

A TEMPERANCE FANATIC.

Kind friends, put your glass on the table
Untasted, and listen to me.
You say I'm a temperance fanatic—
Mayhap I have reason to be.
It is years since we parted at college,
Let us talk over times passed away,
And see, of companions and classmates,
Who's dead and who's living to-day.

There were ten of us came off together,
Hereare two, now what of the eight?
But a few days ago I saw Williams
He who beat us all in debate.
He was rich, you know; and now he is needy
I asked where his fortune all went.
He tipped up a glass as he answered,
"I drank it down so, e'ery cent."

Then Ralph, who bore the first honor,
He took to the bar as you know,
But another lar claimed his attention,
And business progressed rather slow.
He died of the tremens, poor fellow,
His talents would rank with the first,
And to think of his dying ere forty,
A prey to the demon of thirst.

Then Bob, irrepressible Robert,
Who always took lead in our fun,
The gayest and wildest of fellows,
Yet the kindest and best-hearted one.
Well, 'e went to prison, life-sentence,
He took too much liquor one day,
And a spree that began in good feeling,
Ended up with a stabbing affray.

Then there was that young prince of toppers,
That high-headed Archibald West,
He never was known to be tipsy,
Yet he drank more than all of the rest.
Ah! 'e is raving the crop of his sowing,
His son loves the cup and has not
A stomach of steel like his father,
And already the boy is a sot.

I made Tom a visit last summer;
You remember Tom, quiet and mild,
Well, he ranks the most fretful of husbands,
I pity his wife and his child.
He's pleasant enough in the evening,
As he sips his hot toddy and ale,
But all the forenoon he's a terror,
Cross, headachy, snappish and pale.

And George, who was called Claude Adonis,
Who turned women's heads with a smile,
That straight-limbed and graceful Apollo,
Who took a dram "once in a while."
Oh, Charles, you would scarcely believe it,
His nose is as red as a lobster,
He's bloated and blear-eyed and old.

Then Herbert, he's travelling somewhere,
But one more remains, Henry Lee,
And you know from the deck of a steamer
He fell, and was lost out at sea.
A friend who was with him since told me
That Hank was light-headed from drink,
And that's how he so lost his balance,
'Twas the general opinion, I think.

So Charles, when I name o'er our class-
mates,
Who all tipped the glass now and then,
I think what woes might have saved them
If they had been temperance men.
You, I own, seem untouched by drink's
dangers,
Yet your future we neither can scan,
And I really feel safer for being
A very fanatical man.
—Selected.

NELL'S OPPORTUNITIES.

BY KATE S. GATES.

CHAPTER II.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."
"I am worried about Jennie Downs, she is looking miserably. I believe if she stays in the mill much longer, she will go into a decline," said Mrs. Weston as she helped Nell to pudding at dinner. They were alone, Teddy and Margie having been excused to look after their chickens.
"Do you?" said Nell very indifferently, more interested just then in her dinner than Jennie Downs, and not seeing why her state of health was any concern of hers, even if she was a member of mamma's Sunday-school class.
"Yes," replied Mrs. Weston, "I am quite sure of it. She looks very badly now; has a pain in her side and coughs, too. I wish

that I could get her out of the mill. I don't like it for her physically—not spiritually. I believe that she is thinking seriously, and is capable of being a useful woman if only she could be helped; her surroundings now are neither healthy, helpful nor uplifting. I have been thinking, Nell, perhaps if we were both willing to deny ourselves a little, that we might ask her here for a while. There isn't much work in the mill now, and I presume that she does not know what to do with herself; she has no home to go to. I do not suppose that she would come to us for a real visit, for she is proud and we do not know her well enough; but we might ask her to assist about the house for a few weeks, and in that way we would accomplish considerable, for I know it would be a real help to her to earn her board, and even a trifle more. Then it will do her good physically, and we will pray that we may help her spiritually."
"But I cannot bear her, mamma; she says 'haint,' me and her, and I don't know what else, and besides, she does try to copy after me so."

"My dear, wouldn't you, if you had had no chance to learn better? And is it any worse for her to copy your ways than for you to imitate Miss Dunlap's, for instance?"
"I don't exactly see what we can give up," contained Nell, ignoring her mother's question. "I consider that I am reduced to actual necessities now. And I know that you are."

