

ought to be glad she is growing such a fine girl."

"But what is she to do? how is she to get her living? If she was to grow faster than girls ever do grow, she couldn't go on the stage for two years, and who is to keep her all that time? I can't and I won't."

Some customers coming in the conversation was interrupted for a few minutes; but after they were gone Mrs. Deane said—

"You know I have always taken a great deal of interest in Annie; she always seemed so different from other children that run about the road here."

"She is different, too," said the woman with something of motherly pride in her tone. "We was respectable people when Annie was born; me and my husband too, though we was on the stage."

"And you would like your little girl brought up respectably, too, would you not?"

"Yes, ma'am, I should; but how's a poor woman like me to do it? As for Annie, she's just been and thrown her best chance away, and now, I suppose, she'll have to get her living out of the streets, like the rest of them do."

"I should be very sorry to see her thrown on the streets, Mrs. Morris. If I can persuade some friends to do something for Annie now—get her into a school, or something of that kind—will you promise not to interfere with her by-and-by, when she gets older?"

"Well, I don't know, ma'am, what you mean about interfering. I'm her mother, and of course I should like to see her get on."

"That is quite natural; but the friends I am thinking of would not like to have a girl they had taught and taken care of, dragged back to such a life as Annie's now is—a life on the stage."

"Well, ma'am, I should be glad, of course, if you could do anything for Annie just now, and, if I may say, it 'ud only be a bit fair, too, for it is, as I may say, through you that she's just no use now."

"Why, how can that be?" said Mrs. Deane.

"Well, ma'am, you have always been very kind to Annie, and she thinks there's nobody like you. I suppose it's because your ways are different from most folks; and so when you told her never to drink the gin or stuff that the children often get a sip of, why, of course, she must mind what you say, though she didn't care for her own mother, and not a drop would she have from nobody."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Deane; "and I am sure you will be one day, when you see Annie growing up a respectable good woman, as I trust she will, if you will only give her up for a few years."

"Well, ma'am, your offer is a kind one, certainly; but I don't know what to say to it all at once. You see Annie is pretty, and bids fair to be a pretty woman, and looks is money on the stage."

"Will you let Annie choose for herself? She is a sensible child, and I will agree to this, that if she does not like her home in three months, she shall come back to you."

"Very well, I'll agree to that. Three months off my hands will be something," she muttered to herself as she walked out of the shop.

When Annie came out of school she made her way back to her friends, and watching for an opportunity when there were no customers in the shop, she darted in, and asked, in an eager whisper, "Have you seen mother?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Deane, "and she has given you up for three months, and I am going to find some friends to take care of you. Do you think you will like that, Annie?" asked her friend,

"I don't know, ma'am," said Annie dubiously.

"Well, come in and have some supper now, and we will talk about it afterwards. You will stay with us to-night, Anne."

"Yes, I shall like that," said Annie, brightening, and she followed her friend into the old-fashioned parlor behind the shop, where she made a hearty meal of bread and butter, sitting on a low stool beside the fire.

"What did you learn at school to-night, Annie?" asked Mrs. Deane as the child sat looking meditatively into the fire.

"Well, ma'am, about the same thing as you've told me, and I've been wondering whether it's true, after all."

"Whether it is true! What do you mean?"

"Well, ma'am, about God and my legs; whether He is going to take care of me, though He did make them grow awkward."

"Will you let Him take care of you, Annie?"

"Let Him! I couldn't help it about my legs, could I?"

"No, you couldn't help growing tall, of course; but there are some things God wishes us to do that He does not force us to do; He leaves us to choose for ourselves what we will do. He knows what is best for us, and He does all He can to make us choose the best; but after that He leaves it to our own choice."

"Is He going to let me choose which I will do?" asked Annie.

