

**Lost for Want of a Word.**

Lost for want of a word!  
 Fallen among thieves and dying  
 Priests and Levites passing  
 The place where he is lying.  
 He is too faint to call,  
 Too far off to be heard—  
 There are those beside life's highway  
 Lost for want of a word!

Lost for want of a word!  
 All in the black night straying  
 Among the mazes of thought,  
 False light ever betraying.  
 Oh, that a human voice  
 The murky darkness had stirred!  
 Lost and benighted forever—  
 Lost for want of a word!

Lost for want of a word!  
 Too high it may be and noble  
 To be ever checked in his sin,  
 Or led to Christ in his trouble.  
 No one boldly and truly  
 To show him where he has erred—  
 Poor handful of dust and ashes!  
 Lost for want of a word!

Lost for want of a word!  
 A word that you might have spoken—  
 Who knows what eyes may be dim,  
 What hearts may be aching and broken?  
 Go, scatter beside all waters,  
 Nor sicken at hope deferred,  
 Let never a soul by thy dumbness  
 Be lost for want of a word!

**Aunt Fanny's Story.**

We had just come in from a temperance meeting. Aunt Fanny was seated in an easy-chair before the glowing grate, Bess was in her usual place, a low stool at her feet, and Harry had thrown himself in his accustomed careless fashion upon the sofa.

"I can't see any use in making such a fuss about temperance, in a place like this at any rate. Now in the city, where a saloon meets one on every hand it is different—but in a hum-drum, sleepy old town like this it is simply fanatical. Then, all this talk about cider. 'Why, cider couldn't kill a spider,'" said Harry, with a gay, careless laugh, quoting from Tom Roper.

Bess and I joined in his merriment, for he had such a comical way of saying the most trivial things that we generally laughed at his remarks. He looked very handsome, with his black hair tossed back from his broad, white brow, and his whole face beaming with fun.

Aunt Fanny did not laugh; instead, an added sadness crept into her face as she fixed her searching eyes upon my brother. Somehow this sent a sort of chill over our gay, young spirits and we were silent for some minutes, a very unusual proceeding upon our part, I assure you.

"Would you like to have me tell you a story?" asked aunt Fanny breaking the silence suddenly.

Of course we wanted to hear it, and as father had gone to visit a patient several miles away, and mother had retired with a headache, we knew we should be free from interruption for an hour at least, so we settled ourselves cozily and prepared to listen, although we feared from aunt's manner the story would be a sad one.

"You do not remember much about your uncle Robert, do you?" she asked.

No, we did not, but we remembered well his last visit at our house only a few months before his death, and how noble and handsome he looked, and how we stood a little in awe of him in spite of his genial ways, on account of his being senator, and I remembered how Harry had confided to me that he meant to be a senator when he was a

man, and make grand speeches that should be printed, just like uncle Robert. But all this digression has nothing to do with the story.

"Your uncle Robert and I were brought up in a village not dissimilar to this, save that it was snugly tucked away among the green hills of Vermont. My father kept a country store, and he was the rich man of the town, owning broad acres of tillage and pasture land, with large orchards, and among the rest a cider mill. So of course, cider was just as free as water, and it never entered our thoughts that it was not as harmless. Deacon Goodwin, Robert's father, was a straightforward, God-fearing man, much respected by everyone for his upright character. He would as soon put his hand into the fire, as to have offered his sons a glass of liquor, but he never dreamed that in the transparent liquid, which they imbibed so freely, lurked the germ of a deadly poison that would one day spring into life and choke out the good seed he had sown with such loving care.

"Well, time passed on, Robert Goodwin went to college, and I was sent to a boarding-school; so for several years we met but seldom, but we often heard of his wild, dissipated life, while there. When he returned and began the practice of law in a neighbouring town, and asked me to be his wife, with the usual blindness of love I thought I could reform him. For a time all went well. Our home was much like the ideal home my girlhood dreams had pictured. Robert rose rapidly in his profession, for he possessed much talent combined with energy, and a perseverance that is sure to win success. Then our little girl came to us, as sweet a little blossom as ever gladdened a mother's heart, and my cup of happiness seemed full, when suddenly my bright hopes fell a shattered mass of ruin at my feet. Robert had won in an important case that had long been contested by law, and a supper was given in his honour, a very brilliant affair, and yielding to the importunities of his friends he drank a glass of wine. He never could be a moderate drinker; if he drank one glass, more was sure to follow, and that night those same friends led him home intoxicated. From this he went rapidly in the downward road. One night when our baby was about a year old she was taken suddenly sick with membranous croup; I summoned medical aid, but all to no avail, and in a few hours our little one was dead. All this time her father lay in a beastly state of intoxication, too far lost in drunken slumber to realize what was taking place. Believe me, Harry, I should not thus expose the weakness of one who is dead, were it not for the hope that it may benefit you! When my husband awoke to consciousness and realized that his beautiful child was dead, his grief was terrible, but from that hour dated his reform; he again devoted himself to his profession, and at length, although still a young man, was sent as senator to Washington, where we resided for two years. About that time we paid his brother, your father, the visit you remember so well, and then went to his father's in Vermont for rest and recreation, for his health was very poor. While there, his father advised the use of old cider for a stomach trouble, from which he was suffering. This cider was 'kept' by the plentiful use of corn,

raisins, and mustard, and a drink not much inferior to wine in strength and flavour, but as it was cider we never thought of harm resulting from its use. I wonder, now, that with my womanly instincts I could have been so blind.

