

and looked at her aunt for help. Aunt Grace felt uneasy and altogether too much in public to suit her; but here was this lad asking for the words "his mother used to sing."

Philippa bravely began, and aunt Grace joined in:

"We are travelling home to God  
In the way our fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see."

When the hymn was ended eight men were standing around, with hats off, listening attentively.

Philippa distributed tracts to the newcomers, and then hurried home. She was glad enough to be in shelter; she was frightened at the step she had taken; her feelings experienced a depression correspondent to their late exaltation. She said to her aunt, "I am afraid this is all wrong, and extravagant."

But if aunt Grace was less enthusiastic, she was less easily cast down; she replied, "At all events it was done for God, and seemed to be done at His call. He will take care of it."

The next Friday evening a young man, pale and feeble in appearance, leaning on a cane, came to Ralph Wade's house, and asked Paul at the door, for a word with the "young lady." Having asked, he sat down on the step, as if exhausted. Paul called Philippa. She came and sat down on a camp chair, near the veranda, post against which the man leaned. He said: "Miss, I have been ill; yesterday was my first day out. I was lying ill last Sunday evening in that very house where you ladies sat reading, and my bed was near to the window. I have had a close shave for my life. I tell you, Miss, that Prodigal story cut me to the heart, and then that hymn! I asked myself, Frank Brown, are you travelling home to God? Are you going in the way your parents trod? No more you ain't, for they were good people! Are you likely soon to see them? No, Frank Brown, you're more likely to never see 'em nor any good folks more." The men came in, thinking I'd been asleep, and out of kindness read them things over to me. Miss, I've come to ask you what I must do to be saved?"

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," And like one of old, Frank Brown asked, "Who is he that I might believe in Him?" for he said, "Oh, Miss, I know so little about Him."

"Here is His portrait in the four gospels," said Philippa, and she gave Frank Brown a Bible.

"Miss," said Frank Brown, before he went away, "do you ever sing hymns here of an evening? I see an organ in through the window."

"Yes," said Philippa, "we often sing here in the evening, and Mr. Brown, if you know any men who would rather come and sit on the porch here and listen than go to the bar-room down there, you may let them know that we shall be singing here to-morrow evening from seven until half-past eight."

"Thank you kindly, Miss; there'll be some sure to come."

Then Philippa felt frightened again, at what she had said, but she could not take it back, and as Brown was rising to go away, her brother Raphe came from the house.

"Why, Brown, he said cordially, 'glad to see you out again. Come in and have some tea and a bit of toast.'"

Brown hung his head and looked bashful.

"I won't intrude, sir. I came to ask the young lady for a bit of advice. Sir, she gave some of us a few words, and a few tracts, Sunday evening, and it was the first time any one ever showed that they thought the men of Bankswere anything more than machines to dig ore, or casks to pour whisky in! Mr. Cortin has set up his dram-shop, where men spend away what they gained hard, and fighting, swearing, drinking and gambling fill up such time as is given us for resting. I could not tell you, sir, how many men have gone back since the bank was opened six years ago! We have most of us lived like brutes, and some have died like brutes, and when the ladies came down near where I lay sick in bed, last Sunday, and read, and sang hymns, it seemed just like voices from heaven."

Raphe Wade was much moved; he laid his hand on Brown's shoulder, "Come in, come in," he said. "The table is standing, and we have just finished supper; come,

get a cup of hot tea, and let us talk over this matter, and maybe we can find some way of fighting the whisky business."

But after all this talk with Brown, it seemed better just to let the work grow on in its way, and meet it as it sprang up.

Saturday evening came, and promptly at seven, five or six of the workmen from the bank, men who had evidently washed and shaved for the occasion, came and sat down upon the steps of the veranda. Raphe Wade went out and shook hands with them all, and soon in the sitting-room, the windows of which were open to the floor, Philippa and her aunt began to sing hymns and well-known old-fashioned songs, intermingled; Dora and Paul joined their voices, and one or two pieces Paul, Rene and Kate sang alone, to Philippa's accompaniment. Raphe Wade, standing on the veranda, looked along the lane leading to the dram shop. "Cortin's Free-and-Easy," said the sign, and saw a number of men who had gone there, come out, and listen as the sounds of music floated down to them. After a little a few of them came up the lane and leaned on the gate. Before the singing ended twenty men had gathered.

