

old lady was well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench and went out on the platform and got acquainted with the big German, and he talked of horse-trading, buying and selling and everything that showed he was a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley. And that his life was a busy one and at times full of hard work, disappointment, hard roads; but with all his hurry and excitement he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little, and when, after a few minutes talk about business, he said: "You must excuse me; I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like taking his fat red hand and kissing it. Oh! the love of the mother is the same in any language and it is good in all languages.

MARTIN LUTHER'S PRAYER.

OUR God, our Father, with us stay  
And make us keep the narrow way;  
Free us from sin, and all its power,  
Give us a joyful living hour;  
Deliver us from Satan's arts  
And let us build our hopes on Thee,  
Down in our very heart of hearts,  
O God, may we true servants be;  
And serve Thee ever perfectly  
Help us, with all Thy children here,  
To fight and flee with holy fear,  
Free from temptation, and to fight  
With Thine own weapons for the right,  
Amen! amen! so let it be;  
So shall we ever sing to Thee,  
Hallelujah!

GOUGH'S STORY OF WILD MADGE.

ONLY can save the drunkard; but He can save the worst and vilest. John B. Gough was lecturing in Scotland, and one evening as he sat down in a hall filled with outcasts and drunkards, that the city missionaries had managed to collect together, a gentleman said to him, "You have 'Fire' in the house to-night."

"What do you mean?" he asked.  
"Do you see that tall woman over yonder?"  
"Yes!"

"Well, her nickname is 'Hellfire,' she is known by no other name in the neighbourhood where she lives. When she appears in the streets the boys cry, 'Fire! Fire!' She is the most incorrigible woman in the whole place. She is ripe for mischief, and if she makes a disturbance you will see such a row as you never saw before." "When I rose to address the audience," says Mr. Gough, "I expected a row, and I confess I felt somewhat nervous. I spoke to them as men and women, not as outcasts or things. I told them poverty was hard to bear; but there might be comfort, light, and peace with poverty. I told them I had been poor, very poor. I spoke of my mother and her struggles, then of her faith and love and hope, and there was no degradation in poverty—only sin caused that. I saw a naked arm and hand lifted in the crowd, and heard a voice cry out:

"That's all true." The woman 'Fire' rose to her feet and facing me, said—

"That's a true mon—ye're telling the truth," and stretching her arms to the audience, said, "The mon kens what he's talking about."

"When I concluded, she came on the platform, and I almost thought she might tackle me. She was a large woman, and looked like a hard hitter, and I never desired to come in contact with 'strong-minded' or big-fisted women, but after looking at me a moment, she said—

"Tak a gude look at me, mon, I'm a bit of a beauty aint I?"

"Then coming close to me, she said, 'Would you gie a body like me the pledge?'"

"I answered at once, 'Yes, ma'am.'"

"A gentleman said, 'She cannot keep it, she will be drunk before she goes to bed to night—better not give her the pledge.'"

"I turned to her, 'Madam, I said, 'here is a gentleman who says you cannot keep it if you sign it.'"

"Clenching her fist, she said, 'Show me the mon.'"

"I asked, 'Can you keep it?'"

"'Can I?—If I say I wull, I can.'"

"Then you say you will.'"

"I wull.'"

"Give me your hand on that.'"

And I shook hands with her.

"She signed it, and I said, 'I know you will keep it, and before I go to America I will come and see you.'"

"Come and see me when you wull,' she answered, 'and you'll find I hae kept it.' It must have been two years from that time, I was speaking there again, and after the lecture, a gentleman said to me—

"I wish to introduce to you an old friend, whom, perhaps, you have forgotten."

"Mrs. Archer, no longer Fire.' I was introduced and shook hands heartily with her and her daughter, who sat by her. I had noticed the woman during my speech, for she hardly took her eyes off me from the time I rose till I sat down. I went to her house, and part of what she said to me, is this—

"Ah! Mr. Gough, I am a puir body. I dinna ken much, and what little I hae kened, has been knocked out of me by the staffs of the policemen; for they beat me about the head a good deal, and knocked pretty much a' the sense out of me, but sometimes I hae a dream—I dream I am drunk and fighting, and the police hae got me again. And then I get out of my bed and go down on my knees, and keep saying, God keep me—for I canna get drunk any mair."

"Her daughter said, 'Aye mon, I've heered my mither in the dead of night on the bare floor, crying, 'God keep me,' and I've said, 'come to yer bed, mither, ye'll be cauld,' and she'll tell me. 'No, no—I canna get drunk any mair.'"

