

God's Wronged Ones.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

GENTLY, a youthful mother
Was borne through the crowded streets,
Side by side with her darling,
Wrapped in their winding sheets.

Sweetly the sainted cherub
Slept, in its pauper shroud;
Fair as Raphael's angel
Draped in a summer cloud.

Pure was the face beside it—
The form a queenly mold;
Her rich, dark hair caressing
The baby's tress of gold.

No artist's brush could paint it;
None but a hand divine
Could make the copy perfect,
Or perfect a work so fine.

Left in a foreign country,
With none of kindred tie
To minister or pity
Her heart's dumb agony.

Hungry, cold and wretched;
Suffering at every pore;
She struggled to live for baby,
And to reach her native shore.

And He, who knew such anguish
As mortal ne'er had known,
Watched o'er the poor forsaken
And counted every moan.

Every tear that tumbled
On the lashes dark and long,
He changed to a note harmonious
In her triumphal song.

Then, when the twilight deepened,
O'er the western hill,
He sent a pitying angel
The breaking heart to still.

He who had vowed the maiden
His love her strength should be,
Danced to the rum fiend's music,
And died midst the revelry.

Merciful Father, canst thou
Pardon a sin like this?
A Christ-like love's betrayal
For rum with a Judas kiss!

O, God! arouse, awaken, and vitalize the slumbering thousands, and help them to see and feel the great responsibility resting upon them as Christians of the Church of Jesus Christ. Oh! make them feel and realize that thousands of wives, mothers, and children are looking to them to save them from the deepest sorrow and most intense suffering the human heart can know!
—Rev. J. G. Besmer.

Thou Shalt Not be Afraid.

A TRUE STORY BY MAMIE PATERSON.

It was Christmas Eve. The snow was on the ground, and in some places it had drifted in great heaps against the stone walls and the houses. The wind whined and shrieked madly through the village. From every window gleamed a bright light; even the poorest, meanest cottage looked cosy and warm.

On the steps of one of the prettiest cottages stood two dark forms. Their ragged coats were sprinkled with snow, their hats were drawn down over their eyes. They stood still for a moment, as if hesitating to get up courage to do that which they had started to do. Then, after muttering a few words to each other, one of them knocked loudly at the door. A voice within bade them come in. They opened the door and there in a cosy, well-lighted room, sat an old couple. The tramps (for such they were) stood awkwardly looking at the well-filled table. "We have come a long journey, and have no home, and we are very hungry," said the tall one, who seemed to be most forward. Can you give us shelter for the night and a little food?"

The old man laid down his spectacles; looked at them, and said: "You may

sit down and warm yourselves," but the tone implied, "no more." Father, said the old lady, "it is Christmas Eve, we must remember the poor and needy," at the same time motioning them to sit down, and, placing father's chair in its place, took the opposite seat. Then, bowing her head reverently, prayed for all outcasts without homes and God, that He would turn them from the path of wickedness and cleanse them from all sin through His precious blood. She prayed for the poor and hungry, everywhere; that He would care for them give them bodily comforts and let His peace rest upon them all, for His dear name's sake who was born that night." The tramps seemed strangely touched by this simple and earnest prayer, and ate their portion in silence.

Supper over, the old man, pushing his plate slowly from him, said: "I have a good barn with plenty of hay, and you can stay there to night."

"Father," said the wife, gently, "It is a holy night, and a bitter cold one, we have room in the house, let them stay." He said nothing. Then, taking one of the wax candles, the lady bade them follow her. She took them to a dainty, warm room, and giving them the light, bade them good night. Early next morning the maid servant came down to her mistress and gave her a note, saying; "This morning I found both the door and window of the spare room open. I went in and found this; the bed was not touched.

The note read, "Kind Mistress of this house. We came here last night intending to rob you; but your kindness to us and your prayers for all, saved both you and us as well."

Gratefully your friends,
L. & K.

The Temperance Movement.

If ever there was a time in the course of the evolution of vital Christianity, pure morality, and progressive permanent civilization, when what is known as "the temperance cause" felt called upon in any way to hang its head or apologize for its existence, that time has now gone past. And we think forever. There is every reason for believing, and every cause for thankfulness in the fact, that the days of its humiliation are ended, and that the days of its exaltation if not yet fully arrived, are nevertheless close at hand. The little one has become a thousand, and from the small one has sprung a "great nation" which is constantly receiving accessions of greatness and strength.

This "temperance movement" may be scoffed at, and so it is even yet, by those who have no sympathy with and no wish to do justice to its origin and objects. It may be despised, and so it is, by those in whom custom and prejudice take the place of an informing intelligence and courageous freedom of thought. It may be hated, and so it is, by those whose business interests are imperilled, or who fear that their appetites may suffer want. It may be any or all of these, but there is one thing it cannot any longer be, and that is—contemptuously ignored. By friend and foe it must be recognized as one of the greatest and most vital of the moral and spiritual activities of the present day.

