

MOTHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.

Mother! watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Hanging cellar, shed and hall;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay,
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove,
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquence and wild,
What is said, and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child,
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
The same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessing in a Savior's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true,
Extrinsating every weed,
Showing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich you then may see,
Reaping for eternity.

ONLY A HUSK.

Tom Darcy, yet a young man, had grown to be a very hard one. At heart he might have been all right, if his head and his will had been all right; but these things being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its own truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman of the great machine shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here and there at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough he could mend a clock or as clean a watch well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine, and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he received \$5; and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt—the village tavern. He knew that his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were in absolute suffering for want of clothing, and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where, for two or three hours, he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draft, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual stupefaction followed, and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came to the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love of rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the sweet maiden—Ellen Goss—and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of her foot.

"Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of that nut, and his wife may have the husk!"

With a sniff and a snap Betsy turned away and shortly afterward Tom Darcy lifted himself up on his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

"No; I won't drink any more to-night."

"It won't hurt you, Tom—just one glass."

"I know it won't!" said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the solitary button left. "I know it won't."

And with this he went out into the chill air of midnight. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Aye," he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel, and leaving poor Ellen the worthless husk—a husk more than worthless! and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my dear children of honor and comfort, and robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk. We'll see!"

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern-keeper's speech, meant not for his ears, had come on his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see!" he said, setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

"Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee, instead of the old, old cider.

"I wish you would make me a cup, good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about her work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in his office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom! what do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcy come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom," cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon, if you'll only set him at work."

"Work! Aye, Tom, and bless you, too. There is an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing house and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage Ellen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom had gone, she had found a dollar bill in the coffee cup. She knew that he left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar, and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and

shimmering before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she had set out the tea table, and waited; but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine.

Hark! The old step! quick, strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odor of oil upon his garments.

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."

"Tom!"

"I didn't mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom! Tom! You have been to the old shop."

"Yes, and I'm bound to have the old place, and—"

"Oh, Tom!"

And she threw her arms around his neck, and covered his face with kisses.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh, Tom! I've got him now, bless him! bless him! my own Tom! my husband! my darling!"

And then Tom Darcy realized the full power and blessing of a woman's love.

It was a banquet of the gods, was that supper—of the household gods all restored—with the bright angels of peace and love and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcy assumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into the slough of joylessness.

A few days later, Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?"

"I am up, right side up."

"Yes, I see; but I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?"

"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded that my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a good kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."

TEMPERANCE WORK PERPETUAL.—In one respect

temperance work is like housework. Women are sometimes heard to wish that they could get this dusting and darning and dish-washing done up once for all; as a man builds a barn, clears a wood-lot, or digs a well, and is through with it. It is tedious to keep pegging away at the same hum-drum task to-day, to-morrow, and the year round, as long as one lives—always doing it but never getting it done. But that is what temperance people must make up their minds to do. There is no discharge in this war. We may whip in many a skirmish and carry many an intrenchment; we may burn the enemy's supply trains and break up his camps; but so long as human nature is human nature, so long as men love self-indulgence, we shall have to keep a running fight with this foe. To call this task a "reform" is misleading. It will not be like the crusade against slavery. That evil has been wiped out. When intemperance is wiped out we may expect to hear the trumpets blowing for the millenium.—Good Company.

"OCH, JAMIE, did you niver hear uv my great speech afore the Hibernian Society?" No, Pat, how should I? for sure I was not on the ground."

"Well, Jamie, you see I was called upon by the Hibernian Society for a speech, and be jabers, I rose with the inthusiastic cheers of thousands, with my heart overflowing with gratitude, and my eyes filled with tears, and divil a word did I speak!"