"I heard afterwards that she had been faithful to her promise, was keeping a small provision store or shop, and had taken a little orphan boy out of the street, and was bringing him up well. Soon after she had signed the pledge, she obtained employment in sewing coarse sacks, and earned about ten cents per day. Some one gave her a Bible, and, wet or dry, rain or shine, she would go every Sabbath to the Mission Chapel. There she became a Christian, and I was told that she employed her spare time in endeavouring to reform others. I gave her a pound note when I saw her at the meeting, and when I called, her daughter asked me to see what her mother had bought with it. On

the bed was a pair of warm woollen blankets, and she said—

"Mither took the pound, and bought the blankets for sixteen shillings, and brought back the four to me. I am never afraid to trust my mither now"—*The Temperance Battle Field*

We strongly commend all our readers to procure the book from which these stories are taken, "The Temperance Battle-Field," by the Rev. J. C. Seymour. It is full of temperance anecdotes and arguments—not a dull page in it. We would like to see it in every school. Wm. Briggs, publisher. Price 65 cents.

WHO IS "PANSY?"

WE have received a copy of the beautiful lithographic portrait of Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden), and it seems only proper in this connection to give a few interesting points of the history of this widely-known author, whose books have a larger sale than those of any other living American writer.

Personal information respecting popular authors has a peculiar interest for readers of all classes. How they look; what they say; the circumstances under which their books are written; and the history of their various literary experiences, all are topics of lively and never-ending interest. An editor, spending an evening in the society of Mrs. Alden, thus pleasantly describes it:

"Not long since we spent a very pleasant evening with Mrs. G. R. Alden, who is better known by her *nom de plume* of 'Pansy.' A little gathering was held in her honor at the house of Dr. Gray of the Interior. A basket of beautiful pansies was sent, and adorned the centre-table, and nearly every invited guest brought in as a tribute a small bouquet of the same modest flowers.

"Mrs. Alden's pseudonym, with its suggestion of unobtrusive beauty, is very appropriate both as to her writings and to herself. She is self-possessed, charming in conversation, but quiet and unassuming. Her adoption of the title by which she is known, is an interesting bit of history. In her young girl days, the old clock in her father's house stopped—a thing so unusual that it made an impression on the whole household, and especially on her. She wrote an 'essay' in regard to that faithful household monitor, which pleased her father very much. He said it must be published in the paper conducted by her brother. 'But,' said he, 'we don't wish any one to know that you wrote it, and so we will sign it "Pansy," for pansy means tender and pleasant thoughts, and you have given me some thoughts that are tender and pleasant.'

"It is no wonder when she came to write for the public, that she should adopt for a *nom de plume* the name which had for her such a tender association. Her father died during the writing of the closing chapters of 'Ester Ried'—a book in which he took the greatest interest, and in regard to which he prayed that it might be a blessing to some young life. That prayer has been answered over and over again! Mrs. Alden writes us: 'It was while the tears were gathering thick in my eyes as I looked out upon his grave, that I wrote the last chapter of the book, feeling that my closest,

strongest friend and critic, and wisest helper had gone from me.' And now that these facts are made known, we feel sure that her pseudonym will be to many more fragrant and beautiful than ever."

"Pansy" possesses a magnetic force that touches all hearts, and a keen pencil to strike into life those salient points in human nature that make us all akin. It is impossible to describe the effect of her books. They particularly impress themselves on young girls and those leaving early womanhood, giving a stimulus toward mental and moral development not easily forgotten.

Pansy's first book, "Berney's White Chicken," was written when she was sixteen years old, and won the prize offered to competing authors. "Ester Ried" and "Four Girls at Chautauqua" have made her name known and loved in every town and hamlet of our land. A new book, "Ester Ried yet Speaking," is in press for early publication.

Her books for older readers number thirty-six volumes; while the little folks have about as many from her pen.

Mrs. Alden finds time in her busy life to fill the editorial chair of THE PANSY, the popular pictorial magazine (weekly) for young people, which is published at 75 cents a year by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

A SONG OF TO-DAY.

"All things are yours."—1 Cor. 3. 21.

SING peans over the past!  
We bury the dead years tenderly,  
To find them again in eternity  
All safe in its circle vast.  
Sing peans over the past!

Farewell! farewell to the old!  
Beneath the arches, and one by one,  
From sun to shade and from shade to sun  
We pass, and the circles are told.  
Farewell, farewell to the old!

And hail, all hail to the new!  
The future lies like a world new born,  
All steeped in sunshine and mists of morn,  
And arched with a cloud less blue.  
All hail, all hail to the new!

All things, all things are yours!  
The spoil of nations, the arts sublime,  
That arch the ages from eldest time,  
The world that for age endures,  
All things, all things are yours!

Arise and conquer the land!  
Not one shall fail in the march of life;  
Not one shall fall in the hour of strife  
Who trusts in the Lord's right hand.  
Arise and conquer the land!

The Lord shall sever the sea!  
And open a way in the wilderness,  
To faith that follows, to feet that press  
On, into the great To Be!  
The Lord shall sever the sea!  
—Mary A. Lathbury.

A QUAKER was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes," answered the Quaker, "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honour to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard. "Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." The toper was so pleased with the plain advice, that he followed it.