When the organ was closed, Nathan Bent, the most quiet and reliable of the men, stepped to the window. "Thank ye kindly, ladies all, we take it as a great favor," and then the twenty dark shadows trooped away, but not to stop at "Cortin's Free-and-Easy," this was the quietest and happiest evening that these men had spent for years.

All the next day the Wade family, reading or conversing in their own house, carried in their hearts the burden of these men in the hamlet. What were those workmen doing during all those long hours? This might be a last Sabbath on earth for some of them, and were they getting any nearer heaven?

After tea Philippa made up her bundle of tracts, and said, "Come, aunt Grace." Her resolution was taken; she could not let these men feel that they were forgotten. They should not say, "No man cared for my soul."

Aunt Grace heard the summons with relief; she too had been much perplexed, and she rejoiced that a decision had been reached at last. Aunt Grace got her bonnet, and said, "Come, Paul." They would take the boy with them to help on the work. They went by "Cortin's Free-and-Easy," there they found the same noise, and the same staring, and the bar-tender looked very blackly at them, but three or four men left their tipping and followed them down the street. They stopped at the house where they had found a welcome the previous Sunday, and there were the same three men, and young Brown with them. One or two more were on the watch at adjacent windows. The smile of welcome was their reward.

"Ah, Miss," said Brown, "I made sure you'd come, and bring us a little book or two; and we've had the room set in rare order; will ye not step in, ladies, and read us out a chapter, and sing us a hymn?"

There was no resisting this entreaty. They entered; the room had a well-scrubbed deal-table and a few chairs; the woman of the house, Bent's wife, greeted them cordially, and Philippa opened her Bible.

"Have you any particular place you wish me to read?" she asked, turning to Brown.

"There's a mighty nice bit in the back of the book, all about The City," replied Brown.

Philippa read the last two chapters of Revelation.

"Aye," said Bent, "that's a rare fine place, for sure. 'Pears to me we'd hardly be fit for that.'"

"Yes," ventured Aunt Grace, "if we are washed in the blood of the Lamb, then we shall be fit even for that city of gold."

"I mind," said Brown, "my mother told me that drunkards could not get there, and that's kept me afraid to drink. I'm bad enough, but when I got within side of a grog-shop I seemed to say to myself, 'Ah, here you are shutting yourself out o' that fine city.'"

"There's a singing piece," observed Mrs. Bent, "I mind it begins, 'Oh, mother dear'—but I don't call up the rest of it."

"I think it is 'Oh, Mother, dear Jerusalem,'" said Philippa, and she began the choice old hymn, and aunt Grace and Paul joined in. As they sang, the room kept filling, and some men stood in the door, and some leaned on the window-sill, until there were twenty present.

After a few more hymns, Paul divided the tracts, and aunt Grace read one aloud, then they rose to go home.

"Ladies, will you come next Sunday evening?" asked Bent, earnestly. "You will be the making of us poor fellows if you take an interest in us."

"We'll be sure to come!" spoke up Paul for his party.

The next Saturday evening a number of the men again gathered in the Superintendent's front yard to hear the music, and Raphe Wade went out and taught them the chorus to several pieces, and led them in joining the refrain.

On Sunday night Bent's house and the one next were filled; fully sixty men were present, and the grog-shop was deserted.

Raphe Wade walked into the hamlet, and saw the throng gathered about his sister and aunt.

As they returned home, Philippa said: "Raphe, you must take this matter in hand; there is no room at the cottages, and there are too many men present for us to teach alone. Can not you find a room, and lead the meeting yourself? your voice is stronger, and you could make a prayer."

"We are building an additional store-room," said Raphe, "at the Works, and when that is done I might clear out our present lumber-room and make it a place of meeting. It would cost a little to white-wash it, and make some seats and a reading desk."

"I will write to the Sabbath-school, where I attended while at the Seminary," said Philippa, "and tell them of this work, and ask them for a donation to fit up the room and buy papers. We can give a little ourselves."

"And until we get that room," said aunt Grace, "we can use the large winter kitchen at our house; we cook in the summer kitchen now."

"Moving in so many chairs, and doing so much more cleaning, will be a deal of trouble to you," said Raphe.

"Never mind the trouble," said Philippa.

"I'll do the work and carry the chairs," said Paul.

"A ready mind will make all things easy," added aunt Grace.

(To be continued.)

## CHILDREN'S FOOD.

BY MARY MAYNE.

