

A Mother's Story.

"Come, Molly, will you have a glass?"
 "No, thank you, sir, not I—
 I've never tasted not a drop since twenty
 years gone by—
 When I lost my little Willie—would you
 like to hear the tale?
 Even the very thought of it makes me turn
 cold and pale.

"My Joe he took to drinking ways; it
 made me fierce and wild,
 For we'd one little baby boy—a merry,
 winsome child;
 We lived close to the dockyard gate, in the
 great city throng;
 I was but weak and sickly—I never had
 been strong.

"It was just after three o'clock, one dreary
 winter day,
 My little lad had fallen asleep, for he was
 tired of play,
 He had been gazing at the snow with wonder
 and delight,
 'Let me have some to play with, mother; it
 looks so soft and white.'

"'No, no,' I said, and shut the door, for
 the wintry blast blew chill;
 I told him fairy stories, kept him amused
 until
 He fell asleep upon the floor, my darling
 little lad,
 And then I had a drop to drink, I felt so
 weak and bad.

"It seemed to cheer me up, a few drops
 taken warm,
 And soon I heard, as in a dream, the howling
 of the storm.
 And saw, as in a hazy mist, the little sleeping
 form.
 I emptied the whole bottle out—a few drops
 more, I said,
 Will do no harm—I never felt the slightest
 pang of dread
 As the demon spirit mastered me, and crept
 into my head.

"Then did a deep drowsiness over my senses
 creep,
 Making me deaf to every sound in heavy
 drunken sleep.
 I do not know how long I slept, the time I
 did not mark,
 But when I woke the fire was low; a little
 glimmering spark
 Glowed fierce at me between the bars out of
 the gloomy dark.

"I started up and looked around, with a
 dull, lifeless stare,
 Then called for Willie, called again, Oh, God,
 he was not there!
 I stumbled through the darkness, and quickly
 struck a light,
 Peered into every corner, trembling with
 speechless fright;
 Found the street door was open? My darling
 must have crept
 Again to watch the snowflakes, whilst I, his
 mother, slept;
 No doubt he ran, unthinking, to catch the
 flakes of snow,
 Then turned and wandered blindly, uncertain
 where to go.

"I never shall forget that hour—I sped with
 hurrying feet,
 Half mad with agony of dread, heedless of
 snow and sleet—
 I asked at several houses, no one had seen
 the child,
 I gave one piercing shriek of woe, despair
 had made me wild.

"Then a policeman saw me, he hurried to
 the place,
 Turning his bull's-eye lantern full on my
 haggard face,
 'Oh, sir,' I said, and caught him, and would
 not let him go,
 'Sir, have you seen a little child wand'ring
 all through the snow?"

"A little boy, a lovely child, with sunny,
 golden curls,
 And large blue eyes, tender and sweet, just
 like a little girl's.
 Do help me now, advise me, tell me what
 course to take,
 Oh, give me some relief, kind sir, or else
 my heart will break.'

"I haven't seen him, missus, saro 'tis a
 sorry plight
 For such a little lad as him to be abroad to-
 night.
 Had he no coat on, did you say? Ho must
 be froz'n outright.'

"'No, no; how dare you say it?' with
 vehemence I cried,
 And then I crept back home again, my
 broken heart to hide;
 I prayed and sobbed and prayed again, the
 grey dawn came at last,
 And the whole world was wrapt in white,
 the snow was falling fast.

"My Joe was with me, he was kind. 'Cheer
 up, my lass,' he said;
 'Molly, I'm sure he's somewhere safe, I'm
 sure he is not dead.'
 I pressed his hand, I could not speak; just
 once I feebly smiled,
 Then these dread words came from the door,
 'They've found a little child,

"Quite dead and cold a few streets off;
 they've brought the news to me,
 Ho lies down at the station there, you'd
 better go and see.'
 I followed the policeman with a low, stifled
 moan,
 And all at once it seemed as if I had been
 turned to stone.

"There lay what *might* be Willie, all covered
 with a sheet;
 They raised a corner, would I look? oh, how
 my heart did beat!
 I turned away, I could not bear my darling's
 form to trace,
 I could not bear to be quite sure that it was
 Willie's face.

"Then some one spoke, a low soft voice,
 'This child has dark brown hair,
 His face is wan, he must have known much
 poverty and care,
 You were afraid to look, poor soul, but now
 perhaps you'll dare.'

"'Yes, now I dare,' I whispered, and quickly
 raised my head,
 Looked at the boy, one searching look, and
 all my terror fled,
 "'Tis not my child,' I said aloud, "'tis not
 my child that's dead.

"And in that very moment my pain and
 grief were o'er,
 A ripple of sweet laughter came to me from
 the door,
 And Will, my Will, with one glad bound,
 was in my arms once more.

"Some one had found him, kept him safe,
 brought him to me again,
 All through that night I'd tried to weep, to
 ease my burning brain,
 But now the tears came rushing down, like
 blessed summer rain.

"Since then I've never touched a drop, and
 one more thing I'll tell,
 I said that I was weakly, but now I'm strong
 and well;
 I feel so full of life and joy, and if you'll
 only try
 To give the beer and spirits up, you'll know
 the reason why.

