

SAVE THE BOYS.

"It's too late for me," said a poor old drunkard when urged to reform. "It's too late for me, but, oh! for God's sake save the boys!"

"'Tis too late for me," was the poor drunkard's cry;

"I've fallen too low for forgiveness or peace,

For the Demon of Drink holds my soul o'er the brink,

And never can I gain reprieve or release. I've a ruined frame and a crime-blackened name,

A sunless old age and a desolate even. In exchange for my life, my home, and my wife,

My childhood's deep trust and my soul's hope of heaven

If some one had only warned me to beware Of the first fatal glass that tempts and destroys,

I'd have taken a vow. It's too late for me now—

Too late, but, oh! for God's sake save the boys!"

'Tis a grand, God-like mission to rescue the souls

That are wandering in mazes of darkness and sin,

To lead them up higher, with courage inspired

Each faint-hearted, struggling one victory to win.

But by far 'tis a higher, a holier work To protect the dear children while yet they are pure—

To bid them beware of the Drink Demon's snare,

Whose glittering meshes their young feet allure.

O mothers and fathers! keep vigilant guard;

The black wolf's abroad, cruel, treacherous, and bold,

And its fangs may devour in one careless hour

Some innocent lamb of your precious home-fold.

WHAT SHE COULD.

A washerwoman had finished her day's work, and I had given her her money, and seen her tie it up in the corner of her coarse cotton handkerchief, and still she lingered. She rolled and unrolled the little bundle containing her apron, and looked with a dissatisfied air at the paper I had given her to wrap it in. I wondered what could be the matter.

"That was a wonderful good paper you gave me last week," said she, at length. "My father used to take that paper when I was a girl and lived to home. I can't never get out to meetin' in the forenoon, what with the dinner and the baby, and my man ain't no one to go. But he read the paper out loud to me all the forenoon last Sunday, and though I couldn't hear it quite all, being so lousy, I heard enough to know it was wonderful improvin'; 'most as good as a sermon.

"I prayed in my heart that the Lord would make it a means of good to Sam, and I am sure if it only just kept him to home, 't would be worth while. If 't isn't askin' too much, could you give me another.

We had all finished reading the last religious weekly, and as I had that very morning had occasion to use some papers in packing away furs and woolens to keep from moths, I rather thoughtlessly appropriated that. A twinge of conscience was felt at the time, for I generally try to put good newspapers in the way of somebody's reading after I have done with them.

It was some trouble to get it for Mrs. O'Hare, but I went up to the attic, opened the great cedar-chest, and substituting a daily for it, brought it down to the poor woman.

"I'm afraid I've made you a heap of trouble," she said, looking disturbed and uncomfortable as she took it. "I wouldn't have asked, but I thought like enough you'd just as soon I had that as the other, if you knew I wanted it."

"To be sure I had!" said I. "You shall have it every week in future."

She smiled as she wrapped it around her apron, and said in a meek way:

"I aint able, you know, to take it myself, with all I have on my shoulders beside, or I would and not trouble nobody."

She went away satisfied, and I took care afterwards to save my paper for her every week. Often in the intervals of her work we talked over some of the subjects of interest we had found there for, though illiterate, she was a Christian, and a woman of excellent sense.

Well enough I know "all that she had upon her shoulders." Her eldest daughter was an idiot, her aged mother a partial paralytic, and her husband, though trained by religious parents, was addicted to strong drink. The money that went out of his wages to indulge his appetite, she was obliged to make up by washing. To do this and care for the feeble and little ones in her home, she toiled early and late.

One day I spoke to her of the work of the missionaries in Africa, and the great opportunities for doing good which that new field offers.

"It just harrers me up to read about the missionaries, and how the fields is all white, and so few a reapin' of 'em," she replied. "If I could give even a little, but you see I can't. I don't see how Sam can read it so cool. I 'most wish he'd skip it, sometimes. If I only had money, do you suppose I'd tighten up my purse strings, and turn away my face? I'd jest rejoice to send them a good round sum."

"There is something you can give," I said. "Never you wish that Sam would skip any, but when you are longing to give, lift up your heart to the Lord, and ask him to bless the missionaries, and help on their work. If you give a prayer, it may do more good than some people's money. I would put in a penny if I did no more whenever I got the chance. One leaf of the Bible, with the Holy Spirit's blessing on it, might lead a soul to God, and that soul might lead others, and a penny will pay for more than one leaf."

"So it will; cheap as books are now-a-days!" said she, with a happy smile. "I'm glad I had this little talk with you, I have my health and earn my own money, and I know I can spare one cent now and then."

She went away smiling and grateful. One day, weeks afterward, I had occasion to go to her house.

