

narrow silk-lined bed, no trace of last night's agony upon his face, and with still hands folded. With gentle fingers Rufus slipped the blue ribbon about the snowy neck, and then, alone, in the presence of the great, invisible Life and Death, he knelt and prayed aloud—prayed as if he longed the quiet sleeper could hear and knew that he solemnly repented; prayed that the dark past might be washed white, and that henceforth he might stand and show others the way. And God heard the yearning cry. He did so stand. Years have past since then, and to-night Rufus White is a gray-haired man—one who watches after a long day of loving service, beside the river, waiting to be ferried home.—*Selected.*

"GO HOME AND MAKE THE BEST OF YOUR SORROW."

BY HELEN M. GOUGAR.

Last evening after tea, a gray-haired mother accompanied by her beautiful daughter, called at my house to ask me if there was any way to save herself and her family of children from the curse of the rum traffic. For two weeks her eldest son and her husband have been on a drunken debauch. Night after night these men have returned from the saloon near by, drunk and abusive; night after night these women have been obliged to endure all this with no redress whatever at their command. They have begged, they have pleaded, they have threatened these diseased men, but to no avail. Heart-broken they came to see if there was no protection for them under the law. The following interview took place:

"Do you know where they get their drink?"

"Yes," replied the mother, "at John R.'s saloon."

"Have you warned him not to sell to your husband and son?" was asked.

"Yes," the mother replied. "I have gone to him and pleaded with him, telling him how he was ruining my family, and that seemed to do no good; then I took witnesses and warned him according to law, and he told me insultingly, that I 'had better get a pair of pataloons to wear,' and blew a policeman's whistle to frighten me. He gives them drink at all times; his place is open on Sunday, and poor, ragged, destitute children can be seen going in and out of his place on that day carrying beer to their homes, and we have no rest from this curse even on the Sabbath."

What could I say to this woman? I could reply, "Madam, Mr. John R. does business under the seal of State. Back of his bar he has an official document, duly signed and paid for, that licenses him to destroy your son and your husband and your home. He has a right under the protection of the State, to break your heart, to silver your hair with sorrow, to make paupers of your children. You must grin and bear it as best you can." "But my son is in jail to-day—beaten up by a drunken man, poor boy—and it seems as if my heart would break," said the poor mother.

"O, yes," we replied, "Mr. John R. is protected by law in making men drink, and, of course, this brings their brutal passions to the surface, and our jails and prisons must take these dangerous men out of the streets. An Act of Parliament makes all this strictly legal, and there is no redress for you. Mr. R. is all right—you are all wrong. You are a woman; go home and make the best of your sorrow; there are hundreds and thousands of wives and sisters who have the same trouble to bear; all over this land whose laws are built upon this foundation principle that all law derives its just power from the consent of the governed."—*Home Protection Monthly.*

For Girls and Boys.

HIS LAMENESS A BADGE OF HONOR.

BY REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

I want you to remember that there are eyes not only in the sockets in your skull, like the eyes in the faces of dogs and horses, but that there are eyes in your understandings. God sees Jesus as the most glorious and lovely being in all earth or heaven, because he understands him. Some see Jesus in the same way, because they see what he is and why he came. And others don't know or understand anything about him, and consequently see no beauty in him at all. All the difference is in the eyes of their understandings.

Look now at that young man as he goes by the window, where we will fancy ourselves sitting to look out on what may be seen on the street below. He is a poor lumbering sort of person, with coat and trousers which might have been turned out of an old-clothes shop, and then hung out in the wind and rain and sun for a year before they were worn by him; and he is limping. "Nothing there to see," you say. You'd rather see that soldier with his tossing plume and glittering helmet and big scarlet breast with three gold and silver medals on it. Maybe a string of mountebanks would please you still better—the big man in his quaint dress, with his

drum and his little train of chubby-limbed, spangled children with their tambourines and little coats of as many colors as Jacob put on Joseph, or perhaps a splendid horse tossing its beautiful head with its bridle tassels, and prancing with its rider, and a beautiful hound at its heels, would please you better still. But I don't think so if the eyes of your understandings are enlightened. So let us go back to the days of that limping man's childhood.

