

one by one; the old woman by the junipers saw them go out, and she saw, too, by the moonlight, a thin hand clatching the iron bars of the smoke-house window, and trying to shake them vainly. She knew that her poor Jem had climbed up by his cot to see if there was any way out of his prison, and had found his attempt hopeless. Now all the lights were out but the one that burned in the sitting-room—a long silence, it must be half-past two, and all in the dwelling must be asleep. The watcher rose, and going to the window of that one lighted room, peeped in. She turned the slats in the blind, a very little to do so. She saw Philippa sitting by the table, her chin resting on her hand—the big book open near her must be the Bible. The old woman looked at her steadily for a little while, then put a long, skinny finger through the shutter, and tapped on the window-pane with her nail. At the sound Philippa lifted her head and listened; Mrs. Cope tapped once more. Philippa drew near to the window, and saw the withered finger against the glass. There was no cowardice in this girl; she raised the window a little, then a voice whispered through it:

"Oh, Miss, Miss, I'm the mother of that poor wretched boy who tried to harm you all."

"Mrs. Cope, is this you? Why are you here?"

"Oh, Miss, you don't yet know a mother's heart; I'm here 'cause he, my poor boy, my only boy—is there."

Philippa perceived that the old woman's voice trembled, and her teeth chattered with cold. She said:

"You are chilled through, Mrs. Cope; go to the door and I will let you in."

So she gave the old woman a chair at the hearth, and stirred up the fire. A little tea-kettle was humming on the hob, and Philippa put some ginger and sugar in a bowl, and poured hot water on them, and made the old creature drink this tea and eat a piece of bread from the closet which was near the fire-place.

"Oh, Miss," said the old woman, "my poor boy's beside himself, and has done a dreadful thing. He never would have done it but he has been drinking. Miss, he never was very strong, but he was a good boy to me, and gave me all he earned; and when he got hurt in the bank two years ago, he first never did a thing for him; cast him out like an old shoe; and Mr. Cortin, he set him up in the store, and it's ruining him. Oh, Miss, now he'll go to the State's prison, and I'm old, and I'll never live to see his term out—and I'll die alone, and none of my own kin to close my eyes. Oh, Miss, he's all in the world I have, all that is left for me to love, the only one who loves me."

This was desolation indeed, and Philippa burst into tears.

"Miss, dear!" pleaded the poor distracted mother, "if he could only get out, he should never trouble any one here more—he should never keep a liquor-store more. Oh, Miss, he is young, and was hard put to it; and I've been an ignorant mother; I take the fault for myself. Oh, Miss, pity me!"

"I do, I do," said Philippa; "but what can I do?"

"Oh, Miss, if you pleased but set him free!"

"I dare not. I should be committing a crime. He has committed a great sin, and justice demands penalty."

"Oh, my lady, it's mercy I'm after, not justice."

The poor old creature fell on her knees, and clasped her arms about Philippa.

"Miss, have mercy upon me! My son is sickly; whatever he is, he loves me and his home. Oh, if he is shut in the Penitentiary for years, treated cruel, maybe, he'll die alone, with no mother to give him a last kiss; and I shall die alone, without a child to close my eyes. Miss, dear Miss, do let him out."

"Oh, Mrs. Cope, but he has been guilty of such a crime."

"I know it all, Miss; but he's my only boy, and I'm his mother."

Such a trembling agony seized the old woman, that Philippa feared she would fall dead on the floor. In the intensity of her pity, Philippa looked toward the table. There, beside the Bible, lay a great key, with a stick tied to the handle. Mrs. Cope followed Philippa's glance, and she too, saw the key. Her clasping arms loosened; she rose slowly from the floor. Philippa turned away; sat down by the fire, and hid her

face in her hands. She heard the door close. Then, after a little time, the door opened, a step was in the room, and then was gone, and once more the door was softly shut. The key lay on the table by the Bible.

Philippa locked the front door, drew her chair near the fire, and wrapped in her big shawl, fell asleep. The ringing of the bell for breakfast roused her.

As they ate, a waggon came up, with three men in it, come to take Jem Cope to the county seat.

Raphe Wade, with a sigh, went into the sitting-room, and got the big key from the table.

He came back soon, with the men, all amaze.

"Sister Philippa, did you leave the sitting-room last night?"

"No," replied Philippa, quietly.

"What time did you fall asleep?"

"Somewhere after three."

"Well," said Raphe Wade, "the key was exactly where I put it."

"Boss, shall we search the hills?" asked the men.

"Do as you like," replied the superintendent.

"What do you like?" urged the men.

