

## If I Could Keep Her So.

BY LOUISE C. MOULTON

Just a little baby lying in my arms,  
Would that I could keep you with your baby  
charms;  
Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden  
hair,  
When the sunshine fingers, caught from  
otherwhere;  
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek;  
Dainty little blossom, in a world of woe;  
Thus I am would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old,  
Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;  
Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,  
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day,  
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world  
about,  
Here you come to tell them—what an eager  
shout!  
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbours  
know;  
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl, with your strap of  
books,  
And such grave importance in your puzzled  
looks;  
Solving weary problems, poring over sums,  
Yet with tooth for sponge-cake and for sugar-  
plums;  
Reading books of romance in your bed at  
night,  
Waking up to study in the morning light;  
Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,  
Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden sitting by my  
side,  
All the world's before you, and the world is  
wide;  
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there  
to break,  
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to  
wake?  
Is that rose of dawn glowing on your  
cheek,  
Telling us in blushes that you will not speak?  
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego  
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

All the listening angels saw that she was fair,  
Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;  
Now the rose of dawn turns to lily white,  
And the close shut eyelids veil the eyes from  
sight.

All the past I summon as I kiss her brow—  
Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me  
now.  
Oh! my heart is breaking; but God's love I  
know—  
Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.

—Interior.

## Ed. Hardy's Escape.

"Yes, I guess I'll take another cup,  
mother," said Mr. Wells in answer to  
his wife's question—"another cup?"  
"Yes," he continued, "your tea's good  
to-night, and, perhaps, it will help us de-  
cide about that boy."

"It wouldn't take many cups to help  
me decide," said Mrs. Wells, shortly.

"Yes, I know you always make up  
your mind quickly; but you change it  
sometimes, too,"—with a boyish twinkle  
in his eyes.

"Yes," she admitted, "but, John,  
just look at the thing in the face. Ed.  
Hardy is getting to be one of the wild-  
est boys in town, and to think of invit-  
ing him here to our house to spend an  
evening with our own Frank,—why,  
John, I can't do it."

"I know, Susan, there are two sides  
to it, as well as a face; and instead of  
looking at it in the full face, as you  
spoke of, you are looking at just one  
side. You are thinking what the church  
folks and neighbours would say, and  
not how."

"No, no, John," interrupted his  
wife; "I don't think I'm thinking of  
that; I try not to. I'm thinking of  
the harm it may do Frank."

"And not the good it may do Ed.,"  
put in her husband.

"Well, Frank is my own boy, and of  
course I would think more of the influ-  
ence over him."

"Yes, of course; and so would I.  
Now let's see how it would do Frank  
harm."

"Well, in the first place, if we in-  
vited him to the house, Frank would  
think we considered him a safe young  
man, and he would become more inti-  
mate with him, and likely to be led  
away."

"In answer to which," said Mr.  
Wells, "I would say that we could  
explain matters to Frank—he is old  
enough to understand them,—and cau-  
tion him against associating too much  
with him. Frank is a good, steady boy,  
or I might not be quite so ready to  
trust him."

"Well, in the second place, if we  
should invite him here he might think  
we looked lightly on his faults, and  
in that case it would certainly do  
him no good, even if it did Frank no  
harm."

"And yet," said Mr. Wells, "don't  
you think all three of us could manage  
to put in a word of advice once in a  
while? Now listen to me awhile: Ed.  
has no home here in the town—he has  
no relatives. Unfortunately he has  
fallen in with a hard set. He has got  
into this set not so much from inclina-  
tion, I think, as from a natural love of  
company. His boarding place is not a  
home; they do not try to make it so.  
For some reason, I don't know why,  
the respectable young people did not  
take a fancy to him; they snubbed  
him, and so he took up with such com-  
pany as he could get. The more I think  
of it, the more I think we ought to ask  
him here. Why, Susan," getting up  
and pacing the room, "why didn't we  
think of this before? We have been  
to blame; we should have opened our  
doors to him long ago."

"Well, John," spoke up Mrs. Wells,  
"I don't know but you are right. In-  
vite him here to-morrow night, and we  
will do our best to save him,—and  
Frank, too."

"I think, Susan, after doing what  
we can for Frank we can leave the rest  
in God's hands."

The next morning, on his way to his  
office, Mr. Wells met Ed. "Good  
morning, Ed." shaking hands; "how  
are you? Mrs. Wells and I were  
wondering if you couldn't call round  
some evening to make us a visit. The  
town is quite dull just now,—nothing  
going on. Do you suppose you could  
come to-night?"

Ed. had looked surprised at the com-  
mencement of Mr. Wells' remark, but  
gradually a hardened look crept over  
his face, and at the close he said indif-  
ferently, "I don't know, sir;" then  
looking Mr. Wells full in the face  
added, "I am afraid it is too late."

Mr. Wells caught the double mean-  
ing of the words, and said sadly,  
"Yes, Ed. it is late I know, but not  
too late. Come to-night, will you  
not?"

"Well, thank you, Mr. Wells," said  
Ed. softened by the old man's manner,  
"I have an engagement for this even-  
ing, but perhaps I can come. I will  
see."

"Yes, that's just the way," he con-  
tinued to himself after Mr. Wells had  
passed; "it's a pretty time of day now  
to open your doors. If this invitation  
had come a year ago, when I first came  
to the town—yes, or six months ago,  
it might have done some good. But  
I've gone down, down. I don't sup-

pose I know how to act any more  
among decent people. No, I thank you,  
Mr. Wells; you are very kind, but I  
guess—and yet, there's his son, Frank,  
of all the first-class young men here,  
he is the only one who has treated me  
with any kind of decency. I guess I'll  
go; if I don't, I will not have a chance  
to go again."

