

men. Though committed by the creed of his fathers against the pursuit of arms, his poetry has been at times as full of the spirit of war as a bugle-blast, or the roll of a drum. His place on the field of conflict has been not unlike that of the bards of whom we read so much in Ossian, they who "stood upon the hills and cheered the warriors on to noble strife." But Whittier has never loved war for war's sake, and has never sought by his verse to add to the false and delusive glories which so many other poets have thrown around the pursuit of arms. He has ever sought and striven to bring about a reign of peace among men and nations, though not willing at any time to compromise truth and justice to that end. Not all of his poems have been of the martial order. Many a legend of old New England days, many a happy memory of his boyhood life, many a homely incident, many a sweet and dainty fancy of his maturer years, have found expression in his melodious verse. "Mogg Megone," "The Barefoot Boy," "Maud Muller," "Skipper Ireson," "The Singers in the Tent on the Beach," these are some of the creations which people the realms of his romantic song.

Considering all things, his poems of peace and poems of war, his occasional faults of rhyme and metre, errors in judgment and belief, all his life as he has lived it, who is there among us who, on the eve of this joyful anniversary, would pluck one leaf from the laurel crown that rests upon the silvery head of the poet of Amesbury. Is there anyone anywhere who will stand up and declare himself an enemy to this gentle and sweet-souled man who has never committed a greater fault than being too ardent and outspoken in behalf of what he believed to be the cause of truth and righteousness! He is our laureate, the people's poet. May the years that yet remain to him rest as lightly upon his head as the snows rest these winter days upon his beloved New England hills.

"And stay thou with us long! vouchsafe us long

This brave autumnal presence, ere the hues Slow-fading, ere the quaver of thy voice, The twilight of thine eye, move men to ask Where hides the chariot—in what sunset vale Beyond what chosen river, champs the steeds That wait to bear thee skyward."

—N. Y. Observer.

PAPA KILLED ME.

BY BRICK POMEROY.

Into the chief room of the apartments without rapping the little ten-year-old boy led the way. A sparsely furnished room, dimly lighted by a solitary oil-burning lamp.

On a bed in one corner of the room, lay the lifeless body of a child. On the floor, moaning in agony of spirit, lay a man, a middle aged man, father of the dead child. In the adjoining room, in an old wooden rocking chair, sat a woman clad sparsely in what was once a brown spotted calico dress, trying to soothe a year old babe to sleep.

Poverty and grief were here holding a mutual admiration convention, and a family in suffering.

"He came with me, mamma," said the boy, as he shrank into a corner beside a cheap cooking stove that was giving out a sickly smell and feeble heat.

The woman arose with her babe in her arms, and asked us to occupy one of the three wooden chairs that were in the room, and begged pardon for sending for us. Between her sobs, thus ran her tearful recital:—

"You may not know us, but my husband and I know you. My husband is a carpenter—a good mechanic, who has plenty of work when he is sober and well. Last spring, he saw a notice in a newspaper that you were to speak on temperance for the Manhattan Temperance Society at the Masonic Temple one afternoon and he went. He came home and told me what you had said, and that he had made up his mind to stop drinking, no matter who of the rich men or of others set the example or asked him to. He did quit, and was all the better for it. We moved over from the East Side and got a better home, but it is not what we want yet.

"The day before Thanksgiving he started for home with eleven dollars. An old acquaintance prevailed on him to go into a place and get a drink. He went in, and stayed there till midnight, Johnny nor I could not find him. At last he came home

very drunk. All his money was gone. Monday he was sick so he could not go to work. Tuesday he was sick. We had no money in the house. I pawned our clock and all the other things we could spare to get money to buy food and coal with. It was a week before he could go to work, when he found that he was no longer wanted. Then he got some odd jobs, and Saturday night came home very drunk again, but he had twenty cents in his pocket that he gave to me. I went out to get some food, as I wanted to make the money go as far as possible. While I was gone, little Mamie, who was four years' old, annoyed him in some way, and he whipped her very severely. Then he hit her on the side of her head and knocked her senseless to the floor. When I came home with a loaf of bread and soup bone, he was sitting in the rocking chair scolding Johnny for not finding some coal and the baby was crying. Mamie came to me sobbing very hard, and told me she was sick. I saw that she had been hurt and put her to bed.

"For two days and nights she was sick. She held her hand to her head, and looked at me so pitifully. Every time she sank into a sleep, she would turn and start and cry out, 'Oh please don't!—Oh, papa! don't kill me—Oh, papa! I didn't mean to?' or something of that kind."

"I got a doctor to come in. He said she had been cruelly beaten and that she had a fever and was delirious. All day Sunday and Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday she was feverish and delirious. Husband tried to take her up, but she shrank away from him and screamed every time he came to her. The folks in the house have been very kind, but to-day she died, and you can come and see the marks of his hand on her face and head where he struck her. Oh, I am almost wild. My husband is almost crazy. He says he will go mad. He has eaten no food, nor has he had anything bad to drink since Saturday night. To-night he wanted me to send for you—to ask you to come here and to see him and tell him what to do. He wanted you to tell him if God would forgive him. At last I sent Johnny for you, and he now has gone to sleep from grief and weakness and misery. What, oh, what shall I do. Tell me—do tell me?"

