



A TIGHT FIT—From a Painting by A. J. Elsley.

so still. I listened, and could hear a low sobbing from the next room. I arose and crept to the door. There on the big lounge was my boy, and kneeling by him was his mother, and bending over him was old Dr. Moore. I was too frightened to speak, but I heard distinctly every word that was said.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" It was my wife's voice; oh, how I listened to catch the answer. It came at last—"I can do nothing more. He is in God's hands." Just then Johnny opened his eyes. "Mamma, oh, mamma," he cried, "I did try to take care of him, but it was so cold, so awful cold, and the sleet blinded me. I just knew he'd freeze lying there so white and still; and so I took off my overcoat and spread that over him with the blankets, but oh, it was so cold, and the wind blew right through me, and it seemed as if we'd never get home, but I held on to the horses, and oh, mamma, I'm so glad we're here at last."

"The voice stopped. I never stirred. The doctor put his hands on my boy's heart; it was, still beating. His mother cried out in a perfect agony of grief, "Oh, Johnnie, darling, speak to mamma!" A great wave of joy came over the little face that had been so full of pain. "Oh, mamma, it's all so light, so warm, so beautiful, and Jesus is here. Papa, papa, papa—" Not another word—he was dead."

The old man's voice broke down, and sobs were heard all over the room. Little Johnnie crept into his lap and put his arm around his neck and kissed him, saying softly, "Poor grandpa, poor grandpa."

John Adams at last began again: "I can't tell you all about it, just how my boy gave his fresh young life, every bit of it, to save his miserable, drunken father; but this I must tell you. Twenty-five years ago to-day I knelt by my boy's dead body and signed the pledge. A silver wedding to-day? Yes, friends, twenty-five years ago to-day I gave my heart and my hand to the temperance cause, and I've been kept, kept safe.

"But children and friends and neighbors, I asked you to come to-

day because I saw there were some of you standing just where I stood twenty-five years ago, drinking an occasional glass, thinking you're strong enough to do it without any harm—too proud, some of you, to be persuaded to stop altogether, too proud to sign the pledge. But I want to ask you, in my boy's name, to sign the pledge to-night. My boy's life isn't the only life that has been sacrificed. The world is filled with sorrows even greater than mine. Strong drink is an accursed thing; the liquor traffic is an accursed traffic, and its shadow is over all of our lives. The shadows deepen as the years go by, and it will be utter darkness unless we emerge from the shadow into the light of God. Oh, friends, let this anniversary be the beginning of a stronger, truer life to every one of you, and then unflinchingly we may work for the redemption of the world.—"Union Signal."

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

(By L. Dougall, author of 'Beggars All,' etc., in 'City Sparrows.')

(Concluded.)

When we could climb to the pond, all the snow was gone and the ground was dry. It was time then to go further to the place of graves where lay our dead. They were in a sense ours, those people who lay under the tombs that we knew so well—little people and big, you could tell which by the size of the grave; brothers, sisters, grandparents. What were they now? In what sense were they here? Did they sit on the stones unseen by us, and see us when we two came to look solemnly at them? The fairy who always told us something about frogs and birds and flowers—strange tales the fairy told—had no word to say here—she was dumb. We too were dumb, except that once Willie said that he thought a 'soul' was something like his mother's silk parasol when the sun shone on it, and I was quite sure that it was like a spiral of gold wire with thistle-down inside. But the people who sat upon the graves were not like this; they were like real people, but light as

air, so that even if you could see them, you could put your hand through them as through a sunbeam full of dancing motes. Our dead were not shades to us; they were shining lights.

When the trees came into full leaf the brook that ran out of the pond had ceased to roar and plunge, and all its banks were dry. Then for many a long summer day there was sailing of boats in a deep pool that it made where it tarried a while under a rock not far from home. Here, too, the fairy had a dwelling, and mingled with the fairy's lore of natural things was all the other lore which had found its way into our little curly pates. This pool we called the Sea of Argo; Jason set sail upon it to seek the golden fleece. Behind it lay the Hill Difficulty and the Valley of Humiliation. The rocks at the mouth of this deep green pool were expected to dash together and crush any boat that escaped there; they were called Scylla and Charybdis, but we sometimes got confused and call them Priscilla and Aquila; we always thought that they had something to do with St. Paul. Ur of the Chaldees was a meadow through which the stream passed. One day Willie jumped upon a stone in the middle of the stream; it was a daring leap, but he could not return. The one yellow curl upon the top of his head looked very forlorn, and there were almost tears in his blue eyes. We both said our prayers, and he got off safely. Another time it was the fairy who performed a miracle for us: Willie put his leg up to the knee in the water, and yet it was not wet. I cannot explain this, but I remember it clearly.

