

Prohibition.

BY CHARLES F. BEATTIE.

Prohibition! let the name
Through the state—the nation name,
scribe it with a living pen
on the hearts and minds of men,
Prohibition, go and write
on the dizzy mountains' height,
Raise it on your banners high,
Paint it on your azure sky.

Let the name go ringing forth,
To the chill and rugged north;
Let it swell from every mouth
through the bright and sunny south,
Make it crown the fete and feast
in the free and cultured east;
Give it room and voice and zest
in the gorgeous, rowdy west.

Braid it, maids and matrons fair,
With the flowers that deck your hair,
Mothers, knit it o'er the head
Of the crib and cradle bed,
Broider it upon the door,
On the carpet, on the floor,
On the ceiling, on the dome;
Let it shine in every home.

Bridegroom, on the bridal ring
Grave it, crown it freedom's king,
Soon to free the slave and thrall
Of the monster alcohol.
Husbands, fathers, hark its reign,
Breaking whiskey's galling chain,
Prohibition everywhere
Lifting millions from despair.

City, village, hamlet, town,
Wreath it with the laurel crown,
Let it shine upon the wall
Of the legislative hall,
Paint it in the halls of state,
Grave it on the temple gate,
Let it on the altar glow,
State and Church, against the foe.

Sailors, nail it ever fast
On the vessel to the mast,
Soldiers, let your banners be
Blazoned with its heraldry,
Patriots, let your standards wave
Prohibition for the brave—
With its flag of light unfurled,
Prohibition for the world.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Certain red banners of indignation waved up into D'rexy's cheek; she was marching to her Waterloo.

"Urias!" she exclaimed, "do you suppose I'd send my own blood, a little child, my only kin, to a country poor-farm as long as I'm able to do for him?"

"I can't have him here. I don't like children, D'rexy."

"That's because you never tried 'em, Urias. You don't care to be paying his board to any one, do you?"

"They don't ask board at the county farm," he said sulkily.

"Urias Sinnet! Would our town officers take charge of the nephew of people as well-to-do as we are?"

"Well, this is my first one, D'rexy, and I have not invited him."

D'rexy kept on with her cooking, there was a sharp hissing and a pleasant odour as she poured milk into the frying-pan to make cream gravy.

"Urias, suppose you turn him out! Do you suppose I'd let him go alone? He's a helpless baby, you're an able man. He's in the right of it, and you're in the wrong. What would all the people of our township, what would our church folk think of it? They'd side with the woman and the child, Urias, they always do."

Urias was silent. D'rexy had spoken undeniable truth. This gospel-civilized ages sides always with the woman and the child in her arms. The woman and the child sit near the heart of things, they are shrouded at the springs of life. Presently he said weakly,

"I don't know what you mean, D'rexy sinnet, flying in the face of Providence the way you do! If the Lord had meant us to have children, he'd have sent 'em to us. Seeing he did not, it's going clean against him to take on the way you're doing."

Now Aunt Espéy had come along swiftly, and laid her hand on her nephew's arm. "Urias, who sent this child, if not God? Who called away his mother? Who spared the child to come here, and offered no other home? Our Father is meaning blessing and training for you in this, and it is you

that rebel against Providence. Our Lord 'took a little child and set him in the midst of 'em,' just as now he has stooped from heaven to set this child here, Jesus said, 'Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.' He said, 'Whoso receiveth one such little child, receiveth me.' Pharaoh's daughter was not the last one who said, 'Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.'

"Urias, you're a church member and a deacon, and you are trying to escape your privilege of being a co-worker with God. We're like rebellious children, we balk and cry against what is good for us, for our soul's health and learning, as children flout at their medicine or their lessons or against going to bed. Didn't Paul hear it said to him, 'It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks?' Urias, it is better for you to run with joy the way your Lord points out."