The man lay there on the floor—a good looking man evidently when he was himself. On the thin bed, under a once white sheet, lay the lifeless body of a once beautiful, sensitive child. There in the dim light, it seemed to us that we saw her spirit clinging to the neck and bosom of the weeping mother, and that it looked up to us and said—

"Papa killed me, but he was drunk and didn't mean to—but he killed me! He killed me!"

* * * * *

How many lives are blasted, hearts broken, children killed, and hopes bereft at the hands and lives of those who give way to the demon of drink. How glad, how glad we are that thus far on the road from the cradle to the grave that opens the way to the future, we have never thus given way to that curse of a habit, and how thankful for the health, the strength, the happiness that comes from a preservation of the blessed faculties Our Father in Heaven did give to us.—Head-light.

"NOBODY'S CHILD."

A lady visiting an asylum for Friendless Children, lately watched the little ones go through their daily drill, superintended by the matron—a firm, honest woman, to whom her duty had evidently become a mechanical task. One little toddler hurt her foot, and the visitor, who had children of her own, took her on her knee, petted her, made her laugh, and kissed her before she put her down. The other children stared in wonder.

"What is the matter? Does nobody ever kiss you?" asked the astonished visitor.

"No. That isn't the rules, ma'am," was the answer.

A gentleman in the same city one morning stopped to buy a newspaper from a wizened, shrinking newsboy at the station, and found the boy followed him every day thereafter, with a wistful face, brushing the spots from his clothes, calling a cab for him, etc.

"Do you know me?" he asked him at last.

The wretched little Arab laughed. "No. But you called me 'my chile' one day. I'd like to do something for you, sir. I thought before that I was nobody's child."

Christian men and women are too apt to feel, when they subscribe to organized charities, that they have done their duty to the great army of homeless, friendless waifs around them. A touch, a kiss, a kind word, may do much toward saving the neglected little one who feels it is "nobody's child," teaching it as no money can do, that we are all children of one Father.—Exchange.

OUR WORK.

The natural increase of the heathen world is thirty millions greater every decade than that of the Christian world. Thirty millions in a decade is three millions a year, and this three millions a year must be overcome by propagandism among non-Christian peoples before it can be said that Christianity, by which we mean the whole Christian population, is increasing as rapidly as Paganism. This is a fact which we need to look at steadily, in order to understand the vastness of the work before us. It need not discourage us. The forces which Christianity can make use of are far greater than those which can be used against it. A sober appreciation of the task to be accomplished will rouse us from our dreams to greater energy of action and stir us to increased diligence. The open doors are all around us; pressing invitations from Japan, India, China, Africa, and elsewhere to come in and do the Lord's work are flowing in upon us. But our missionary boards have to wait for the means. The churches are slack in this matter. They are giving, it is true, large sums; but they are giving with the idea that this generation is doing enough and that under more favorable auspices future generations will be called upon to convert the world. It is a great mistake. It is the same mistake that the generation of Carey and Judson and Morrison made. We are trying to push the work of converting the world into the future. It is ours; we must bear our own burdens. It is ours to take care of the present and improve its opportunities to the utmost, leaving the future to its own duties. We need not be afraid that we shall do too much, and leave too little to those who come after us. That is not possible. The command which Christ gave his disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," was given in the present tense. It is now in the present tense. It has no future tense for this generation.—N. Y. Independent.

EASY AND EFFICACIOUS.

My Bible class consists of seventeen young workmen, from eighteen to twenty-eight years of age. Last summer I invited one who is a musician to come and play the next evening on the piano, and invited two or three others to sing with him. Then it occurred to me to invite all. So I did, though not expecting more than three or four to accept. I thought they would be a little shy of coming, and a great deal contemptuous of a dull evening with their Sunday-school teacher.

To my surprise and delight twelve came. The music did not succeed well. They could not sing much out of the song-books I had provided. The pianist broke down, the flute-player had little chance to show his skill, my games they seemed afraid of and to look down upon, and in spite of the soothing ice cream and cake at the end I sent them off with a feeling on my part of failure. But they went off delighted; I found that out unmistakably. Now, is that not an easy way to make friends with your class?

The next time I provided a more dainty entertainment,—more intellectual; but as it brought in a young literary man who was a stranger to my scholars, it did not work quite so well. If I have a chance to have a reading for them, mainly of light and humorous pieces, I shall try that, prohibiting the irrelevant things which elocutionists are so prone to choose. Or I might even vary the evening of music by reading one piece to them myself. But if not, I shall simply be careful to secure a pianist and get the invitations to them all in time,

and to have a pile of Gospel hymns (which in the end prove to be the one thing they all can sing and therefore like to sing), and shall then rest content in the expectation of a successful entertainment.—Margaret Meredith in S. S. World.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 19.