"Yes, that's my Will, sir, over there, isn't
 he fine and tall?
 Why, when the volunteers are out, he over-
 tops them all,
 The early promise of his youth has not been
 unfulfilled—
 And now, good-night, but let me say, 'God
 bless our Temperance Guild!'"

—From the C. E. T. Chronicle.

Toucans.

I IMAGINE I hear some of the chil-
 dren who read this paper, exclaim,
 "What curious birds! Such large
 bills! And they have caps on their
 heads, too. I have never seen a bird
 that looked at all like these, I am
 sure." Yes, they are really curious
 looking birds, and their bills are cer-
 tainly more ponderous than elegant;
 especially is this the case with the
 bird in the centre of the group. We
 have no such birds as these in North
 America; they are Toucans, and their
 home is in South America. There are
 several varieties, but these are some of
 the largest.

You will notice that they have
 large, strong-looking feet and claws,
 which enable them to hold firmly on
 to large limbs of trees, and which
 they use in procuring their food.
 The one in the lower right hand cor-
 ner of the picture, you will notice,
 has just selected for his supper a small
 snake which he no doubt considers a
 very dainty morsel. We read in the
 Bible of a kind of bird that ate
 snakes, and of its being made use of
 by a noted leader of Israel. Can the
 children tell who it was, and what
 was the purpose in view?

Make a Note On't.

This is a busy, distracting world.
 One is so apt to forget things, and it
 is very trying to have no excuse but
 forgetfulness. Here is a little pre-
 scription for young memories, well-
 meaning memories that wish to keep
 the smaller duties of life well in mind.
 Let us call the patient John. John
 has an aunt, besides his father and
 mother, to remind him of his work,
 and he goes to school, and has his
 lessons to think of, besides his engage-
 ments with the other boys. These
 are most apt to be remembered, but
 he really means to do the things he
 ought to do. One night he goes to
 bed quite sorrowful in his mind. His
 mother had asked him to get some
 buttons in the village, at the store
 next but one to the school-house, so
 that she could finish his new striped
 shirts, too. His father told him to
 speak for Mr. Chase's red horse for
 the next two days to help in the farm
 work. John forgot that, and the red
 horse was promised to somebody else,
 and he forgot the kindling-wood which
 he usually brought before he went
 away in the morning; he forgot to
 mend the hen-coop where he had seen
 a slat loosened, and the chickens got
 out and travelled through the flower-
 garden. Nobody else had seen the
 slat, and it was his affair; he really
 did remember to take the hammer and
 a nail or two when he went through
 the yard again. Yes, and his aunt
 asked him to look out some words in
 the big dictionary at school. At last
 poor John got discouraged, and won-
 dered what he had better do to restore
 his failing wits. Dear me! how he
 tosses about in the bed, and tries to

think what he must do to-morrow.
 This is a bad case indeed. Let us
 whisper the prescription into his ear—
 "Make a little list, Johnny, take your
 pencil and a bit of paper, and set
 down the errands and everything else
 that you want to remember."

The patient takes heart, and here is
 the record, with a blank space at the
 bottom for last additions in the morn-
 ing:

Pick some peas for mother.
 Mend the gate-latch.
 Look out those words.
 Get my shirt buttons.
 Tell Bill Downs I don't want his
 old woodchuck.

Lick him for cheating me about that
 arithmetic lesson.

Make that list of all the birds I
 know by sight that the teacher wants.

So it went on, and twenty times
 next day John pulls out the business-
 like strip of brown paper, and consults
 it with care; by night he has crossed
 off everything but the woodchuck
 item, for the reason that he and Bill
 Downs made up, and were friends
 again after they had worked off their
 animosity in a good supper, and John
 went home with him after school, and
 was so pleased with the woodchuck's
 looks that he allowed his offer of its
 value in pond lilies to stand. John
 had planted some lily-roots in a small
 pond back of his garden, and guarded
 them with jealous care. The other
 boys liked to have them to sell in the
 cars.

Now this prescription seems at first
 thought to be quite silly. One might
 forget also to look at the list, but
 somehow one doesn't, and it is a great
 pleasure to cross off things when they
 are fairly done and out of the way.
 Then there are two other good reasons
 for keeping a list: first, you get into
 the habit of thinking over what you
 have to do, and arranging your day a
 little, and so growing systematic;
 secondly, after a little while you can
 keep the list in your own mind by
 force of habit, and need not even
 write it down. Your memory is trained
 to serve you as it should; there is
 really no reason why we should annoy
 ourselves and disappoint other people
 by letting the thought of our duties
 be indistinct and unreliable.—*Wide
 Awake.*

JESUS CHRIST is the resurrection and
 the life.

In a recent address of the National
 W. C. T. U. to the workingmen and
 women of the United States the
 following passages occur:—"Four-
 teen hundred million dollars annually
 drawn, chiefly from the pockets of
 workingmen, by saloon-keepers and
 cigar dealers, means less flour in the
 barrel, less coal in the cellar, and less
 clothing in the labourer's family.
 Life insurance statistics prove that
 while the average life of the moderate
 drinker is but thirty-five years and
 a half, that of the total abstainer is
 sixty-four years."