

## The Present Crisis.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[This poem was originally written for the Anti-Slavery conflict. It applies no less to the Temperance conflict of to-day.]

When a deed is done for freedom, through  
The broad earth's aching breast  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on  
From East to West.  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the  
Soul within him climb  
To the awful verge of manhood as the  
Energy sublime  
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the  
Thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace, shoots  
The instantaneous throe  
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's  
Systems to and fro;  
At the birth of each new Era, with a recog-  
nizing start,  
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with  
Mute lips apart,  
Ank glad Truth's yet mightier man-child  
Leaps beneath the Future's heart.

Once to every man and nation comes the  
Moment to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the  
Good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offer-  
ing each the bloom of blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the  
Sheep upon the right,  
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that  
Darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose  
Party thou shalt stand,  
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals, shakes  
The dust against the land?  
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis  
Truth alone is strong,  
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see  
Around her throng  
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield  
Her from all wrong.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's  
Pages but record  
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt  
Old systems and the Word;  
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever  
On the throne.  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and,  
Behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping  
Watch above his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small  
And what is great,  
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn  
The iron helm of fate;  
But the soul is still oracular; amid the  
Market's din,  
List the ominous stern whisper from the  
Delphic cave within—  
"They enslave their children's children who  
Make compromise with sin."

Then to stand with Truth is noble when we  
Share her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and  
'tis prosperous to be just;  
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the  
Coward stands aside,  
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is  
Crucified,  
And the multitude make the virtue of the  
Faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—They  
Were souls that stood alone,  
While the men they agonized for hurled the  
Tumultuous stone,  
Stood serene, and down the future saw the  
Golden beam incline  
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by  
Their faith divine,  
By one man's plain truth to manhood and  
To God's supreme design.

By the light of heretics, Christ's bleeding  
Feet I track,  
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross  
That turns not back,  
And these mounds of anguish number how  
Each generation learned  
One new word from that grand Credo which  
In prophet hearts had burned  
Since the first man stood God-conquered  
With his face to heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-  
day the martyr stands,  
On the morrow crouches Judas with the  
Silver in his hands;  
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the  
Crackling fagots burn,

While the hooting mob of yesterday in  
Silent awe return,  
To glean up the scattered ashes into His-  
tory's golden urn.

They have rights who dare maintain them;  
We are traitors to our sires,  
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's  
Now-lit altar fires;  
Shall we make their creed our jailer; shall  
We in our haste to slay,  
From the tombs of the old prophets steal  
The funeral lamps away  
To light up the martyr-fagots round the  
Prophets of to-day?

Now occasions teach new duties; Time  
Makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still, and onward, who  
Would keep abreast of truth;  
Lo! before us gleam her camp fires! We  
Ourselves must pilgrims be,  
Launch our mayflower, and steer boldly  
Through the desperate winter sea,  
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the  
Past's blood-rusted key.

## How Frank and Will Escaped.

"HERE, Frank, I say! Frank Leslie,  
Come here a minute!" shouted Jim Ha-  
ley rather imperatively, as little Frank  
Leslie and his cousin, Will Carter, were  
running past the engine-house, Jim's  
usual lounging-place, on their way home  
from school. "That's Jim Haley call-  
ing you! Are you going to speak to  
him? Your father will scold you if  
you do—but Jim'll hit you if you  
don't," was Will's whispered remark  
to Frank. "Well, what's wanted?"  
answered Frank, halting, but not ex-  
actly standing still. He was afraid of  
his father's reprimand, and equally  
afraid not to answer Jim. This Jim  
Haley and his half-a-dozen intimate  
friends were the worst boys in the whole  
town; they were always avoided by any-  
one who respected himself. "Why, Pat  
O'Connor, here, says that that big dog of  
Tom Kelley's used to belong to your  
father. Is that the truth?" asked  
Jim, quite peaceably. "Mr. Kelley's  
dog Carlo, do you mean? Yes, indeed,  
my father raised him from a pup; he  
had hardly got his eyes open when  
father brought him home." And in  
their eagerness to "talk dog," a topic  
beloved by every boy, they quite unin-  
tentionally drew a little nearer to the  
forbidden group. "How many times  
did he bite any of you?" "Not once!"  
exclaimed Frank, with enthusiasm.  
"He's a tiptop watch-dog, but he never  
harms anyone he knows. Mr. Kelley  
says he's never had a chicken or an  
apple stolen since he had Carlo."  
"That's what I told Pat, and he bet  
me a dollar against a dime that he  
was as cross to you two fellows as he  
is to us." "It's no such thing!"  
"Of course, I can take your word for  
it, but that will not settle our bet.  
Look here, let's settle it now. We  
fellows will go along as far as old  
Kelley's front gate, and then you call  
Carlo, and prove to Pat that he isn't  
cross to you."

In cooler moments Frank would have  
declined the proposal; he knew that  
dinner would be ready in five minutes,  
and as punctuality to meals was rigidly  
enforced by Mr. Leslie, he could truth-  
fully have excused himself from thus  
delaying on the way. In a few mo-  
ments, Frank, Will, and the group of  
half-grown loafers, stood in front of  
Mr. Kelley's gate; a whistle from Will  
was enough to bring Carlo bounding to  
the side of his old master; he was un-  
feignedly glad to see them, and not only  
offered no resistance to their caresses,  
but had plenty of his own to bestow.  
"Didn't I tell you so?" shouted Frank,  
with glee. "It's all very well, out

here in the street, but you know he  
would act very differently if he was in  
the garden," grumbled Pat. "Indeed  
he wouldn't! Just come in the garden  
and see." So, into the garden they  
trooped. Will and Frank were so busy  
fondling Carlo that they did not notice  
four of the other boys slip away, one  
after another. The first thing that  
disturbed them was a yell and a scuff-  
ing of feet, as three or four of them  
took to their heels, and a sudden grip  
on their collars, which was not at all  
comfortable. Three stalwart policemen  
surrounded what was left of the party,  
including Jim Haley, Pat O'Connor,  
and one of the worst of their congenial  
spirits, as well as Frank and Will.  
"Caught in the act this time!" one of  
the policemen exclaimed. "I heard  
that you were planning a robbery here,  
and we've had our eyes on you all day.  
I think Judge Anderson will have a  
word for you, you young thieves!"

