

The White Dove.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

THE choir was full of children
Singing with heart and word,
With melody almost divine,
The praises of the Lord.
O sweet their ringing voices
Went up to the Father's ear,
And throngs of Easter angels
Drew near, their songs to hear.

But not to listen, only;
With heavenly zeal and love,
The angels sing the melodies
Of the great choirs above;
And blending with the children,
Their Easter anthems rise,
Until the rapturous harmonies
Roll out beyond the skies.

So heaven and earth were blended,
In those sweet jubilees,
The unheard voices throbbing
Through the eternities,
Yet with the children singing—
When, lo! far, far above
The listening congregation,
There flew a fair, white dove.

Down on the air it floated,
Its wings all silver-bright,
Now in the shadowed chancel,
Now on its pillared height,
As some soft breeze from heaven,
It stirred the listening air,
Like whispers after silence,
Like singing after prayer.

O Christ, thou loving Saviour,
Thine emblem was the bird!
As round and round it circled,
By the grand choral stirred,
Each heart swelled high with worship,
With joy and sweet surprise,
And Paradise to earth drew near,
And Earth to Paradise.

VOTE AS YOU PRAY.

BY MRS. ELLA ROCKWOOD.

"LET me see," mused Mr. Samuel Parker, one October evening, as he pushed his silver-rimmed spectacles back upon his forehead and laid down his newspaper. "Next Tuesday is election, ain't it?"

"I see," he continued, turning to his wife, who sat at a table near by with a pair of diminutive pantaloons into which she was putting the finishing stitches, "that our party, as usual, has got some good men on the ticket; sure to be elected, too."

"What do you mean by 'good men,' Samuel?" asked his wife without lifting her eyes from her work.

"Oh, men who have influence and power in the party, of course; men who will 'take' well during the campaign; popular, and so forth."

He wound up with the "and so forth" in a grandiloquent manner, as much as to say that there were any number of good qualities in the possession of these candidates for office, if he only cared to add them.

"But do you think they really have the welfare of the people at heart? Will they, if elected, use every means within their power to better the condition of the people; to enact such laws as will tend to do away with vice, crime, and other causes of poverty and want in the country at large? Or will they cater to the wishes of a few monied men and corporations, with an eye single to the golden profits resulting from such a course?"

"Well, I suppose there is a sight of that kind of business being done; yet I don't know but our party is as free from it as any of them. Any way, I shall be glad to see these candidates elected and shall do what I can to help them."

"How about the liquor question?" pursued the wife, as she threaded a fresh needle and selected a button from a tiny pile at her side. "Is your party sound on that subject?"

"Sound? Well, it has done all that has ever been done for temperance."

"And there is much to be desired still. You call it a temperance party, still its leaders are afraid to come out boldly and espouse the cause; but are always boasting of what they have, as a party, done for temperance, in the way of making laws, claiming as you have just said that they have done so and so for temperance. Yet

many of the men who come up for office and are elected by this same party are men who are identified in one way or another with the liquor traffic, and consequently their sympathies are really there instead of on the side of temperance reform."

"To tell the truth, I have felt for some time that something ought to be done to do away with this liquor drinking. It is the greatest curse of our country to day, and I for one would be willing to do anything in my power to shut up every saloon in the land."

"Oh! no, you wouldn't," responded his wife with a smile. "You wouldn't be willing to leave your party and vote for one that on its very face proclaims to all that its business is to prohibit the sale of liquor, that the chief object of its leaders in aspiring to power in the Government is that the manufacture of intoxicating drinks may be stopped. The Prohibition Party says this, and it proposes to protect not only our commerce and manufactures, but our homes as well. And yet you, and thousands of other men, who, like you, say that they would be glad to see the last saloon closed, and would be willing to do anything in their power to that end, would not consent to leave the old party which has been their political home for so long and vote as they pray, for prohibition."

