

The Mother's Sorrow; or, The Doom of the Saloon.

Oh, Arthur, my boy, don't go out to-night!
Stay home, with your old loving mother;
You know you have perils when out of my sight—
Remember your father and brother!
They did not intend—
But they drank to the end,
And they perished, you know, and so soon!
Oh, Arthur, stay now—
Be strong in your vow
Don't go to the horrid saloon!

Ah me, my poor boy! he heeds not my plea!
Like a slave in his chains he is going—
He's bound by the spell of the tempter, I see
The terrible habit is growing;
Like his father, led on—
Like his brother, he's gone!
He is lost to my love, and so soon!
And he's lost to my prayers,
By the drink wizard's snares,
In the den of the whiskey saloon!

Oh! will he not turn? Must I yield him to fate!
Is he lost to all reason and feeling?
Will conscience awake? I fear me too late!
In the spell of the wizard he's reeling.
The tempter's work done—
Alas, my poor son!
My only joy blighted so soon;
God pity my pain,
My only hope slain,
By the wolf of the whiskey saloon!

Alone—all alone—in my anguish to-night!
No, never alone—there are others—
Yes, millions who know, as I know, the sad blight
To the hopes of good wives and of mothers:
With uplifted eyes—
With tears and with sighs—
For sighs that have perished too soon;
My sorrow they share,
They utter my prayer—
God close every blood-stained saloon!

Fond mothers and wives, and fond sisters bereft,
Who mingle sad tears with your bread,
To heaven we'll look—one refuge is left—
God lives, and he reigns overhead!
In each desolate room—
In your sorrowful gloom—
In your night, without star or a moon,
This boon we may pray,
God's mercy some day—
To close the last liquor saloon!

—The Sun.

"SEND THAT BOY TO ME."

"THE pay is forty dollars a month, and a good youth is sure of promotion. That is what the permanent men at the railroad shops complain about. This place is now vacant because the lad your partner sent us, and who filled it worthily a year, is now placed where he gets eighty dollars a month. So we'll trust you to choose his successor. They may ask you a few questions about the candidate, for form's sake, at the office, but your man is sure to pass muster."

The above was addressed by a busy railway officer to a city lawyer, who replied:—

"There is my friend's son, Urban Starr. His father spoke to me about employment for him. To be sure, Urban is rather above the place as to talent and culture, but times are hard, and the young should climb the low rounds of the ladder. I'll see about proposing him."

"Thank you! I'll be doubly obliged if you'll take your applicant up to the office, and see him accepted." And the railroad man hurried away.

To this conversation there has been a deeply interested but sad-hearted listener—Theodore Young, the faithful office-boy, who longed with unspeakable desire for some such place as the one described. He was the eldest son of a widowed mother, whom he yearned to help, and who was so

poor that forty dollars a month seemed wealth to her boy. When the railroad man left, the lawyer turned to Theodore, saying:

"Here, Theodore, though it isn't your work, won't you note the dates of these letters, and file them away in order, while I write a letter for you to take up to Mr. Starr's?"

Theodore attended carefully to the papers, and was waiting for the letter before it was finished. A great desire was swelling in his throat till it ached, and when the finished letter was handed to him, his request burst forth in trembling eagerness:

"Do you think, sir, there is, or may be, any low place at the railroad shops for which you would venture to recommend me? I would begin very low, and work very hard to deserve promotion, and, perhaps, in years, I might come to such a place as this, which is for Urban Starr."

"How can we spare our good, trusty Theodore? But I own it is too bad to keep you here. If Urban consents to apply, when I go with him you may go too, and I'll interview the parties about something for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cried Theodore, and he was so glad that he ran instead of walking on his errand.

A few hours later found Urban and Theodore waiting in an ante-room, while the lawyer made known his business about Urban to the railway officials, who said:

"Oh, yes! Thank you for bringing him. The last employee your firm sent us was a treasure, and we don't need to raise questions about this one; yet there is one absolutely essential thing that I will mention. Of course you know this person, like the last, to be strictly temperate—total abstinence, pledged and practised?"