The chief business of a child is to grow. A beautiful development of every part of the body is the foundation of growth in its broadest sense, which includes the mental and spiritual nature. The food a child eats is therefore a matter of vital importance. So, a/s, his sleep, his exercise, the air he breathes—everything that affects his bodily growth.

"Simple, nutritious food." How often is this repeated in the ears of parents! Yet in a majority of households the arrangements are such that the children eat just what the adult members of the family eat—often a most unsuitable diet. It is certainly desirable for children, when old enough to manage spoon and fork with moderate dexterity, to sit at the same table with their parents. Half the pleasant family intercourse is lost otherwise. But unless the dishes served are plain and simple, or some are denied to them, injurious results are sure to follow. There must be a great reform in the average American dinner before children can safely eat of everything upon the table. But until such reform parents need to make special arrangements or restrictions.

If children understand from their first coming to the family table that some articles are not designed for them they will seldom feel the denial a hardship. We have seen a little girl of eight years, night after night, happily take her bread and butter and milk at the dinner-table and never think of asking for anything else or appear to want anything different.

"Carrie is seven," said a very careful mother, not long ago, "and she doesn't know how pie tastes." Happy ignorance as pie is often made! It is distressing to see pale, puny little ones devouring rich pastry, which, indigestible for any one, is little less than poisonous to a feeble child. But pie is not unwholesome because it is pie, nor cake because it is cake. Bread is worse than cake, if the one be hot and heavy and the other light and plain. No mother-duty is more

important than the giving of personal attention to the food her children eat. One of the very foundations of comfortable family life is the regular serving of well-prepared meals.

It is generally safe to satisfy the healthy appetite of a child with suitable food at regular times. If some incline to over-eating this is ordinarily the result of early mismanagement. Sometimes a delicate, peculiarly organized child may need to be adroitly coaxed to eat what he really requires. Such cases are not rare; but the difficulty, of course, arises from the general health.

When young children need something to eat between meals, let it be systematically given about midway between them—not half an hour before the regular meal, when it will surely take away the appetite. Nibbling crackers, candy, and eating fruit all through the day is plainly harmful. Even a very young child can understand and be interested in a simple explanation of the use of good food in making blood, bone and muscle, of the necessity of mastication and the intervals of rest from work demanded by the stomach.

Respect the tastes of children about food, while at the same time guarding against becoming fastidious. But they should never be forced to eat what is really distasteful to them.

Many mothers complain of the difficulty of providing suitable school-lunches. It is a problem. A long intermission, giving time for pupils to go home to a simple dinner, would remedy a great evil. Step into a city bakery, near any school, between twelve and one o'clock. You will find it crowded with children hastily swallowing cake, buns, tarts, pie. Is it strange that school-children are pale and delicate? If mothers would take the trouble upon themselves of putting into the little basket a wholesome appetizing lunch, they would have their reward. The child not knowing what is prepared will relish it better. But variety is important. We have known boys and girls to acquire an inveterate dislike for certain articles, simply from having them, week after week, as a lunch at school. —*Christian Union.*

## PIE PLATES.

Eunice has been going to the cooking-school lately, and she says pies are not sensible food; that they are injurious. I have heard that hinted a good many times, but never so decidedly as now. Modern science is really doing some good when it comes practically into our kitchens and dispenses with some of the hardest things women have to do.

Grandma took another look through her glasses at the pile of pie plates lying on the table.

Eunice said they might just as well be put on the top shelf of the china closet, where they would be out of the way, and kept clean from dust.

Grandma said she never realized before how many they had; the deep yellow ones for custard, squash and pumpkin pies; the blue-edged ones for apple, plum and mince; "What lots of money we must have expended for them!"

"That's nothing compared to the price of lard, spice and flour, with the fruit thrown in," said mother who really heaved a sigh of relief, as Eunice packed them away. "But what is father going to do without pies?"

"He will never miss them when he gets used to the sensible dishes with which I propose to tempt his appetite; and it's my opinion he will be very glad to miss his headaches and some of the grocery bills."

Mother thought of the possible new dresses.

"And while we are about to reform let us dispense with this kettle of suspicious-looking lard."

"Doughnuts!" exclaimed grandma, "you don't say they are injurious too? What shall we do with our spare time? Oh! the hours and days of my life that have gone to making pies and doughnuts! What will the children eat?"

"They will eat fruit and good home-made bread and vegetables, and be healthy and good-natured," said Eunice.

"And no more doctor's bills," said father, as he came in and sanctioned the teachings of the new cooking-school. —*Woman's Journal.*