

Family Circle.

What I Would Do.

FROM A WASHINGTON BOY.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

As I passed by the White House the other day

Where the President lives, you know, I saw him walk out through the gate and away

Down the avenue, stately and slow. And I said to myself: Mr. Arthur, if I Were Chief of this glorious land And lived in the White House (I may by and by)

I'd write with a resolute hand This message to Congress, on one special theme

To which not a President, sir, From Washington down, very strange though it seem,

Has cared or has dared to refer:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives:"

"Since figures and facts that are plain to all

Do show that strong drink is the cause Of nearly three-fourths of the crimes, great and small,

That violate God's and man's laws; Since millions of bushels of fruit and of grain

Are rotted and spoiled every year To make fiery stuff that burns body and brain;

While thousands are starving; 'tis clear

That prompt legislation is needed to save

The people from this deadly foe; For one hundred thousand go down to the grave

Each year as its victims, we know.

"In view of these facts, I do now recommend

That Congress without more delay, Our great Constitution proceed to amend,

Prohibiting in every way

The making, importing, and selling of all

Strong drink in the nation's domain, With punishment stern, behind strong prison-walls,

If need be, the law to maintain.

I now leave this very grave question with you,

Your earnest attention to gain.

Executive Mansion, June 1, 'eighty-two—

By the President.—Walter McLaine."

And that, Mr. Arthur, is what I would do,

If only I were in your stead;

I'd care not a fig for the storm that might brew,

And burst, perhaps, over my head.

Of course it would cause a commotion so loud

'Twould be heard the whole country o'er.

The temperance people would feel very proud,

But wouldn't the Liquor-run car?

I know they would say (for I've heard it before,)

"You dare not with us interfere; For without the tax, ninety million or more,

We pay to the nation each year The government could not be run! But of course

You fanatics care not a straw For reason or sense, if you only can force

On us your ridiculous law."

That's what they would try to make people believe;

But there's not a word of it true, Because for each dollar the nation receives

It has to pay out at least two— For courts to convict and for prisons to hold

Rum's criminals of every grade— For homes and asylums to shield young and old,

The victims of this wicked trade. Now I've said what I'd do if I were a man,

And ruled in the White House to-day;

But, as I'm not there, I will do what I can,

In my earnest and boyish way, To fight this drink business; and if all the boys

Would make the same promise this hour,

I tell you there'd be such a teetotal noise

That people would call us a power.

Johnnie the Newsboy.

Some time since, as the writer was seated in the railway train, a pleasant voice sang out:

"Paper sir?—paper, sir?—morn-ing paper, lady?"

"What is your name, my boy?"

I inquired, as I reached out my hand for a paper.

"Johnnie —," the last name I did not catch.

"You can read?"

"Oh, yes, I've been to school," glancing about from the window to see if there was necessity for haste.

I had a little brother once whose name was Johnnie. He had the

same brown hair, and tender, lov-ing eyes, and perhaps it was on

this account I felt very much like throwing my arms around Johnnie's

neck and kissing the thin cheek. There was something attractive

about the child standing modestly in his patched clothes, and little

half-worn shoes, his collar coarse but spotless white, his hands clean

and beautifully moulded. A long shrill whistle, with another, short

and peremptory, and Johnnie must be off. There was nothing to

choose; my little Testament, with its neat binding and pretty steel

clasp, was in Johnnie's hand.

"You will read it Johnnie?"

"I will, lady, I will."

There was a movement—we were off. I strained my eyes out

of the window after Johnnie, but I did not see him; and shutting

them, I dreamed of what there was in store for him, not forgetting to ask God's love and care for the des-titute, tender-voiced boy.

Some months after I made the same journey, and passed over the same railroad. Halting for a mo-ment's respite at one of the many places on the way, what was my surprise to see the same boy, taller, healthier, with the same calm, clear voice.

"I've thought of you, lady, and I wanted to tell you it's all the lit-tle book."

"What's all the little book, Johnnie?"

"The little book has done it all. I carried it home, and father read

it. He was out of work then, and mother cried over it. At first I

thought it was a bad book to make them feel so, for the more they

read it, the more they cried—and it's all been different. It's all the

little book. We live in a better house now, and father don't drink,

and mother says it will be all right again."

Dear little Johnnie! he had to talk so fast, but his eyes were

bright and sparkling, and his brown face was all aglow.

"I am not selling my papers now," he continued, "and father says I can go to school this Win-ter."

Never did I so crave a moment of time. But no, the train was in motion. Johnnie lingered as long as prudence would allow.

"It's all the little book!" sound-ed in my ears—the little book that

told of Jesus, and of his love for perishing men. What a change!

A comfortable home, and no more a slave to strong drink. Hope was

in the hearts of the parents; health mantled the cheeks of the children.

No wonder Johnnie's words came brokenly. From the gloom of de-spair to a world of light, from being

poor and friendless, the little book told them of One mighty to save,

the very Friend they needed, the precious Savior with a heart all

love, all tenderness.

Would that all Johnnies who sell papers, and that have fathers that drink, and mothers that weep

over the ruin of once happy homes, took to their wretched dwell-ings the little book that tells of

Jesus and his love.—*Sel.*

—If obstacles lie in your path, overleap them, and never forget

that a grain of boldness in every-thing is an important requisite of

prudence.

"Jesus Lover of My Soul."

"The brothers, John and Charles Wesley, with Richard Pilmore, were one evening holding a twilight meeting on the common, when they were attacked by a mob, and fled from its fury for their lives. The first place of refuge that they found after having been for sometime separated, was a hedge row near at hand, behind which they hid a few minutes, protecting themselves from serious injury by the missiles that fell like hail about them, by clasp-ing their hands above their heads as they lay with their faces in the dust. As night drew on, the dark-ness enabled them to leave their temporary retreat for a safer one at some distance. They found their way at last to a spring house, where in comparative safety, they wait for their pursuers to weary of seeking them. Here they struck a light with a flint stone, dusted their soiled garments, and after quench-ing their thirst, bathed their hands and faces in the water that bubbled from the spring. Then it was that Charles Wesley was inspired with that wonderful hymn:

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

He wrote it with a piece of lead which he had hammered to a point.

Now take your hymn book and read that hymn carefully, slowly, and mark how every line indicates the circumstances in which they are placed. The spring and little stream flowing from it aids his musing. That hymn has aided more souls in their devotions and holy aspirations than scores of ser-mons. Millions have used it in so-cial and private devotion, and re-cited it when darkness surrounded them. On the bed of death it has been the comforter of thousands. I think it will be recollected in the world of glory, and, perhaps, used as one of the songs of the redeemed in the upper temple. Tell me not that I shall know less in the society of heaven than I do here. No, no, our house above will never be for-gotten.—REV. A. ATWOOD in *Chris-tian Standard*.

Let us take care how we speak to those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up; not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict; we do not know the scars.

Russian, Modern Greek, Turkish and Arabic are taught at Cornell.—*Ex.*