"Yes. He wants you to grow up a good,

useful woman, Annie, and He has made you grow tall that you may have the chance offered you of choosing which you will be by-and-by; because if you are to be of any use then, you must begin learning many things now that you never heard of at the theatre, and try to forget many things you learned there. Now, Annie, which shall it be? Shall I go and see my friend to-morrow, and ask her to take you into the Home she has made for little girls like you, or will you go back to your mother and the streets?"

Annie shuddered at the word "streets;" but still she did not speak at once.

"What will it be like? what will they do to me at the Home?"

"Well, my dear, they will be kind to you, I know, and give you food to eat and a comfortable place to sleep; but there will very likely be some things you do not like. You will have to do as you are told, and obey the rules, and, perhaps, do some kind of work, as well as learn to read."

"Is that all?" asked Annie.

"I think that will be all. You will certainly not be asked to do anything that you cannot do if you try."

"Then I choose, and I'll try; I'll try to be good, like you've told me, and I'll let God take care of me His way."

So Annie was sent to the Home, and her friends soon heard that she gave every satisfaction by her willing, obedient, tractable behavior. Indeed, everybody loved the fair-haired girl, and the lady who had charge of the Home wished to take her to Canada.

But her mother would not hear of it at first, and accused Mrs. Deane of trying to rob her of her child. But she contrived to see her once or twice when she was sober, when she was willing to confess that her drinking habits had ruined herself and the child too; and by following up this advantage and telling her that she now had an opportunity of undoing part of the wrong, at least, inflicted upon Annie, and also a chance of joining her child by-and-by, if she would only overcome her evil habit, she was at last brought to consent that Annie should go out in the spring to the new country, where she had heard so many poor children had found good homes. Annie herself was quite willing to go with her new friends, upon Mrs. Deane promising to look after her mother, and persuade her, if possible, to give up drinking and come out to her.

Mrs. Deane was most thankful that she had been able to rescue the child; but she felt the parting when it came most keenly—almost as keenly as the poor besotted mother herself, who, as usual, had been drinking, and only half comprehended that the warmly dressed, pretty little girl who clung round her neck was her Annie bidding her farewell—perhaps for ever.

A few months afterwards came the news that Annie had found a good home in the Far West, for a lady had been attracted by Annie's gentle winning ways, and adopted her as her own daughter, and in the quiet Christian home the memory of her fairy life was fast fading from her mind.

And what of her mother? some of my readers may ask. I wish I could say that she followed up with action the good resolutions she made about giving up the vice that had ruined her, and almost ruined Annie too. But this is no sketch of the imagination, but an event of real life, which took place only three years ago, and the last time the writer asked about this poor mother—whether she was likely to join her daughter in the far-off land—there was only a sad shake of the head, and the words, "But thank God the child is safe from her influence now."—*Emma Leslie, in Sunday Magazine.*

#### MY LAST FALL—TEMPTATION FROM A THOUGHTLESS ONE.

WRITTEN BY A REFORMED MAN.

I am afraid of these little temptations. They are the little leaks that sink the ship. They have seared and shattered the noblest fabrics of human character that ever towered. They are the little threads gleaming and playful as the springlet in the sunbeams, but slowly cutting their way through granite even, and flooding the holiest heritages of virtue and truth with the black desolations of vice and crime. Trifles they seem at first, and, overlooked or extenuated, they insidiously weave their gossamer folds around the victim, until the strongest is crushed in the deadly embrace.

These little temptations meet us at every corner; drop from almost every lip. Do people—many of them claiming to be governed by Gospel rule—ever dream that a word, or a sentiment sometimes, is the half ounce which sends up a noble purpose and a soul to the bottom? Thousands to-day, who would suffer martyrdom rather than deal rum in the grog-shop, are at their own heart-altars insidiously doing the same devilish work.

"Take a drink of it, man, it is just from the press; 'twouldn't hurt a babe!"

We heard this twenty years ago. With life and purpose fortified by long years of undeviating devotion to a sacred pledge, and, I trust, the grace of God, I cannot recall this sentence and the attendant circumstances without a shudder. After so long a time it has the sharp, startling serpent's hiss, burning into the very blood, and sending sickness to the very soul.

