

An Incident in Paris,

Connected with Miss Leigh's Mission Home.

It haunted me for a week and more, In the Paris streets with their roar and whirl;

It will haunt me now till my day is o'er, The home-like face of that English girl. Had I ever seen her before that night?— Have I never seen her on earth but once? So many come to me in sorrowful plight;— But she was a lady you saw at a glance.

Times were bad in our *Quartier* quarter, And we had to open a kitchen there For those who had nothing to buy with or barter;

But what brought her to our pauper fare? She came with the rest, but not like them, Pushing to get her a foremost place, But timid as she who touched the hem Of His robe unseen, for its healing grace.

Surely I knew that face before;— Or was it only our English style, Seen at rural church, or on ball-room floor, And everywhere seen like a sunny smile? I must speak to her and I must find out How she came to be in our *Quartier*; then One plucked my gown, and I turned about To a group of chattering, bearded men.

When I shook them off, and looked again, For the home-like look of that English face, I searched each group, but I searched in vain;

And the light seemed gone from the sunless place. "Had any one seen when she went away?— Could any one tell me what was her name?"

No; they noted nothing, had nought to say, Except of the hunger that gnawed in them.

I said next week she will surely come;— And all through its days she haunted me, As I wandered about in street and slum, 'Mid the sorrowful sights that were there to see.

But next week came, and they came in scores, Pushing and chattering, eager-eyed, And I stood and watched by the opening doors;

But she was not there, and my whole heart died.

I know not why, but I felt at once Something had happened I should regret, Something had lost me a God-given chance, And I never could pay to that soul my debt.

Oh, sweet pale face, that came over me Like a letter straight from an English home,

Or a breath from an English clover leaf, Where now do thy wistful glances roam?

I stood up before them, described her look, Her shrinking manner, her scanty clothes; Did any one know her? Then some one took

Courage to say, it must be "Miss Rose" Yes; she had seen her going about:

No; she knew nothing about her more, But thought, perhaps, that she could find out

Her room from the woman that kept the door.

That night, for I could not rest nor sleep Till I knew the truth, I was at the place. The concierge said, "Mon Dieu! I weep

When I think of that girl with the kindly face She comes not down one day last week, Nor next, nor again, and I wonder why. Was she out of work? Was she, maybe, sick?

But we let another two days go by.

"Then, yes, the police, they break open the door;

Ah! she is dead in her cold little room, Four days lying there on the floor, And they carry her off to the pauper's tomb:

Just some rough boards like a packing-case, Then a hole where they heap up many dead;

But the *Don Dieu* searches the horrible place, And he knows where His own little ones are laid."

The patent has been obtained in America for the manufacture of water-proof paper. It will be no uncommon thing, by-and-by, to carry a quart of milk home in a bag.

Ten Thousand Dollars.

"GENTLEMEN," said a repentant drinking man, at a temperance meeting held in —, during the Murphy excitement, "gentlemen, it has cost me \$10,000 to bring my nose to its present state of perfection." Ten thousand dollars! And what did he have besides his red nose? An aching and remorseful heart, a pain-racked and diseased body; a home where a miserable woman probably dragged her weary life along in wretched, hopeless apathy, crushed and bowed to the earth by the shame of being a drunkard's wife. "Ten thousand dollars!" wrote the recording angel, and turned in stern sorrow from the page. "Ten thousand dollars!" chuckled the rum-seller; "I am that much richer; am I not a lucky man?" "Ten thousand dollars," whispered a little boy away back in the corner, whose father was killed in a drunken brawl; "\$10,000 would make my mother happy, and I wouldn't have to sell newspapers for a living, and stay out of school when my heart is hungry for books." "Ten thousand dollars!" soliloquized the young man who drank a little; "I can't afford that." And he signed the pledge, though he did not mean to.

The confession was like a spark that sprang into the flame, and rang with vivid tongues of fire through the vast audience. The little boy went forward with the throng with all the manliness of twenty-five. He wrote his name as well as he could, and proudly took his pledge card. When he thought himself unnoticed, he wrote slyly on its back: "Ten thousand dollars saved for mother by not drinking." That was exactly the way he wrote it, so you need not laugh. Maybe his own father had wasted as much over his cups, and now his child had no time to learn to spell. He was busy all day at anything to turn an honest penny, and nights, poor fellow, he was too tired and sleepy to even look at a book.

How do I know what he wrote. In passing out, his precious card was brushed from his hand. He could not go back, for the throng pressed on. It was picked up by the janitor, given to one of the officers in charge, and was next day posted on an immense blackboard, and served as a text for one of the most magnificent lectures of the course. What a lot of wet handkerchiefs there were when the speaker was through! How red the ladies' eyes were—almost as red as the drunkard's nose! And Jimmy—there, I didn't mean to tell one bit of his name—who had stolen back to get his treasured card, and see if he could sell a few books and papers, trembled like a leaf with excitement to think that he was the hero of all that grand talk, and the colour went in and out of his cheeks with just that quiver you have seen in the sky when the northern lights wave and tremble. By-and-by the gentleman called his name, and somebody put him on the platform, and then there was such a stamping and clapping as you never heard of before in your life. And how did it all end? Why, good people interested themselves in the child and its mother, and Jimmy goes to school now, and his mother is matron in a "temperance house;" and some day, if you don't study hard, boys, Jimmy will be at the top of the ladder while you are just beginning to climb. I want you to remember the man—*for* he was a real living man—who said: "It cost

me \$10,000 to bring my nose to its present state of perfection;" and think of the boy, a drunkard's orphan, who resolved to save \$10,000 for his mother "by not drinking," and if you are tempted to drink, see if you cannot make and keep a good resolution.