So that night found Ed. Hardy in  
Mrs. Wells' comfortable parlour. To  
say that he enjoyed himself would be  
unnecessary; and to say that the  
Wells' family were agreeably surprised  
and delighted with Ed., would be say-  
ing only what was true.

The next day Ed. entered Mr. Wells'  
office in a very excited condition, and  
going straight up to the desk, said:  
"Mr. Wells, let me tell you what you  
saved me from last night. The engage-  
ment I had, but which happily I did  
not keep, ended in a drunken carousal.  
They got to fighting during the even-  
ing and oh! Mr. Wells, it is terrible!  
one of the boys was killed. Another  
one is in jail for committing the deed,  
and I might have been there," and the  
poor, worn-out boy dropped his head  
on the desk and sobbed. We do not  
know what Mr. Wells said, but we  
know Ed. went away with a happier  
face than he had worn for a long while,  
and was ever afterwards welcomed at  
Mr. Wells' home as a son.

No one can measure the influence of  
a single kind act.

## A Sociable.

They carried pie to the parson's house,  
And scattered the floor with crumbs,  
And marked the leaves of his choicest books  
With the print of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick  
With a lot of healthy cake,  
While they gobbled the buttered toast and  
rolls  
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung around Clytie's classic neck  
Their apple-parings for sport;  
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout  
Spilled his tea on the piano-forte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees  
With his wife—but not to pray;  
Oh, no; 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt  
From the carpets and stairs away.

## Plain and Pointed Logic.

I was invited to lunch with a clergy-  
man, who is now a bishop of Carlisle,  
and we had a discussion of two hours.  
A titled lady was present, and she  
helped him. I was alone and had to  
bear the brunt of the battle in the  
Scriptural argument.

"The Bible permits the use of  
wine," said he.

"Very well," said I, "suppose it  
does?"

"The Bible sanctions the use of  
wine."

"Very well, suppose it does?"

"Our Saviour made wine."

"I know He did."

"Why, we thought you were pre-  
paring to deny this."

"I do not deny it. I can read."

"Wine is spoken of in the Bible as  
a blessing."

I replied there are two kinds of  
wine spoken of in the Bible.

"Prove it."

"I don't know that I can; but I  
will tell you what it is. The wine that  
is spoken of as a 'blessing' is not the  
same as a 'mockery,' and the wine that  
is to be drunk in the kingdom of  
heaven cannot be the wine of the

wrath of God. So that, although I  
cannot prove it learnedly, I know it is  
so."

"Now, there are others who can go  
further than I can go, but you will  
please let me go just as far as I can  
understand it. If I cannot go farther,  
don't find fault with me. I hold the  
Bible permits total abstinence; and I  
would rather search the Bible for per-  
mission to give up a lawful gratifica-  
tion for the sake of a weak-headed  
brother who stumbles over my exam-  
ple into sin, than to see how far I can  
follow my own propensities without  
committing sin and bringing condem-  
nation upon any one's soul."

Another gentleman, who came to me  
for a long talk, said, "I have a con-  
scientious objection to teetotalism, and  
it is this: Our Saviour made wine at  
the marriage of Cana, in Galilee."

"I know he did."

"He made it because He wanted  
it."

"So the Bible tells us."

"He made it of water."

"Yes."

"Then He honoured and sanctified  
the wine by performing a miracle to  
make it. Therefore," said he, "I  
should be guilty of ingratitude, and  
should be reproaching my Master if I  
denied its use as a beverage."

"Sir," said I, "I can understand  
how you should feel so; but is there  
nothing else you put by which our  
Saviour has honoured?"

"No, I do not know that there is."

"Do you eat barley-bread?"

"No," and then he began to laugh.

"And why not?"

"Because I don't like it."

"Very well, sir," said I, "our  
Saviour sanctified barley-bread just as  
much as He ever did wine. He fed  
five thousand people with barley-loaves,  
manufactured by a miracle. You put  
away barley-bread from the low motive  
of not liking it. I ask you to put away  
wine from the low motive of bearing  
the infirmity of your weaker brother,  
and so fulfilling the law of Christ." I  
wish to say that man signed the pledge  
three days after.—*John B. Gough.*

## Love Teaches the Teacher.

"How do you succeed so well with  
your flowers?" asked one lady of an-  
other, who was showing her an array  
of beautiful plants. "I love them,"  
was the simple, yet comprehensive  
reply.

This is the secret of success in more  
things than floriculture. Love is the  
one thing imperatively needed in child-  
culture. Lacking love the teacher be-  
comes as sounding brass and a tinkling  
cymbal—very polished possibly, and  
correct and pleasing, but powerless to  
lead and fashion the heart. Love is  
keen to observe, quick to learn, swift  
to adopt the best ways, and untiring  
in carrying out the wisest plans. Moon-  
shiny sentiment, or cheap, evanescent  
sensibility, is not love. Love is stead-  
fast through all moods, and does,  
whether it feels deeply or not.

How can this love be implanted, and  
made to grow in the heart of the  
teacher? It is not a natural product,  
a development of the unrenowned heart.  
Love is a fruit of the Spirit. The  
heart that abides in Christ will have  
the Spirit and the fruit. Then all  
knowledge, all philosophy, all aptness,  
all tact, all utterance will be obedient  
to love's purpose. And there will be  
success, blessed and abiding.