

on; but I heard nothing but two little children talking, and one of them now and again, as if it had been crying. 'Well,' said I, 'there's no murder or violence going on, at any rate, and if anything bad is going on, no one can come out without passing me;' so I sat down on the last step of the stairs, and began to listen. Presently I saw that I could peep through a slit in the door; so I could see as well as hear.

"As far as I could see, there were only two children in the room—one of them about eleven years of age, and the other five. Well, I stoned a while, to try if I could get any clue from what they said which might be useful to me afterward; and after two or three minutes they began to talk.

"Barney," said the biggest boy, "I don't think father will ever come back."

"I want mother," said the little chap.

"God has taken mother away," said the biggest.

"I don't like God to have mother," says the little one.

"Do you know what mother said before she went away, Barney? Mother said God will send some one to look after Teddy and Barney and to be good to them. You aren't afraid?" said Teddy.

"I'm afraid of the policeman," said Barney.

"You aren't as much afraid of him as of father."

"No," says Barney: "father would kill us, and the policeman would only take us up."

"I wouldn't mind the policeman," said Teddy, valiantly, "only I took that cabbage the other day. It was half rotten, and I was very hungry, and you know, Barney, I gave you half, and I put a piece to mother's mouth, but she couldn't open her lips or speak, only I saw the tears fall down her cheeks. I held it to her mouth a long time, and I think she went to sleep with it there. It was the best bit of the cabbage," said Teddy O'Rourke, "and I wish she had awoke to eat it. When she did not, you know I gave it to you, Barney; but I left a bit close to her lips, so that she may bite it easy if she awakes. I wish we had another like it now, only I wouldn't like to steal it. I'm afraid of the police, and I'm afraid of God."

"Well, sir, I'm not ashamed to own it, the tears came into my eyes; and I said to myself, 'I see the whole story now. The mother is dead, and the children are deserted and starving; and the husband has been a drunkard. She has died of neglect and want, and he has left them to die here, too. And so the drink would have made thieves of these two poor children, or starved them, and I'm glad I'm here in time to stop it.' Aye, sir, thieves don't grow; thieves are made. For one that grows there are twenty made. And you'd have thought so, too, sir, if you heard how these

"Barney," says Teddy, "I'd rather work than be a thief. The people that work aren't afraid of the police; but, Barney, I'd rather steal a cabbage, and be took up, than see you starve."

"Well, sir, 'twas very shocking to hear a young one talk about stealing; and I wouldn't defend it on any ground; and had I caught this young one stealing, I must have taken him; but when I saw through the chink how determined he looked, and saw him take the smaller one in his arms and kiss him a dozen times, said I to myself—and a cold shiver ran over me—'Surely this boy is good for something more than to be forced to be a thief.'

"Well, sir, I listened on, for I thought I'd find out more of the rights of things that way, than if I knocked at the door and frightened them. I thought I could leave the costers to themselves for a while, and that it was my duty to follow up this case for a bit.

"I'll go and see if she's going to awake," said Teddy, "or if she's picked at the bit of cabbage. I'm afraid she won't wake any more. I tell you what it is, Barney, I'd steal another cabbage for her, if she'd only wake, although I'm afraid of the police, and I'm afraid of God, too. I don't know whether I would or not, until I was tried."

"Ah," thought I, "I see it all." You know sir, 'tis our business to see as far as possible into the whole of things. It won't do for us to be dilly-dallying; and if we're sometimes out in our reckoning, we're often in. 'Now,' says I, 'as sure as I'm X. Y. Z., so sure those children's mother is lying dead, up in that corner of the room that I can't see through the chink. She's died of starvation, or it may be of violence. The man has absconded. He has locked the door, and left the living and the dead shut up in this lone attic, and here's the making of two young thieves; but they don't want to be thieves—and they shan't be thieves,' says I, 'at least not if I can help it. Don't you think, says I to myself, 'that something can be made of all that love to a mother and out of that fear of God? And now,' says I to myself, 'if those boys are taught to love God as well as fear Him, that will not only keep them from stealing, but will, perhaps, make something good out of them by-and-by.'

