

and arches of stone, and a bare floor. I do not think it can be a pleasant place. "No, it is not. It is a prison, the young girl is a king's daughter. A king's daughter." "Yes; and her story is a very one." "Please tell me about her." "More than eighty years ago the King of France was Louis XVI. and his wife was Marie Antoinette. They were not a wicked king and queen, but they were thoughtless and fond of pleasure. They forgot that it was their duty to look after the good of their people, and they spent money extravagantly in their own pleasures while the whole nation was suffering. The people became discontented; and when finally Louis and Marie Antoinette saw the mistake they had been making, and tried to change their conduct, it was too late. The people urged on by bad leaders, learned to hate their king and queen. They were taken with their two children and the sister of the king and shut up in prison called the Temple. "There were dreadful times in France then, and every one who was suspected of being friendly to the royal family was sent to prison and to the guillotine. The prisoners in the Temple passed the time as best they could. The king gave lessons to his son and daughter every day, or read to them all, while Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and the young Marie Therese sewed. "After a time the angry people took away the king and beheaded him. And shortly after the little son was separated from his mother, sister and aunt, and shut up by himself in the charge of a cruel jailer. Next it was Marie Antoinette's turn to ascend the scaffold, which she did in 1793. Her daughter Marie Therese was then left alone with her aunt, the Madame Elizabeth. "But it was not long she was allowed even this companionship. Madame Elizabeth was taken away and beheaded, and then the poor young girl of sixteen was left entirely by herself in a dismal prison, guarded and waited on by brutal soldiers. For a year and a half she lived thus, leading the most wretched existence, and not knowing whether her mother and aunt were alive or dead. "Years afterward, when she was free she wrote a book about her life in prison. In that we read: 'I only asked for the simple necessities of life, and these they often harshly refused me. I was, however, enabled to keep myself clean. I had at least soap and water, and I swept out my room every day.' "So you see a king's daughter—Maria Therese of Austria, one of the most remarkable women in history—after having carefully made her toilette, sweeping the bare floor of her cell. "Is that a true story, mamma." "Yes, Emma, every word of it; and there is much, much more that I can not tell you now." "What became of her at last?" "She was finally released from prison, and sent to Austria to her mother's friends; but it was a full year after she reached Vienna before she smiled, and though she lived to be more than seventy years old, she never forgot the terrible sufferings of her prison life." "But, my child, what I wished to teach you is, that though it is sometimes pleasant to be a princess, it may be most unfortunate at other times. Yet there are no circumstances in life, either high or low, in which a woman will find the knowledge of domestic duties to come amiss, and in which she will not be far happier and more useful for possessing that knowledge." Little children do not always comprehend everything at once; so I will not say that from that time forth Emma took delight in dusting and sweeping. But bear in mind what woman is the most happy. Not the one who is the most ignorant and the most burdensome to others, but the one who uses her wisdom and strength for the benefit of those around her, shrinking from no duty that she should perform, but doing it cheerfully and well.

ality trying to map out his future life in the great city to which he was going to seek employment. At length, rousing himself, he said in reply to his mother's look of inquiry: "Now if I only had some friend or relative in the city who is rich or influential; or if I had a letter of introduction from some such person, how easy it would be to get a place. You know George Harris who went there last year? Well, he got a splendid situation through the influence of his uncle, who is mayor of the city. I know you, say, mother, that it is more noble and honorable to fight one's own battles, and make one's own way in life, than to depend upon the help or favor of the rich and great; but sometimes I feel weak and faint-hearted at the thought of going into the world alone." Tears were in the gentle blue eyes of the mother as she replied, "My dear boy, you cannot feel more weak and abringing at the thought of going out from me, depending only on yourself, than I do. But I know you need not, and do not go alone. You have a friend richer than any of the merchant princes of the city to which you are going, for the silver and gold and all things are His. He is higher in authority than the mayor; for He is King of kings and Lord of lords. He is more powerful and influential than any earthly sovereign, for He can move the hearts of His subjects as He wills." Willie's face brightened. "Yes, mother, if God is my friend how can I be so weak and faithless as to be troubled because I have no other? I know I can do all things in His strength." "Remember, my son, He never breaks a promise, but always keeps perfect faith with us. He is kinder, too, than any earthly friend you could have. Those who are in high places of the earth sometimes refuse to recognize or help those of their relatives who are poor and lonely. But whoever may treat us scornfully or turn us away, the dear Lord never does." "Indeed, mother, he does not, but invites all such to come to Him for help in time of trouble." "And here is His word, His precious message to guide and comfort you," said the mother, as she put a small pocket Bible in the hands of her son: "never cease to love and obey it, but make it the 'man of your counsel.'" "Thank you, dear mother, the stage is coming," and with a "good-by" kiss, and a low murmured "pray for me," he left her and was soon rolling away toward new and untried scenes. Since the talk with his mother his heart-kindled into a warmer, brighter glow of love to the dear "Friend above all others," who so well deserved the name, and he went with a light, brave heart to face the world in the care and love of such a precious Friend. Dear reader, are you the friend of Jesus? Of all the titles by which He addressed His disciples when on earth that of "friend" was most endearing. "Ye are My friends," He says, "if ye do whatsoever I command you." And what a friend He is to us! Though there be those around us who love us deeply and tenderly, yet— Which of our friends will shed his blood, or would have shed his blood, But this Saviour died to save us Reconciled, in Him to God." By giving His love for us He has proved that He feels for His creatures a love stronger than death, and lasting as eternity.—Lutheran Visitor.

