

mind, when one evening there came a young lad bringing an urgent request from a dying woman that she would go to see her without delay.

'Who is she? Where does she live? What can she want with me?' were her rapid inquiries.

'We call her "Mother Moll." I doesn't know her right name. She wor a bad 'un once, they say, but that wor afore my time,' answered the lad. 'She wor a good 'un to me, I knows,' he continued with a dash at his eyes with his ragged cuff; 'picked me ont of the gutter, she did, an' has kept me ivver since. You'd better come quick, for the doctor chap says as she can't last much longer, and she just won't die till she's seed ye. She said as how you'd be off duty now, and could start back wi' me.'

'I can, and will. But it's odd that she should know my off-times. Has she—has she ever been here, do you think?'

'Like enough—I don't know, and I don't care. She's downright good now, I tell yer. She's a hangel, she is. But, oh, please come quick!'

In a few minutes the two were walking at a sharp pace to that same squalid street where, ten years before, a policeman had carried a drunken, sinful woman to the lock-up, and it was to her bedside that the lad now conducted his companion.

A broken, shrunken being she was, and so changed from the brutish object of the past, that Mrs. W— did not recognize her until a smile like sunshine broke over the worn face, and taking her two hands in her feeble clasp, the dying woman said, with tears:

'Don't you remember me? I'm Mary Brown, that got three months for hurtin' a lad badly long ago.'

'Mary Brown? Oh, yes, I do recollect you now—but how changed—how blessedly changed! Who or what has done it?'

'You—you put that hymn-book on the shelf—an' I read about him—an' his voice seemed allus callin', callin' day an' night, "Come unto me; come unto me;" an' before my time was up I made a promise to myself that neither drink, nor worse things even than that (for I've been bad, honey; oh! worse than such as you can even understand) should hinder me from goin' to him, since he'd have me; but I couldn't say a word; it was all so new an' strange; for all bad ways seemed hateful, an' I didn't know what it meant; but when the old lot came round me again, expectin' things to go on as they had seen em' afore, I told 'em all that I'd found a new life, an' never, never could go back to what had been, not if they killed me for it! There was a good deal to suffer for a long time—taunts, an' blows, an' hunger; but at last they let me be; an' I got bits of honest work when I could, starvin' when I couldn't; an' now an' then a chance came of helpin' one an' another worse off than myself; an' ladies from mission halls came to me talkin' so sweet about him; but oh, honey, it was you, you as I've got to thank for all!'

'Not me—not me,' said the good warder, scarcely able to speak in her wonder and thankfulness.

With a last expiring effort Moll gasped out:

'I know—I know it was all his doin'—but 'twas you that put the hymn—Then she died.'

These events took place some years ago; poor Moll and her earthly saviour are now probably standing side by side.

'For the ways of men are narrow, but the gates of heaven are wide.'

Drink had been the beginning and end of

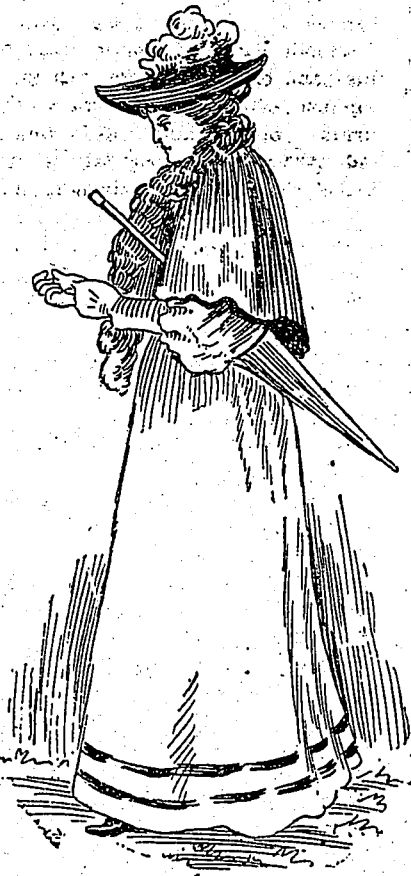
her miserable career; and it was only during the enforced sobriety of her imprisonment that the good seed could find lodgment in her heart, for no one ever heard of man or woman turning from their evil ways when actually dazed by drink. To give them a chance of recovery we must at least restore to them the control of their faculties; and for this end what agency can compare with the power of the temperance pledge?—Scottish Temperance League Monthly Pictorial Tract.