By the then universal custom of society I was made a drunkard before I was twenty-one. I was outlawed by the same society which ruined me, and recklessly plunged deeper into dissipation. My young wife died, and I rushed to the bottle to drown trouble. But a thousand hopes and dreams would rise like the dead and float on the stream. When all other friends deserted, and my own father drove me from his door, the mother was a mother still.

Under the influence of the Washingtonian movement I was picked up. Sober, hopeful, and resolute to stand fast, I went again to my father's home, drank his cider and fell. I was again an outcast, and again picked up.

Here let me rebuke the cold-blooded Phariseism which clasps the sainted hands and scorns the "weak ones," as it terms them. The strongest intellect from the hand of God is powerless in the fiery clutch of the appetite for liquor, once firmly seated. Warmer, larger-hearted, nobler men than the mass of these cold-blooded, passionless, precise men have been as babes in its power. Many of them do not drink now, but they can rob the poor of the State, and cheat God, they seem to think, by dispensing alms with a trumpet.

The last time I reformed and fell was late one Autumn. I had been sober three months, had earned some money, got clothed decently, and felt like a man. I had learned one thing to my sorrow: not to haunt the grog-shop or associate with those who did. I married again and entered anew upon the battle of life.

In late Autumn I engaged in a saw-mill, at high wages, for I was stout and ready, and my employer's work was hurrying him.

Late one Sabbath morning, after sleeping the latter part of the night at the mill, I was going home, when I met a friend coming from his cider mill on the way, having in his hand a pail of new cider just from the press. He was a deacon in his church, an exemplary professor, and a worthy citizen. He loved me, but came near killing me. He offered me a drink from his pail, I excused myself, for my mouth watered, as I have had it before when asked to drink at the bar. He was surprised.

"Why, Joel," he said, "not drink sweet cider! I wouldn't drink rum for the world, or offer it to you, but this is as harmless as water—nothing but apple-juice. Take a drink of it, man, it is just from the press; 'twouldn't hurt a babe!"

I was ashamed of my scruples; I was thirsty, but felt the shadow of some great danger. The old demon of appetite was pleading within, while the deacon was pleading without; I eagerly reached for the pail, as he held it towards me, and drank—drank deeply.

Now, some will sneer at the idea of intoxication in that cider. A barrel of it might not have a drop of alcohol, but this I do know, the taste—the act—the associations—all combined, and as I took my lips from the pail the old devil was unchained as effectually as though I had drunk brandy instead of sweet cider. I was transformed in a twinkling; was wildly, exultingly mad. I shouted in my joy, danced around the deacon, and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

He was shocked at my irreverence for the Sabbath, and shot through the gates as if grieved.

"I am sorry, Joel, but you have been drinking again."

True, but not what he supposed. I had drunk his sweet cider merely, 'twouldn't hurt a babe!

Let oblivion rest mercifully, O God, over the six months which followed that last fall. I only remember distinctly the scene at the deacon's gate. The rest is like a fearful nightmare, with here and there an angel face—the wife's and mother's—breaking in. But the long night ended at last; ended on Sabbath morning. All night I raved through streets, as I learned, the wife and mother vainly striving to watch and guard me. About daybreak, after a troubled rest on the ground, I awoke, but so weak and desolate at heart, I wept and prayed to die. I wanted to die, for I felt like a wreck on the strand. The sun was just rising in the east, and smiled sweetly down upon me. I shrank as if the eye of God was upon me. And then the birds sang, and then my dog—little Wag—licked my face gently and looked wistfully in my eye. I heard the river run by, and then came upon me such a thirst as I had never experienced before. I gasped for breath. I was choking for water. Every drop of blood seemed a drop of flame, while the water sang and rippled in mockery. I felt that I must drink or die, and at last managed to roll over and down the bank. By hard work I crawled to the water, and as I reached to drink, feared the great boon would

cheat me. It seemed that there was not enough in the river to slake my thirst, and I ordered Wag away, as he began to lap by my side.

