



Temperance Department.

AUNT LETTIE'S GOLD MEDAL.

She did not, when young, receive it at school as a token of good behavior and scholarship. But before I tell you where she got it I must tell you another story.

Nearly half a century ago a frail-looking young woman, with a bleeding wound in her forehead, fled out into the darkness and the storm with a baby in her arms. She ran over icy roads and fields till she reached her father's house, into which she rushed, saying,—

"Oh, mother, I've come back to die here! Never let me be taken away till I am carried out in my coffin!"

She was not afraid of the darkness nor the storm, nor even of death. She was afraid of nothing and of nobody in the world but her home and her husband.

Emma Nutter was the wife of a once bright and smart young mechanic, whose false friends had led him into evil ways. He had gone down, step by step, till this dreadful night, when crazed with whiskey, he had given her this cruel blow, and sent her to the old home, that had long been open to her. Suffering fears of annoyance from him the family soon removed to a Western city, where one of the sons was well settled in business.

But Jim Nutter, who was a great coward, fled before they left town, and was not seen in the place for several years. Then he wandered back, a miserable wreck, a vagrant or "tramp" of the lowest corner. He muttered to himself, and little children hid behind fences, and mothers locked their doors when they saw him.

He would dance and sing for a glass of whiskey, or failing to get it thus he would buy it with a chicken or shirt stolen from somebody's coop or clothes-line. No one dared to give him a night's shelter, so he slept in barns, sheds,—anywhere.

There was one timid little girl who was particularly afraid of "old Jim Nutter," and who would go a mile out of the way when she went to and from school, rather than meet him. Lettie Frost was a poor child, living with her grandmother in the outskirts of the town. The old woman washed and mended for half a dozen young men in a factory near by, and it was Lettie's work to fetch and carry back the clothes.

She was a sweet, gentle girl, whom strangers always spoke to on the road, and whom every schoolmate loved; and yet very little was known of her in the rich homes about. There was more known and thought of her in heaven than here, for she was one of those to whom our blessed Saviour had reference when he said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

One raw Saturday evening, when she had distributed the clothes, and was on her way home across a lonely field tangled with weeds and wild blackberry vines, she was startled by hearing a low moaning sound coming from a clump of alders that lay in her pathway.

She stood still for a moment, trembling in every limb. Still the moans fell on her ear, and she dared not run back to the public road lest some fellow creature might be left to die alone.

She thought of the Ward boys, who had more than once met with gunning accidents, and of their neighbor, Thomas Cliff, who had once fallen in a fit while working in the field.

She stood still a moment, and as she afterwards said, she "felt God," and then she dared not run away. She walked bravely up to the alder bushes, and round them, and there on the ground lay Jim Nutter! Her first impulse was to run from him, but still she "felt God very near," and thought that he would take care of her.

With great shrinking she walked to where the vagrant lay, with closed eyes, and asked in tremulous tones:

"What is the matter?"
The wretched man opened his eyes and said: "Nobody but a child! I am sick and nobody will give me shelter from the storm. I shall die alone in the dark, with no one to pity me, no one to pray for me!"

"Oh, no!" said Lettie, pitifully, "the good people will send a carriage for you, and nurse you till you are well again, and then you'll love God and be good, and please him."

Old Jim shook his grey head, and whispered: "God made me, and yet I must die out of doors, alone."

"I'll go right back and bring somebody," said Lettie in a cheering voice, and away she went over the briars to the village.

Her first innocent thought was of the doctor, whose headquarters were at the little apothecary shop.

"I want Dr. Lee!" she cried, bursting open the door.

"Off among his patients," replied a young man whom she had awakened from a nap behind the counter. "Is your grandmother sick?"

"No, sir; it's old Jim Nutter. I found him sick in the alder pasture. He says he's going to die."

"I hope so," said the young man. "He couldn't do a better thing."

"Oh, sir, but he's suffering."

"I hope so," was the reply. He made his poor wife suffer enough before you and I were born. Let him die, Lettie, and then you'll have nobody to be afraid of. Do you remember how you used to run in here and hide behind the counter till he got by?"

"Yes, sir; but that was a whole year ago. I'm braver now, and beside that God made him, you know, and we must help him."

"Let him alone, Lettie; he won't die," replied the young man, in a teasing tone. "Such folks never die."

Lettie went out of the shop with a sad air, and crossed over to the parsonage. She had full faith in her minister. She laid her errand before him, and he smiled and placed his hand on her head and said:

"Dear child, the miserable man is deceiving you. He is only sick from drunkenness, and is playing on your sympathies, to get money for more drink. It is growing dark now. Go home, dear, and be sure Jim will take care of himself."

Did the good man think drunkards were immortal?

Lettie lingered a moment. She was just going to say "God made him, you know," when she thought it would be rude to say so to the minister, who knew so much—who knew everything!

So she made a little courtesy, and said "Good-by, sir," and went out.

