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,

And saw the evening star's awest trembling light.

How strange! how strange! and yet

how strangely dear Tho old familiar turf beneath his feet! How wonderful once more to be alone Unwatched, unguarded, 'neath the sky's broad sweep.

Free! free again—but O, so old and worn-

So weary with his wasted, ruined life--

Full twenty years the cell, his only home

Full twenty years with hopeless misery rife !

His thoughts sped backward till they reached that day When he had entered that grim

house, a boy-Naught but a boy in stature and in

years, But with a heart all bare of hope and joy.

For in a dreadful moment, crazed with rum. His hand had laid a fellow creature

low, And for that glass of brandy in his brain

Full twenty years of wretchedness and woe.

And now, a gray-haired man, he walked again

The very path his boyish feet had pressed

So many, many dreary years ago, And now he wandered lonely, secking rest.

Where should he go! Where now his footsteps turn ?

No living soul was there to welcome should be. him: No friend of all his youthful days be

knew Would greet again this wanderer in

home, The low, white cottage, he had held

place, But strangers had dwelt there for many a year.

Where next? the tears stood in his with many necessaries of which they mournful eyes; His breath came thick and fast -he

could not stir, But leaned upon the old familiar gate With thoughts of mother-O, could

Who knelt alone at midnight's solomn hour And mourned for him who should have been her joy.

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

And stood alone while pitying moonbeams spread

Around his form a veil of charity. Alone with God in that still solemn

place, Alone with hundreds of the silent dead

The outcast stood with lowly, sin-sick heart,

The cold night dew upon his drooping head.

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

And shone upon her simple headstone white That marked the limit of her narrow

house. Twas but a snowy marble, simple, plain, That bore her name, her age, and

just below-"Died of a broken heart"-alas! he knew

The cause of all that life and death of woe.

He flung himself face down upon the grass. Alone between the living and the

dead, And wept and prayed beside the lonely

Until in sorrow's alumber sunk his head.

and cold, His hands clasped o'er his mother's

Lad craved.

Upon his pallid checks the trace of tears for a roup with his children. Showed in the glowing my of moin ! ing's sun,

drous peace,

Men marveled that he looked so young Harpie.

Despite his crown of sorrow-silvered hair.

And tender-hearted women sighed and

found him there. Ah! God is good! with loving tender-11(*88

He saw the sad, repentant soul alone Weep out his sin upon his mother's grave And gently led the weary wanderer

homo. This we believe: That now in Heaven's street

The mother and her son are reconciled,

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

Hattie F. Crocker, in the Union Signal.

The Brewers' Sirike.

"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, looked inquiringly at her husband from the table where she was cutting bread for the evening meal.

"Yes, Nellio," 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 nin," cried his wife, her eyes filling with tears, "and if you would promise me never to drink another drop, how happy I

"I promise you that I will not drink any for one month at any rate. All the men belonging to the union have signed an agreement to that effect. If ı ənth's happiness," said John, who was a good, kind husband and father, so dear; but who, like a great many others, Twas standing in its old accustomed thought he could not possibly exist without a few glasses of beer every day. He seldom became intoxicated, keeper would have supplied his family

> were now deprived. "Oh, darling John, one whole month when the without liquor! I shall be supremely regular happy, and will pray to our Father, Harpie. every minute in the day, to make you the habit became so strong that you necessary to rent a hall in which to could not throw it off. Now He is hold their meetings. They soon had a answering my prayers; how good He library to be proud of, with a reading

"Perhaps it is the answer to your inember a hymn my mother was always

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

the browers' employees have all struck and they were immediately discharged. Upon hearing that all of the labor unions called meetings at once, and the men agreed to do as I have told you."

"That is one step towards a reformation, John, for if those men can do without liquor for one month, some of them will surely learn, in that time, how much better and happier they are without the dangerous drink. Oh, I would be filled with joy.'

"Why, Nell, I am surprised, I it," roplied her husband regarding her | necks." seriously.

"No, John, I knew it would only annoy you to keep talking about it, so fishing rod . "What, back so soon !" 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."

"Oh no, wife, it could never do that. I was not often the worse for liquor, but to hear you talk one would think I was drunk every day."

"Drunk is a terrible word. I have neverallowed myself to apply it to you, John, but I could see that you came home oftener with unsteady gait. That They found him in the morning, stiff made me very wretched," said the anx office): "This is a very poor job of ious wife with a sigh.