Bless God, the giver of water! That drink was a long, cooling draft of bliss to a burning body and soul. I drank again, and again, and wept, and thanked God. I bathed hands and face, and brow, and grew stronger.

I sat by the river's bank until the bells tolled. Had some kind one then taken me by the hand, I would have given life for an hour at the altar, and the prayers of true Christians. But at the moment, the deacon who had given me the cider passed by, remarking,

"That's Joel—pity he hadn't drowned for his wife and mother's sake." Oh, God! how the cruel words stung me! I writhed in agony. Was there no home again for me? No mother or wife? No heaven at last?

I dare not go home by daylight. In the evening I stole into town, and after walking an hour up and down before my house, ventured in. A candle was dimly burning, and my dear mother, worn out with anxiety, was fast asleep in the sick-room chair, and my poor wife was breathing heavily on the bed.

How sad—almost heart-broken—how weary and worn she looked. I knelt down beside the bed and ventured to take her hand. She smiled faintly, as if dreaming, and whispered my name.

"God I thank thee he has come back to me!"

Poor, betrayed, scourged, crucified, innocent, I never wept such tears as then, never felt so abashed; never saw so clearly what desolations I had visited upon others. Hot, and like rain, the tears fell upon her hand as I bowed over it, and called God to witness that I would drink no more. She awoke, and throwing her arms around my neck, sobbed and prayed while she kissed my swollen cheek.

I have drunk no cider since then. I would as soon peril my soul's salvation in the glass of rum. I will not offer to others, and I deem him or her an insidious enemy who offers it. It might not hurt a babe, but it is a dangerous devil to those who have once trodden the quicksands of appetite.—*N. Y. Witness.*

#### THE HONEST DOCTOR.

A wealthy invalid, who was far too fond of the bottle, sent one day for his physician, and after detaining him some time with a minute description of his pains, aches, and nervous affections, summed up with these words:

"Now, doctor, you have bothered me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and draughts; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike at the real cause of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it."

"It shall be done," replied the doctor, and at the same moment he lifted his cane and demolished a decanter of gin that stood on the table.

"Now, then," continued the honest physician, "I have struck at the real cause of your ailments—banish the bottle, and you will have far less need of my pills and draughts."

Workingmen and youths! here's a lesson for you and for me. For many years past statesmen, politicians, and reformers of every grade have been trying to improve our social, moral, and religious position. Notwithstanding much has been done, yet it is a melancholy fact that new prisons and new workhouses are always being built, or old ones enlarged, and the inmates of these buildings are chiefly supplied from our ranks, and that through our drinking habits.

Acts of Parliament are very good thing in their place, but, like the doctor's pills and draughts, they will not do much to raise our morals if we do not strike a blow at the "bottle."

Instead of taking one hundred millions a year as we now do to the "Losings' Banks," let us act wisely, and put this immense rich mine of wealth into the savings' banks! What a difference this would make to us nationally!—*Selected.*

THE LARGEST PLANT IN THE WORLD.—We are accustomed to regard the great trees of California as the most gigantic specimens of vegetable growths known to man, but such is not the case. There is a submarine plant growing in the North Pacific Ocean which, according to Professor Reinsch, dwarfs all others in its vast proportions. The *Macrocystis pyrifera*, one of the *Melonosperma*, has been known to grow to such an extent as to cover vast areas of the ocean bed. One specimen, by measurement, was found to cover three square miles, and the stem from which the growth proceeded was eight feet in diameter. It is almost impossible to conceive of such a plant, or how a system nourishment can be maintained through such extended channels in the living organism. Nature performs strange freaks, and certainly none can be stranger than the fact that of this gigantic species there are some specimens so small as to be microscopic, or only to be seen by the aid of powerful objectives.—*Journal of Chemistry.*