His name is Edwin Parker, but his friends still call him, man as he is, Teddy, the name he had when a little shepherd lad of nine years old, the time when my tale happened. He was a real shepherd, though but nine years old, and very little indeed for his age, for besides being born of shepherd parents in a shepherd's hut, solitary up away among the mountains, his father just now is ill, to ill by far to do any of his work, so Teddy has to go out with the clever old shepherd dog, Sandy, and gather the flocks together. He was never so proud as when doing anything for his father at any time, but he was especially so now that his father was poorly, for he had a sensible, kindly little heart. His father had now been poorly for some days, sitting up in his cold, damp hut, which did not help him to get better. As he sat by the log fire wrapped up in blankets, he shivered and he coughed, and coughed, till it seemed that he must lose his breath and die; and the doctor lived nearly seven miles away, and there was no one to go, and no postman to pass their door who could take a letter or a message. For days they often saw not a soul. It was bitterly cold, too, and the early snow lay already thick upon the mountains, and at times, the last day or two, it had fallen all round about the cottage and quite low down in the valley below, for it was the beginning of winter.

Teddy asked himself what was to be done for his father. That cough went right to his boy's heart and seemed to tear through it. When his father was well he had told Teddy tales, and they had laughed together, but now Teddy was not happy; he could not laugh; he could not even sleep. At night he lay wide awake, what seemed to him long hours—I dare say they were not quite what they seemed—listening to his father's cough, which was worse at night; and he cried in his bed and felt utterly wretched. One morning the boy saw the mournful face of his mother, sitting again at the window, hoping that some one would chance to pass who could be entrusted with a message to the doctor; but nothing passed except the cold winds which came down the mountain and mourned among the branches of the pines as they passed, and the boy could bear it no longer. He attended to the sheep very quickly and put on his best cap, and, with his shepherd's staff in his hand, and a lantern, for the moon might not be up when he came home, he presented himself to his mother and said, "Let me go, mother. I can do it very well. I did it at Martlemas fair."

She was a good mother and a good wife, but she was no walker; to her the journey was altogether out of the question, and the thought of Teddy's going fell sadly on the poor woman's heart. She looked out at the sky, black and awful with snow-clouds, and at the snow-covered summits of the great hills, and she listened to the loud roar of the swollen stream and the wailing of the wind. She was in painful doubt, was the woman. What ought she to do? Then she thought that if the big dog Sandy went with him he might be safe, for the dog knew the way the path ran as well as her husband. But Teddy was so very little, and it was such a long, weary way. But the child had no terror; his face was bright with serious earnestness, and his mother's terror for him vanished as the cough sounded behind her. So, drawing his muffler a little tighter about his throat, and looking to his candle and his boots, she bade him go.

He was a mountain-born boy, and thought little at any time of a mile or two's walk, or a steep hill-side climb; but this journey was in all fourteen miles. When he had been to the "Martlemas fairs" he remembered that for days after he had been footsore and very weary, yet then he had ridden parts of both ways on his father's back. So he well knew that it would make him tired, but if it made him tired for a hundred years he would go! Indeed all he thought of was his father and that cough, and he was happy to go, and set off trippingly and with a song. He knew the way that the cart-tracks ran, and Sandy knew it too; and the loneliness of the way was nothing to him, for he was only a child, and from his solitary homestead on the hill it was some miles away to any other house. So with a brave heart, intent only on getting some physic for that cough, for he felt that it would kill his father if it was not cured, the little man set out on his happy way to the town, with his delighted, barking dog leaping around him, a little staff in one hand and a lantern with an unlighted candle in it in the other, and a tinder-box in his pocket.