A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.—MATT. 18: 21-35. COMMIT VERSES 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.—Matt. 6: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Only those who forgive can be forgiven.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 18: 15-35.
T. Mark 11: 15-26.
W. Luke 17: 1-6.
Th. Rom. 12: 9-21.
F. Isa. 55: 1-13.
Sa. Matt. 6: 9-15.
Su. Col. 3: 12-25.

RECORDED only in Matthew.

INTRODUCTION.—This lesson is closely connected with the last. There we are warned against inflicting wrong on others; here we are taught how to treat those who have wronged us.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

21. *Then came Peter:* after thinking over what Jesus had said in vs. 15-17. *Till seven times:* the Jewish rabbi taught to forgive three times. Peter felt far beyond them. 22. *Seventy times seven:* 490 times, i.e., as often and as long as he asks forgiveness (Luke 17: 3, 4). Further instruction can be found in Matt. 18: 15-17; Rom. 12: 19-21. 23. *King:* representing God. *Servants:* officers; governors placed over provinces, or officers entrusted with collecting the revenue. 24. *Ten thousand talents:* a Greek talent was 6,000 denarii or pence, each worth 15 to 17 cents. The whole amount was nine or ten millions of dollars. This represents the greatness of our sins against God. 25. *Him to be sold, and his wife, etc.:* according to Eastern custom. This represents that for his sins man deserves the greatest punishment. 28. *A hundred pence:* \$15 to \$17; one 600,000th part as much as he had been forgiven. 31. *Delivered him to the tormentors:* in those days debtors often hid money that should have gone to pay their debts, and they were tortured to make them tell where it was. This represents the pains of conscience and hell. 25. *So likewise, etc.:* Because those who will not forgive are not fit to be forgiven, are not truly repentant. (See Lord's prayer.)

QUESTIONS.

What was the subject of the last lesson? When and where was it spoken? Was this lesson spoken at the same time?

SUBJECT: FORGIVING AND BEING FORGIVEN.

I. THE TREATMENT OF THOSE WHO HAVE WRONGED US.—What is the first thing to do when any one has injured us? (Matt. 18: 15.) What are the next two steps, if the first effort fails? Who should make the first advances? Why? What are we still to do even if he will not be reconciled? (Rom. 12: 19-21; Matt. 5: 44.)

II. HOW MANY TIMES TO FORGIVE (vs. 21, 22).—What question did Peter ask Jesus? What was Jesus' reply? What does this mean? Are we to forgive when the injurer does not wish to be forgiven? (Luke 17: 3, 4.) What are we to do to lead him to seek forgiveness? (Matt. 18: 15-17.) What is included in forgiveness? Is it hard to forgive? What injury is done to ourselves by not forgiving? What injury to others? What example was set us by Christ? (Luke 23: 34.) What by Stephen? (Acts 7: 60.)

III. THE PARABLE OF FORGIVENESS (vs. 23-35). SCENE I.—Relate the story in vs. 23-27. Who is represented by the king? By the servant or officer? How much money is 10,000 talents? Does this represent our sins toward God? In what respects is sin a debt? Can we pay the debt? How does God show his compassion to us? (John 3: 16.) For whose sake does God forgive us? Why can he not forgive without the atonement of Christ? Repeat some texts about God's forgiving love. (Ps. 103: 11-13, Ps. 130; Isa. 55: 7; Rom. 5: 25, 26; Eph. 4: 32.)

SCENE II.—What did the officer do when he was released? How much is 100 pence? What is the difference between this and the amount the officer had been forgiven? How does this represent the wrongs men do to us?

SCENE III.—Who told the king about his unmerciful servant? What did the king do? Why? Was this just? Why cannot God forgive those who refuse to forgive others? Where else is this truth taught? (Matt. 6: 12, 14, 15; Mark 11: 25.) Dare one who does not forgive, repeat the Lord's prayer?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1888.)

1. Jan. 1.—Herod and John the Baptist.—Matt. 14: 1-12.
2. Jan. 8.—The Multitude Fed.—Matt. 14: 13-21.
3. Jan. 15.—Jesus walking on the Sea.—Matt. 14: 22-36.
4. Jan. 22.—Jesus and the Afflicted.—Matt.—15: 21-31.
5. Jan. 29.—Peter confessing Christ.—Matt. 16: 13-23.
6. Feb. 5.—The Transfiguration.—Matt. 17: 1-13.
7. Feb. 12.—Jesus and the Little Ones.—Matt. 18: 1-14.
8. Feb. 19.—A Lesson on Forgiveness.—Matt. 18: 21-35.
9. Feb. 26.—The Rich Young Ruler.—Matt. 19: 16-26.
10. March 4.—Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem.—Matt. 20: 17-29.
11. March 11.—Christ entering Jerusalem.—Matt. 21: 1-16.
12. March 18.—The Son Rejected.—Matt. 21: 33-46.
13. March 25.—Review, Temperance, Gal. 5: 16-26, and Missions.