Good Looks and Dress.

A TALK TO GIRLS.

(*'Silver Link.'*)

When I was a young girl I was constantly warned that looks were a snare, and enjoined to keep away from the mirror, vanity being discerned by my mentors in the act of gazing at one's face in the glass. My dear mother, who had been a beauty in her youth, told me that her people had so impressed upon her mind the fact that her lovely dark red hair was a thing to deplore, that for years she never even looked in a mirror if she could possibly help it, though against this opinion might have been set the testimony of some of her contemporaries that she was 'like a rose in June.' Indeed, to the latest day of her long life this dear lady was as fair a picture as one could see, perhaps the sweeter that she was always persuaded in



her own mind that she was not particularly comely. But no one else shared her belief.

Now, girls, as this is to be a little confidential talk among ourselves, I am going to admit to you that I am not in sympathy with the old-fashioned notions. I believe in a proper regard for looks, and in placing the right estimate upon them. Handsome is that handsome does, of course. But nevertheless, there is a perfectly legitimate way of caring for one's appearance, and there is no especial virtue in going about in a careless, heedless fashion which offends the eyes and taste of others.

By right of youth, every girl has a certain beauty all her own. The years as they come bring gifts in their hands to young people in the teens and the twenties. But to keep those gifts you must take pains to

preserve intact that inheritance of health which is your capital stock for life. Sometimes we are foolishly wasteful of this capital in youth, and we lose it; or impair it, or use up its reserves, and the train of headache, neuralgia, and other baleful ills which follow in the wake of our mistakes, is the penalty of our sinful improvidence. I will illustrate my meaning by an incident which came to my knowledge this week.

'What is the matter,' I asked, 'with Constance? She looks so fagged and worn-out; there are hollows in her cheeks and great shadows under her eyes, and she seems either to be on the verge of an illness, or else she has been ill and is not getting well fast enough.'

'Constance,' said the friend of whom I enquired, 'is burning her candle at both ends. She works hard in her office all day. Then, in the evening she is tired, so she goes to her room, throws herself down, and sleeps till ten o'clock, and then she gets up and writes at her desk until two or three o'clock. I suppose you have done the same thing, haven't you?'

'Never in my whole life!' I answered indignantly. 'I have always taken the day for labor and the night for rest. And Constance will kill herself if this goes on. It will simply have to be stopped!'

A little thought will convince any young girl that she must sleep in the blessed darkness of the night. You want long, quiet sleep by night, hours of it, coming after your bible verses and your evening prayer.

Besides sleep, in the interest of health and good looks, you also need bathing. A daily morning bath, either tepid or cold, as you prefer, tones your nerves, and gives you a splendid start for the day. Never think you have not time for this. It does not require much time, and it pays in the glow it leaves in the skin, and the dancing vitality of the blood.

Be very tidy in matters of dress. A girl reveals her character in the way she dresses, and loose or missing buttons on her shoes; rough and neglected hair, teeth which show signs of unwholesome decay, soiled and ripped gloves, and dress which is tawdry and pretentious, are indices which observant people read to the girl's detriment. Be tidy. A girl should be trim, neat, compact, and if in business, dressed for service. Don't go trailing through dusty and muddy streets in long dresses, which are appropriate for the drawing-room, but out of place in a shop or office. Don't even let your dresses touch the street by as much as the rim of their outermost hem.

In the interest of good looks and of health I want to counsel you against a subtle temptation, which walks into your house in the guise of an angel of light, and is a veritable demoniac agent before you are done with it, if once you fall into its clutches. Do not tamper with drugs. Take no medicine unless a physician tells you to do so, and writes the formula for you over his signature.

Short Sermons By Deacon Short.

Too many church members want the little end of every church burden, if they lift at all.

The man who does his whole duty in the church has little time left to complain about others.

Many a man who refuses his wife the real comforts of life, will put a costly stone over her grave.

If pastors could declare cash dividends at every prayer meeting, what crowds would be on hand!

The person to whom religion is sad and doleful, must have gotten it from some other book than the bible.

Some people are so satisfied that the pastor will say just the right thing that they sleep through most of the sermon.—*'Michigan Advocate.'*