

Selections.

WAIT TILL WE ARE MEN.

Some say teetotalers go too far,
And ne'er will gain their end,
Although they labor hard and long.
Much time and money spend.
'Tis folly e'er to hope to see
A day in this land when
The liquor shops shall all be closed—
But wait till we are men.

With drunkenness our land is filled,
Our homes with grief and pain,
The only free are those who from
All poison drinks abstain.
The wise and good are praying for
That glorious season when
The demon drink shall be overthrown—
But wait till we are men.

The founders of our glorious cause
Were earnest, true, and brave,
And labored hard midst many foes,
The slaves of drink to save.
Our noble leaders boldly dare
Propose to close each den
Where drink is sold: we'll be as brave—
Just wait till we are men.

A noble army, brave and strong,
Increasing every day,
Is now in training for the fight,
Make ready—clear the way!
Boldly defying all the powers
Of alcohol, sir, then
We'll show the world what we can do—
Just wait till we are men!
Your loving, UNCLE JIM.

PUT IT THROUGH.

Come, freemen of the land,
Come, meet the last demand;
Here's a piece of work in hand;
Put it through!

Here's a log across the way,
We have stumbled on all day;
Here's a ploughshare in the clay;
Put it through!

Here's a country that's half free,
And it waits for you and me,
To say what its fate shall be;
Put it through!

While one traitor thought remains,
While one spot its banner stains
One link of all its chains;
Put it through!

Hear our brothers in the field,
Steel your swords as theirs are steeled,
Learn to wield the arms they wield;
Put it through!

For the birthrights yet unsold,
For the history yet untold,
For the future yet unrolled,
Put it through!

Lest our children point with shame,
On the father's dastard fame,
Who gave up a nation's name;
Put it through!

Here's a work of God half done,
Here's the Kingdom of His Son,
With its triumphs just begun:
Put it through!

'Tis to you the trust is given!
'Tis by you the bolt is driven
By the very God of heaven,
Drive it through!

THE TOAST.

Pop! went the gay cork flying,
Sparkled the gay champagne;
By the light of a day that was dying
He filled up their goblets again.
"Let the last, best toast be 'Woman—
Woman, dear woman,'" said he:
"Empty your glass, my darling,
When you drink to your sex with me."

But she caught his strong brown fingers,
And held him tight as in fear,
And through the gathering twilight
Her voice fell on his ear:
"Nay, ere you drink, I implore you,
By all that you hold divine,
Pledge a woman in tear-drops
Rather by far than in wine!"

"By the woes of the drunkard's mother,
By his children who beg for bread,
By the fate of her whose beloved one
Looks on the wine when 'tis red.
By the kisses changed to curses,
By the tears more bitter than brine,
By many a fond heart broken—
Pledge no woman in wine."

"What has wine brought to woman?
Nothing but tears and pain.
It has torn her from her lover,
And proven her prayers in vain;
And her household goods, all scattered,
Lie tangled up in vine.
Oh! I prithee, pledge no woman
In the curse of so many—wine!"
—Mary Kyle Dallas.

TIM CONNER'S CONVERSION.

"Stand aside, you drunken bum, and make room for these gentlemen who want to be waited on," growled the saloon keeper, as old Tim Conner moved farther down the bar.

"Give me some more drink to cool this burning thirst, and I will leave your house forever," answered the old man.

"Not another drop do you get in this house unless you pay for it; and, what is more, if you don't get out and quit annoying me, I will call the police and have you run in. Now, get. I have no room for loafers and bums who are in my way and have no money to spend."

"What will you have, young gentlemen?" he asked, turning to the two well-dressed young men who were standing at the bar. The young men had ordered their drinks; but before they had tasted their liquor, the old man walked up to where they stood, and, addressing the bar-keeper, said: "True, I have no money. True, as you say, I am nothing but a drunken bum. I came into this town three days ago in a box car and for three days have begged cold morsels from kitchen doors. My manhood is gone, and I am nothing but the physical and moral wreck you see me. But it was not always thus. The time once was when I could have bought a dozen establishments like this. I was a happy and prosperous business man, with a happy little family, but drink has been my ruin. I am alone in the world now; no one to love, and none to care for me; but I will soon be out of the way. I am going now; but, before I go, I want to say to you, young gentlemen, look at me and take warning. I was once as respectable as you, but see me now! Ah! for heaven's sake, let the accursed stuff alone, for it will bring you to the same condition."

