

Selected.

THE MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

It was in placid evening, and the seraphs might have smiled
As they saw that fair young mother
Bending o'er her lovely child,
Clasping hands she loved so fondly—
Teaching little lips to say,
"Our Father who art in Heaven," in his
simple, child-like way.

"Lead me not into temptation," was the
softly uttered prayer,
Wafted up by whispering zephyrs through
the tranquil evening air;
And the earnest, rapt expression, of the
mother's upturned eye,
Seemed to tell her boy's petition should
be answered from on high.

Shall it not? O, mother, tremble! you
forget to warn your boy
Of the draught that gleams and sparkles
but to madden and destroy;
Dreaming he could pass in safety over
shoals where thousands sink,
Thinking he would still be scatheless,
though on danger's very brink.

Could not cries of lost ones warn you
there was death and ruin there?
Heard you not the moan of drunkards
who are dying in despair?
Said you there was no temptation for
the boy so good and true?
Ah! mistaken, mourning mother, were
it so 'twere well for you.

While the prayer was often uttered, she
had given her child the sip
Of the glass that just was taken from his
loving mother's lip;
Till temptation, growing stronger, every
virtue overcame,
And the boy so loved and cherished
filled the drunkard's grave of shame.

O'er a grave there weeps a woman,
drooping with the weight of care,
Streaks of silver prematurely mingled
with her ebony hair.
"Ah, my son!" she utters wildly,
"would that I had died instead,
Rather than thy youthful footsteps in
temptation I had led."

—Amelia Beckwith.

RUM'S RECORD AND THE VOTER.

Some say that rum is harmless
As common "Adam's ale";
But put the rum inside a man
And we write another tale—

A tale of blighted manhood,
Of broken-hearted wives,
Of children "damned into the world,"
Of wrecked and ruined lives,

Of governments once mighty,
But now decadent, dead!
Of cities grand and brilliant,
Now desolate instead,

Of families once historic,
Extinct, or cursed with shame;
Of famous men who ruled the land,
They fell. Unsung their fame!

We see the railroad's holocaust,
The vessels lost at sea;
We hear the moaning victims,
The desolation see.

We note the scenes so tragic,
The horrors we rehearse;
It makes pathetic reading,
Inspires our tragic verse.

But why not rouse to action?
Why tell the tale of woe?
This awful curse will cease to be,
WHEN CHRISTAINS VOTE IT SO!
—William Wood, in Ram's Horn.

HIS DEFENDER.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE IN THE SLUM
DISTRICT.

There is much that is infinitely pathetic in the lives of the children of the slums. Those who are accustomed to working among them and to teaching them in mission Sunday schools or in industrial schools, or who are thrown into contact with them in any way, are often surprised and touched at many of

the things that come under their personal observation—things that prove that there is often a pathetic longing and sometimes a striving for better things in the lives of some of these little waifs of the street.

One of the institutional churches in a large eastern city last summer, opened a playground, sun-garden and open air gymnasium for the children in the tenement house district in which the church is located. Nearly 75 of the poor little tenement house waifs appeared the first day the playground was opened. Some of them were dirty beyond belief, and all wore ragged and forlorn looking. Among them was a dark-eyed, dirty-faced, unhappy and unhealthy-looking boy of about 12 years of age. He looked as if life had gone hard with him from the day of his birth, and no doubt it had. He was pathetically thin, and he had a careworn look that it is always sorrowful to see in the face of a child. He stood apart from the other and more active boys, and did not attempt to gain possession of the swing or of any of the gymnasium apparatus for which the other boys were contending. Presently a noisy boy, with the face and actions of a bully, called out derisively to the boy who was standing alone in a corner of the yard:

"Hey, there, Bill Loftus! What you mopin' for? 'Cause yer dad got full an' got run in las' night fer lickin' yer maw? Say, fellers, did you know that Billy Loftus' dad got run in las' night an' that his maw has a black eye this mornin'?"

The face of the miserable looking Billy Loftus paled and his lips quivered. No doubt his heart was quivering too. His big black eyes filled with tears. He was about to make some reply when a red-haired, scrawny-looking girl of about 12 years darted swiftly across the yard, her blue eyes aflame. Grasping the jeering bully by the coat collar, she shook him with wonderful vigor while she said in a thrill and cutting voice:

"Shame on you, Jack Sanders! Shame on you for twitting a boy just up from a sick bed for what he can't help! How would you like it if it was your mother that had the black eye? And if it was your father that did it? There isn't a boy but you in the yard that would be mean enough to say what you have said to Billy there! Ev'rybody shame 'im!"