"Well," said Mr. Wade, reluctantly, "it was a great crime that he tried to commit, and might have had terrible consequences; but we escaped; and he is very young, and the only son—"

"Of his mother; and she is a widow," quoted Brown.

And some breath of the compassion that sanctified the air of Nain, floated to them, carried on those words down the centuries, and over great distances; and the men also sighed, and went back to their work. Perhaps they had condoned a felony, but they were unlearned in such matters, and felt sure that Jem Cope had had quite enough of arson.

Mr. Cortin put another man in his liquor-store, and warned Mrs. Cope out of the little house which she occupied. This was the way in which he "stood by Jem," as he had promised. But then the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

As for Jem, he had disappeared.

The new keeper of the "Free-and-Easy" found it hard to make a living, but other people seemed to thrive at Bambeck. The village looked thrifty; the Works were extended; new hands were hired; ten new houses were built, filling up all the space the Company owned, and some one opened a little store, "dry-goods, notions, hardware, and groceries," a little of everything, a great deal of nothing!

Mrs. Cope took a tiny house, a mere cabin, at the foot of the hill; she went out nursing and working in the village, and seemed hard put to it to get along. Many a basket of provisions did she get from Philippa, who was her staunch protectress.

One stormy March day, just on the edge of the evening, old Mrs. Cope came to the Cottage for Philippa.

"Miss, I want to speak to you privately. Come out beyond the wood-shed. Walls have ears."

Philippa put on her cloak, and followed the old woman.

"Miss, I want to trust to ye a secret; it is not to be told to a living soul. It's no at secret to harm any one, Miss."

"Then I will keep it," said Philippa.

"Miss, do you understand anything of doctoring?"

"Yes, something," said Philippa, who had such a talent for nursing and dosing, that her friends called her the "Family Doctor."

"Well, Miss, dear, it's my Jem. I've kept him hid on the hills in a bit cabin all winter. Sometimes coming to stop with me a little, after the searching died out. And, Miss, he has got that low and ill, I make sure he is like to die. And he's beyond my help, poor dear, and no doctor within miles, and me afeared to call one, if there were, lest some enemy should take leave to prosecute him. Miss, he's never drank one drop since that night. And he's mortal shamed and heart-broke. When I says I was coming to speak with you, says he, 'Mother, let me die like I deserve; don't be calling on them as I treated that shameful!'"

"I will go and see him," said Philippa.

"And, Miss, you won't tell e'er a soul, for he's nervous and fearsome."

"No, I will keep your secret," said Philippa.

Philippa must have merited her title of a "Family Doctor," for though, when she

first visited him, Jem Cope was a miserable skeleton, seemingly with death on his face, by May he was once more in tolerably good health.

Philippa got orders for knitting-work from the city for Mrs. Cope, and it seemed wonderful what quantities of knitting that old woman did. But truth was, that sitting behind a screen in her cabin, was a young man who knit twelve hours in a day, faster than her rheumatic old hands could ply the needles; so there were two at the work.

By June it was seen that there was pressing need of a church at Bambeck. But there was no money, and no land.

Said Philippa: "I shall ask Mr. Cortin for land."

"You might as well ask a stone wall," said Raphe, "he would not even sell it for that at that price."

"There is no other land-owner, and he must be asked. Come, aunt Grace, we will go together!"

Behold these two women asking old "Atheist Cortin" for land to build a church on. He fairly glared at them.

"I'd sooner lose every cent I own! Why did you come to me? You knew I wouldn't bearken to you!"

"Sir, there was nowhere else to go, and we must have the land," said Philippa.

"Well, you won't if you must! Asking me! The idea; it is the maddest piece of absurdity I ever heard of!"

"Not at all," said Philippa, firmly.

"Since we really must have the land, and the Lord has led us on to the point where land is indispensable, then I know that he means us to have it, and will give it to us. But the Lord works by the use of means, and the means are to ask you for it."

"I'll soon show you clearly, Miss, that the Lord has nothing to do with my affairs. The land is old Job Cortin's, and you can't get it out of me. I've shut down my will on it like bars of brass. You shall NEVER have my land!"

"Yes, I think we will," said the dauntless Philippa, "all hearts of men are in the Lord's hand, and like rivers of water, He turns them whithersoever he will."

"He can't turn mine," said old Cortin, "and I don't want you, Miss, to stand here longer talking."

As old Cortin thus defied God, a brave light of faith shone in Philippa's eyes.

"Come, aunt Grace," she said. "Good-day, Mr. Cortin, but you will let me have that land, and I'll come to help sign the papers whenever you are ready."

