

Toronto.

BY HANS GÖBEL.

Toronto fifty years ago
Was not the city of to-day;
Rebellion lifted up its head
And dyed her streets and meadows red
As patriots fell along the way
Fierce hunger wandered to and fro,
Erewhile a still more cruel foe
Prepared our country's overthrow.

The demon Alcohol, 'twas he
Who lay in wait to trap and kill
The bodies and the souls of men,
His plans insidious laid, and then
By slow degrees he stole their will,
Their conscience, manhood, liberty.
Alcohol? Yes, his very name
Reminds of wrong and crime and shame.

But lo: the writing on the wall,
A woman's hand has traced it there;
Christina Dixon as she stood
Upon a rough hewn log of wood
And said, "No whiskey I'll prepare
If my barn's never built at all."
Dear little woman, brave and true,
She "built better than she knew."

Toronto felt the wondrous weight
Of her courageous words and tone,
And in a little unknown street
Three friends with earnest purpose meet,
And pledge, e'en though they stand alone,
To stand for temperance and right.
O, Ketchum, Beatty, Dixon true,
That mother's mantle fell on you!

It was just fifty years ago,
And yet to-day from south to north,
From western unto eastern seas,
We sing aloud our jubilee.
With badge and banner marches forth
The temperance host! The mighty foe
Has learned to tremble, learned that we
Are marching on to victory.

The Little Shoes.

ONLY a tiny pair of shoes, ragged and worn, yet Bill Jones clung to them firmly, as he staggered and stumbled along the slippery streets. At last he reached his destination, a low corner shop, with a large sign, which had at each corner a glass of beer, and the words "Silver King," in gilt letters, in the middle. Yes, it was a rum-shop; yet Bill entered it with a proud air. He stumbled up to the counter, and thrust the brown package towards the rumseller, as, with an oath, he demanded a glass of grog.

"Why, Bill, what have you here? A pair of shoes, as I live! Surely you don't expect me to give you a glass for these old things, do you?"

"Why not?" growled the other; "they are worth that much, and I have no money; and I must have one more drink, so I have brought them to pay for it."

"But, Bill, I never exchange drink for such things as these," glancing down at the well-worn shoes on the counter. "Why did you bring them here? This is not a pawn-shop!"

"Can't help it. Got to have my grog. You wouldn't let me have a glass on tick, and so I brought them."

Mr. Clark, the rumseller, took up the tiny shoes, and turned them over in his large hands, and a faint sigh escaped him. Years before, he had little shoes to buy, and, somehow, the sight of these brought back to his mind the little fairy he used to love, but who left, when she died, a lonely home and saddened hearts behind. That was years ago; but Mr. Clark shrank from exchanging a drink for the little shoes that reminded him of his dead child. It was like piercing his stony heart to touch the brown bundle, but he pushed it back from him.

"Take them home, Bill; take them back to your

little child, for she must be cold without them during this bleak weather."

"What's that to you, Mr. Clark, I'd like to know?"

"Nothing, Bill. Only I had a little girl once who wore shoes about that size. No, Bill; for her sake I can't deprive your child of her shoes, and I can't and I won't give you a glass of grog for them, and the rumseller turned away.

"What has beggars, like Jennie, got to wear shoes for," swore Bill, as he picked up the bundle to try some other place.

Clark turned quickly round. "Bill," said he, "go home to your child. If she is a beggar, you made her one. If you would never touch another glass you would be better off. Again, I implore you to take those shoes back to your child. Never will I sell a glass at the price of a child's life. A thousand times no!"

Bill raised himself slowly up, half-sobered by the earnest words of the hitherto usually eager liquor seller. "Well, I'll be blowed!" he muttered, as he turned to go. "Guess, Mr. Rumseller, you have turned parson;" and, with another oath, he departed.

Somehow, Bill no longer cared for a drink just then, so he staggered on until he reached a secluded corner, and sat down. Strange thoughts filled his brain, and his face wore a new expression as he glanced down at the brown parcel in his hand. What had come over him all once? The more he tried to forget it, all the more he found himself thinking of it again. Was it true what Mr. Clark had said, about his making Jennie a beggar? And did the whiskey have anything to do with it? Bill slowly opened the bundle, and took the broken little shoes out. Somehow, his long-hardened heart gave a bound, and something stuck in his throat.