With that the old man slowly left the room, and the young men looked at each other a moment, when one said: "Charley, you can drink if you want to, but I am done." With that he poured the contents of his glass upon the floor. "Here's to you, Joe," and the other followed his companion's example; "if you will quit, so will I; but it remains to be seen who holds out the longest."

With this they both left the saloon, while the barkeeper bitterly cursed the old man for interfering with his trade, and called the young men fools for listening to such an old fogey.

After leaving the saloon old Tim wandered aimlessly about the street, passing a large and handsome church, into which great crowds were pouring. "This is no place for me," he muttered; but, just as he passed, the organ pealed forth and the choir began singing—

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

It had been a long time since old Tim had heard that song, so he paused and listened. It seemed that he had never heard such rapturous music in all his life. As the song proceeded he felt drawn to the place, and, turning slowly back, he strolled around to the rear of the church and seated himself on the steps leading into the pastor's study that he might hear more of it. By the time the song was ended the audience had gathered in the church, and he sat and listened, as song after song was sung, and the minister had prayed a fervent prayer, in which God's mercy and pity had been invoked upon those who were wandering in sin. There was something in that prayer, as well as the songs, that touched him, and the poor old man sat and wept as a flood of memory came rushing upon him. His mind went back to a happy home, in the long ago, when he had heard a happy young wife singing those same songs. The minister began his sermon, but old Tim heard in not, for he was dreaming of the past. He saw the bloom of health and happiness fade from a fair young face as the demon of drink slowly won a husband from his wife. He saw the peace and happiness of a home slipping away as the husband plunged deeper and deeper into ruin.

He saw the elegant home and its elegant furnishings all go to satisfy a demon's craze for drink. He saw a sad-faced little woman slowly pine away as she toiled day after day over the washtub to earn a scant living for herself, her baby boy and a drunken husband. He heard her prayers and saw her tears full unheeded, and at last saw her laid away in a plain pine box in the potter's field, and her child given into the fostering care of an orphan asylum. He saw a drunken, depraved man, wandering for more than twenty years, a drunken tramp, begging from door to door, while manhood, health, self-respect and respect for his fellow man had all slipped away.

"O God, why didn't I die before she did?" he moaned. "What have I to live for? I am not fit to live among decent people, and God knows I am not fit to die."

The services in the church were over, and he heard the minister announce that the evening services would begin at 7:30; so slowly the old moved away before the well-dressed throng should see him.

The hands of the great clock in the tower of the neighboring City Hall had just passed the hour of seven, and old Tim was again seated on the steps of the pastor's study.

"I must hear more of that sweet music, if nothing more," mused the old man, "and I want to be here in time to hear it all."

He had fully determined to move on after the long service; but before it began a sweet little girl of twelve years came running up the steps, and thinking he was the janitor, said: "Won't you please open the study door for me, Mr. Johnson? I want to get a book for papa before the services begin."

I beg your pardon, miss, said old Tim, rising and lifting his battered hat. "I am not Mr. Johnson, but—"

"Oh, excuse me, sir, I thought you were the janitor."

"I only stopped to listen to the singing," said the old man, apologetically, as he prepared to move on.

"Oh, won't you come inside where you can get a good seat, and you can hear it so much better? They will begin in a few moments," said the little girl.

"No, I am not fit to go into such a nice place as that," replied the old man; "besides, they would not want such as I in there."

"Oh, yes, they do, sir," said the little girl. "My papa is the pastor, and he always likes to have the old people come to hear him."

"It is not because I am old, but because I am not fit to be with such nice people. I am ragged and dirty, and I am afraid I am not a good man."

As the old man uttered these words the child saw tears trickling down his withered cheeks and, going up to him, she laid her little hand in his while she looked up into his face and said:

"Jesus loves you, and 's able to make you a good man, just like my papa, if you will let him. Do come with me, and you shall hear all the sweet songs and hear papa preach, and I know it will do you good."

