

HOW THE QUESTION CAME HOME.

For a while we both sat silent,
 In the twilight's deeper gray;
 Then she said, "I believe that baby
 Grows lovelier every day.

"And I suppose that the reason
 I feel so drawn to him,
 Is because he reminds me strangely
 Of my own little baby, Jim."

My heart stood still a moment
 With a horror I dared not show,
 While the trembling voice beside me
 Went on, in accents low :

"Just the same high, white forehead,
 And rings of shining hair,
 And smile of artless mischief
 I have seen my Jamie wear.

"And I've sometimes thought—well, Mary,
 The feeling perhaps you guess—
 That my trouble would now be lighter
 Had I loved my baby less."

My neighbor rose abruptly,
 And left me in the gloom,
 But the sob of a broken spirit
 Was echoing in the room.

And when the lamp was lighted,
 I knelt by *my* baby's bed;
 And wept o'er the noble forehead
 And the ringlet-crowned head;

For I thought of the bloated visage,
 And the matted hair of him
 Whom all the village children
 Knew only as "Drunken Jim."

And my heart cried out, "O Father,
 Spare me that bitter cup!
 And destroy the liquor-traffic
 Before my boy grows up."

—*Temperance Cause.*

**Remember the Mothers and Boys when you stand
 beside the Ballot-Box.**