

MOTHER STEWART.

This century, so rapidly nearing its close, cradled and brought to manhood, and to a life of wonderful completeness, Wendell Phillips, the friend of the slave. What honor, that he lived to see the chains of the oppressed broken, and our nation free from this sin!

But there were other wrongs that needed resistance, and the Guiding Hand was preparing the workers for the work, when "the fulness of time should come."

While the young man was being educated at Harvard, amid all the rich influences of Boston life, a young maiden, in a Western town, was working by day and studying by night—the blazing wood fire or pine knot her only light—as intent as he upon mastering the problems before her.

Afterwards she became a teacher, self-made, successful, honored; later, the leader in the great crusade of the home against the saloon, and known in America and the Old World as "Wendell Phillips in Petticoats." Neither could be moved from their convictions; both counted their lives of small value compared with the truth committed to their care.

One lived to rejoice over the fulfilment of his hopes; the other, at the honored old age of 76, sees the question she helped start into vigorous life, thirty-four years ago, become one of the questions of the hour in every civilized nation.

However true the comparison, we like her best by the name the soldier boys gave her—"Mother Stewart." Her whole character is in harmony with the name, and perhaps the larger part of her family of thousands are young men.

Early left an orphan, and thrown upon her own resources, she was fitted to supply the need she had often felt, and understood the cares of young men better than a woman could who had been always shielded in a home.

Mrs. Stewart had a broad "gate of gifts" as her heritage. Her grandfather was Colonel Guthery of Revolutionary fame, her father a Southern gentleman of the highest type, her mother's family noted for their fearlessness and hatred of wrong.

From both parents she inherits a mixture of Scotch-Irish, which accounts for her sturdy independence and her brightness of word and manner.

In 1858 Mrs. Stewart helped organize a Good Templars' lodge, and gave her first temperance lecture to a Band of Hope. The Ohio State University was near her home, and her motherly heart noted with sadness how much the students patronized the saloon.

She tried to arouse the professors and the ministers, but all were anxious to let another's name precede theirs on a promise to speak out against the growing evil, and save the boys. Driven to the wall for a way out, Mrs. Stewart walked the streets one Sunday, in disguised dress, to see for herself if the law was not broken.

"The Law and the Gospel" was the title of her address the next evening in the public hall. No woman had spoken on temperance before, and many came from curiosity. She appealed to the ladies present to help the drunkards' wives in prosecuting the rum-sellers, as the law allowed them to do.

It is a good deal easier to rise under the influence of an eloquent speaker than to come out boldly against the violator of law, and it was not strange that, when the first case came, no woman but Mother Stewart should appear as a friend to the drunkard's wife.

Mother Stewart was called upon to make the opening speech to the jury and read the law. It was new work; any lesser woman would have said, No. She won the jury, and the cradle of home rights for women began rocking. Newspaper comment, near and far, stirred public sentiment.

When the second case came to test, "a whole array of Christian women" sat through the trial, clapping their hands and waving their handkerchiefs when Mother Stewart won the case.

The leading citizens became interested. The first of a series of gospel temperance meetings was held the evening of December 2, 1873, in which ministers, lawyers and physicians took part with the ladies. Towns near Springfield sent for Mother Stewart to come and "wake up the women." Thus early came the thought that this war against the saloon was

"woman's war," as Senator Blair has said.

"When a woman will, she will," and no common obstacles can prevent her. It was desired to make two cases at the same time against the saloon-keeper—one for "selling on Sunday," the other for "selling distilled liquors by the glass, to be drunk on the premises." No man would testify. Mother Stewart was invited by a friend to sit in her home on Sunday and see the procession of men that filed along a back alley, close to the church, where a tan-bark walk was laid to the back door of a saloon.

As women sometimes went to the saloon, it caused no surprise when a waterproofed figure, with a large sun-bonnet drawn well over her face, hair smoothed out of sight and glasses off, stepped to the counter and asked for a glass of wine. She laid down the dime, picked up the glass and walked out. Looking back, she saw the saloon-keeper "in the yard, his hands spread, a picture of amazement."

The glass of wine served as a test for a public meeting, after which it was restored to the seller. The evidence could not be gainsaid, the liquor man was fined.

Closely following this work of Mother Stewart came the Crusade in earnest, and the women of Hillsboro, and many other

wine and brandy in money, and spending it for temperance literature, which they gave to their own crew and to ships that crossed their way.

The gifted Richard Realf—author, poet, soldier—found a son's place in her heart. He it was who wrote of the soul of life, or "Indirection":

"Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden; Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden; Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling; Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing."

Unhappy, ill-mated, fighting a passion for drink, he needed the shelter of a mother's love. She tells how she brought him a little primrose from England, and fastened it on his coat lapel before he went to speak one evening.

During his address he told its history, and burst into such a strain of eloquence that every eye in the large audience looked through a mist of tears.

"As a mother mourns for a beloved son, so do even now my tears rain down for Richard Realf," she wrote, after his untimely and lonely death.

The Good Templars' organization has equal claim upon Mother Stewart with the W. C. T. U., and, as the sun never sets on

owing in mighty measure to you. Our own God bless you, and give to your great nation and to the women of the world many more years of your nobly inspiring presence on earth."