"I want you to look in here a minute," she said, motioning me away from the family into the bit of a bedroom where she slept. When we were alone, she drew out from a hidden corner a small bag made of striped ticking.

"That's my missionary bag," said she. "I've saved five cents out of every washing, and put it in there. So little we never missed it, but you see it counts up to quite a sum. Thirty-five cents! I shouldn't have thought I could give that much, but here it is and nobody the worse off. Thank the Lord

that I've got it to give. I want you to take it to the meetin' for I can't go to-morrow, and I hear there is to be a collection."

I took the money, and as I dropped in those five-cent pieces into the collection next day, I wondered if any like sum was given at anything like the same cost.—Joy Allison, in the Watchman.

"BIBLE FIRST, PAPA."

ABOUT forty years ago, a Christian man sat at his fireside in Philadelphia.

Near by him, playing on the floor, was his only child, a beautiful little boy. It was early in the morning. The day's work had not yet begun; and waiting for his breakfast, it may be, the father took up the daily paper to read. The boy at once climbed into his lap, snatched away the paper, exclaiming: "No, no, papa! Bible first—Bible first, papa!" That lesson taught by a little child, was probably a turning point in the life of that man. Death soon came and tore away the sweet little preacher, but his morning sermon was never forgotten. The business man, in his loneliness and sorrow, went forth to do his work for Christ. "Bible first, papa," was over ringing in his ears. It became the motto of his life. He was exceedingly prosperous in business. Wealth accumulated; business increased; friends multiplied. But uppermost in that man's heart was the precious word of God. He read and studied it. As teacher and Superintendent in the Sabbath-School, he taught it. He did more than this—he practised its precepts.

The gentleman referred to was the well-known locomotive engine builder, Matthias W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia. Would not the child's cry, "Bible first!" be an excellent motto for every Sunday-School teacher in the land?—S.S. Times.

GOVERNING A BOY.

GET hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive with the thundering train comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand, will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same little lever the vast steamship is guided hither and yon on the sea in spite of adverse winds or current.

That sensitive and soft spot by which a boy's life is controlled is his heart. With your grasp gentle and firm on that helm, you can pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and wilful boys very often have the tenderest hearts hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin, or behind barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working only for his good, by little indirect kindnesses to his mother or sister, or even pet dog. See him at his home, or invite him into yours. Provide him some little pleasure, set him to do some little service of trust for you; love him; love him practically. Any way rule him through his heart.

GUNPOWDER AND GOSPEL.

IT is estimated that the United States, in fourteen years, from 1865 to 1879, expended \$22,680,000 in fighting a few poor Indian savages; in nearly or quite every instance the wars being caused by the rascality of United States officials, the violation of solemn treaties made by the United States government, and the evil conduct of the whites who came in contact with the Indian tribes. These influences, combined with white men's whiskey, roused all the devilishness in the Indian nature, and brought upon the helpless and unfortunate frontiers men all the horrors and savagery of Indian wars. This system of oppression and treachery, with its consequent indiscriminate slaughter and revenge, has gone on for more than half a century, and untold millions have been expended in the prosecution of Indian wars.

In 1870, two millions of dollars were appropriated for the civilization of the Indians, and for ten years this fund has been drawn upon to assist in civilizing the Indian tribes and teaching them the way of peace. Many of them have thus become peaceable and industrious citizens, and not a few of them have learned the way of salvation as revealed in the Gospel.

Statistics show that it probably costs more to kill an Indian on the frontier, than it would to civilize him, clothe him, educate him, and board him all his days in a first-class hotel in New York. So much for the gunpowder policy.

There is just one thing that will make men righteous, peaceable, and decent, whether they be white, black, red, or yellow, and that one thing is the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is the cheapest remedy that was ever applied to heal the woes and sorrows of humanity. Without the gospel, a white man will become a savage, as were our ancestors in ages gone by; and with the Gospel the wildest lion of the forest becomes like a lamb, and can be led by a little child.

The blind spirit of fierce revenge, which is based upon an innate though perverted sense of right and wrong, when enlightened, cultured, and brought under the sway of divine grace, becomes a foundation among the great principles of truth and righteousness, without which society itself could not well exist. The Gospel is the best remedy for wars and fightings among you, which are conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—The Armory.

RUB OR RUST.

FDLER, why lie down to die? Better rub than rust, Hark! the lark sings in the sky— Die when die thou must! Day is waking, leaves are shaking. Better rub than rust.

In the grave there's sleep enough— Better rub than rust. Death, perhaps, is hunger proof, Die when die thou must; Men are mowing, breezes blowing, Better rub than rust.

He who will not work shall want; Naught for naught is just— Won't do, must do, when he can't, Better rub than rust. Bees are flying, sloth is dying. Better rub than rust.