"No, sir, I know nothing of the kind; but, on the contrary, while my friend Mr. Starr is temperate, he isn't one of the total kind. There is wine for the guests at New Year's, and this Urban takes his glass like the rest."

"Excuse me, then, but he won't do for our employ. Total abstinence principles and habits are our first requirements."

"He is no drunkard. Perhaps if you see him you will think he has qualifications of great value to you."

"It is useless for us even to see him, since we desire one who has been from boyhood voluntarily abstinent."

"Very well. Urban Starr is above need of the place. Good morning! Oh, excuse me for having forgotten another matter. There is a lad here with me—in fact our own office-boy—for whom I've promised to ask if you've any kind of a place ever coming vacant into which you could put him with hope for his future. We hate to lose him, for he is trusty, capable, willing, writes a good hand, is quick at figures."

"How is it about the total abstinence?"

"Oh, he is square on that. Signed the pledge when a child. Never took the first glass. Regards a glass of wine with superstitious horror."

"Send him in, if you please. We would like to talk with him."

Theodore came back to the lawyer's office radiant with joy, exclaiming:

"They say I'm just the one they want for the place you didn't take for Urban Starr. They only laughed when I said I feared there was some mistake. Is it all right? Don't Urban want the situation?"

"It is all right, Theodore. Please remember, when you are a railroad president, that you owe your success in life to me!"

This occurred—for this is all true—several years

ago, and Theodore has now a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, with the love and confidence of all who know him; while Urban is intemperate, out of employment, and a grief to his parents.

THE PEOPLE OF KOREA.

BY R. D. J.

If my young friends will take the trouble to look in the eastern part of the map of Asia they will there see China holding on to a piece of land with her left hand to keep it from falling into the sea. Have you found it? Well, that is Korea. If China should let go it would fall into the waters of the Yellow Sea and thus become an island instead of a peninsula. You see it is not a very large country, only about as large as the State of Minnesota, but it is quite full of people, having about one-sixth as many as are in the United States.

This country was formerly called Chosen, which means "fresh morning" or Land of the "Morning Calm" because it is so far east. It is also called the Hermit Nation, because like an oyster it has kept its doors so tightly shut that no foreigners could get in, and if by accident any persons were cast upon its shores they were never allowed to leave the country.

Many years ago some Dutch sailors were shipwrecked and kept there eight years, and were so homesick that they were always watching for an opportunity to get away. So one day finding a boat they entered it and escaped. They found their way to Japan and from there they were sent home. What strange things they had to tell of the people, their customs and manners!

One thing seems very strange to us. They do not allow the women to go out in the daytime, but some time in the evening they ring a bell when all the men and boys have to hurry home as fast as they can until not one is seen on the streets, and then the women and girls go out to walk.

I have not time to tell more of their strange ways and habits, but you must read for yourselves. I want to tell you, however, that it is no longer a hermit land, for a few years ago they opened their doors and now they will allow us to visit them the same as other nations.

You will be glad to know that the present king, Bo Kei Ju, desires to be friendly with other nations and has aided the missionaries in their work. You will also be glad to know that some of the Koreans have already become Christians and are calling to us to come and help them win their land for Christ. Within the last two years several missionaries have heard this call and have gone to this far-away land to declare to them the "good tidings" of great joy which you remember the angel said should be unto all people.

Dear children, will you not help send the Gospel to Korea? Will you not pray for the king and his people and the dear missionaries who have gone to carry the means of healing for their bodies at the same time they tell them the old, old story of Jesus and his love?

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

A LITTLE boy, who came before the pastor to be received into the Church, was asked how he expected to lead a Christian life, and he sweetly replied: "I will put my hand in Jesus' hand, and I know he will lead me right."