"By this time Teddy O'Rourke had come

back from his look at whatever was in the corner, and he says to Barney, 'she's not touched it, and she's not looking like what she used to do at all. I wish we could get out, Barney; but, perhaps somebody will come and let us out soon.'

"Now," says I, 'is my time; so I knocked at the door, as gently as I could, and Teddy answered, 'Who's there?'

"Perhaps 'tis father," said Barney; "and I saw he began to shake."

"No," says Ted, 'if 'twas father, he'd burst in the door with a kick; and then the next kick he'd make would be at mother.'

"Say, come in," says the little fellow.

"So Teddy says, 'Come in,' and I tried to open the door, but found 'twas locked."

"Don't be frightened," said I; 'the door is locked, and I haven't the key so I'll push it in; and with that, I gave it a push with both hands, that broke the poor, cheap lock.'

"You see," said Mrs. X. Y. Z., "he's a fine, powerful man, sir; there's not a man in the force could knock him down."

"They were frightened when they saw I was a policeman," said X. Y. Z.; "and the one made off as fast as he could, and get under the bit of a rag that was covering what in the corner of the room? It was what I suspected it to be, sir,—a dead woman."

"As to Ted, the young chap stands up before me like a young lion; he had fire in his eye; and although he was a hungry-looking little chap, and his hair all matted, he looked like a boy that something might be made of. Well, sir; he stands stiff straight before me, not slinking away, as most boys would do, and faces me, and says, 'I suppose you're coming to take me for that cabbage; 'twas a most rotten when I took it, and we was all hungry.'

"I didn't take any notice of the cabbage, but said, 'Is that poor mother in the corner?' I said it as soft as if I were talking to my good wife, and to my own little child."

"With that, sir, the tears rolled down the poor boy's cheek, and though he stood opposite to me at first like a little lion, he melts up all at once, and says, 'No one ever called her poor mother before: father starved her, and beat her.'

"She is 'poor mother,'" says I; 'let me look at her.'

"Of course, sir, she was dead—as far as I could make out, about two days. I looked at the body, and soon knew all about it. It was the old story over again—a starved and beaten wife, and a drunken husband. I don't believe you could have made up the sixteen ounces of flesh on her whole body that would go to make a pound; and there were marks on her plain enough to tell me how it was."

"Come here," said I to the young ones, as I sat on the top of an old basket that was wedged in the only furniture in the room.

"Come here, Barney and Teddy."

"You won't take up Barney, sir, will you?" says Teddy; "if any one's to be taken up, 'tis me, for 'twas I took the cabbage, though 'twas half rotten; indeed it was."

"I'll only take him up in my arms," said I; "that won't hurt him, Teddy, will it?"

"No, sir; and he didn't take the cabbage—'twas I."

"Now," says I, 'Teddy and Barney, listen to me. Poor mother won't wake up any more; she won't want the bit of cabbage or anything else from anybody. All mother would like now, if she were here, would be that you should be good children; and I'll help you along, and get you something to eat.' As soon as I said this, Barney O'Rourke catches me by the whisker, and says, 'I like you. I couldn't but laugh when I thought how few young ruffians there were in London who would dare to pull a policeman's whisker; they might almost as well pull him by the nose—a thing, I venture to say, unheard of, sir, in all the experience of the force.'

"Now," says I, 'Teddy, if I give you a penny, and Barney a penny, will you just stay quiet here for an hour?' They were only too glad, sir, to promise, and I went to my beat again, for 'twas time now for me to be relieved; so I gave them each the penny. Then as I was going out, I thought to myself, 'What good is that penny, except to play with? and perhaps 'tis long since they had anything to eat, and I may be detained; so I ran out and got them a penny loaf each, and left them there till I was relieved, and reported the whole matter at headquarters.'

"I took a great fancy to that boy, sir; and heard something always whispering in my ears, 'There's something better to be done with that boy than to let him be a sharp and daring thief. I like the way he stood up and owned that 'twas he that took that cabbage. I'll see if I can't get him into something better than the work-house—though that's a blessing for those who have no other place to go to.'

