

FAMILY READING.

Outside the Prison Walls.

Free, free at last he left the dreary jail,
And stepped into the dowy April night;
Once more he breathed, untainted,
God's pure air,

For in a dreadful moment, crazed with
run,
His hand had laid a fellow creature
low,

Where should he go? Where now his
footsteps turn?
No living soul was there to welcome
him!

His faltering steps at last he vaguely
turned
Unto the silent churchyard near the
sea,

At last he found her in a place apart,
Where moonbeams sparkled through
the willow boughs,

They found him in the morning, stiff
and cold,
His hands clasped o'er his mother's
lowly grave,

That turf the bosom his poor heart
had craved.
Upon his pallid cheeks the trace of tears
Shown in the glowing ray of morn-
ing's sun,

Men marvelled that he looked so young
again
Despite his crown of sorrow-silvered
hair,

Al! God is good! with loving tender-
ness
He saw the sad, repentant soul alone
Weep out his sin upon his mother's
grave,

And all the pain and sin of earth below
Are blotted out, and he is God's own
child.

Hattie F. Crocker, in the Union Signal.

The Brewers' Strike.

"Oh papa, you dot no 'mell on yuso
bref," cried baby Elsie as her father
stooped to kiss her, when he came home
from his work one evening Mrs.
Harpie, hearing the words of her child,

"Yes, Nellie," answered her husband,
as he crossed the room with the child
perched upon his shoulder, "I have
really come home to you, for the first
time since our honeymoon, without the
smell of beer upon my breath," kissing
her tenderly.

"Oh, John, how glad I am," cried
his wife, her eyes filling with tears,
"and if you would promise me never
to drink another drop, how happy I
should be."

"Perhaps it is the answer to your
prayers, Nell, who can tell? I re-
member a hymn my mother was always
singing,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,"
the brewers' employes have all struck
and they were immediately discharged.

"Why, Nell, I am surprised, I
never knew you felt so strongly on this
subject; you never said much about
it," replied her husband regarding her
seriously.

"No, John, I knew it would! only
annoy you to keep talking about it, so
I was silent, but you have no idea how
anxious I have been. I could see that
if you were not delivered from that
demon it would surely destroy you."

future," said her husband kindly, as he
rose from the tea-table and prepared
for a romp with his children.

The time set by the unions to punish
the beer makers and beer-sellers quick-
ly passed away. Many of the men
had learned, in that time, as Mrs. Har-
pie had hoped they would, that liquor
was not at all necessary to their exist-
ence; and among them was John
Harpie.

"Oh, papa, I love you so now, tause
you walk 'traight all the time like
Annie Dones' papa," was little Elsie's
greeting as her father kissed her at the
gate, where she was perched on her
favorite post, watching for his home-
coming.

The father declared that was the
strongest temperance lecture he had
ever heard. After that, or a similar
speech, had been whispered in his ear
every night for a month he thought it
time to make a powerful effort to aban-
don the habit of drinking; and when
that resolve was made, he felt more as
though he could hold his head up and
call himself a man; more as though
he was fit to associate with wife and
children.

The wife was brighter and happier—
she had always endeavored to be cheer-
ful—and the children seeing their
parents in unusually good spirits,
caught the infection and romped and
played as they had never done before.

"Nellie, I have been thinking of a
plan to benefit the men of our union,"
and John to his wife one morning at
breakfast. "I would like to have them
spend an evening here once a week.
Do you think we could entertain them?"

"How strange John! I have been
thinking of that for several days, and
have it all planned out. I was just
going to speak to you about it. But
what are your ideas?"

"I would like to form a literary
society, but do not see my way clearly.
I thought if we invited the men and
their wives here some evening, we
could talk the matter over and decide
upon something. What are your plans?"

"I have thought it all over and the
best plan I could think of would be to
have each one pay fifty cents a month
into the treasury of the society, the
money to be used in subscribing for
some of the best magazines and papers,

"That is a capital idea, Nell, and I
am sure everyone will be pleased with
your plan. Shall I say Friday even-
ing for the first meeting?" asked John
as he started to his work.

Everyone was pleased with the idea
of forming a society for mutual im-
provement. The men of that union
let their light shine upon others, and
the numbers increased until the house
would not hold them, and it became
necessary to rent a hall in which to
hold their meetings. They soon had a
library to be proud of, with a reading
room attached, where all of their lea-
sure hours were passed. Those who
had ever patronized saloons blushed
with shame to think they had been so
foolish. The working men of that town
soon became famous for their intelli-
gence and culture. That one strike
was the beginning of much good.—
Mrs. M. McAllister, in The Centre.

YOU will find something to interest you
on pages 7 and 8

Man was created first. Woman was
a sort of recreation.

A youngster being required to write
a composition upon some portion of the
human body, selected that which unites
the head to the body, and expounded
as follows. "A throat is convenient to
have, especially to roosters and minis-
ters. The former eats corn and crows
with it; the latter preaches through
his'n, and then ties it up. This is
pretty much all I can think of about
necks."

Mamma (to Walter, who has just re-
turned from his first experience with a
fishing-rod. "What, back so soon?"

Walter: "Yes'm; I thought I'd
come home. The worms were so nerv-
ous I couldn't get 'em on the hook."

Doctor (surveying his newly-papered
office): "This is a very poor job of
paper-hanging—a very poor job, sir."
Paper-hanger: "I'll have to admit,
doctor, that the job isn't first class.
Unfortunately, we paper-hangers have
no way of burying our poor jobs."

A CONTRAST.

(From the New York Pioneer.)

The Glory of Our Land.

The stately halls of learning
Broad-scattered o'er the land,
Upon the towering hill-top,
Or in the valley stand.

I stand in contemplation
Of the matchless work of God,
The human soul's creation,
Oft little understood,

O tell me not, ye teachers,
Who through the toil and strife
Are earnest, busy seekers.

Toil on, toil on, ye laborers,
Be faithful while you may;
Heaven pours its richest favors
On the toil-worn by the way.

Then in the morning scatter
With open hand the grain;
In Autumn you will gather
The fruitage not in vain.

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A TREATISE ON THE
MANIPULATION OF THE
MUSCLES, TENDONS, LIGAMENTS, AND
ARTICULATIONS OF THE
HUMAN BODY.

FIVE BANKS WINDING UP

Such is the news from the Official Gazette of Ottawa. What an amount of loss the
starting of those superfluous and worse than useless banks have inflicted upon the public;
by subscribing to their stock at par, hundreds of men expected to make money through
the rise in value and were bitterly disappointed. Thousands of innocent people invested
their all in the stock, or placed the savings of a life-time in the savings bank branches, on
account of the expectation of better returns than could be given by the sound and well-
established banks. Now that the five young banks have failed these people, and a good
many others, can see clearly that they did wrong, and acted foolishly, in putting their money
at risk in those now, untried, experimental affairs. Their eyes have been opened since the
failures.

But it was just as foolish for them to put their money there (upon the expectation of
greater value for it than the older and richer banks could give) before their eyes were so
rudely opened, as after. They did not then see, now they do see.

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ON PAGES 7 & 8.