

Sunday Reading

Red Wine

A True Story
By C. B. Le Bow

It was growing dark in the city streets; men and women hurried along as if eager to reach comfortable homes; the horses seemed to pull the heavy wagons with more willingness than usual, as if they too knew that the day's work was over, and enjoyed the prospect of rest. The lamplighters were going their rounds and trying to make up for the lost daylight. Little children were safe and warm at home.

All but one, perhaps. A little boy stood on the deserted pavement, close to a great window of plate glass, through which he gazed with a rapt face. The picture which he looked at was a beautiful one. A great room with painted ceiling overhead, and a chandelier which seemed to make real sunshine. The walls were covered with fine paintings. A marble table heaped with delicious food, stood near the centre of the room. The bright light struck through the great decanter, and made a big crimson stain on the white hand of a gentleman who sat at the table reading a newspaper. A large diamond ring on one finger seemed to wink and blink at the little boy outside. "I wish he would look up," the child was thinking.

But though he waited and watched, the man did not move for a long time. Then he flung the paper down, and reached out the hand with the diamond for a wine-glass, which he filled and drank, never once looking towards the window.

"Please, sir," That was all the boy said. He had gone up the Club-house steps from the street into the wide hall; then, without stopping to knock, he had opened the great door which led into the gentleman's room. On the threshold of the saloon he stopped, frightened at what he had done.

"What is it, my small man?" Mr. Arthur Leonard had a pleasant smile which came easily to his handsome face; but the child shrank back, although he looked into the big brown eyes as if he saw something there he had been looking for for a great while.

"You came to beg, I suppose," and the gentleman's hand went readily into his pocket.

"Oh, no, sir; I never thought of that. I wanted—I mean—please sir, I will go now."

He moved back awkwardly, but Mr. Leonard stopped him with a gesture. The child's face interested him. The manner, too, at first so eager, now so embarrassed, had roused his curiosity.

"You are cold," he said, noticing that the child shivered, and that his garments were thin and poor.

He rose, took the boy by the hand and led him to the great fire which was dancing on the hearth—a big, jolly fire, which seemed trying to light up the room and make the chandelier notice how big and bright it was.

Mr. Leonard did not seem to think it queer for a poor little boy with patched clothes to sit in one of the crimson satin arm-chairs big enough for a throne. He drew up one for himself opposite.

"Are you hungry?" he asked. "I will give you something to eat, and a little wine will warm you up."

"Oh, no, sir," and the child shrank further back into the big chair.

"You will tell me your name, at least?"

"Yes, sir. My name is Eddie Boynton; and I am ten years old."

Mr. Leonard was smiling now as he saw the boy's courage coming back.

"You will not be angry with me, sir?"

"Angry! why in the world should I be angry with you?"

"I didn't know but you might, sir, if I said what I wanted to."

"Never fear, Eddie; I am anxious to know what you have to tell me."

The little boy stretched his little thin hands, red with the cold, out towards the glowing fire, and said:

"I work in the dyehouse now, and get a good deal of money—five shillings a week."

Mr. Leonard could hardly help laughing at the wine he had offered the child cost more than that.

"I came past this big window every night on my way home. I shan't come again, though, because we are going to move. I like to look in here, because it is so warm and pleasant, and I

cause you are sitting here, and have eyes just like my father's."

"What a strange child!" Mr. Leonard was thinking.

"He was so handsome and tall," went on the little fellow, looking back into the firelight. "He wore nice clothes, too, like yours; and we lived in a great big house, most as big as this. I used to sit next to him at the table, and he gave me that to drink," pointing to the wine-glass. "Mother would cry sometimes; but he would kiss her, and tell her that good wine would make me strong and handsome. One day he went away for a long time, and mother cried all the while he was gone. When he came back he struck her, and then fell down on the floor. I screamed because I thought he was dead. The coachman who drove the horses came upstairs, and helped mother to get him to bed. She said he was ill. He used to scream and fight if anyone went near him. It was the red wine that made him so, mother said. And then one night he died, and there was a great funeral. After that mother packed up our clothes, and went to live where she could earn some money. We've only got two little rooms now. Mother sews on a machine. Sometimes she cries all night, I believe."

He had been talking very fast, but stopped suddenly.

Mr. Leonard moved uneasily.

"This was what you wanted to tell me?"

"Yes, sir. Every time I come by the window and see you sitting here, you make me think of my father; and I wondered if you had any little boy at home, and how he and his mother would feel if you should die because of the red wine"; and then the tears came, and Eddie Boynton slid down from the big chair and stood beside Mr. Leonard, who had turned his face away. Eddie wondered if the gentleman was crying too. He could not see the big, brown eyes, for his head was drooping upon his breast.

"I'm going home now, sir. Mother will have my supper all ready, and be frightened if I don't come"; and before Mr. Leonard roused from his painful reverie, the child had slipped from the warm, cheery room, and was running down the dark street, home to his waiting mother.

In all the years to come, Arthur Leonard and Eddie Boynton, man and boy, may never meet again. The room in the luxurious club-house is deserted; the fire is out, the room dark, the heavy curtain drawn at the big window; but, in a beautiful home, the brown eyes look lovingly at a sweet woman, and to the rosy boy who hangs about his neck, the father whispers: "God bless you, my child, and keep us all from the destruction of the red wine."

Vulgar Words

A distinguished author says: "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet "not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Young reader! keep your mouth free from all impurity and your "tongue from evil," but in order to do this, ask Jesus to cleanse your heart and keep it clean, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Making Time

"Mamma!" began Willard, "what you 'pose I'm goner give you for your birthday?"

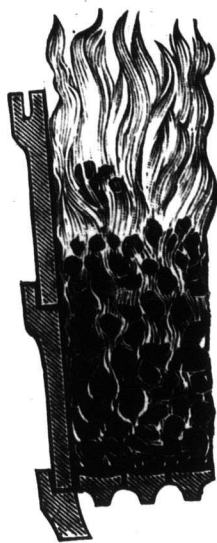
"I don't know. Do tell me."

"A nice hairpin 'ray wiv booful gold flowers round it."

"But I have one now, dear."

"No, you hasn't. I jes' broke it."

Sunshine Furnace Efficiency



McClary straight walled firepot—no ashes to absorb heat.

The Sunshine semi-steel firepot is built with straight walls—not sloping to form and hold a non-conducting deposit of ashes. A very important point in furnace efficiency.

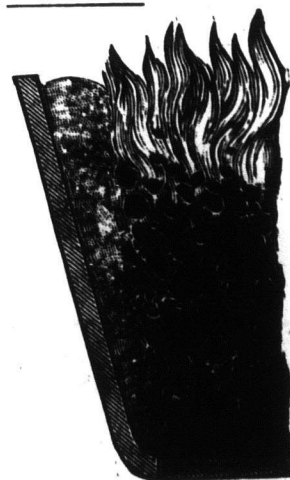
The grates of the Sunshine furnace are equal in area to the firepot, so that fresh oxygen—without which proper combustion is impossible—flows to every part of the fire all the time.

All air passages are exactly proportioned so that neither too much nor too little air passes over the radiator—there can be no superheated air, nor any under heated air, sent to the rooms above.

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