She thought of her grandmother—how she would be worrying at her delay. She thought if she went home over the pasture old Jim might spring up and frighten her. But more than all, she thought how near God was, and that He made this poor, unfortunate old man whom no one pitied.

Lettie resolved to go back to him and speak kindly, if she could do no more, and tell him that she would bring him some bread and milk from home.

This was a brave resolution for a timid child of fourteen years, who had hitherto trembled at his name.

When she came again to the alders the man still lay there, now quiet, though very pale and ill.

"I knew they wouldn't come," he said.

"I couldn't find the doctor," said Lettie, "but I can find a place for you to sleep in. Can you walk any?"

"Yes, child, with a little help," he said, making an effort to rise.

"Wait, then, till I come back for you," said Lettie.

"They will never let you come, child. The best of them will say, 'Let him die in the bushes like a dog.'"

"Oh, no! God made you and he pities you, and so will those that love God," said Lettie, as she ran off towards the cottage.

She told the story to her grandmother, and began pleading with her to take Jim Nutter in, "because, although he was so low and miserable, God made him."

"You need not urge me, dear child," said the old woman. "When your mother was a baby I was a poor, despised and unpitied sinner. I was too feeble to work, and had no spot on earth I dared to call home. I prayed God for pardon, peace, and a home; and He gave me all I asked. When my old aunt left me this cottage I promised God that no fellow-being should ever be turned from its door, and I have kept my word."

"You never sheltered old Jim Nutter, grandma," said Lettie, reproachfully.

"Yes, my dear, I have done so a score of times since you were born."

"Not in this house?"

"Yes, many a time he has come here, hungry, shoeless, half-frozen, and I have taken him to the shed chamber and cared for him till morning, when he chose to set off on a new tramp."

"Where was I?"

"Asleep in your warm bed. He knew he must never come here to frighten you, and never dared to show himself till it was dark. Then, if there was no shed or barn open to him, he would come creeping about the house, and ask me if I would shelter him one night more, 'for God's sake.' I never dared refuse him."

"Then why didn't he tell me that? He said all the people would say, 'Let him die like a dog.'"

"Because he knew I dare not take him in while you were awake, because I would not have you frightened. But if you want to take him in, we will do so."

"How can I get him here, grandma," asked Lettie.

"I don't know, child."

"I will offer Drake my fifty cents to bring him in his wagon," said Lettie.

"Yes; but he will say Jim Nutter is only drunk, and will laugh at you," said the old lady. "And maybe that is true."

"But, grandma, suppose he should be truly ill, and die out there alone in the storm! What would God think of us, after giving us this lovely home?"

"Do as you please, my dear, and I will help you all I can."

Lettie set off in the gathering darkness taking a cup of milk and two crackers to Nutter. She told him she would take him home in a few minutes. The snow was beginning to fall, and the leaves were flying off the alders around him. She took her shawl from her shoulders, and spread it over the miserable man, and then ran as if for her life.

Drake, the teamster, did laugh at her and say, "Jim is only drunk; wants a snug place to lie in till this storm is over." But he helped him up, and got him into the shed chamber, for the sake of Lettie's bright half-dollar.

This was poor Jim's last "tramp." The morning found him very ill with lung fever, and the doctor said it would be certain death to move him to the poorhouse. So Lettie and the old lady, with a sense of God's nearness, took this great care and labor upon themselves.

Some of the neighbors called them fools, and others thought "they were doing a very thankless work, and had better be at something that would pay better."

Others sent in delicacies, and one good woman even offered to watch at night with the poor "tramp."

The minister came and prayed with him, and said he was grieved to think how that poor child had been turned from his door without help that bleak night. He talked with the dying vagrant, and did all in his power to relieve his pain.

One dark night, while a kind neighbor kept the old woman and Lettie company in the shed chamber, Jim raised himself, looked around, and asked:

"Where's the child?"

Lettie stood before him. He looked at her eagerly, and the teachings of his childhood coming back to his quickened mind, he asked:

"Did they tell me Christ had power to forgive all sin?"

"Yes," replied Lettie, solemnly.

"My wasted life and dreadful sins are among all sin, and I will rest there. But I am so weak. Ask them not to leave me any longer in the fire of temptation. Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

A few days after this a group of villagers stood around an open grave. As it was being closed the pastor said,—

"Thanks be unto Him who knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust, that there is pardon and rest for the chief of sinners."

When all was over, those who had turned the sick vagrant from their houses and their barns felt conscience-stricken, and sought to atone in some way for their neglect of a wretched human being.

It was too late to give a cup of cold water or a kind word to him, so they expressed their gratitude by the gift of the gold medal which now lies in its faded velvet case on the centre table of our gray-haired friend, Aunt Lettie Whiting.—*Youths' Companion.*

WOMEN'S WORK TO-DAY.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer related the following incident in an address at Sea Cliff:

"I will relate an incident that illustrates this woman's crusade. A lady came in tears to Mrs. Dr. Leavitt, in Cincinnati (a great-hearted woman). She asked, 'Will you pray for my husband?' 'Yes, I can, and I believe the Lord will hear; I'll come and see your husband, and talk and pray with him.'