Like one in a dream he suffered himself to be led around and into the church, where he seated himself far back and shrank from all who entered. The house was soon crowded, and the choir arose to sing. Never had he heard such music; and the prayers that followed were so earnest, so tender, so loving, that it seemed that each one was offered in his behalf.

The minister arose and read his text: "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

Then the preacher portrayed the love of God for lost sinners, and his wonderful mercy and goodness, in such a way as old Tim had never heard it before. He drew a picture of the wretchedness of the prodigal, his yearnings for home, his final resolve, and how that resolve was put into execution. When the preacher reached the climax, in which he pictured the prodigal clasped in his loving father's embrace, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house.

"Thus," said the minister, "our loving heavenly Father stands ready to wel-

come the wanderer to himself. He stands with outstretched arms to-night, ready to receive the most sinful and give them the kiss of pardon, and place upon them the robe of righteousness, if they will only come to him."

With an earnest appeal he closed his exhortation, and the choir began singing. Numbers of men and women went forward to confess their faith in Christ; and as old Tim looked up, through his tears, he saw the two young men whom he had seen in the saloon give the preacher their hands. They, too, had gone forward to confess the Saviour.

At the sight of them the poor old man's head dropped forward, and he sobbed like a child. Perhaps his words of warning had helped to save them, even if he himself was beyond control.

As he wept aloud, he felt a soft hand upon his shoulder. Looking up, he saw the minister's little daughter standing beside him, and as he looked into her face he thought it shone like an angel's.

"Won't you come and give your heart to Jesus?" the sweet voice said.

"Oh, I can't," he sobbed. "I am too far gone. I am a miserable, wretched sinner, and there is no hope for me."

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow," quoted the child. "Jesus can save to the uttermost. Do come, and he will help you. Only trust him, and he will make you whole."

It must have caused a flutter of excitement as the audience looked upon a scene the like of which they had never seen before; and as little Mary, the preacher's daughter, led an old, grey-haired man to the front and placed his hand in that of her father, and loud "Amen" was heard from different parts of the house.

Tremblingly the old man took the seat pointed out to him, drawing himself as far away from the others as possible, lest he should defile them. One by one they arose and confessed their faith in the Saviour; and when the preacher came to Tim and extended his hand to him, the old man said:

"Sir, I am not fit to be a Christian. I am wretched and undone. I thought there was no hope for me, but you said God was willing to save, even to the uttermost. I must tell you my history; then you must decide if there is any hope for me. Let me stay when the people are gone, and I will tell you all."

Assuring him of God's mercy and willingness to forgive, the preacher told him to remain; and when the audience was dismissed the two went into the study, where the old man told the preacher the history of his life.

As he concluded his sad story, the preacher's cheeks were bathed in tears, and, trembling with emotion, he asked the old man's name.

"My name is Conner—Tim Conner—but I am best known as 'Old Tim, the drunkard.'"

"Father, father, my long lost father!" exclaimed the preacher, as he gathered the old man in his arms.

"Father, I am your own Willie, the boy you left at the orphan asylum. God has been gracious to me in sparing me to be the means of bringing my own dear father back to the fold. For long years I have hunted for you, but had given you up as dead."

The father then learned how his boy had been taken from the orphanage, reared and educated in a Christian family, and had made the great preacher he was.

It was a beautiful sight the people witnessed the next night, as the grey-haired father was led down into the baptismal pool and buried beneath the yielding wave by the hand of his son. And when, on emerging, a pair of little arms were thrown around his neck, and a sweet voice said: "Grandpa, this is the happiest hour of my life," the good pastor responded with a hearty "amen," and that whole congregation joined with earnestness in singing—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"Old Tim, the drunkard," is known no more, but, "Father Conner," as he is familiarly known, is loved and respected by all. He no longer begs for a cold morsel at the kitchen door, but every Sunday may be seen, a neatly dressed old man, led by a sweet-faced little maiden, as they happily walk to the church, and Pastor Conner has no more attentive listeners, nor has that church two more devoted workers, than grandpa and little Mary.—W. B. Carnes, in the N. T. Advocate.