

THE TWO PATHS.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"Please, sir, will Johnnie and Carrie sign my pledge?" asked little Fannie Swan as she stood on the piazza where Mr. Dustin was reading his newspaper and smoking.

"What kind of a pledge is it?" he asked.

"A temperance pledge," answered Fannie. "It is a promise never to taste of any kind of a liquor, so they won't ever be drunkards," she added gaining courage as she spoke.

"I'll risk them," responded the father. "I don't want them to make any foolish promises. When they grow up, if they want to drink a glass of liquor, I don't want them to feel they must tell a lie to do it. They will know enough to take care of themselves; so you can just run along with your pledge to somebody who needs it.

This was Fannie Swan's first effort to obtain signatures to the total abstinence pledge, and naturally she was discouraged. She went home and told her mother it was no use for her to try any more. She was sure she should fail every time.

But the next morning she was more hopeful, and, encouraged by her parents, started out again. She had only crossed the street when she met a boy who was in the same class with her at school, and asked him at once if he would sign her temperance pledge.

"Sign it? Of course I will," he replied heartily; and taking paper and pencil from her hands, wrote his name in large, plain characters. As he returned them he said: "That is the best I can do with my knee for a table; but I'll swear to my mark every time, and keep my pledge to the end."

It was easy after this for Fannie Swan to ask others, and when she compared notes with those who had enlisted in the work at the same time as herself she found she had obtained the largest number of names.

"Child's play," remarked Mr. Dustin, who could not easily forget the rebuff he had given. "Such pledges don't count for anything when a boy comes to think for himself. Wait a few years and you'll find my words proved true."

Twenty-five years have passed since then. The boy whose father objected to his signing the pledge and the boy who was so willing to sign it are still living in their native town. They were schoolmates and friends in the old time, but they are now far apart in social position.

One frequents the lowest saloons, and is often intoxicated for days. He broke no pledge when he started on his downward career, but he has broken his mother's heart and disgraced the father who was so sure of him.

The other is an honorable Christian business man, respected by all who know him. Signing the pledge may have seemed like "child's play" to those who saw his laughing manner, but it was far more than that to him. It was a restraint upon him when he mingled with others less scrupulous, and as he frankly acknowledges, it has had no small influence in making him what he is.

Two paths opened before two boys, and each has walked in his own chosen way. Two paths open before every child who reads this.

See to it, my reader, that you choose the path leading to prosperity, happiness, and eternal life.—*Temperance Banner.*

DISGRACE.

"You have indeed fallen low," was the sad remark of Justice Solon B. Smith at the Tombs the other day, to an aged man, who showed every indication of a tramp.

"For God's sake forgive me, Sol," pleaded the man. "Liquor has been my curse. For ten years I have been its slave. But from this day forth I am a changed man. I will quit drinking and make a solemn vow that not another drop of that poison will pass my lips again."

"It has now such a strong hold upon you that you couldn't stop it if you tried ever so hard," remarked the Judge. "And besides, where could you go? You have no home, your wife won't recognize you any more, and your friends pass by with horror and disgust."

"Well, what of that?" said the prisoner. "I can live on forty millions can't I? What need I care for them?"

"Forty millions? Why, you haven't got forty cents," said Justice Smith.

"I tell you, Sol, I have it."

"How did you become possessed of it?"

"Why, I've earned it, to be sure, where else did you think?"

"Drinking has somewhat unbalanced your mind and I'll charge the complaint against you into insanity," said the court. "You will be better treated in an asylum than in the workhouse. Officer, remove him."

"Please, Judge, will you let another officer take him," said Court Officer Maurice Finn, whose eyes were filled with tears.

"Why can't you?" said the justice in a tone of surprise.

"He was my general in the war, your honor," said Finn, "and he was so kind to me that I don't like to repay him in this way though I know it is done for his good. He treated the men who fought under him as he would his own brothers. It is sad for me, sir, to see my old dear commander in such a position as this, and I and others will see that he is properly cared for at the asylum."

The man was none other than Brigadier-General Thomas W. Eagan, who fought in the battle of Gettysburg, under General Meade, and was a participant of almost every battle at that time. At the close of the war he was made an internal revenue officer.—*Steuben Signal.*

THE CRADLE OF THE CRUSADE,

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

I little thought a dozen or more years ago, when an eye witness related to me the thrilling scenes of the first crusade in Fredonia, N. Y., that my eyes would ever rest on that beautiful village, where the goodly seed was planted, the harvest of which waves all over the land to-day. Still less, that in a beautiful temperance hall, in the finest block, and on the principal street in that village, I would meet some of the "praying band" which wrought this modern miracle.

For in all Fredonia, one of the loveliest of the lovely villages of the Empire State, there is not a saloon or drinking place to-day. The eight hundred students from the kindergarten up to the normal school, are absolutely safe from the snares which destroy so many, ere they reach the age of manhood.

No profane or impure word came to my ear during the two months stay in Fredonia, where my room overlooked the play ground. The sun was sometimes uproarious, yet the most perfect good nature prevailed.

Remarking this pleasant fact to a prominent citizen, he said "There is a reason for this. Do you observe that we haven't a grog shop in town?" (The very first thing I had noted.)

"Now," he continued, "I was not a prohibitionist. I was in favor of license. The logic of facts has convinced me that the only safe way is to do away with the grog shops."

But to return to the temperance meeting. The women had met, as they did throughout the land that day, to pray for divine guidance on those who should meet in Chicago, to select a candidate for the presidency. (Did the delegates "pray over the matter?") Among them was a venerable woman, to whose fervent prayers on the first saloon visit, the presiding officers alluded.

"It was hard, oh! it was hard to go to the place where they had murdered my boy," she said; but the prayer was heard and the saloon closed.

Prohibition does prohibit in Fredonia. The better classes are a unit on its enforcement. Mrs. Mary Hunt, of Boston, gave an eloquent lecture on the question of the hour, to a large and intelligent audience in the Presbyterian church while we were there; but it did seem a little strange in the home of the grand crusade, to see so little enthusiasm on the subject.

The W. C. T. Union is the child of the crusade. May her zeal never grow less till the entire land is free from the horrible curse of the drink traffic.—*Tidings.*

For Girls and Boys.

TRIED.

"Why, mother dear, you don't suppose I would ever go into a saloon, or a gambling-den, or any such place do you?"

"No; my boy;" and she looked fondly at his handsome, refined face.

"But you talk so much about temptation coming to boys. How could any one tempt me when I despise such things? You don't think any one could lead me into sin against my own will?"

"You know so little of the world, George, that you cannot tell how temptation may come to you. It will probably come in some way which you least expect, for Satan loves to make his attacks deceitfully. He will try you when you are off your guard. Remember, my dear one, and always with watching and prayer, to keep on the alert against the enemy of souls."

George was just prepared to enter college. He was a bright scholar and conscientious student, so it is unnecessary to add that