The pity of Aunt Espéy was such that her words had weight. Urias saw before him the duty of self-conquest. The child, with childhood's presence, had perceived itself the subject of controversy and on the verge of unpopularity. He scrambled up, ran, laid his arms on the knees of Urias, and looking up in his face, innocently demanded, "Does oo yike me?" Urias could not say "no"; he would not say "yes." He took a middle course. "I like good boys," he said grimly. "Nen oo yikes me. I'm dood," said the child, as he ran and gathered up the cobs and tumbled them back into the basket behind the stove, and seeing D'rexy setting the table, began to run to and fro, carrying knife, fork, spoon, cup, what not, and laying each on the table in promiscuous disorder. D'rexy followed him up putting things straight; he turned his happy little pink face to her, calling out cheerily: "How you gettin' on, darlin'?"

This was as the rod of Moses that smote the rock. D'rexy suddenly sat down on the corner of the wood box, hid her face in her apron and rocked back and forth in a tempest of sobs and tears. All her life-long repression, all her private disappointment, her loneliness and yearning for love, poured forth in that agony of weeping. Urias was amazed, alarmed, profoundly moved. Cold and hard in his ways, he still had a heart, and D'rexy filled it. She was his, all his, and all he had. That she was capable of such profound emotion he had never guessed; that she suffered, was overwhelming. D'rexy crying in this way! He went to her in all the awkwardness of a man untutored in gracious ways, silent, secretive, ignorant how to express the best that was in him. He laid his big, hard hand on her head.

"D'rexy, woman, what's hurting you? What's wrong, girl? Don't take on so, D'rexy." He patted her shoulder. "You'll hurt yourself, woman. Don't, don't do it. I can't bear it! Yes, you've lost Selina; but I'm here. I care for you, D'rexy. Didn't you know it? I'm powerful slow of speaking, but I care." Aunt Espéy had been setting the dinner on the table, putting the child on a chair built up with two cushions; she poured out the cups of tea. "Dinner's ready," she said in her soft, slow voice.

"Come, D'rexy, come, my girl," said Urias, pulling the apron from his wife's face and wiping her eyes. "Come, a cup of tea will settle your nerves." He put his hand under her arm and raised her up, leading her to her place at the table, as he had not done since the first weeks of their married life. Perhaps if he had kept up those little courtesies and attentions his heart would have been softer and his wife's happier. He felt better when he saw her in her own chair. The most terrible part of her breakdown had been to him that forlorn sitting on the edge of the wood box! He gave a relieved sigh, and gave the blessing in a more fervent tone than usual.

"Did oo bess 'at?" demanded the infant, pointing to the golden dish of the pie; "nen dim me some." But D'rexy had her own views of raising children, and was mindful of the debris found in that frock front; she bestowed upon the boy a glass of milk and a piece of bread and gravy. "There, that will make a big boy of you!"

When Urias came back from his work that evening he glanced anxiously at D'rexy. Had she kept on crying? Was her passion of grief a sign of coming illness and speedy dissolution? D'rexy seemed the same as ever, except that there were dark circles about her eyes and less smile at her lips. It was borne in on Urias that these footprints of woe were not all for Selina dead, but for the bitterness of disappointment in him. He had not showed up well that day, and he knew it. When he came from milking he gave his wife a sprig of honey-suckle. "It smells powerful peart," he said awkwardly.

That night when all was dark and silent in the house, tired as he was, Urias Sinnet could not sleep. He was wakeful because he knew that D'rexy, though absolutely quiet, was also awake, and not only awake but weeping silently, bitterly. He wondered if in all those years she had spent other nights crying, and he had not known it. Why did she mourn Selina, or want the child whom she had himself? He wanted only her. "Women are curious," he said to himself. "But I'll break my head before I cross D'rexy."

CHAPTER II.

THREE GROWN-UPS AND A BOY.

"D'rexy, the Lord's been mighty good, sending that child to you," said Aunt Espéy one day. "You're the kind of women that just need a little child to do for. If you hadn't felt it wrong to be pining after what the Lord did not send, you'd have fretted after children. Since little Heman came here you're as cheerful again."