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Weston cheerfully. "There are quite a number of things that are not nearly so essential to me as Jennie's health to her. I can do nicely without a new feather for my winter bonnet for one thing, and I do not think it will affect me unfavorably in the least to wear my old cashmere another winter."
"It will me then," exclaimed Nell in disgust. "I suppose you think that I do not need a new dress either. I've outgrown and outworn my old one, but doubtless that does not matter."

"You need the dress, dear, and must have it, but you do not really need plush trimmings for it, do you? Is not this a good opportunity to deny yourself, to be not common-place, but Christlike?"
Nell finished her dinner in absolute silence. To read of heroism and beautiful self-sacrifice was one thing; to give up the trimming for her dress that she had so set her heart upon, was entirely another!

"O dear, I don't see why mother ever thought of such a thing! I suppose that I might as well give it up first as last, for I won't take any comfort out of it now if I do have it," thought Nell to herself, as she wiped the dishes and put them away.
Nevertheless, night found her still undecided, and in a very uncomfortable frame of mind, hardly knowing whether she felt the most out of patience with Jennie for being sick, her mother for her benevolent intentions, or Nell Weston herself for her—selfishness.

"It is so long since I have had a new dress," she pleaded in excuse of herself. "I suppose mother would say that this was just what I was wishing for only yesterday, but it does not seem the same to me."

All the evening long Nell waged war with herself. At bed-time she brought her cricket to her mother's feet.
"O mother, I'm ashamed, ever and ever so ashamed of myself, but I do want a real pretty dress so much. It's a long time since I have had a new one, you know, and it is so hard not to have things like other girls."
"I know, dear; but cannot you give it up for Christ's sake?"

"I think that I could, mamma, for Him, selfish as I am, but this is only for a mill girl."

"And yet, Nell, He has promised to accept anything, even a cup of cold water to the humblest, as done for Him."

Nell hid her face in her mother's lap.
"I—will do my part towards having Jennie come," she said quickly after a long silence. "But what room will she have?"
"The hall chamber, perhaps," replied her mother.

"I do not more than, but on her way up-stairs she opened the door and looked in. It was not a large room, and very plainly furnished, but it was scrupulously neat.
"It is probably a great deal pleasanter than any room she has ever had," she said as she shut the door.

Then she went on to her own room, the

large front one. There was a difference; not that hers was expensively furnished, but that it was full of the dainty belongings that girls are apt to gather about themselves. How would Jennie like it?

"But I cannot have her here. It is enough to give up my trimming. I certainly am not called upon to share my room with her. Dear me, I wonder what will suggest itself next? I—suppose, too, that if I had always had a little 6 x 9 room, with nothing but a bedstead and chair in it, I should like a pretty room once. And I don't suppose she ever went away like other girls in her life. She's like that poor little Glory McWhirk: 'There's lot's of good times in the world, but she ain't in 'em.' I suppose—that I might make one for her—for Christ's sake."

"I believe, mamma," said Nell the next morning, "that I will take Jennie into my room with me; it will make less work, and perhaps she will enjoy it."

Mrs. Weston's only reply was a loving pressure of the hand, but Nell knew that she understood.

Two days after, Jennie came. Nell found her there when she came home at night, and somehow plush trimmings seemed very trifling affairs when she noticed how thin and pale Jennie was. So it was with genuine cordiality that she greeted her.

"I am ever so glad to see you. I hope that you will enjoy yourself here," she said heartily.

"It rests me all over just to have it still," replied Jennie wearily.

"And to think that I could hesitate a single minute about having her come," thought Nell reproachfully to herself.
"But, O dear, what shall I do to-night? How can I read and kneel down before her? I wonder if I couldn't go up-stairs first. I'm sure the Bible says that we ought to pray in secret."

All the evening as she played and sang her sweetest in the dusk, and later when she read aloud to her mother and Jennie, Nell was wondering what she should do.

"Mother will have prayers downstairs. I don't think that it is necessary for me to feel obliged to pray before her. I should be thinking of her, and not pray as I ought. I had better go by myself in the hall chamber."

But somehow Nell did not feel at all satisfied with this reasoning.

Perhaps her mother mistrusted how she was feeling. At any rate she chose for the evening reading a portion of the tenth chapter of Matthew, and Nell fancied there was a peculiar emphasis on the verse: "And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me." She did not hear much of her mother's prayer, for her heart was going out in her own behalf.

"I do want to be good and helpful and worthy of Thee," she prayed, "but I am so selfish. Help me to overcome, to be kind and helpful to this poor girl, for Christ's sake."

If it had cost Nell a struggle to decide to share her room with Jennie, she felt that she was rewarded for it by her unmistakable pleasure.