She flung the dazed boy from her and drew back with one arm and finger outstretched, a hiss of shame and contempt coming from between her thin lips. Instantly the arm of nearly every boy and girl in the yard was outstretched and hisses were heard from all parts of the yard. Jack Sanders looked utterly abashed and rebuked. He stood still for a moment with a crimson face and then turned suddenly and fled from the yard, while Billy's defender went up to him and said, soothingly:

"I wouldn't mind what he said one bit if I were you, Billy." Then she added with sorrowful truthfulness: "You ain't the only boy in this yard whose father has acted like that, but there ain't none of us mean enough to say anything about it. I guess that your father will do better after this. You will do better when you get to be a man, anyhow, won't you?"

"If I didn't think that I would I'd never want to be a man," said the boy solemnly. God grant that he and every child in that wretched tenement house district in which evil runs rampant may live to be better men and better women than their parents are through the efforts of those who are working to bring such children as those out of the darkness of sin into the marvelous light of God.—J. T. Harbour, in Union Signal.

YOUNG MEN AND TEMPERANCE.

There is one kind of young man that is perfectly safe against all temptations spoken of here to-night—the mean young man, the stingy young man, the narrow-souled young man. He is safe. Satan does not want him. If he got him the man would soon dispute with him his realm of everlasting meanness. These young men who are empty of head, empty of heart, empty of health, are no prize, and consequently they are not in special temptation; but it is for the large-hearted young men that we must contend, and we invoke all good men and

philanthropists to come on our side. We pray that the armies of heaven may bear down on the foe, and that the Lord God Almighty with His thunderbolts may strike down and consume the influences that would destroy these young men for whom Christ died.

Now, my friends, how are these young men to be saved? We see a great many books warning young men how to keep out of peril, but how many books have you ever seen telling young men how to get back when they get astray—when shipwrecked, how to get ashore? And that is the tremendous question that we pastors have to meet.

Some time ago, perhaps a year and a half since, at the end of one of my services, I saw a man sitting near the pulpit. I went to him, for he seemed to be very much agitated. I said to him, "You seem to be in trouble; will you go into the side room and be talked to by serious people?" He said, "No, sir; you cannot do me any good. I came from the far West, I came to attend this service, but you cannot do me any good." "What do you mean?" I enquired. "I am a captive to strong drink. God knows how I want to be free, but you cannot help me. If I were to announce my name to you, you would know it. I got into high official circles, and have a beautiful wife and two children, but I am a victim to strong drink. Yesterday I was on a Hudson River railroad train; I had been trying to get along without drink, but a low, vulgar man pulled out a whisky bottle and asked me to drink. I said, 'No, sir;' but oh! how I wanted it. It seemed to me, sir, as if the liquor curled up its red tongue around the cork of the bottle, and said to me, 'Take me, take me.' I was seized upon with a paroxysm of thirst, so that I rushed out on the back platform, and I thought I would jump, but the car was going at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, and I did not dare to jump. I came back and sat down, and the paroxysm was gone. Oh, sir! you cannot do me any good."

We prayed with him that night. I walked up Fulton Avenue with him afterwards, and went into a drug store and said to the doctor, "Can you give this man something to help him? He is in a battle with thirst; give him something without alcohol in it." The physician prepared a bottle of medicine. "How long will that last?" I asked. "A week or two," was the reply of the physician. "Give him another bottle," I said. He had two bottles of medicine prepared and given to him, and then I said to the man, "My brother, put your trust in God, and He will see you through."

A few weeks after I got a letter from Boston in which was this language: "With to-day's mail I send you two newspapers, showing that every night I am preaching 'righteousness, temperance, and judgement to come.' Moreover, I do not have to use that medicine; and, moreover, God has put out the fire of thirst." I heard of him six months after that he was faithful; and, no doubt he will be faithful all the way through.