"And that seems strange when Selina, that was like a child to me, and I brought up since I was fifteen, is dead."

"Oh, no," said Aunt Espéy. "In ten years you'd been obliged to get used to not seeing Selina; and it appears to me you felt her farther off than you do now that she's in the heavenly land. You know, too, she had her troubles and hard work, and now glory is her portion. It's true, D'rexy, and we ought to feel it so. 'Blessed are the dead that are already dead, yea, more than the living that are yet alive.' I believe too, D'rexy, that the Lord sent the little child here on an errand to Urias, to expand him, to make his heart bigger."

"I really think Urias likes him more than he lets on to," said D'rexy. "It is a point of not knocking down yourself."

"He'll come round," said Espéy, "for one thing, he's glad the boy has the same name his father had. My brother Heman was an uncommonly good man. He was drowned off a schooner when 'Rias was pretty small, and we all saw hard times, for 'Rias's mother was weakly, and I had my mother to support, and she was bed-ridden. In those days, D'rexy, folks that could live as we do now would have seemed to me like kings and governors of the earth. Women had poor chances for work, and mighty small wages. Many's the week I've nursed somebody all the week for a dollar. Up early and late, nursing and running the home too, and when I was going home with the dollar, if any one said, 'Miss Sinnet, here's a sack of corn meal, or a peck of potatoes, or a leg of pork,' besides, I felt well off. When I wasn't nursing I made rag-carpets or sewed. I was at something all the time, and often I thought food and drink at our home were like the widow's meal and oil, always down to the last, but never quite out. O D'rexy, we learned to trust the Lord by the minute then, and go hand in hand with him."

"I don't make a doubt," said D'rexy, "that 'Rias's hard times when he was a boy made him industrious and hardy, and saving, and prayerful like too, but I believe they made him anxious after money, and setting too great store by riches. 'Rias craves to be rich, and I'm always fearing he'll take some terrible risky ways to get rich."

Aunt Espéy shook her head over her knitting; it was her private opinion that her nephew was a child of God, yet with a large part of his training in the ways and manners of the heavenly household yet to come, he lacked much of the graciousness of a follower of the gracious Galilean. Perhaps D'rexy detected some of these thoughts, for wife-like she spoke up for Urias. "'Rias has very good views, and I want to train up little Heman so that 'Rias will like him, and take comfort in him. Aunt Espéy, what do you think are the chief points in training up a little boy? You've seen many boys come up to be men, some good and some bad, more's the pity."

"Well, D'rexy, it appears to me, reverence is a good deal lost out of training now days. Folks wait on themselves, and on children too, when children ought to be brought up to be waiting on their elders. It don't hurt a boy a mite to fetch a chair, or open a door, or pick up what is dropped by his grown folks. It does him good; helps him to be quick-eyed, industrious, unselfish. Children are let to be saucy, and I've laughed at when they're little, and growled at when they're big. It's just as easy to have 'em polite-spoken when they're little. It makes 'em popular too; folks like to have 'em round. First of all they ought to be taught to give God reverence; to respect his day, his Book, his name. Then, D'rexy, if you fetch the boy up to be truthful, and honest, and industrious, and tidy, I don't see but

you've got all the foundation you want for a proper character. For, D'rexy, I'm not supposing the boy can be any of these things unless he's obedient, he needs to be that first of all."

It seemed that the dear Selina had begun well with her child in all the points of training Aunt Espéy demanded. Little Heman, they called him, but the admiring D'rexy thought him well on the way to be 'big Heman,' as she watched him playing under the trees, usually with a big slice of corn cake or brown bread in convenient reach. D'rexy had contrived a little waggon out of a starch box, four big spools, and a piece of twine. Heman enjoyed it as heartily as if it had cost a dollar. D'rexy instinctively felt it not well to vex the prudent 'Rias by laying out unnecessary money on the child. She made his toys, and solved the question of a bed for him by buying a crib from a neighbour, and paying for it with currants and pears from her well-stocked garden.

(To be continued.)

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

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