"That does well enough to talk, but everyone knows it would be only throwing votes away to cast them with the Prohibitionists. The party is all right, good principles, and all that, but it will never amount to anything, and what is the use of voting a ticket that will never get farther than third place, and then, too," he added, as a bright thought struck him, "what would be the use, anyway, for it wouldn't prohibit after all, and we would be worse off than before? Prohibition means no license; whiskey would be free as water, and the country deprived of one of its principal sources of revenue. Better not 'jump out of the frying-pan into the fire.'"

"See here, Samuel," pursued Mrs. Parker, as she folded up her work and laid it away, "supposing you were to see a man drowning. Would you calmly stand on the bank and say 'there's no use of my trying; I couldn't save him; it's too bad, but it would only be effort thrown away. I'm sorry he has got to drown, but I don't see how I can help it.' Or would you bravely throw off your coat, jump in and at least try to save him? It may be you wouldn't succeed, but you couldn't be sure of it until you had tried. It's just so with voting the Prohibition ticket. There are men enough in this land who feel as you do, that it would be all in vain, when if they would cast their vote on the side of right, the right would prevail and saloons with all their attendant evils be banished forever."

"Then you spoke about the revenue obtained from licensing the sale of liquor. Did you never think that with no saloons there would be no need of such a revenue? Our asylums, almshouses and penitentiaries are maintained at public expense, and taxes raised proportionately to pay the bill. Did it ever occur to you what would be the result if there were no saloons?"

"One of our political speakers in a speech recently gave statistics to show that seventy per cent. of the inmates of our insane asylums were brought there either directly or indirectly through drink; while we all know that were it not for drink our jails and prisons would be well-nigh empty, and our criminal courts lose half their business."

"Then think, too," she continued as her husband kept silence, steadfastly gazing into the fire where the slowly dying embers dropped one by one upon the hearth, "of the homes made desolate, of the little children worse than orphaned, wives who would be better off to be widowed; fathers, mothers, mourning over brave sons gone to a drunkard's grave. Think of the victims themselves, bound hand and foot by the rum habit contracted thoughtlessly, carelessly, in the licensed saloon. That habit so easily formed, yet rarely ever to be got rid of, and then only by the greatest struggle known to mankind; benumbing the most brilliant brain; blinding the finest talent as with a chain; blighting the fairest prospects; changing men into demons to wreak their fury upon helpless women and children. And shall you stand idly by and say, 'I cannot help them'?"

"Oh! man, with whom rests so great responsibility, who, as the law maker, decides what shall and what shall not be done in this fair land of ours, will not God require your hand account of these transactions? All speed the time, when, as man's acknowledged equal, woman shall have a voice in the affairs of the nation, when, as chief sufferer from the curse, she shall wield effective weapons for its overthrow."

She paused, half amazed at her own temerity in thus speaking her honest convictions. As her voice died away, the last decaying ember fell upon the hearth, sending out a fitful blue flame which flickered for a moment, then died away. A cricket in the corner chirped mournfully.

Mr. Parker sat lost in meditation. At last he spoke: "Julia, what you have said has turned my thoughts into new channels; and the convictions of years seem taking wings, leaving in my mind some new ideas as to what is my duty as a Christian to God and to my fellow-man. I have, as you know, since arriving at man's estate, voted with the party which seemed to me to be right on the political issues of the times, or at least most nearly right; and the years have strengthened my belief in its honesty of purpose to do for the welfare of the nation. I will confess, however, that lately some fears have arisen, that much of dishonesty and fraud were obtaining a foothold; and, too, I have not been satisfied with the manner in which the temperance cause has been treated."

"When the Prohibition Party was formed every one said it would be short lived, and I thought so, too, and that it was no use to vote with the certainty of defeat. But as you put it, it is a question of right or wrong; right to try, whether we succeed or not; wrong to withhold our help even though defeat were certain."