"One day, when our visit was drawing toward a close, I noticed that my husband was unusually restless and depressed in spirits; he had drunk more freely than common of the above-named preparation, but I did not suppose that had anything to do with it. About the middle of the afternoon, he said he had business in a town some ten miles distant and started on his journey on horseback, a favorite exercise with him. He rode slowly away, our little boy running by his side astride his grandfather's cane, in imitation of his father. I stood in the door and watched them with proud and happy eyes. Autumn had flung her banners on the trees, crimson, golden, and scarlet, the berries of the mountain ash glowed red in the sunlight, the white-weed and golden-rod blossomed by the wayside, and the orchards were laden with a wealth of ripened fruit. Father Goodwin came and stood by my side, the sunshine touched his gray hair with a halo of silver, his eyes wandered over the lovely landscape and rested, at last, upon apple orchards with a satisfied expression.

"We shall have to make an unusual amount of cider this year, Fanny," he said, "for apples are so plenty they will bring next to nothing to sell." I smiled in an absent sort of way, for my thoughts were with my husband and bonnie boy. Then as he noticed a mass of black clouds rising in the south and west, he added, "We shall have a storm before midnight," and went into the house.

"I took a book of poems and settled myself comfortably in an easy-chair under the trees, while Charlie played about me, until the sky became overcast with heavy clouds, and the air chilly with the approaching storm. About nine o'clock the storm burst upon us with all its fury, wind and hail and rain; the elements seemed in wild commotion that night. I grew very uneasy about Robert. I had expected he would try to reach home early, as he must have seen the storm approaching, and the horse he rode was a young, mettlesome creature, not fairly broken. Still I hoped he might have been detained by business until a late hour, and had concluded to spend the night in L. The storm was at its height when we heard a clatter of hoofs in the yard. Father Goodwin stepped to the kitchen door and spoke to one of his farm hands. "Robert has come," he said, "get a lantern as soon as you can." The man obeyed and went out into the darkness, but soon returned with an ashy face. The horse was riderless!

"Well they went in search of the lost rider, and I threw a shawl over my head and followed after, fearing I knew not what. We found him at last by the roadside, his garments drenched, his face pallid, and his hair wet with the rain and with something darker that flowed from an ugly wound in his forehead. They carried him home, and he lived several days, nearly all the time unconscious. A day or two before his death, he told me all about it, how the cider had roused all his old appetite for drink, and how he had fought against it although suffer-

ing the greatest torment; but while in L, it was placed before him and the sight was maddening. He yielded to the tempter and on his return home, being partially under the influence of his old enemy, he was unable to control his horse and so met with the terrible accident. With his mental vision cleared by the near approach of death, he plainly saw the fatal connection between the free use of cider in his youth and the wretched experiences that nearly ruined his early manhood. Now, for the same blind error, his life must pay the penalty. Then he called for a pledge and made Charlie, (who could write his name and that was about all) sign it, at the same time making him solemnly promise to keep it inviolate till the day of his death; and, boy though he was, he seemed to understand. I trust he will always keep it, for I think if he is ever tempted to break it, the memory of his dying father and the solemn vow made to him will restrain him.

"Now, Harry, do you still think there is no harm in cider, nothing but cider? Do you still think it fanatical to fight against intemperance?"

"No; aunt Fanny, no. I am sorry to have caused you the pain of telling so sad a story, but I hope it will be a lesson to me. I will sign your pledge that I refused the other day, and, God helping me, I will keep it." And he always has kept it.—*Morning Star.*

**Bank Notes.**

BANK of England notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn. They have been manufactured for nearly two hundred years at the same spot—Laverstoke, in Hampshire—and by the same family, the Portals, who are descended from some French Protestant refugees. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process in Mr. Coe's department within the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly like any other in existence; consequently there never was a duplicate of a Bank of England note except by forgery. It has been stated that the stock of paid notes for seven years is about 94,000,000 in number, and they fill 18,000 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach three miles. The notes, placed in a pile, would be eight miles high; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 15,000 miles long. Their superficial extent is more than that of Hyde Park, their original value was over £3,000,000,000, and their weight over 112 tons.

THE HISTORY OF A CLUB.—There was a club formed in Scotland by men of wealth, who met regularly to drink and have a social time. A gentleman had the interest to inquire in after-years the history of the club, and how the members turned out. This is what he learned about them: two were in the insane asylum; one had jumped from a window and killed himself; another had jumped into the river and drowned; fourteen had failed in business. Only one was living.