"O, don't come; he'll insult you, and won't see you."

"The Master was insulted, and he is the leader of the crusade; I will trust and go." She went to an old rickety house, up the broken stairs, to a poor, mean room. She found the woman, and said, 'I've come to see you.' His little girl went to tell him, but returned, saying, 'He don't want to see you.'

"I'm on important business; tell him I can stay till supper-time; I'll wait." As there was nothing in the house to eat, this brought him. She said, 'Sit down in that chair.' He sat down by the rickety table. She handed him the pledge, and said, 'Read that.'

"You need not insult me by offering me the pledge; I'm not a fool, I shan't sign away my liberty."

"You drink, don't you?" 'Yes.' 'Then you are a slave. Just now I came past the corner, and saw the saloon-keeper's daughter with white shoes, white dress, and an elegant blue sash. You love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than your own little Mary!'

"No, I don't." 'Yes, you do! You take your

money, while your child goes with bare feet and scanty garments, and your money goes to clothe the saloon-keeper's daughter.' 'Well; that's so!' said the man.

"You love the saloon-keeper's wife better than you do your own." 'No I don't! 'Yes, you do! As I passed them a little while ago, I saw his wife come out of a fine house, dressed in silk, and get into a beautiful carriage which your money helped to buy. You have no carriage! your wife is compelled to dress in tattered garments, work hard all day, and then when duty calls her to go anywhere she is compelled to walk.' 'Well, that's so; but I hate him! 'No, you don't! You love the saloon-keeper better than you do yourself.' This time no answer. 'I came by his house on my way here, and it is finely furnished; he sports a diamond pin, with diamond ring, and fine gold watch, and your money bought them.'

"That's so! I never saw it in that light before. Do you see that hand how it trembles: I have a job of work to finish to-day, and I must have a glass to steady my nerves; but come to-morrow and I'll sign the pledge."

"That is a temptation of the devil. I don't ask you to sign the pledge; you are a slave; you can't keep it. But there is one who can enable you to keep it. Get down on your knees, and I will ask God to set you free." He knelt. Mrs. Leavitt, the wife, and the children, all knelt around him. Mrs. L. prayed as few ever do. Then the wife prayed, crying out of a full heart to God, 'Save me and my poor husband.' He wept bitterly and prayed, 'My God, I'm a slave! If there is any salvation for me, let it come down! God be merciful to me a sinner—save me from this appetite.' He kept on his knees till his soul was saved, and that night an altar was established. He went to work at once. In two weeks his children were in Sabbath-school, with new dresses, blue sashes, and white shoes, and in three weeks the entire family were in church, dressed in new clothes. Shortly afterward they moved away from their miserable tenement attic to a comfortable house.

"How long did it take that Christian woman to do that? One hour and a half. An hour and a half out of her house-work, and a whole family were redeemed."—*Working Church.*

THE YOUNG MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

A young man was in a position where his employers required him to make a false statement, by which several hundred dollars would come into their hands which did not belong to them. All depended upon this clerk's serving their purpose. To their great vexation, he utterly refused to do so. He could not be induced to sell his conscience for any one's favor. As the result, he was discharged from his place.

Not long after, he applied for a vacant situation, and the gentleman, being pleased with his address, asked him for any good reference he might have.

The young man felt that his character was unswayed, and so fearlessly referred him to his last employer.

"I have just been dismissed from his employ, and you can enquire of him about me."

It was a new fashion of getting a young man's recommendations, but the gentleman called on the firm, and found that the only objection was that he was "too conscientious about trifles." The gentleman had not been greatly troubled by too conscientious employees and preferred that those entrusted with his money should have a fine sense of truth and honesty, so he engaged the young man, who rose fast in favor, and became at length a partner in one of the largest firms in Boston.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principles that cannot be moved.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank because he refused to write for him on the Sabbath. When asked afterwards to name some reliable person he might know as suitable for a cashier in another bank, he mentioned this same man.

"You can depend upon him," he said, "for he refused to work for me on the Sabbath."

A gentleman who employed many persons in his large establishment said:

"When I see one of my young men riding out for pleasure on Sunday, I dismiss him on Monday. I know such a one cannot be trusted. Nor will I employ any one who even occasionally drinks liquor of any kind."

Honor the Sabbath and all the other teachings of the Bible, and you will not fail to find favor with God and with man also.—*Banner.*

THE VICTORY OF PRAYER.—"At the time the Diet of Nuremberg was held," says Tholuck, "Luther was earnestly praying in his own dwelling; and, at the very hour when the edict granting free toleration to all Protestants was issued, he ran out of his house, crying out, 'We have gained the victory! Do you understand that?'"