Oh! how to save men—that is the question that wears us out in all our different work for Christ. These men who are addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor have such a terrible contest to wage! Just as long as a man yields to this habit he seems to get along quite well if he is not positively prostrate; but let him resist, and then he is thrown in the track of the bone-breaking Juggernaut.—Dr. Talmage.

THE DEVIL'S CHAIN.

I have fancied that in a vision I could see the evil that overshadows the land embodied and personate! A demon spirit—colossal—a monster truly to make the whole world tremble!

Aloft upon his huge distended trunk behold the features, not of a smooth and laughing Bacchus as a poet and artist love to figure him, but of a brute, foul and fierce, presenting withal the features of a man. See the bloated, red, and pimpled face, the purpled cheeks, the hugh swelled lips which, opening, show the cankered teeth and feverish foulness of his unhealthy mouth; matted in rough locks over the slanting forehead; red flaming hair, crowned in mockery, with wreaths that have withered

at the touch of his burning brow. See the bloodshot eyes, small and cunning, rolling with cruel ecstasy as he urges fast and furious his fearful task. Cross-kneed he sits, malignant as Siva! his prodigious trunk swathed in a motley robe, the patchwork spoil of many victims.

His apparel is red with the blood of murder and crime, of rage and cruelty, of madness and sin. O, look here, Christian and civilised Briton! Look upon these garments, red and gory, and tell me what the frightful motley means? Turban and cloak of every fashion, velvet and ermine of king and emperor, livery of menial, rags of beggar, chasuble of priest, Geneva gown, satin and silk of noble dame, thin torn skirt of shivering milliner, gaudy potticoat of dancing colombine, peasant's corduroy, and foppish coat of city clerk, the navy's shirt, the soldier's uniform—ay! and if ye look well, ye may discern a judge's gown, and not far off a gore-stained patch, the very dress wherein the criminal he condemned to death had done his sinful deed. Mark ye this great garment well, for it is in itself a veritable calendar of death! Where hath he not gathered? What hath he not won of life, of health, of power or feebleness, of fame or shame? What is there of all the varieties of life unrepresented here? It is the register of his labors, and each mark presents the fate of a human soul!

Behold him—his gaunt arms sweeping into the abyss of his lap multitudes of trembling creatures, the materials of his work, for he is fashioning a chain. Draw nigh and examine it—long, living, endless it interweaves and enthralls society with a warp of death woven from out itself. His quick fingers—for the work is urgent and goes on night and day—string together the writhing forms, and as coil upon coil rolls out, you may see again how vast is the scope of his labors! Ay! no rank is free, no family circle, no happy range of friendship! From his high seat the demon scans the field, and, as the fingers swiftly ply, follows with greedy eyes the labors of his attendant imps. Far below him, you may see them gathering in that strange spoil. In spired and pillared city, in smoky manufacturing town, in valleys resounding with hum and clang of labor—labor blessed of God, cursed of this potent fiend!—neath peaceful eaves of pastoral homes, amid pretty woodbined hamlets, see those busy workers gathering in the demon's prey. Oh! how much falls to their snares, of the best of the life and hope and promise of a goodly land! What ministers! Widespread as society, active as angels of grace, pernicious as hell!

And as they scour the world in reckless energy, for his rewards are right generous and rich, he, the drink demon, sweeps into his lap their shrinking spoil, and twists the living victims one by one into a great chain of life and death. —Edward Jenkins.

MADE A DRUNKARD BY A MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION.

A funeral took place in Paterson, N. J., the other day of a young wife. The physician's certificate of death was "died of chronic alcoholism." The husband said:

"Our marriage had been a happy one until my wife was ordered to take whisky. I am not to blame for the scandal. Although I have been a temperance man for fifty-nine years I was forced to give my wife liquor at home or suffer scandal or disgrace." The story is a sad one.

On the death of her child about a year ago she was taken ill. In an evil moment the attending physician prescribed whisky for her. She continued to use it and almost before the husband knew it his young wife was a drunkard. The craving for liquor overmastered her.

For more than half a century her husband had been a total abstainer. He has a horror of liquor. He consented to its being administered to his wife because the doctor said it was necessary.

When he found that his wife had become a slave to liquor he tried to keep it from her. This was impossible, for if she could not get it at home she would go out for it. On that account the husband gave her all she demanded to prevent scandal.—National Advocate.