

Nellie Barnes never recovered that last walk in search of her husband, but she lived to hear him bitterly repent of his wasted years, and to see him a man fully resolved to fight against his old enemy—strong drink.

The grass grows over her grave, but her wedding-ring carefully treasured by her husband, serves ever to remind him of that sad memory which sobered him once and for ever.—*Sister Lily, in Irish Templar*

For Girls and Boys.

THE ANGEL'S LADDER.

"If there were a ladder, mother,
Between the earth and sky,
As in the days of the Bible,
I would bid you all good-bye,
And go through every country,
And search from town to town,
Till I had found the ladder,
With angels coming down.
"Then I would wait quiet softly,
Beside the lowest round,
Till the sweetest-looking angel
Had stepped upon the ground;
I would pull his dazzling garment,
And speak out very plain.—
'Will you take me, please, to heaven,
When you go back again?'"
"Ah, darling," said the mother,
"You need not wander so
To find the golden ladder
Where angels come and go.
Wherever gentle kindness
Or pitying love abounds,
There is the wondrous ladder.
With angels on the rounds."

—*Wide Awake.*

ONLY A BABY.

On a sultry day last summer, at a time when children of the poorer class in Philadelphia were dying by the score every week, a bloated old man staggered up the steps of physician's dwelling. The boys shouted out after him "Old Bourbon," the name by which he had been known in the locality in which he lived for many years.

"The baby's worse," he said, standing hat in hand, when he met the doctor coming out.

"You've been here for me every day for a week," explained the doctor. "I cannot go again to-day. I told the child's mother there was no chance, this morning, it was dying then."

"Won't you come now?"

"No; I have not a minute to spare. There are patients waiting, whom I can help."

"Old Bourbon" followed him to his carriage door, twisting his rag of a hat in his shaking hands. "She's—she's all I've got, doctor."

But the doctor, with a pitying nod, drove away, and the old man, nearly sobered by his keen distress crept home to the attic where his little grandchild lay dying. Whatever nursing or kindness little Mary had known had come from "Old Bourbon." Her mother had six other children, and went out washing every day. The poor old drunkard and the innocent baby were left to form a strange friendship for each other. She called for him now feebly, as she lay on her mother's lap.

"Daddy! daddy! come to me!"

He knelt down and put his finger into the tiny withered hand. The tears ran down his bloated cheeks.

"God, leave her to me!" he muttered.

"Daddy, come to Mary!" she cried once more, and then the little soul, whose taste of life had been so bitter, passed into the unseen.

It was only a baby. Its mother, who had six other half-starved children to feed, shed but few tears over it. The doctor sent in a certificate of its death with a dozen others. In the weekly bill of mortality there was an item. "Of cholera infantum, seventy." Little Mary was one of the seventy. That was all. Her record was ended. The world had done with her.

But an old trembling man crept next Sunday into the back pew of the little mission church, not far from the attic in which he lived. He stopped the clergyman when service was over.

"Why, is this you, Bour—I beg your pardon. What is your real name?"

"John Black, sir. I want to take my name again. I'm thinkin' of signin' the pledge, 'n' pullin' up for the rest of the time left," stammered the poor wretch.

The clergyman was wise and helpful. John did "pull up." He lived but a few months after that, but he did what he could to live a decent, honest, Christian life in that time.

"The Lord is merciful, John," his friend said to him, as he lay dying.

"I know it, sir. I'm not much acquainted with Him, but I've been tryin' to foller little Mary. I hear her always cryin', 'Daddy, come to me.' I'm comin', an' I reckon He'll not turn me back."

Even the baby had its work to do, and had done it.—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE.

One day a gentleman was passing a rum shop, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, entered a hardware shop, and addressing the proprietor said:—

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

The sheet of paper was soon procured.

"Now, will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, what are you going to do?"

"You shall see presently."

He then quickly printed in large letters—SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE.

He then fastened the paper right over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments several passers-by stopped, and read aloud, "Specimen of the work done inside."

In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the keeper, hearing the noise and laughter, came outside to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded in an angry voice, "Who did that?"

"Which?" asked my friend, who now joined the crowd. "If you mean what is on that paper, *I did that*; but if you mean the MAN, *you did that!* This morning when he arose, he was sober; when he walked down this street on his way to work, he was sober; when he went into your shop, he was sober, and now he is what *you* made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?"—*Exchange.*

Literary Record.

"THE WEED THAT BEWITCHES."—The National Temperance Society has just published a pamphlet of twelve pages with the above title, by Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, in which the evils involved in the tobacco habit, also the use of opium, are presented with remarkable power. It is one of the most important and valuable contributions yet made to the discussion of the tobacco question especially as involving the welfare of the young. It ought to be in the hands of every minister, every teacher, and every young man in the land. Price five cents. Address J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 58 Rade Street, New York.

"WORSE THAN WASTED."—The National Temperance Society has just issued a pamphlet entitled "Worse Than Wasted," from the pen of Dr. Wm. Hargreaves, author of "Our Wasted Resources," giving facts and figures from the last census and other official documents, presenting an array of statistics and arguments important and valuable to every friend of temperance. It gives, from official sources, the resources of the United States, Agriculture, Manufacturers, Trade and Commerce, Live Stock, Railroads, Mines, Navigation, Fisheries, Personal and Real estate, and presents the relations of the use of intoxicating drinks and the traffic in them to trade, labor, and the general prosperity of the country, showing the social, moral, and pecuniary evils inflicted upon our country. The book contains seven chapters, with the following table of contents: I.—The Resources of the United States. II.—The quantity and Cost of Intoxicating Drinks in the United States. III.—Cost of Intoxicating Drinks Contrasted, etc. IV.—The Losses from the Drink-Traffic. V.—Drink and Bad Trade. VI.—Money Spent for Liquors Injures Labor. VIII.—The Brewers' Business vs. Productive Industry.

The book contains eighteen statistical tables giving official figures invaluable to every friend of the cause. It is the most important and valuable book of the year. Every temperance worker, every student of political economy and reform, every lover of God, home, and country should read these facts to post himself on this great question. 12mo, 93 pages. Price, paper cover, 30 cents; bound in cloth, with "Our Wasted Resources," \$1.25. Address J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 58 Rade Street, New York City.