"I have always been a temperance man if not a Prohibitionist, and have often said I would be glad if there were not a saloon in the country, yet have never put forth an effort to close their doors. I have prayed for the Lord to destroy the liquor traffic, and all the while have not done one thing to bring it about. But, hereafter I think I will take your advice and vote as I pray; then I can more confidently look for success."

GOLDEN RULE ARITHMETIC.

"PHIL," whispered little Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school."

"Nice?" asked Phil.

"Yes," was the answer—"nice for me."

"Oh!" said Phil, and his eyebrows fell.

He followed Kenneth around behind the schoolhouse after school to hear the secret.

"My Uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds fire off pistols and all that. Ever see him?"

"No," said Phil, hopelessly.

"Well, its first-rate, and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth, cutting a little caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.

"No, sir-ee; new tricks every time. I say, Phil!" Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, "won't your Uncle George give you one?"

"I ain't got any Uncle George," said Phil.

"That's a fact. How about your mother, Phil?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it. It certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket, but after a few moments' struggle, "Phil," he cried, "I wonder if the man wouldn't change this, and give me two tickets that would take you and me in one time?"

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his broad little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth; and the two little boys started off to the office window at the hall.

"But Kenneth," said Phil, stopping short, "it ain't fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend, stoutly, "cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in. "So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat—"one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir; we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys; and they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by Golden Rule.

AN UNHAPPY DAY.

BY MAY F. M'KEAN.

"I'd rather you wouldn't go, Mabel."

"But I want to go!"

Mrs. Northrup sighed and went on with her sewing a few moments in silence.

"I do not like the company you will meet there," she said, patiently.

"What is the matter with them? They are all of them girls and young fellows, urged Mabel.

"And then you cannot dress as well as the others, I fear," added Mrs. Northrup.

"Oh, my dress will do. I'm the one to wear it, you know," said Mabel, ungraciously.

"Still, I do not think it best for you to go." And the weary little mother bent every energy on her needle again.

"You don't want me to have any pleasure at all!" cried Mabel, her voice rising to anger even when addressing this gentle mother, who had worked and sacrificed all her life to keep her three fatherless children in some degree of comfort.

"But I am going!" she added a second later, as she hastily left the room.

"It would serve her right to lock her in her room," said Harry, the elder brother.

"And I'd like to do it," added Frank.

"No, children. I do not think Mabel will really go. She never yet did anything directly against my wish, and she will think better of this. I am sure she will not go, and when she has thought it all over she will see why I did not wish it, and will be glad that I interposed."

So Mrs. Northrup comforted herself, but even while she did, Mabel was up in her room dressing for the picnic, and presently, with noiseless tread, she stole down and away from the house to meet the friends whom her mother did not approve.

But she did not enjoy the picnic. Her better judgment told her that her mother was right, and these were not fitting companions for her. But the worst of it all came about the middle of the afternoon. She was out rowing on the creek with a party of lively girls and boys who insisted upon rocking and tipping the boat, very much to her distaste.

They laughed at her fears, and rocked it but the more, until by an unlucky lurch it was capsized, and the entire party found themselves in no laughing mood as they struggled in the water.

Mabel was drawn from the water weak and trembling; so weak that she could not stand alone, and even a half hour later when she attempted to walk she fell back fainting.

It was a very pale and a very repentant girl who was presently carried into her own humble home. The boys forgot their vindictiveness and the mother all her grooved heartache in the effort to restore and comfort the wayward girl.

But presently they were rewarded, and when Mabel sat on the side of her mother's bed that night, she wound both her arms around that dear neck as she sobbed.

"I don't know how I could have said all the horrid things to you that I did this morning. I believe you do want me to have all the pleasure I can, but to have it in right ways and with right people. And if you'll forgive me, mamma, I'll try always to do as you wish after this."

The forgiveness was sealed with a kiss, and Mabel had learned her lesson so thoroughly that never again was she known to doubt her mother a dear love.

After all, that is the dearest, safest of loves, a love that would guard us and guide us always. Let us be true to it, grieving it never.