"I got permission to see what could be done in the way of getting the boys into a refuge kept by a gentleman not far from our station, and I had the satisfaction of handing them over to him that night."

"When I went on duty again, the first thing

I did was to fetch them away and give them up to the gentleman at the entrance to the Kents."

"I was prouder, sir, walking out of that place with Barney O'Rourke up in my arms, and Teddy clinging to my coat, than if I were the owner of the place, and were walking out of it with the week's rent in my pocket. I felt my heart beating under my coat in a particular way while Barney was there—the way it does only when we feel we have done what God approves. And I took my own child up all the happier for it, sir, when next I lifted him in my arms; and I said: 'Would that every one who has money, or influence, or time, would do something to taking up the cause of the poor creatures who are often made what they are by temptation, or poverty, or the awful circumstances in which they are placed.' Sometimes I think, 'Surely they might be more people who have nothing to do, and whose time hangs heavy on their hands, who might be one of God's police to take up those who are having their feet set in the way of sin, and to stop their becoming what brings them into our hands and into prison, and perhaps to the gallows at last.'

"I hope that that boy Teddy will grow up to be a fine fellow yet—perhaps a policeman himself—and perhaps his brother, too. Anyhow, sir, I hope they're saved from becoming thieves. And that's the story of my spending the fourpence and of the taking up of Barney O'Rourke."—Selected.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR SMOKE.

"'Tis but"—the cost of smoking. I read, with much satisfaction, the late Dr. Arnot's "Earnest Thoughts" on smoking, in your paper of July 19th last, and your own able article, in your issue of July 28th, on "Something alike Unhealthy, Expensive and Filthy."

There is a row of good brick houses in New York (I saw them to-day), understood to have been built by an active Christian mechanic, years ago, by small savings well cared for, which he accustomed to call his "'tis but's"—i. e., "'tis but 5, 10, 25 or 50 cents; spend it? No! I'll save it, if 'tis but the trifle of a few cents."

Some may ask, "What has that to do with smoking?" I will tell you:

Over 17 years ago, I became satisfied that the cost of smoking, at compound interest, on a long term of years, would be an amount to most people perfectly astounding.

I made the figures at that time—those of whom I enquired freely admitted that the cost, at one dollar per week, was certainly within the amount expended by most smokers; and that young America—young men—often, if not generally, began to smoke as early as fifteen years of age!

Since, or about that time, I knew a youth, who learned to smoke before he wore pantaloons, i. e., when he was a baby!

Subsequently seeing a young fellow handling his cigar with the easy grace so peculiar to "old smokers of good cigars," I asked him how old he was. He promptly told me five!

And I will now tell you, confidentially, that a well-known, heavy business man of New York, a devoted Christian philanthropist, told me that years ago he was very much devoted to smoking; but that in view of its cost in money and time, and the bad effects of his example upon others, and especially upon his own children, he was induced to give it up. I have no doubt that many of your readers acquainted with New York can guess who that man is.

Having often thought upon this subject (although I never smoked) I concluded to go over the figures of the problem of the direct cost of smoking, at \$1 per week, the amount, \$26, being brought in as capital at the end of every six months, at 7 per cent. per annum, compound interest. The result, errors excepted, is as follows:

At end of 5 years it amounts to..	\$304 96
At end of 10 years it amounts to..	735 15
At end of 15 years it amounts to..	1,341 97
At end of 20 years it amounts to..	2,197 94
At end of 25 years it amounts to..	3,405 37
At end of 30 years it amounts to..	5,108 56
At end of 35 years it amounts to..	7,511 08
At end of 40 years it amounts to..	10,900 07
At end of 45 years it amounts to..	15,680 59
At end of 50 years it amounts to..	22,423 98
At end of 55 years it amounts to..	31,936 19
At end of 60 years it amounts to..	45,354 11
At end of 65 years it amounts to..	64,281 41
At end of 70 years it amounts to..	90,980 22
At end of 75 years it amounts to..	128,641 54
At end of 80 years it amounts to..	181,773 12

No doubt, some people will say "I don't believe it" to these I reply, enquire into this expensive subject, and figure for yourselves, and then save the money, and keep it earning interest.