"Poor, dear Nell. I am very sorry lowly grave, to ever have caused you one and doctor, that the job isn't first class. His head upon its turf, as though he moment; we will not talk of the past, Unfortunately, we paper-hangers have

That turf the bosom his poor heart future," said her husband kindly, as he rose from the teatable and prepared

The time set by the unions to pualsh the beer makers and beer-sellers quick-But o'er that face there shone a won Ity passed away. Many of the men had learned, in that time, as Mrs. Har-A smile of joy now all his life was pie had hoped they would, that liquor was not at all necessary to their existence; and among them was John

"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 And smalled to think that they had 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 effor to abandon 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 happiershe had always endeavored to be cheerful-and the children seeing their parents in unusually good spirits, caught the infection and remped and played as they had never done before. Many comforts that had formerly seemed out of reach of the family purse now easily found their way into the house.

"Nellie, I have been thinking of a plan to benefit the men of our union,' said 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 you 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 Unconsciously, he sought his boyhood's fort yourself with the prospect of one money to be used in subscribing for some of the best magazines and papers thus establishing a small circulating library for the benefit of the members

"That is a capital idea, Nell, and I am sure everyone will be pleased with fastures.
your plan. Shall I say Friday even.
But as he started to his work.

"Yes, that evening will be most convenient for me, and we can see of this continentwhen the others prefer to hold the regular meetings," answered Mrs.

Everyone was pleased with the idea room attached, where all of their leisure hours were passed. Those who prayers, Nell, who can tell! I re- had ever patronized saloons blushed with shaine to think they had been so foolish. The working men of that town soon became famous for their intelliwas the beginning of much good .-Mrs. M. McAllister, in The Centre.

> TOU 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 hope it is the beginning of the reign of human body, selected that which united Temperance Would not that be glori- the head to the body, and expounded ous if it were? It seems to me that as follows. "A throat is convenient to the heart of every woman in our land have, especially to roosters and ministers The former cats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through never knew you felt so strongly on this his'n, and then ties it up. This is subject; you never said much about pretty much all I can think of about

Mamma (to Walter, who has just re turned from his first experience with a

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

"Hi, you dropped a brick up there" shouted a pedestrian on whose shoulder one of these articles had fallen from a three-story scaffold "All right," cheerfully responded the bricklayer, "you needn't take the trouble to bring

Doctor (surveying his newly-papered paper-hanging—a very poor job, sin"
Paper-hanger: "Pil have to admit, but hope for better things in the no way of burying our poor jobs."

A CONTRAST.

(Frem the New York Ploneer.)

The Glory of Our Land. Tho stately halls of learning Broad scattered o'er the land. Upon the towering hill-top, Or in the valley stand. They tell of coming glory

Adown the years will roll, As by their mighty influence They mould the human soul.

I stand in contemplation Of the matchless work of God, The human soul's creation Oft little understood, Fast bound in iron fetters, By ignorance enchanned, Unbound by men of letters, To light and bliss reclaimed.

O tell me not, ye teachers, Who through the toil and strife Are carnest, busy seekers. For light and truth and life, Your work goes unrewarded, As yo labor every day, Your teaching unregarded By wilful childish play.

Toil on, toil on, ye laborers, Be faithful while you may: Heaven pours its richest favors. On the toll-worn by the way. O do not stay or falter Along the path you've trode; In duty never halt or Give up upon the read.

Then in the morning scatter With open hand the grain; In Auturan you will gather The fruitage not in vain. Labor for God and country, The reaping time will come, And in a blest eternity You'll shout the harvest home.

The Di-grace of Our Country. Tho stately, tonering brenerics, Broad-scattered o'er the land, Upon the crested full tops, Or in the valley stand. They tell of degradation Adown the years will roll, As by their mighty induence They mould the human soul.

I stand in contemplation
Of the matchless work of God, The human soul's creation, Oft little understood, Fast bound in iron fetters, By vilo intemperance chained, Thrust decply in the gutters, And cannot be reclaimed.

Ah, tell me not, so brewers, Who with decelt and strife, Are earnest death-producers Who stop the fount of life, Your work goes unrewarded, As yo labor every day, Decoying the unguarded, To make the business pay.

Toil on, toil on, ye laborers, Make money while you may; Apollyon's richest favors Turn to curses, by the way. Stay not to think or falter, Along the path you tread, Heaven pours its maledictions Upon your cursed trade.

Then in the morning scatter Into the vat the grain ; The fruitage you will gather Will be disease and pain. Labor to blight our country, The reaping-time will come, And in a damned eternity? You'll shout the harvest home.

BE YOUR BUT A TREATHE OR DINE AND OWN DOCTOR WAS INCIDENCE FOR THE LABOR OWN DOCTOR WAS INCIDENCE AND A TREATMENT OF THE PARTY OF THE P

FIVE BANKS WINDING UP

Such is the news from the Official Gazette of Otlaws. What an amount of less 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 lifetime in the savings bank branches, on account of the expectation of better returns than could be given by the sound and wellestablished Banks. Now that the five young Banks have falled 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

But it was just as foolish for them to put their mone; there (upon the expectation of but the money he gave to the saloon- ing for the first meeting ?" asked John 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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