunkenness in the license places given below, as compared with those in Quincy for the same period:—

	Popula- tion 1895.	Cost of Sup- ply for 1895	Arrests for Drunken- ness for 1895.
Newburyport.	14,552	\$22,012 91	750
Northampton.	16,764	12,901 14	451
Pittsfield.	20,461	13,658 35	820
Waltham.	20,876	13,116 83	821
Woburn.	14,178	13,476 00	600
QUINCY.	20,712	8,338 00	300

I challenge the supporters of license to show an instance where the saloon has increased the prosperity of a municipality.

HENRY H. FAXON.
Quincy, May 18th, 1896.

- Ripans Tabules cure constipation.
- Ripans Tabules gentle cathartic.
- Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.
- Ripans Tabules cure indigestion.
- Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.
- Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
- Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
- Ripans Tabules assist digestion.
- Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.
- Ripans Tabules cure flatulence.
- Ripans Tabules cure headache.
- Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.
- Ripans Tabules: at druggists.
- Ripans Tabules cure nausea.
- Ripans Tabules.