Others will say, "I won't endure so many years of privation, denying myself the comfort of a smoke, for the sake of the money, even if you are right about the amount" Yes, that is just the point! the comfort or

satisfaction in the indulgence of a habit alike unhealthy, expensive, and filthy, and alike injurious to yourselves and everyone that goes near you. Very truly yours, —N. Y. Witness. E. B. WATROUS.

DRINK AND ACCIDENTS.

The late Mr. Robert Kettle, of Glasgow, became an abstainer in consequence of the following circumstance:—He was on one occasion enjoying an excursion on board a steamboat along with some friends, and they all partook of a little strong drink. On afterwards passing along the deck he missed his footing, and fell down the trap into the engine-room, and made a narrow escape from falling into the furnace. The only injury he sustained was a bruise on the knee. The circumstance, however, impressed him deeply, and brought him instantly to decide on behalf of the temperance cause. Relating the accident one day he observed: "Had I been killed no one would have attributed it to the drink which I had taken, and yet I am firmly convinced it was the drink that did it..... My conviction is that hundreds of accidents are the result of drinking alcohol, without alcohol ever getting the blame of it."

The late Professor Miller says he was assured by an intelligent engineer that the greater number of railway accidents were attributable to drink; but the men could rarely be convinced of actual drunkenness at the time of the offence. The railway companies are coming more and more to see this, and are holding out stronger inducements to sobriety to their employees.

Mr. Hoyle was told by the goods manager of one of the Manchester railways, that his company paid £5,000 a year in consequence of accidents clearly traceable to drunkenness, and Mr. Hoyle adds truly that this is but a sample of what is occurring over the entire country. Everywhere there are railway collisions, colliery accidents, boiler explosions, and numerous other accidents; while cases of personal violence, or murder, or premature death, are so common as almost to pass unnoticed.—Rev. James Smith.

IT DON'T PAY.

It don't pay to have fifty working men poor and ragged, in order to have one saloon-keeper dressed in broadcloth and flush of money.

It don't pay to have these fifty working men live on bone soup and half rations, in order that the saloon-keeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne.

It don't pay to have the mothers and children of twenty families dressed in rags and starved into the semblance of emaciated scare-crows and living in hovels in order that the saloon-keeper's wife may dress in satin and her children grow fat and hearty and live in a bay window parlor.

It don't pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another citizen sold him liquor.

It don't pay to have ten smart active and intelligent boys transformed into hoodlums and thieves, to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling them liquor.

It don't pay to give one man for \$15 a quarter, a license to sell liquor, and then spend \$20,000 on the trial of Tim McLaughlin for buying that liquor and then committing murder under its influence.

It don't pay to have one thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled and turned into hells of disorder and misery in order that one wholesale liquor dealer may amass a larger fortune.

It don't pay to keep six thousand men in the penitentiaries and hospitals and one thousand in the lunatic asylum at the expense of the honest, industrious tax-payers in order that a few rich capitalists may grow richer by the manufacture of whiskey.

It never pays to do wrong; your sin will find you out; whether others find it out or not, the sin knows where you are and will always keep you posted of the fact. It don't pay.—California Rescue.

A CHILD'S ANSWER.—How often do the answers and sayings of our little ones teach us some lesson of faith and trust! One evening I was about to close up the house early, and my little three-year-old daughter asked permission to accompany me, and together we went through the basement, seeing that windows and doors were securely fastened, and, reaching the main hall above, I bade her stand still until I had turned out the gas, fearing, as she was toddling along after me, that she might stumble and fall in the dark. The gas out, I asked, "Darling, where are you?" not knowing the spot where she might be standing. The baby answer came, full of love and faith, "In de dark, papa!" And, guided by her voice, I took her hand, and we went up stairs. God calls to us when we are perplexed with worldly cares and troubles: "My child, where are you?" And when we answer: "In the dark, Father!" He takes us by the hand and leads us to the light.—S. C.