Now, by what processes God worked who shall say!

The mission in Bambeck moved steadily on until the last of August, Philippa sure that her church was coming, for now ten men were waiting to unite with it, and the Temperance Society was forty-six strong.

Philippa was sitting alone by the table one August evening, preparing a Bible-class lesson, when in stalked old Cortin. He flung two long envelopes on the table before her.

"Something's got the better of me!" and out he walked.

Philippa opened the envelopes.

One was a deed for a quarter of an acre of land, just where it was wanted, for a church.

The other was a cheque for twenty-five hundred dollars to build the church.

Then they arose and began to build.

In October the keeper of the "Free-and-Easy" informed Mr. Cortin that his stores were about exhausted; that it was impossible to make a living by grog-selling in Bambeck.

"Clear out then," said old Cortin.

A fortnight later Raphe Wade met Mr. Cortin in the street.

"Wade," said Cortin, pleasantly, "would you like to have the 'Free-and-Easy' for a school-house? I'll give it to you, rent free, if you can find a man to teach there. I always believed in the three great R's."

Raphe Wade wasted no time; he raised funds among his friends, and got one of those self-denying Christian workers, of whom a few remain even in this age, who was ready to come and teach the school and shepherd the little church at Bambeck Bank.

On the tenth of December that church was dedicated; it's entire building and furnishing expenses covered by the *Atheist's* contribution. The workmen at the Bank buying an organ, and the Company a Horn.

Over the door of the church is this inscription:

Asked of God, June 16th, 187—  
Received from God, Dec. 10th, 187—

The next spring, a pale, lame young man, a zealous member of this church, might have been seen clerking in the office at the Works. He is one of the warmest friends the Wade family could desire; but once he tried to burn their house!

"This is a great work," said a young pastor from the city, who seemed fond of coming to Bambeck, and who was speaking to Philippa; "how did you undertake it?"

"I did not undertake it," replied Philippa, "it just sprung up, step by step, as I went on in a way where God seemed to have hedged me in."

"Well," said the minister "I think some of the best work of the time has been done in just that way, merely doing the duty of the hour, neither looking forward nor backward, but doing what God set before us."

THE END.

### BOYS AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.  
(National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON VIII.—ALCOHOL AND THE HUMAN STOMACH.—Continued.

What is the color of the stomach in its natural condition?

The color of the stomach in its natural condition is like that of the blush on the cheek of a person in perfect health.

What constitutes the inner coating of the stomach?

The inner coating of the stomach is a delicate and highly sensitive membrane.

What gives it its sensitiveness and color? Its sensitiveness and color are caused by the presence of innumerable nerves and minute blood-vessels, which penetrate and interlace it completely.

How does the frequent use of a small quantity of alcohol affect the color and character of the stomach?

The frequent use of a small quantity of alcohol irritates the nerves, and causes the minute blood-vessels to become more distended and distinct.

Suppose the amount taken into the stomach is increased, what then is the effect?

Usually inflammation follows irritation, the stomach turns to a dark-red color, the blood-vessels are greatly enlarged, and there are both soreness and pain, with other sensations that cannot be described.

Suppose the drinking habit becomes fixed, and alcohol in considerable quantities is always found in the stomach, what is its condition?

The color of the stomach becomes a dark red; its surface is roughened; and ulceration is frequently caused.

Why is the stomach thus roughened or wrinkled?

Because alcohol has much the effect upon it that tanning has on animal skins.

And what is the end of this?

The poison thus unites the membrane for its digestive work, and, ceasing entirely to perform its office, death ensues.

### FLANNELS.

No one who has a reasonable claim to intelligence and personal neatness will wear the same flannels at night that are worn by day. The body is either throwing off the waste semi-purified, poisonous matters of the

decaying tissues, more than one-half of all taken as food and drink passing off through seven millions of pores, which act as sewers. These poisons appear on the surface as sensible perspiration, or are passing so imperceptibly as not to be seen, in the latter form particularly when warm in bed.

They become lodged on the skin, or in the meshes of the clothing, and will become absorbed if not removed. Hence the necessity for a regular wash or cleansing of the whole surface daily, in the warm weather more especially, while the use of the crash towel or the flesh-brush may well be substituted in the cold weather.

The flesh-brush is excellent in the winter, as a means of cleanliness and for the circulation of the blood, one half of which should be kept in the small vessels of the skin. If not thus kept, the extremities, particularly the feet, will be too cold for comfort and health, since no one can be really healthy who uniformly has cold feet and a hot head.

A bath may be injudicious in cold weather, but not the use of the brush.—Selected.