TEMPERANCE. EVERYBODY'S WAR.

BY MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD. The liquor traffic might do for other lands—it will not do for ours; it might do for earlier centuries—it will not do for the last quarter of the nineteenth. There is war about it in America, the pledge of total abstinence is its muster roll; the gospel hymns are its rallying songs, the badge of blue its uniform. We aim our weapons straight at the brain, straight at the heart. Our bullets are ballots, our sabre-strokes are home-thrusts of pathos, our bomb-shells are statistics and arguments. Strange to say, in this new war we are no body's enemies, least of all are we enemies to those who keep saloons. Our declaration of war is but the echo of the thoughts that come to their best hours. How many of them have said to us; "I know I ought to be in a better business; I wish I were out of this, it isn't worthy of a man." We find our marching orders in two verses of this Bible in which law and gospel are bound up together. One declares: "Woe unto him that justifieth the wicked for a reward"; the other says: "It is good neither to eat meat nor to drink wine nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth." In this vast and daily enlarging army, the mild, soft-voiced ones, who are afraid of guns and gunpowder, may march side by side with the gallant and the strong. I seem to hear their gentle footsteps as they gather to fight against war in the name of patriotism, philanthropy, and God. It is woman, after all, who has given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved of worthless powder.

with fearful odds against them; with snares that have been legalized and set along our streets. Beyond the arms that held them there, their boys have gone forever. There is not one man to whom some woman's life is not a dear and sacred thing; and I appeal to you, by the pain and danger they have dared who are the best beloved of your homes, to represent by your ballot, their prayers, their tears, their hopes. But besides being a war of the mothers and daughters, the sisters and wives, this is a between religion and the rumshop. It is an irrepressible conflict, war to the knife and the knife to the hilt, for the angel must triumph or else the dragon will. The saloon has a series of lessons, "International," alas! in a sense with which our Sunday-school series does not at all compare. What sort of education is it giving to our brothers? Why, in the saloon conscience is a superstition, virtue a jest, Christianity a cunningly-devised fable, Christ an exploded myth. And so, whoever is not enlisted in this war, the seventy thousand churches of our land, with their eight million members, corporations founded on the avowed principle of self-sacrifice for the other's good, ought to come forward and place their names upon the total abstinence muster roll. But this is also a tax-payer's revolt—just in proportion to the intelligence of the tax-payer. In every town there are square-headed men of business; men with a dollar-mark twinkling in each eye; we must enlist them, or get them to fall into line and keep step to the company's music, or our battalions shall never march to victory. For rightly has money been called "the sinews of war." Well, they are rising in rebellion as they ponder facts like these; the annual drink bill of the nation is two and a half times its food bill; three times its bill for clothing in this inclement climate, and one-fourth the entire product of the natural resources of the country added to the investment of industry and skill. We spend one dollar for alcoholic beverages to every fifteen cents we spend for all forms of religious philanthropic enterprise, and the liquor traffic produces no wealth—it is only a form of investment, the result of which deprives thought of the clear and steady brain, industry of the workmanly arm or skillful hand and government of a conscientious ballot. But further still this is a patriot's war. For while, under any form of government, the saloon is a sepulchre full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness, under a Republic, it is a powder magazine with the torch lighted. For in a land governed not by hereditary rules, but by public opinion, each man is a king—over just one, himself—and when you have legalized a system which is steadily at work changing in integers in the problem of free government over into ciphers; when, at each election day, one million ransellers and drunkards go staggering to the polls and drop in their blurred and muddled ballots, then is the danger widespread and appalling. The men who sit around their firey or their foamy cups in the saloon are talking about questions sadly sacred and familiar. Home questions have been elbowing their way to the front. The child in the midst is also in the market-place, and they are bidding for him, the politicians of the saloon, and so shrewdly will they "make out the slate," so skillfully will they turn the crank of the machine, that the measures dear to our hearts will be voted down, and free liquor, profanity, and Sabbath-breaking will be voted up, unless true patriots stand on guard. For the question narrows down at last to one of numbers. It is a simple sum in addition. When voters meet voters, the side will win that has most votes, and in spite of church and women's union blue ribbon clubs and Y. M. C. A., the side will go to the wall in utter defeat and rout, that has the fewest votes. Perhaps some day, the relation of this simple fact to the safety of their sons may rest with bitter force upon their mothers. I look with prophetic hope to the day when hands which have dropped the demijohn or beer mug to grasp the ballot, shall be offset by hands that are familiar with the leaves of God's dear Book, and with the loving ministries of home. Have you thought, Christians and patriots, that it is as fatal to liberty to be governed by a majority of bad citizens as by a single wicked tyrant? Nay, more so, for the tyrant may die, and might be succeeded by a gentle and well-intentioned prince, but this government "of the people, by the people," when it goes wrong, is not easily set right; and an oligarchy more disgraceful than ever tyrannized over mediæval Europe, in the odious form of a majority of bad citizens, rules our chief towns and nearly all our cities at this hour. So everybody's war for a level-headed citizenship is, above all things else, a patriot's war.

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