"Poor little Jennie," he whispered, "how could I take away her shoes? What a fiend I am! Little blue-eyed lamb, I'll take them back to her." And he reverently tied them up, and put them into his coat pocket. But his thoughts did not stop with that, and the tears began to fall as he thought how he had neglected her and his Lizzie. "Lizzie," he murmured, "how could he ever treat her so, and yet she was always so kind to him! How she cried when he came home, night after night, drunk and stupid! How often he had heard her and little Jennie pray for him when they thought him asleep! How could he have been such a brute? And then the shoes—" he could not forget them. "Does she love me yet?" he thought; me, a drunkard! Can she ever forgive, I wonder?

Ah! the long years of poverty and want. Was it ever possible that he was young and sober? Yes, only ten years ago—ten years of misspent life! How it all came back to him as he sat there, dirty, ragged, and cold! Ten years ago he was a young, well-to-do man; and sweet Lizzie—the belle of the village—was his sweetheart. How he loved her—with golden hair, and shy, blue eyes! Then came a picture of a neat little farm-house, and Lizzie a bride, and how proud he was of his darling and the cozy home! How happy they were, and how they built air-castles together of what they would do in the future! The future—ah, how bitter was the thought!

Then, when Jennie was born, surely never was there a happier couple nor a lovelier babe. Dear little blue-eyed Jennie, how he loved her! But that was long ago, and now—Lizzie was a sad-eyed woman, with a faded frock, and Jennie a little shadow of a child. The dear old house was gone, and a low, bare attic was the only place he dared call home.

Was it the grog? Ah! well he remembered the first glass, and Lizzie's tears and pleadings; then

the taunts and jeers of the noisy boys, when he refused to drink with them again. How they called him a "milk sop," because he said Lizzie did not wish him to drink. Yes, he saw it all now; and he again saw the rumshop and the noisy crowd, and how—maddened by their scornful laughs—he filled up his glass, and tossed off drink after drink. That was how it started: the first social glass, then the grog shop, and now a drunkard. Yes, he was nothing but a sot!

Bill groaned, and great drops of cold sweat fell from his brow as the bitter truth burst upon him. Yes, it was the drink. Clark was right—he had made his Jennie a beggar. Was it too late? No, not quite. And Bill, thoroughly sobered now, knelt down in that secluded corner, and, by God's help, made a vow never to touch a glass of liquor again. Somehow, when he arose he felt better, his heart was lighter, and with a firm step he started for home.

Mrs. Jones was sitting beside the sick-bed of her little one, trying to cheer up the lonely child. That she had been crying, could be plainly seen by the red eyes; but now she was reading from the blessed Book, and telling Jennie the "Old, old story, of Jesus and his love."

Steps were heard, and the door was quickly opened, and Bill entered. Coming to the bed-side, where lay the sick child:

"Lizzie," he said, "Jennie, little lamb, I've come home, and it's the shoes done it all! Here they are, safe and sound."

Mrs. Jones stood still in wonderment, then something entered her heart. Was it hope?

"Bill," she cried, "what is it?"

"Lizzie," he murmured; "Lizzie, I've quit. I've taken the temperance vow, and the shoes did it. My wife, forgive the past, and trust me again."

Lizzie, with one fond look, rushed to his side, and there, gathered in his arms, with her tired head upon his breast, listened to the whole story. Need we say how happy that little family was that night, or how Jennie nestled, as of old, in her fond father's arms.

Bill joined the temperance band, and from that time was a devoted worker among his fallen friends, who, like himself, had forgotten God.

Mr. Clark often had a visit from Bill, not as a customer, but as an earnest Christian, who was trying to give him light and hope, and make him give up the saloon. The seed sown was in good ground, for soon the little corner rum-shop was closed, and the sign, "Silver King," taken down. There now stands a large brick building on that corner, and the neat sign tells that "Temperance" reigns there. A large public reading-room has been opened, and cold water is the beverage used. Mr. Clark and Bill Jones are at the head of the good work, and together they labour for God.

In a glass case on the mantel can be found two little soiled shoes, and every visitor knows the history attached to them, and the result. What a glorious cause they represent, and may God bless forever the temperance workers!—*Lula K. Mallick.*

Save a Mother's Tears.

Two friends were once sitting together, engaged in letter-writing. One was a young man from India, and the other's family resided in that far-off land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When his letter was finished, his friend offered to enclose it in his. This he politely declined, saying, "If it be sent separately, it will reach her sooner than if sent through a friend; and perhaps it might save a tear." Would that every boy and girl were equally saving of a mother's tears.