To which, we of the white ribbon army say, "Amen."—*Esther T. Housh, in The Household.*

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY L. SANDYS.

What does a girl know of the many temptations that boys who work in stores and offices all day long have to fight against? I can only try to make each lesson applicable to the boys of my class, and pray that God may keep them in all their ways.

I want to tell you of a little gleam of light given me at a time when I was especially sad, as my boys had begun to scatter, and I wondered if my words had fallen like the seeds by the wayside, or if some had fallen on good ground. I was asked by a friend, one day, why I did not get my boys to sign the temperance pledge. She spoke so of the influence I had over my class, and the grand opportunity I was letting pass, that I determined to talk to them on the subject at once. So next Sunday, after the lesson, I pointed out to them the evils of intemperance, showed them that often the best men gave way to it, that it was generally brought about by a careless indulgence while drinking was no temptation, and asked them, in the face of such facts, if they would give the matter their earnest consideration, and let me know the result.

But, to my surprise, my request was met with a general smile, and an almost indignant question as to whether I thought any of them likely to become drunkards. I was thoroughly discouraged, and did not suppose they would give the subject another thought.

Some weeks after, one of the boys looked at me in an awkward, half-ashamed way, as I took my place in the class, saying hesitatingly: "I was at a party on Friday night, and a girl asked me to take wine; but" (with a great gulp) "I said I guessed I wouldn't."

Surely some of you discouraged teachers can understand how I felt as I looked into his great eyes, fixed on mine in an appealing way that brought tears to my own.

"Now, boys," I said, "that is one way I want you to sign the pledge. When you are asked to drink, just say you won't."

One day, after that boy had left home to fill a position in a distant town, I was speaking of him to a family with whom he was very intimate, and said that he was one of the scholars I was least afraid to lose, as I felt he would put into practice the lessons we had so often studied together. By way of explanation, I told them of this incident, and was surprised at the dead silence that followed, until, on looking around, I met the conscious, shamed glance of the eldest daughter. It did not require second-sight to show me that she was the "girl."—*Sunday-school Times.*

HE IS FAITHFUL THAT PROMISED.

A pauper on 2s. 6d. a week, bending under the weight of seventy years, was accosted by Mr. Brealey, of the Blackdown Hills Mission on a Sunday early in 1891. "Well, James, you won't be here so very much longer, your journey is nearly over." "Ay, maister," was the reply; "I be a going home to my heritage. I've got t' title deeds, and I shall be a prince then, and, bless 'e, sir, 'e won't know me." It was the last time the old man came to the meeting room, and a short time afterward, when Mr. Brealey called on him, he found that the summons had come for the pauper who lived on half a crown a week to go to his heavenly home. "Well, James, have you any fear?" said his friend. The thin hands clutched the bed-clothes as he drew himself up to give emphasis to his words—"No, maister. What ha' I to be afear'd of? I have know'n't Lord twenty-three years, and I don't believe He will leave me now. I believe the Lord will fulfil every one of His promises." And so the pauper passed to his princely inheritance. This is but one of very many instances of the fruit of Mr. Brealey's blessed ministry to the scattered sheep on the Blackdown Hills.—*Christian Herald.*



MOTHER STEWART.

towns, organized into praying bands, marching to the saloons, the unterrified, the indomitable, the never-give-up host, gathering more and more to the present day.

Mother Stewart went from State to State, arousing the women, herself the centre of every group, her motherly face framed in silvery hair, her dark eyes tender with emotion, or flashing with indignation, and her voice clear as a bell, compelling attention.

In 1876 she went to Scotland and England, and from her crusade there grew "The British Woman's Temperance Association," of which Lady Somerset is now the leader.

At a "farewell meeting" in Glasgow, eighty young men sat before Mother Stewart. They were engineers in the employ of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company. They all had the habit of drinking, one bottle of wine being furnished each, as rations, per week day, and a bottle of brandy on Sunday.

These young men were moved by her appeals for a true life, and all resolved to be henceforth total abstainers.

Years after, Mother Stewart read the record of their well kept pledge, and that they, too, had become preachers of righteousness by taking the price of the

either, she is known and loved over the entire world.

The British Woman's Temperance Association was organized in connection with the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, and was made up largely of members. At the recent session of the R. W. G. L., in Edinburgh, Scotland, and at subsequent receptions, Mother Stewart was received with tremendous enthusiasm.

Her "Memories of the Crusade," published by her secretary, Miss Mattie Campbell, Springfield, Ohio, is in its second edition, and the history of the "Crusade in Great Britain," a work of much value as a link of the great reform, is about completed in manuscript.

She was present at the National W. C. T. U. Convention in Boston, November, 1891, looking far younger than her years, and with no abatement of her enthusiasm. The Good Templars gave her a reception where Greeks, Arabs, evangelists, delighted to greet her, and Boston men came miles to take her by the hand.

The editor of the North Cumberland Reformer, Carlisle, England, thus speaks in a letter to Mother Stewart, Feb. 13, 1892:

"The noble place that woman now holds, not only in the great sphere of temperance reform, but in all social and moral reform movements in our country (England), is