"Mrs. Potts' will be horrid than ever," she said with a little sigh. "I suppose you've been visiting lots of times, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Nell laughing; "and you wouldn't think that my room was anything, if you could see Grace Palmer's; it is ever and ever so much nicer than mine."

"I don't see how it can be," replied Jennie incredulously. "And I never went nowhere before in my life. I wish—I was fine and nice like you, and could play and sing; but I haint had no chance to learn nothing. Your mother's awful good, ain't she?"

"O God, forgive me!" prayed Nell, as she knelt by the bedside, "for not being half grateful enough for my mother and home, and help me to be as good as I ought to be with all I have to help me!"

CHAPTER III.

"How easy is the thought, in certain moods, of the loveliest, most unselfish devotion? How hard is the doing of the thought in the face of a thousand unlovely difficulties."—Macdonald.

I do not know just how it came about, but some way, in the course of a few days, Nell, who in her humble gratitude had felt so pitifully patient, began to weary of her well-doing.

Jennie was not particularly interesting. She was, at times, very trying, and furthermore, she showed a decided objection to

Nell's rather summary efforts in her behalf, which that young lady resented.

"I really do think, mamma, that there is no earthly use in trying to do anything with her. Now to-night I found her reading a real trashy novel. I tried to get her to read history with me; she could learn considerable while she is here. One would think at my being willing to spend my time, but she didn't. She said she wished to the land's sake I'd tend to my own business and let her alone for a spell. She need not worry; I shall hereafter."

"My dear," said Mrs. Weston gravely and tenderly, "do you ever think how much our Heavenly Father bears from us—how patient and forgiving He is? Cannot we try to be like Him? Have we anything to bear from others compared with what He has with our poor, sinful wandering selves?"

Nell was silent; she did not like to persist in her complaints of Jennie after this, and yet she did feel out of patience with her.

"And then, Nellie," said her mother, "have you done by her just as you would be done by?"

Nell's face flushed. After all she had given up and been willing to do, it was rather hard in mamma to ask that question. "You know," continued Mrs. Weston, "that the shepherds of the Eastern countries do not drive their flocks, but lead them. And, you remember, Paul speaks of becoming all things to all men if thereby he might win some soul. I wonder, sometimes, if we might not be more successful in our efforts to do good if we were more careful, more prayerful about our manner, our way of doing, if we tried to lead persistently instead of driving? Now, for instance, couldn't you have interested Jennie unobtrusively in history, so that she would have finally turned to it?"

"I suppose so; but really, mamma, she ought to want to improve herself, and the book she was reading was trash."

"Granted; but there is more excuse for her reading than there would be for Nell Weston, is there not? And then is she the only one in the world that ought to want to do things that they don't?"

Nell colored again. Mamma did ask such very uncomfortable questions.

"He knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust," said Mrs. Weston. "Just think what a comfort that is! 'He knoweth our frame,' how weak and sinful and tempted it is, and He remembereth patiently, lovingly and forgivingly that we are dust. Cannot we bear patiently with one another, Nellie?"

Nell really meant to be more patient and helpful, but a troublesome toothache kept her awake most of the night. The next day was Saturday, and she always thought that the worst day in the week, she so hated working in the little hot kitchen all the morning.

Then to-day everything went wrong, as everything will sometimes. The fire would not draw, and her cake, which at first promised well, went provokingly to the bottom of the pan. Jennie broke the handle off her pretty blue cup in washing it, and Teddy, under foot as usual, in some unaccountable way upset the custard she was carrying to the pantry to cool.

Nell's patience gave out completely then. Putting down the almost empty bowl, she marched poor frightened little Teddy out of the kitchen in a twinkling.

"There!" she said sharply. Will you keep out from under my feet? You are nothing but an everlasting bother. Don't you step your foot into this kitchen again to-day?"

Then she went back and prepared to make another custard, paying not the least attention to Teddy's howls. Indeed, she rather enjoyed hearing him; she was too tired and had not time to cry for herself, and he certainly made noise enough for both.
Jennie sniffed contentedly and significantly as Nell went back and forth from the pantry to the stove.

"I s'pose you think you're powerful good," she said at last, "but I ain't no cross-er'n you be, if I don't do quite so much preaching to other folks."

Nell vouchsafed no answer to this remark. Teddy, finding that he made no impression, picked himself up and went in search of a more sympathetic audience.

Nell, coming in presently to set the table for dinner, overheard him relating his tale of woe to Margie.