

Despite his struggles they dragged him to the ground. Embryotic murderers struck at him with their pocket-knives. Two or three young ruffians kicked him in the face with their iron-heeled shoes, while red-faced viragoes and coarse-featured girls applauded and added their strident voice to the general din.

"The 'cops' are coming!" and at the sight of a blue-coated official leisurely approaching a block away, the struggling, swaying crowd surged across the narrow street just in time to separate Frank Burchard from her escort. He was a mild mannered youth, and being greatly dismayed at the sight of what he mentally termed a "howid wabble," he fled round the nearest corner.

"Wonder how she likes the looks of us chaps whose money helped old Burchard build his big house up town?" muttered Dan to himself, as the young girl looked helplessly about her. For Dan had seen this young lady with her father, who was a wealthy stevedore, and knew her to be his daughter. Mr. Burchard owned a row of tenement-houses in Water street. It was none of his business that there were two flourishing grogeries in the basement of each. He didn't sell the liquor. "Dirty business, but clean money," he sometimes said when his agent paid him over the quarterly rent collected in this locality. Yet to call money clean when some of it is stained with the blood of souls, savors of something more than mere moral blindness.

Yet, the appealing look of the young girl, as she stood for a moment bewildered and terrified, seemingly not knowing which way to turn, roused a certain innate chivalry in Dan's breast, and stepping forward, he asked her respectfully where she wished to go.

"To the Mission-house, please," was the tremulous answer. Dan raised his eye-brows a very little, but said nothing, except, "Come this way, Miss, then," and for the first time in all his life Dan Powers walked along the pavement by the side of a pure young girl, whose very presence made him strangely sensible of his own degradation.

"This is it," Dan remarked briefly, as in silence they reached the Mission-house, and was about turning away.

"I wish you would go inside," urged Frank, gently, but Dan shook his head. He took no stock in that sort of thing, he said with a short laugh.

"Lord, help me—in thee do I put my trust," was the breathed prayer that rose from Frank Burchard's heart. And urged by an impulse which she now knows to be given of God, she walked after Dan, and touched his sleeve with her small gloved hand.

"Please come," she again urged, entreatingly. There was something in the pleading look of the clear gray eyes that Dan could not resist, and he followed her into the building.

There were about fifty persons there. Not such as would be found in an up-town church, by any means. There were rags and bloated faces, low foreheads and penitentiary-cropped heads of hair. Half a dozen rough-looking, bronzed-faced sailors were scattered among the audience, and all were listening eagerly to Jerry McAuley, who himself was speaking.

"There's no man in Water street down so low that he can't reform and repent if such a one as I can," he was saying. "I tell you it wasn't the good moral folks that Christ came to die for, it was for just such wretches as I am—just such sinners as you and I are, brother," he said—and it seemed to Dan that the speaker's eye was looking directly into his own. "I used to think God didn't care for the likes of us down in Water street," continued Jerry McAuley thoughtfully, "but since I've took him on trust, I see that it's us not caring for him, is where the trouble comes." Dan started. Here was an answer to his own bitter questionings of an hour before. It couldn't be such a hard thing to be a better man, when Jerry McAuley had turned round. He knew considerable of Jerry's past life, as indeed all Water street does.

Another man arose, whom Dan vaguely remembered as the most degraded of drunkards five years before. He made no boast of his previous vicious life, as you will sometimes hear. Only a simple, unaffected statement of his exceeding sinfulness, and how, when he had trusted past and present into Christ's keeping, he had been helped beyond measure to begin a new record—that was all.

Scarcely had he finished, when a woman in the opposite part of the room rose. Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"You haf heard what he who just now do speak," she said brokenly; "he is mine husband. I cannot talk this language like him with many words, but I know. Six years ago our home was hell. Now it is heaven." And she sat down.

So one after another, reclaimed from gutter and grogshop, from crime and corruption, testified to the saving power of Christ. And then followed a tender appeal from the leader of the meeting, to any and all who would repent and lead a different life, to manifest such desire by coming forward.

As the notes of a hymn rose heavenward, one after another, with shame-stricken faces and bowed heads, advanced to the altar.

Frank Burchard glanced around. Two large tears were coursing down Dan Powers' face, but he did not stir. Again her heart went up in an earnest cry, and this time it was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And then unhesitatingly, Frank Burchard arose, and making her way to Dan's side, she said in a low tone, "Will you not go with the others, and learn to trust in the same Jesus?"

Only God knows the struggle it cost her to say these words, for she was naturally shy and reticent in speech. But it was the turning point in Dan

Powers' life, and the timid entreaty decided the fate of a human soul.

"Well! why should I say more?" From Jerry McAuley's Mission-house, which reaches a class that no other organization can hope to do, there are some who go back to their wallowing in the mire, as from every department of religious labor. Dan Powers has not been one of these. His story is a simple one, but has the merit of strict truth. He makes no efforts to fathom God's mysteries now. "It's plain sailin' enough for me," said Dan, not long since, "for I've took the whole thing on trust."—*Christian Weekly*.

For Girls and Boys.

SELLING TO DECENT PEOPLE.

A temperance discussion once sprang up in a stage-coach crossing the Alleghanies, and the subject was handled without gloves. One gentleman maintained a stoical silence until he could endure it no longer; then he broke out strongly, saying:

"Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor-seller. I keep a public-house; but I would have you to know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough he can get no more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business."

When he had delivered himself, he seemed to think he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so thought a Quaker who was one of the company. Said he:

"Friend, that is the most damning part of thy business. If thee would sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent, and the unsuspecting, and makes drunkards and loafers of them; when their characters are gone thee kicks them out, and turns them over to other shops to be finished off; and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin."—*Prohibition Banner*.

WHAT LITTLE ARTIE DID.

Little Artie and his brothers, three of them, and dear little fellows they were, all were brave and self-reliant, and had been brought up by their parents in the right way.

As these children lived some distance from town, it was found necessary to leave them at home when father and mother attended meeting; especially was this the case in cold weather. Through the summer months the children were often taken along, to their great delight. And as their parents were Methodists of the good old-fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit of hearing—at such times—the hearty "Amen" break forth from their father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children were left at home, with many cautions to be very careful; yet hardly had the parents left ere the woodwork near the stove-pipe was discovered to be on fire, and out of the children's reach; but, with wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed upon the table and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned they shuddered to see the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall and got upon that."

"And did you help your brother, Jimmy?" to the next.

"Yes, sir; I brought him a pail of water and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help put out the fire, and so I just stood by and hollered 'Amen'!"—*Kind Words*.

A TALK WITH TOM.

You want to know, Tom, what is the first quality of mankind?

Well, listen. I am going to tell you in one little word of five letters. And I am going to write that word in very loud letters as though you were deaf so that you may never forget it. The word is "TRUTH."

Now, then, remember truth is the only foundation on which can be erected a manhood that is worthy of being so called.