

tut man, don't mention it, the gratification of succeeding in such a puzzling case is all the reward I want,' he began to understand.

The next day when a skilled nurse had come in answer to their summons, when the house had seemed strange and still, when Mr. Cameron tiptoed about the kitchen in keenest anxiety, and Tom, unable to bear it all, had fled to the carriage house loft, where the old harnesses would tell no tales of tears, Philip learned the truth of the matter. His eyes caught an initial on the handles of some little instruments they were cleaning at the kitchen sink, for the young M.D.'s were allowed to help just a little. He stared hard a moment, then said: 'Do surgeons make a practice of carrying their instruments with them when they leave home for a brief vacation?'

Hermann looked somewhat disconcerted and started to speak, but Philip caught him around the neck in a strangling hug, and called him an old plotter, a culprit, and acted so strangely that his father began to fear the day's doings had unbalanced him.

'I'm only trying to settle old scores,' explained Hermann, when he succeeded in disengaging himself from those muscular arms! 'I am greatly in debt and always shall be to you and your good mother. Father knows all about it now, and if she only lives and gets strong!'

'If only,' echoed Philip, closing his lips in a hard, straight line. But she did, or the new banner would never have been painted and hung on the wall to mystify others, who by the way never learned its significance.

### Tim Conner's Conversion.

(W. B. Carnes, in 'National Temperance Advocate'.)

'Stand aside, you drunken bum, and make room for these gentlemen who want to be waited on,' growled the saloon-keeper, as old Tim Conner moved farther down the bar.

'Give me some more drink to cool this burning thirst, and I will leave your house forever,' answered the old man.

'Not another drop do you get in this house unless you pay for it; and, what is more, if you don't get out and quit annoying me, I will call the police and have you run in. Now, get. I have no room for loafers and bums who are in my way and have no money to spend.'

'What will you have, young gentlemen?' he asked, turning to the two well-dressed young men who were standing at the bar. The young men had ordered their drinks; but before they had tasted their liquor, the old man again walked up to where they stood, and, addressing the bar-keeper, said: 'True, I have no money. True, as you say, I am nothing but a drunken bum. I came into this town three days ago in a box car and for three days have begged cold morsels from kitchen doors. My manhood is gone, and I am nothing but the physical and moral wreck you see me. But it was not always thus. The time once was when I could have bought a dozen establishments like this. I was a happy and prosperous business man, with a happy little family, but drink has been my ruin. I am alone in the world now; no one to love, and none to care for me; but I will soon be out of the way. I am going now, but before I go, I want to say to you, young gentlemen, look at me and take warning. I was once as respectable as you, but see me now! Ah! for heaven's sake, let the accursed stuff alone, for it will bring you to the same condition.'

With that the old man slowly left the room, and the young men looked at each

other a moment, when one said: 'Charley, you can drink if you want to, but I am done.' With that he poured the contents of his glass upon the floor.

'Here's to you, Joe,' and the other followed his companion's example; 'if you will quit, so will I; but it remains to be seen who holds out the longest.'

With this they both left the saloon, while the barkeeper bitterly cursed the old man for interfering with his trade, and called the young men fools for listening to such an old fogey.

After leaving the saloon old Tim wandered aimlessly about the street, passing a large and handsome church, into which great crowds were pouring. 'This is no place for me,' he muttered; but, just as he passed, the organ pealed forth and the choir began singing—

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly.

