

ELLA.

It was early evening, the farmer sat at rest.
The sun had disappeared within the golden west.
The housewife, ever busy, was folding away the clothes,
While the old dog on the doorstep lay in calm repose.

The old clock in the corner quietly pointed to eight.
The farmer and his wife both started -
"Was that the click of the gate?"
"We're not expecting company," we hear the good wife say.
"Wish I knew who it is an' if they're come to stay."

Up the walk slowly a child of summers four,
Who stopped in silent wonder beside the open door.
Then asked, "Is oo my drandpa, an is yis my drandpa's farm?"
'Cause moser said zat dranpa 'ould keep me safe from harm."

Could it be their darling would come back to them again,
After years of weary waiting, years of sorrow and of pain?
Were not those her eyes before them as they looked in days of old?
Were not those their darling's tresses, brown, mixed with gold?

"Who are you, little stranger?" said the good wife, coming near,
With a moisture in her eye that resembled much a tear.
"I's Ella, four years old," in a low and trembling tone.
"But where is your mother, child; why are you not at home?"

The housewife took up her apron to wipe away a tear,
Then sat down on the doorstep and bent her head to hear
The child's reply: "I has no moser now an' I has no home.
Moser's gon' to heaven an' I's left all alone.

But moser said one mornin' before she went away
'Zat she'd send me to dranpa's and p'raps he'd let me stay."
The farmer looked at his wife with eyes that were filled with tears.
And saw a look upon her face he had not seen for years.

A look of joy, such as the sun has given,
As it formed of the shining raindrops a bow in the cloudy heaven.
A look of peace as that which comes to those who weep
But for themselves when God giveth his beloved sleep.

"And your father, little maiden?" the good man said,
Almost hoping she would answer that he, too was dead.
"Papa?" and a shudder ran through the childish frame.
And the brown eyes filled with terror at the mention of the name.

"Papa, he drank beer and whiskey most every day;
He whipped me an' moser 'fore she went away.
Moser said I mus' go 'fore he got back;
'Zat Bill would take me to my Dranpa Pratt."

The farmer's wife was sobbing, thinking of the days of old
When another brown-eyed Ella was four years old.
Then, bending gently forward, drew the orphan to her heart,
And murmured that, God willing, they never more would part.

While Grandpa Pratt said, "Ella, you are not alone:
We are your mother's parents, and this shall be your home.
The God of love hath chosen that you, with your golden hair,
Shall fill the place of your mother in the hearts of the aged pair."

Years passed on wings of time; a maiden stands alone,
And bids adieu to the church-yard and the dear old country home.
She is going to the city, with its deeds of crime and mirk;
Going at the Master's bidding, to do the Master's work;

To comfort the lonely orphan, growing weary in the strife;
Give hope to the stricken parent, strengthen the weeping wife;

To young and old, the blind, the halt, the lame,
The cup of life to offer in the Master's name,
One night, in the lowest den, and vilest in the town,
Where there was nought to lift man up, and much to drag him down,
She found the one she sought for, too late, alas, to save,
But in time to call him father, point to life beyond the grave.
Then she closed the weary eyes, placed the thin hands on his breast,
Nor left him till she laid him in the church-yard with the rest.

Then came years of labor, pure, unselfish love,
A life as of an angel strayed from heaven above.
Till, at last, death claimed her, and she laid her armor down,
To hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant; receive thy crown."
—Cora B. Taylor, in the G. T. Budget.

MENA'S ANSWER.

Mena had a trouble on her mind, and she had taken it to the right place - she had prayed over it; and this story is to tell how the answer came. She didn't know it was part of it when, one spring day, Alice Burdick's mother gave her a package of flower seeds - sweet peas, morning glories, and other kinds, and besides a number of pansy roots, two or three lily, and half a dozen of gladiolus bulbs; but so it was. She lived in one of a row of poor little tenements down by the bridge on Cherry Creek, in Denver. They were built exactly alike, and each had its little front yard, with its bare ground beaten hard and baked in the sun. The families in them were much alike too, with frowzy, scolding women, ragged children, and rough men, who went away early in the morning, and came back late in the day, carrying little tin lunch pails. A good many of the men went to the saloon a block away, in the evening, and of late Mena's father had gone too. The little home was bare and comfortless, the feeble wife weary and peevish, and the baby fretful; and so the husband and father went where the rest did. Mena knew, for she was a sharp little thing and kept her eyes open, and she watched him as she carried the baby up and down the sidewalk for fresh air. She knew, too, how it was likely to end if he did not stop going there, and it made her heart sick with fear when she thought about it. She could not talk much with her mother for fear of making her worry, and so she had but one thing she could do. She had learned in the mission Sunday school where to take her troubles, and she had taken this one about her father there.

One evening her father came home from his work, and found her with a spade trying to make a little impression on the hard ground. "What are you doing, Liebchen?" he asked. "Oh, father, I do want so bad to get this ground dug up, but I can't it's so hard." "No wonder, with that little foot, and the spade as tall as yourself. What do you want to do?" "Look here," and she showed her treasures, and told them over. He looked thoughtfully at them a moment. "Ach! you must have some mignonette. I'll bring you some seed tomorrow." A whiff from Germany had come to him as he looked at the seeds; a memory of his mother's garden, gay and sweet all summer long with dear old-fashioned flowers, and with scent of mignonette blowing through the little quaint rooms of the cottage from the little box on the window sill. He took the spade and as he put his heavy boot upon it and pried up the stubborn soil he seemed to see his mother at the gate with tear-filled eyes saying, for a parting word:—"Hans, love God, be a good man." "Mena looks so like her," he thought, "and she is like her, too. Ach! the child must have her flowers." After supper he sat on the steps with the baby, watching Mena as she raked and smoothed the spaded up earth, chatting about where she would put the seeds. "I'll plant morning glories under the windows." "Yes, and around the steps." "Why, there's no porch," she said, wonderingly. "Wait and see," he replied, and after a moment said:—"I believe I could make something over the steps for vines to run over." "O father!" giving him and the baby both a hug. The next evening he brought a piece of scantling from the lumber yard near

