

he felt like the poor soldier, who, when he went into a fight, was willing to fall and let those who followed him march over his prostrate body to success. If their cause was the cause of error, no doubt it would fail, but if it was the cause of truth then all the powers of evil and darkness could not stop its onward and conquering career.

"If right is right, and God is God,
The truth is bound to win,
'To doubt would be disloyalty,
'To falter would be sin.'

He asked them not to falter until they obtained that success which beyond a shadow of doubt awaited every movement calculated to promote the glory of God and the happiness of all His creatures."

With such noble words he encouraged his friends far and wide, and in the decreasing majority against him every year there was hopeful evidence of future success. It is now a matter of history that his celebrated Local Option resolution was, in 1880, carried by a majority of 26, which, in 1881, increased to 42; and lately the House definitely expressed its approval by a majority of 87; and the government promised to accept the principle. But all this persistency has drawn upon the honorable baronet a shower of hard names. In that respect, of course, he is not singular. He said to his friends at Stockport, some time ago, "What I want to point out is, that the drink-sellers are terribly alarmed at what is going on now. I read all their papers. They are the most interesting reading I have. There's nothing that cheers me up so much as reading the *Morning Advertiser* or the *Licensed Victuallers' Guardian*." In politics it is scarcely necessary to say Sir Wilfrid is a Liberal, and is frequently found in the lobby voting with many of the more advanced members of that party. While a loyal supporter of Mr. Gladstone, he does not hesitate to resist anything which will not square with the highest moral principles, and for that reason is a courageous member of that small but noble band known as the Peace Party in the House. Like Mr. John Bright he has rebuked and warned the Government, whether Liberal or Conservative, when a resort to arms has been recommended, and on other great social and moral questions he has not failed to speak earnestly and effectively in favor of purity and righteousness. He stands before the public as the unflinching enemy of strong drink, as a lover of peace, as a patriotic friend of the people, and above all, as a Christian politician who desires to serve his God by serving his fellow man. We heartily wish for him a prolonged life and greater victories in the cause of truth and liberty.—*Christian Commonwealth*.

ON THE STREET.

BY A LONDON CURATE.

"And what was the first step which led you astray?" was a question addressed by me to a pale-faced, intelligent girl, at a "Midnight meeting for the fallen," a few nights ago. "I was obliged to leave home, and I had no clothes and nowhere to go."

Urged by a felt necessity, this poor girl had left the path of virtue, and for eight months past had been walking the streets of London. Sick at heart, she had accepted an invitation to our meeting, if, perchance, she might find a temporary asylum and obtain assistance in returning to the path she had left.

Does my reader ask for any explanation of the threefold necessity stated above—"no clothes"—"obliged to leave home"—"nowhere to go"? The answer shall be given.

For several years she had been in domestic service, and on changing situations, went home for a holiday; taking with her both money and clothes. Her father soon succeeded in obtaining her money for drink, and by-and-by her clothes too, until at length she had only the clothes she stood upright in. Thus reduced, she was no longer welcome at home, and being without clothing, not prepared to return to service. What could she do? The answer came in the form of a powerful temptation: she yielded and fell?

Nor is this a solitary case. It is only one of thousands. Out of the three hundred thousand known fallen females in England, not a few have, either directly or indirectly, been introduced to their present course of life by drink. I say introduced, because the fact is patent to all, that drink has to do with sustaining the evil, but comparatively few are aware of the extent to which drink is responsible for its creation. This giant evil not only stands in immediate association with the drink, but is fed by it. Dissociate it from the drink, and the social evil, deplored by every true heart, would be shorn at once of its outward hideousness and diminished in reality fifty per cent! Oh! I know nothing more mournful than the fact adduced above: a father diabolised by drink, the agent of his own daughter's ruin! Had he stained his hands with her blood, that crime, foul as it is, would not equal this in enormity. The course to which he has compelled her, will entail perhaps years of shame and misery upon one at the least, and in all probability upon many more, for the seduced in turn become seducers, and drag others down to their own shameful level.

When will parents—CHRISTIAN PARENTS!—see and act upon the necessity of not using, under any pretence whatever, intoxicating liquors in their families? The bare possibility of being the means of tripping up my own child in the path of virtue, should not only send a thrill of horror through my heart, but prove an argument sufficiently potent for me to banish at once and for ever, the intoxicating cup from my home!

V. T. C.

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

DREAM OF THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

She sits in the falling twilight
When the sounds in the street grow still,
And thinks of the little darling,
Whose grave is on the hill,
And of the sorrowful shadows
That fell on that summer day
When the world was bright with beauty
That whispers of decay.

She thinks how a ray of sunshine
Came out of the radiant west,
To kiss the loved one sleeping,
With his hands upon his breast;
How they placed in the little coffin
Some pansies and golden-rod,
And kissed him—weeping softly—
And gave him back to God.

The spring-time brought its blossoms,
And from the grave each day
She gathers one, a message
From the dear one gone away.
And she fancies when she sees them,
That they are her darling's eyes,
Smiling in winsome beauty
On her from Paradise.

But since her child has left her
Heaven does not seem so far;
God's angels now come near her,
And the gates are left ajar.
And she thinks in those quiet moments
When earth and heaven meet,
That she is an angel mother,
And the thought is, oh, so sweet!

Sometimes as she sits in the twilight,
She can feel him in her arms;
And she kisses him, cooing softly,
With all an infant's charms.
And she counts his cunning dimples,
And strokes his yellow hair,
And whispers the pet names over
Again, as he nestles there.

And then as she wakes from dreaming,
By her mother-love beguiled,
To find that she holds on her bosom
Only a shadow-child.
And weeps, for her arms are empty,
And the house is, oh, so still!
And her heart cries out in sorrow,
As the hearts of mothers will.

Some day, O lonely mother,
You will find the child you miss,
And your heart will feel the rapture
Of touch and voice and kiss;
And when mid fields of glory,
You greet your child once more,
Earth shadows will have vanished
In the light of that blest shore.

—Canadian Baptist.

None but God and the poor know what the poor do for each other.

True merit is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes. A good and true woman is like a Cremona fiddle—age but increases its worth and sweetens its tone.

Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of her, or truckle to her. Poverty is good natured enough if you meet her like a man.

A man has no more a right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.