It had been a long time since old Tim had heard that song, so he paused and listened. It seemed that he had never heard such rapturous music in all his life. As the song proceeded he felt drawn to the place, and, turning slowly back, he stole around to the rear of the church and seated himself on the steps leading into the pastor's study that he might hear more of it. By the time the song was ended the audience had gathered in the church, and he sat and listened, as song after song was sung, and the minister had prayed a fervent prayer, in which God's mercy and pity had been invoked upon those who were wandering in sin. There was something in that prayer, as well as the songs, that touched him, and the poor old man sat and wept as a flood of memory came rushing upon him. His mind went back to a happy home, in the long ago, when he had heard a happy young wife singing those same songs. The minister began his sermon, but old Tim heard it not, for he was dreaming of the past. He saw the bloom of health and happiness fade away from a fair young face as the demon of drink slowly won a husband from his wife. He saw the peace and happiness of a home slipping away as the husband plunged deeper and deeper into ruin. He saw the elegant home and its elegant furnishings all go to satisfy a demon's craze for drink. He saw a sad-faced little woman slowly pine away as she toiled day after day over the washtub to earn a scant living for herself, her baby boy and a drunken husband. He heard her prayers and saw her tears fall unheeded, and at last saw her laid away in a plain pine box in the potter's field, and her child given into the fostering care of an orphan asylum. He saw a drunken, depraved man, wandering for more than twenty years, a drunken tramp begging from door to door, while manhood, health, self-respect and respect for his fellow men had all slipped away.

'O God, why didn't I die before she did?' he moaned. 'What have I to live for? I am not fit to live among decent people, and God knows I am not fit to die.'

The services in the church were over, and he heard the minister announce that the evening services would begin at 7.30; so slowly the old man moved away before the well-dressed throng should see him.

The hands of the great clock in the tower of the neighboring City Hall had just passed the hour of seven, and old Tim was again seated on the steps of the pastor's study.

'I must hear more of that sweet music, if nothing more,' mused the old man, 'and I want to be here in time to hear it all.'

He had fully determined to move on after the song service; but before it began a sweet

little girl of twelve years came running up the steps, and, thinking he was the janitor, said: 'Won't you please open the study door for me, Mr. Johnson? I want to get a book for papa before the services begin.'

'I beg your pardon, miss,' said old Tim, rising and lifting his tattered hat. 'I am not Mr. Johnson, but—'

'Oh, excuse me, sir, I thought you were the janitor.'

'I only stopped to listen to the singing,' said the old man apologetically, as he prepared to move on.

'Oh, won't you come inside where you can get a good seat, and you can hear it so much better? They will begin in a few moments,' said the little girl.

'No, I am not fit to go into such a nice place as that,' replied the old man; 'besides, they would not want such as I in there.'

'Oh, yes, they do, sir,' said the little girl. 'My papa is the pastor, and he always likes to have the old people come near him.'

'It is not because I am old, but because I am not fit to be with such nice people. I am ragged and dirty, and I am afraid I am not a good man.'

As the old man uttered these words the child saw tears trickling down his withered cheeks, and, going up to him, she laid her little hand in his while she looked up into his face and said:

'Jesus loves you, and is able to make you a good man, just like my papa, if you will let him. Do come with me and you shall hear all the sweet songs and hear papa preach, and I know it will do you good.'

Like one in a dream he suffered himself to be led around and into the church, where he seated himself far back and shrank from all who entered. The house was soon crowded, and the choir arose to sing. Never had he heard such music; and the prayers that followed were so earnest, so tender, so loving, that it seemed that each one was offered in his behalf.

The minister arose and read his text: 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him.'

Then the preacher portrayed the love of God for lost sinners, and his wonderful mercy and goodness, in such a way as old Tom had never heard it before. He drew a picture of the wretchedness of the prodigal, his yearnings for home, his final resolve, and how that resolve was put into execution. When the preacher reached the climax, in which he pictured the prodigal clasped in his loving father's embrace, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house.

'Thus,' said the minister, 'our loving heavenly Father stands ready to welcome the wanderer to himself. He stands with outstretched arms to-night, ready to receive the most sinful and give them the kiss of pardon, and place upon them the robe of righteousness, if they will only come to him.'

With an earnest appeal he closed his exhortation, and the choir began singing. Numbers of men and women went forward to confess their faith in Christ; and as old Tim looked up, through his tears, he saw the two young men whom he had seen in the saloon, give the preacher their hands. They, too, had gone forward to confess the Saviour.

At the sight of them the poor old man's head dropped forward, and he sobbed like a