Keeping his Head Clear.

A NOTED operator in stocks declined on invitation to take a glass of wine. "Why, you used to drink," remarked his friend: "I did when I was in the dry goods business; but since I have gone into Wall street I find that I must keep my head clear, and I can't do it and drink," was the reply.

The following story shows that another great operator has the same opinion, and puts tobacco among the things not to be used:

William H. Vanderbilt was a great smoker in his youth. One day in 1853, as the family was on the way to St. Petersburg, on board the steam yacht "Northern Star," the father and son were walking on deck. The latter was puffing away his afternoon cigar.

"I wish you would give up that smoking habit of yours. I will give you ten thousand dollars if you do," said the commodore, abruptly.

"You need not give me any money, your wish is sufficient," answered the son, throwing the cigar overboard. And he has never smoked since.

The command which Mr. Vanderbilt has always had over himself in matters of this kind is quite remarkable. He was, for example, like his father, very fond of a game of whist, and, like him, considered himself to be one of the best of players.

When he removed to New York and became connected with the Harlem railroad, he used to spend three or four evenings in a week at the Union Club. But he noticed that tobacco smoke and midnight hours interfered with the clearness of his head next morning, and he at once gave up both club and whist.

The same happened to wine. He likes a glass of champagne, but having discovered that his head felt it next day, he never touches wine now, not even at public banquets and dinner parties at his own house. As to spirits, they were out of the question with him.—*Exchange.*

Supplies Cut Off.

WHY should a thing that does so much mischief as intoxicating drink be made at all? Is it not a great sin to permit men to make it by the thousand barrels, and allow others to sell it and tempt people to drink it all over the land?

If some man with a great deal of money, were to start a large establishment for manufacturing poisoned bread, that nobody could eat without being made sick, and that would be sure to kill hundreds every week, would it be right to give such a man permission by law, to go on making as much bread of that sort as he liked, if he only paid in to the Government a large sum of money, every year, for the privilege? Would not every man, woman, and child, cry, "Shame on such conduct!" No matter how many foolish people there might be who were fond of the poisoned bread, would there not be a stern demand that such a murderous establishment be put down by law? Now, such a manufactory as that would

be no worse, nor even as bad, as the distilleries and breweries that are sending out floods of poison, that is killing tens of thousands both body and soul.

There was once a superintendent physician in a lunatic asylum, who had a plan of his own of testing his patients who were recovering, to find out whether they were fit to be discharged from the asylum. He had a good sized water trough supplied with water through a pipe from above, with a stop-cock by which the water could be turned off or on, as was desired.

He brought his patients out to this trough, and asked them, one after another, to empty the water out of the trough. Some of them would seize a pail and begin to bale out the water, not paying any attention to the fact that all the time they were baling out the water with the pail, it was coming in through the pipe above, about as fast as they were throwing it out. These patients he sent back to the asylum, as far from being cured. Others would at once notice the pipe, and would go the very first thing and turn off the supply of water coming in, then they would very soon have the trough empty. These he considered fit to leave the establishment. Now, that is about the way it is with the liquor traffic. As long as the distilleries and breweries are allowed by law to send out liquor in streams into the community, it seems almost like foolishness for temperance people to try to do away with the evils of intemperance. If a few drunkards are reformed, the taverns and saloons are always making plenty more to take their place, and thus the great army of inebriates is kept full, and the horrible iniquity goes on. Let the stream of alcoholic liquors be cut off at its source; let the manufacture of these liquors be branded by law, as it ought to be, as an infamous nuisance; and if men dare to make or sell any more, let them be put in prison, like other criminals, and there will be some chance to empty society of this overflowing curse. Boys and girls, what say you to that? When you grow up, will you not, in the name of the Lord, determine as far as you can help, that this shall be done?—*Rev. J. C. Seymour's Temperance Battle-field.*

Satan's Snares for our Boys.

It is no uncommon sight to see boys ten, twelve, fifteen and seventeen years old, with a little hesitancy, shown by the hasty glance up and down the street, stepping into the saloon. These boys have a desire to see the inside of a saloon. There may be boys who, having seen, are satisfied to turn their feet in another direction, and shun these places forever. These boys perhaps, have received a proper education in regard to alcohol, or they may be boys of marked character for good. But what becomes of those who yield to the temptations the saloons offer them? They meet other good boys and men there—good, in the common acceptance of the term. Having gone to see, they go next to enjoy themselves; to be bad never! Step by step they drift away from their boyish purity, from mother's influence. Some night, with a guilty start, they jump into bed and do not say their usual prayer; they heard such things ridiculed in the saloon that day as babyish. Oh, Satan has set his snares for our boys. They are in our licensed saloons.—*Our Herald.*