When the stream ran almost dry, and August had come, we went back to the big old garden and climbed about, day after day, in the old apple trees. None so high that we could not climb them. We could swing with our hands from the high branches; it was a feat to drop to the ground, but quite easy to swing yourself up again by climbing the branch with both feet. The apples ripened—one by one at first, then by hundreds. How many apples can you eat when you are not yet four feet high? No one else counted how many we ate, and I think our scanty arithmetic could not have added up so many times, "one and one"; yet I am sure we were not ill, or we could not have climbed like monkeys and played our gay games of imagination all day long.

It was after that the leaves of the maple forest on the mountain turned red and yellow. We used to be taken up the hill to see the sunset upon the gorgeous woodland. That was a great sight. Have you seen beds of tulips, red and yellow, pink and brown? If you can think of great trees with all their leaves the color of tulips, and the sun shining upon them, if you can think of the hills and plain of a big island clothed with such trees, and of a river lying round the island like a broad blue sea, then you may fancy you know what we saw when our elders took us up the hill to see the sunset light upon the pageant of autumn leaves.

The bright leaves soon fell, making a brown rustling carpet everywhere, and then the snow came, effacing all paths and covering the fairy's hole, the stream and the tombs.

A little boy and girl may not play alone upon that hill now. It has been sold for money, and turned into what they called a 'park.' They have blasted the rock where the fairy lived to make a carriage road, and turned the stream into drinking troughs and fountains. The people who go there drive in fine coaches, and some of them try who can have the finest coach and wear the best clothes.

The place of graves only is left unmolested, and Willie lies there.

As for me, I know that somewhere in the great storehouse where God keeps the real things, He has stored away the hill as it used to be in its

wilderness of flowering weeds, and the wandering thoughts of the little boy and girl, and the prayers we used to pray when we were in trouble, and the fairy.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

A SERIES OF LESSONS FOR BANDS OF HOPE, ETC.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham.)

LESSON XXXVII.—The Pledge.

1. What have you learned about alcohol, tobacco and opium?

That they are all poisons, and always poisons, and that the only safe way is to let them entirely alone.

2. What would be a good thing to do in regard to these things?

To sign a promise that we will not use them.

3. What do you call such a promise? We call it the total abstinence pledge.

4. Why should we sign such a pledge?

For our own sake, for others' sake, and for the Lord Jesus's sake.

5. Why for our own sake?

Because total abstinence is right, and because the pledge makes us stronger to abstain.

6. Why for others' sake?

Because we may by our example help some one else to total abstinence, and it is always our duty to help others to do right.

7. Why for Jesus's sake?

Because He has bidden us to keep ourselves pure and to help others.

8. What does the Bible say about keeping ourselves pure?

That the body is God's temple, and him who defiles this temple God will destroy.

9. What did Jesus say about helping others?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

10. What shall we pledge ourselves not to use?

First, anything that contains alcohol.

11. Does that mean beer and cider?

Yes. Both of them, and wine, contain alcohol and cannot safely be used.

12. What else shall we not use?

Tobacco, which is a most filthy and injurious thing.

13. What other evil habit are boys and girls tempted to form?

The habit of profane or indecent language or indecent acts.

14. What does God say about profanity?

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

15. What does Jesus say about being pure?

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

16. What does this mean?

It means that we must not say a bad word, think a bad thought, or do an impure deed.

17. How can we avoid doing these things?

By keeping our thoughts full of what is sweet and clean. Weeds and flowers can never grow in the same place at the same time.

18. What is the triple pledge?

A promise not to use alcohol, tobacco nor profane or bad words or deeds.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

This lesson should be taught very carefully, impressing the solemn importance of the pledge. Try to present as strongly as possible total abstinence as God's plan and every child's duty. And at the close, after a brief, earnest prayer, which the children should repeat, sentence by sentence, after their teacher, the pledge may be taken. It should be recognized as a solemn promise given to God Himself. Each child should have his pledge card to carry always in his pocket; but the names and addresses of all should be carefully taken in a special book, ready for reference at all times, that the children may be visited and guarded in all love, for Christ's sake.