by, and rigged up a rude porch. The evening following, Mena had a basketful of little wild cucumber vines, just pushing up two thick green leaves, which she had gone down the Platte to dig up; and between telling her where to put them and showing her how, her father hardly noticed that another evening slipped away. After that, on one excuse or another, Mena was always out in the front yard at the time when the rough men in the other houses were slipping out to the saloon. There was always some counsel wanted, some new development to show, for she began to understand, now, that this was the way God was answering her prayers. This was the time she took for watering the plants. Back and forth went the little pail with the busy feet to the ditch by the sidewalk - for Colorado flowers will not grow without watering - chatter, chatter went the tongue. How the things grew, as if they knew how much depended on them. And wasn't Mena a happy little girl when she could put her first bunch of pansies into her father's lunch pail; and didn't his eyes grow dim and his heart tender when he saw them? They seemed to say, just like his mother, "Hans, love God, be a good man." He vowed then, that he would never go to the saloon again. The very next Sunday, Mena never knew how she did it, but she said, "Please, father, won't you and mother go to church to-day?" And he said, "Ye-yes, if mother wants to." "Want to! Just as if she wasn't only too glad to go there with her husband! The preacher of the mission talked very simply and plainly. It seemed to Hans Meinhardt like an echo from his mother's words: "Hans, love God, be a good man." And he said in his heart, "God helping me, I will." And this was how the answer came. — *Sunday School Times.*

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

The history of the inception and growth of the Independent Order of Good Templars is one of the most remarkable narratives that has ever been written of any reformatory organization. In a little over forty years it has planted itself around the globe and its ritual has been translated into eleven different languages.

It was born and cradled in Central New York in 1851 and soon spread through the States and Territories, thence through the Canadian provinces, then across the Atlantic into England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, thence across the North Sea into Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Germany, and out to the Islands of the sea and around the world, and to-day has about 400,000 adult and fully 200,000 juvenile members.

It is firmly grounded in nearly every civilized nation on the globe and has 85 Grand Lodges and about 12,000 subordinate Lodges. It has always been its aim, through moral, religious and philanthropic teachings and examples, to instill into the minds of men, women, and children the evils of the drink habit, and to point out to them the path of safety, total abstinence from anything that can intoxicate, and the absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors.

It has administered at its altar the life-long pledge of total abstinence to more than 8,000,000 of people, and more than 250,000 confirmed drinkers have been reformed to lives of absolute sobriety through its influence.

It made the origin of our great W. O. T. U. possible. In 1873 some of our Good Templar sisters went out from their lodge rooms and inaugurated the great Ohio crusade against the saloons, and from that band in 1874 sprang our sister organization, and we feel an unbounded pride in our offspring.

The spread of Good Templary on the other side of the sea with such strong odds against it has been truly marvelous. Our good Bro. Malins was its founder in England, and through his energies and influence it was planted in other countries.

In 1876 the commander of a Norwegian vessel was initiated as a Good Templar in England and was so much pleased with its workings that in 1877 he introduced the Order into his own country, by instituting a lodge at Porsgrund, having been commissioned by Bro. Malins, the Grand Chief Templar of England.

Although lodges had been previously formed among the English-speaking

people in France, Belgium, and Germany, the one at Porsgrund in Norway was really the nucleus around which others were formed.

It was a difficult task to get our ritualistic teachings instilled into the minds of the Norwegians, as the ritual then existed in English only and it was hard for them to change it to their tongue.

However, in 1878 they had 15 lodges, and a Grand Lodge was instituted.

The mania for Good Templary spread over Sweden with astonishing rapidity, and in August, 1880, Bro. Malins of England organized a Grand Lodge there. Subsequently one in another part of the country was instituted. In 1887 they were consolidated and our esteemed Brother, Hon. Lieut. Edward Wavrinsky, present member of Parliament, our Past Right Worthy Grand Counsellor, was elected Grand Chief Templar.

To-day that is the largest Grand Lodge in the world. There our Order has been the means of bringing into existence the "Blue Ribbon" society, 60,000 strong.

In 1880 the first lodge in Denmark was instituted, which led to the formation of a Grand Lodge in 1882.

From Denmark the glad tidings were sounded in Iceland; the Order also took root there and a Grand Lodge was instituted in 1886 in the Parliament Buildings, which were opened for the occasion.

Still its power continued to spread. Germany was aroused and instituted its first Lodge in 1877, and in 1881 it, too, boasted of the requisite number of lodges to form a Grand Lodge, which was instituted in that year as Grand Lodge of Germany I., in the Danish language, and in 1889 another as Grand Lodge of Germany II., in the German language.

Recently Switzerland has been vaccinated for Good Templary by our faithful International Supreme Lecturer, Sister Charlotte A. Gray, and in 1892 she instituted its first subordinate lodge in Zurich.

In May, 1894, the same good Sister with ten lodges organized a Grand Lodge in the German language, and our learned Brother, Prof. Dr. Forell, was elected Grand Chief Templar. With that Grand Lodge the International Supreme Lodge will hold its next biennial session in June, 1897, where we hope to be in attendance in strong force from this country.

This is only a preamole to the great history of our Order.

DR. D. H. MANN, R. W. G. T., in the N. Y. Advocate.

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