Frightened as they were, Frank and  
Will now saw that the other three boys  
had their hands and pockets full of Mr.  
Kelley's rarest plants, some torn up by  
the roots, others only broken and  
crushed. "Please, Mr. Policeman, let  
Will and me go! We didn't touch the  
flowers, we are not thieves! We were  
only playing with dear old Carlo—  
wasn't that all, Jim?" cried Frank.  
There is not always "honour among  
thieves;" neither Jim nor Pat uttered a  
word of denial when the policeman  
said: "Oh! only playing with the dog,  
eh? Only keeping the dog quiet while  
your accomplices robbed the garden?  
To Judge Anderson you'll go this  
minute, and if I don't miss my guess  
you'll have a nice ride in the black  
Maria before long!" No tears or per-  
suasions availed the least, and in a few  
moments the boys were before the  
judge. It happened to be a very dull  
day in the police court, so Judge  
Anderson listened at once to the police-  
man's story. "Caught in the act, were  
they?" the judge said. "I am not  
sorry to have a short interview with  
these young scamps, they've been the  
terror of the neighbourhood long  
enough. As for you Jim Haley and  
Pat O'Connor, I have little mercy for  
you, you have been up before me too  
often, and I promise you a few weeks  
where you can't study any more poison-  
ous dime novels. And you—why, bless  
my soul! policeman, you've surely made  
a mistake! Little Will Carter is in my  
daughter's Sunday-school class; and it  
is not a month since I myself saw our  
minister present Frank Leslie with a  
prize for being the best-behaved boy in  
our Sunday-school! What are they  
here for?" "Sure, sir, there's no  
mistake; birds of a feather flock to-  
gether, and I caught them all together,"  
was the reply.

A few questions from the judge  
elicited the whole story, even a confes-  
sion from Jim that the two little boys  
were used by him as an innocent trap  
for Carlo, to keep the dog still while  
the others stole the plants. "Know-  
ing your previous reputation as well  
as I do, Frank and Will, I dismiss  
your case at once. But bear this in  
mind: you cannot touch pitch without  
being defiled, and a man (or boy) is  
apt to be judged by the company he  
keeps. I must say I am surprised that  
your fathers have not warned you to  
have nothing to do with such boys as  
Jim Haley—" "Please, judge, he  
has! He has told us never to be seen  
with them," Frank cried; and Will  
added: "My father told me never to

even speak to them; but we forgot.  
And then all of us little fellows are  
afraid of those big boys; they lick us  
if we are not civil to them." "Next  
time one of them troubles you, just let  
me know! But, after all, which is the  
worst, to disobey your father or to run  
the risk of a 'licking?' The latter  
hurts worst just now; but, boys, each  
disobedience, small as it may be, makes  
the next one come easier and easier,  
and no one knows where it may lead  
to. My colleague, Judge Brown, is a  
stranger to you; suppose he had been  
acting in my place to-day! Your story  
might not have been believed by him,  
and think what a disgraceful punish-  
ment your disobedience would have  
brought to you if you had been sent  
down with those rogues! Go home  
now, and hereafter choose your com-  
pany a little more carefully; your good  
character clears you now; see that it  
remains with you through life."—  
*Sunday School Times.*

## Hints to Visitors.

TRY, without being too familiar, to  
make yourself so much like one of the  
family that no one shall feel you to be  
in their way, and at the same time be  
observant of those small courtesies and  
kindnesses which altogether make up  
what the world agrees to call good  
manners. Regulate your hours for  
rising and retiring by the customs of  
the house. Do not keep your friends  
sitting up later than usual, and do not  
be roaming about the house an hour or  
two before breakfast time, unless you  
are very sure that your presence in the  
parlor then will be unwelcome. Write  
in large letters in a prominent place in  
your mind, "Be punctual." A visitor  
has no excuse for keeping a whole  
family waiting, and it is an unpar-  
donable negligence not to be prompt  
at the table. Here is a place to test  
good manners, and manifestation of ill-  
breeding here will be noticed and re-  
membered. Do not be too ready to ex-  
press your likes and dislikes for the  
various dishes before you. It is well  
to remember that some things which  
seem of very little importance to you  
may make an unfavourable impression  
upon others, a consequence of a differ-  
ence in training. The other day two  
young ladies were heard discussing a  
gentleman who had many pleasant  
qualities. "Yes, said one, "he is very  
handsome, but he does eat pie with his  
knife." Take care no trifle of that kind  
is recalled when people are speaking of  
you. If your friends invite you to  
join them in an excursion, express your  
pleasure and readiness to go, and do  
not act as though you were conferring  
a favour instead of receiving one. No  
visitors are so wearisome as those who  
do not meet half way proposals that  
are made for their pleasure. If games  
are proposed, do not say that you will  
not play, or "would rather look on,"  
but join with the rest, and do the best  
you can. Never let a foolish feeling  
of pride lest you should not make as  
good an appearance as the others,  
prevent your trying.—*St. Nicholas.*

Mrs. HUNTER (glancing along the  
row of clerks behind the shop counters):  
"I do not think I see the gentleman  
here who waited upon me yesterday."  
*Enfant Terrible*: "Why, Mamma,  
you are talking to the very one. Don't  
you remember you said you'd know  
him anywhere by those ears!"