It is sometimes asserted that this movement is not likely to last, that it has little or no sustaining power, that its past triumphs are no earnest of future successes, that it is of the nature

of a spasmodic enthusiasm, whose earnestness must be comparatively short-lived, and that its future movement is more likely to be backward than forward. Such assertions, even in so far as they may be allowed to pass in shape of argument, are not worth much, for they show a complete failure to comprehend the causes which lie at the bottom of this temperance movement in Britain, in Canada, and the United States.

These causes may be classified as threefold. In the first place, the temperance instruction given to the youth in faith and patience by the early pioneers of the movement has in large measure taken root, sprung up and brought forth fruit in the shape of earnest effort and effective votes. The heaven cast in has as yet but little more than begun to operate. And who shall say what the results may be before that divine chemical action which has to do with ideas in the mind and emotions in the heart of man shall have finished its workings?

Then, secondly, there is the scientific aid which has come to the temperance cause from various quarters. But most important of all, as accounting for the forward movement of this cause, and constituting the best pledge for its continuance and further progress, is the fact that the best moral forces of the age are ranged on its side. The church, the press, and the school-house, are well nigh universally favourable, while still more uncompromisingly so is what may well be considered as a moral force by itself—the influence of women. Its future course may not be one of uninterrupted success. That can hardly be expected. It will have its periods, no doubt, of ebb and flow. Like a mighty river, it will be impeded here, while there it bounds joyously forward, or even rushes madly past, sweeping all things before it, while still further on it glides so noiselessly, and seems to sleep so peacefully, but all the while its course is ever towards the welcoming sea.—Globe.

A Ready Hand.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was out looking up an absent scholar. With neatly-clad feet she was picking her way over the muddy crossing. Just before her was a young girl carrying a pail of water. A blast of wind swept around the corner, and snatching her shawl from her shoulders, held it fluttering behind her. She set down her pail at the curbstone, to wrap it again about her. The lady behind reached out her hand, and laid it over her shoulder, saying kindly, "Wait a moment and I will find you a pin."

As the search went on, in a free, pleasant way she said, "As I came on behind you just now, something made me think of a woman who went to draw water from a well nearly two thousand years ago, and found something very precious there."

The pin was found, and the kid covered hands were put out to gather together the edges of the faded shawl. The pale face of the poor girl was lifted in amazement to the lovely countenance so near her own, but the kind voice went on: "I have a beautiful card at home with the picture and the story upon it. Will you tell me where you live, and let me bring it to you when I come this way next week."

"Yes, miss," said the girl in a timid voice, giving her name and number.

"Very well; I shall not forget you, but will certainly bring it to you the

next time I come." The girl carried the water into the house, with a flush upon her cheek and a flutter of joy in her heart. There was but little in her hard life to make it bright or pleasant, but this thoughtful act and kind words and promise of the lady seemed to create a rill of joy which flowed through her heart and made the week until the promise was fulfilled quite unlike the ordinary weeks of her life. Nor did the week end it, for her wonder at what the story might be proved a good preparation of the heart to receive it. Like the woman of Samaria, she, too, lugged to draw water from this wonderful well, and the lady in lessons of kind and patient instruction, at length led her to the "fountain opened for sin—a uncleanness."

How rich was the harvest of her "little deed of kindness," her "little words of love!" Did she think when she scattered these tiny seeds that she should reap pearls so soon? We do not think she even thought of a harvest; her heart was so full of loving-kindness that it could but express itself thus. If the heart be full of love, the lips will be ready with loving words, the hands with kind deeds and generous gifts, which are fitting exponents of the Christian at work.

Bands of Hope.

Dedicated, by the sanction of Her Majesty,
to the grandchildren of the Queen.

God bless the conquering Bands of Hope!
God bless
The young first-fruits of righteousness!
God bless
The men and women good, who lead them!
God bless
All soldiers of the glorious bands!
God bless
The conquering troops of many lands!
Those who love God will pray "God speed" them!

We are Bands of Hope! Come hear our song,
And join us in the song we raise;
A song of mingled love and praise;
While gleefully we march along;
In faith, in health, in vigour, strong,
We are Bands of Hope—young girls and boys!

Who bid you share their simple joys,
We drink pure water from the spring;
We touch no vile accursed drink;
And children, though we be, we think,
Good angels hear the song we sing.
Armed for the certain war of life,
We dread no danger in the strife;
No foes with whom we cannot cope—
We—soldiers in the Band of Hope.
We are the Future! we who thus
Are strengthened as our lives begin,
Avoiding all the ways of sin:
Good men and women helping us.
Our pastors teach the holy plan—
That love of God is love of man.
We Bands of Hope, we march along,
While angels hear and join our song!

THE career of Henry Fawcett, late Postmaster-General of England, furnishes a remarkable instance of what pluck, energy, and perseverance can accomplish in the face of terrible odds. Blind almost from the opening of his career, he yet grasped a high place among the representative Englishmen of his day, and left an indelible impress upon the legislation of his country. His affliction seems, instead of embarrassing his progress, to have sharpened his powers, quickened his perceptions, and ripened his judgment, a not unfamiliar experience in the history of the blind. Mr. Fawcett was also materially assisted in his life-work by his estimable wife. He himself pronounced her the author of his success, the chief guiding and sustaining influence of his life.