



THE MORNING CALL. By C. Burton-Barber.

## GAME WON AND PEACE LOST.

A little boy, about six years old, was, in general, a very good child, and behaved well. He dearly loved his mother, and attended to almost everything she said to him. But even good children and good people may sometimes do wrong, and this little boy did so too. One afternoon after he had been at play he looked very dull and sorrowful. He was asked if he was ill. He said he was not; but he talked very little, and he often sighed. His mother thought something was the matter with him, but she did not say much to him about it. At night he took leave of his dear mother and went to bed.

About an hour after he had been in bed the maid went to her mistress and told her that she was very uneasy about the little boy, for he was very restless; she had heard him often sob; and he wished his mother to come to him, as he could not go to sleep till he had told her something that made him very unhappy. The kind mother went to him; and when she came to his bedside he put his little arms round her neck, burst into tears, and said to her, 'Dear mamma, forgive me! I have been a very naughty boy to-day. I have told a lie, and I have hid it from you. I was playing at marbles with my cousins—I won the game through a mistake, which they did not find out; and I was so much pleased at being the conqueror that I did not tell them of the mistake. I have been very unhappy ever since; and I am afraid to go to sleep, lest that Heavenly Father whom you so often tell me of should be angry with me. You say he knows and sees everything. What shall I do that He may forgive me?' 'My child,' said the mother, 'God is ever ready to forgive those who believe in Christ, who are truly sorry for their faults, and who resolve to amend. We cannot hide anything from Him. He knows when we do wrong, and when we desire to do what is right. He hears our prayers, and He will teach us what we should do. Pray to Him to forgive your fault, and try never to commit the like again, lest you should offend Him more by the second offence than by the first.'—'Great Thoughts.'

## A SWEET VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing which love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls: 'Use your guest voice at home.' Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you in days to come more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is the lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

## SALVATION ARMY AND PROHIBITION.

BY COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

On the question of drink the Salvation Army has only one word to say—Prohibition. It absolutely forbids the use of any intoxicant by any person within its borders (except when prescribed by a physician), and has little sympathy to offer, and less support to give, to any scheme of reform that stops short of absolute annihilation of the traffic.

The Army emphatically denies that the liquor traffic, prostitution, gambling—or any other evils of a vicious character—are in the slightest degree 'necessary,' because 'human nature is so constituted.' Not one of these things is tolerated by the Army

for a moment anywhere. Not a single saloon, brothel, gambling-hell or race-track exists—or ever will exist—in any colony or community established by the Army in any part of the world. And the Army simply laughs (often prudently, and 'in its sleeve,' of course) at those who say that 'people can't be made sober by act of the legislature.' The Army



IN DISGRACE. By C. Burton-Barber.

knows that it does lie within the power of any legislature or authorities to keep liquor out of the territory or city under their jurisdiction, if they are seriously desirous of doing so, and knows with equal positiveness that men and women cannot get drunk on what they are unable to obtain.

There are few communities where the municipality could not, if it chose, annihilate the liquor traffic in one way or another under existing powers. Then let the owners of gambling-houses, pool-rooms, brothels and such places be compelled to close them for the purpose for which they are now used, and a wonderful improvement will be seen in the city in a very short time. This point has received some little consideration here, because such a large proportion of the crime (and misery) of our cities is due to the results of the liquor traffic. Out of every ten cases of destitution and poverty with which we deal at our Food and Shelter depots, seven owe their condition to drink, and it is matter of common knowledge that the records of the police courts more than bear out these figures.

## MORAL SENSE DEADENED.

I was once the guest of a gentleman living in a Western State. It was a charming day, and after dinner he proposed that we should have a drive—he, his wife and I. There came to the door a handsome carry-all, with a very fine pair of horses. The wife and I were on the back seat, and my host, with a cigar in his mouth, was on the front seat to drive. It was a bright, balmy day, and the fields were covered with new-mown hay. 'How delicious is the smell of the hay; the atmosphere is full of its fragrance,' said my host. 'I suppose so,' was my reply, 'but we on the back seat can smell nothing but the smoke of your cigar!' 'I beg a thousand pardons; I did not think of it,' he said. 'Of course not; he did not think. Why? The tobacco habit had dulled his moral sense.'