

## How The Question Came Home.

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"They are such tiny feet;  
They have gone such a little way to meet  
The years which are required to break  
Their steps to evenness and make  
Them go  
More sure and slow.

"They are such new, young lives  
Surely their newness thrives  
Them well of many sins. They see so much  
That, being immortal, they would touch,  
That if they reach  
We should not chide, but teach.

"God help us then to-day  
To tenderly, lovingly clear the way  
That they must tread,  
From needless snares that heartless greed would spread,  
And dangerous lures to deadly sin,  
Till they grow strong to strive and win."

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In the dusk of a summer evening  
I rocked my child to rest;  
Then sat and mused, with my darling  
Still folded to my breast,

His ringlets swept my shoulder,  
His breath was on my cheek,  
And I kissed his dimpled fingers,  
With a love I could not speak.

A form came through the gateway,  
And up the garden walk—  
And my neighbor sat down as often  
To have an evening talk.

She saw me caress my baby  
With almost reverent touch,  
And she shook her gray head gravely:  
"You love that boy too much!"

"That cannot be," I answered,  
"While I love our Father more;  
He smiles on a mother's rapture  
O'er the baby that she bore."

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For a while we both sat silent,  
 In the twilight's deeper gray ;  
 Then she said, " I believe that baby  
 Grows lovelier every day.

"And I suppose that the reason  
 I feel so drawn to him,  
 Is because he reminds me strangely  
 Of my own little baby, Jim."

My heart stood still a moment  
 With a horror I dared not show,  
 While the trembling voice beside me  
 Went on, in accents low :

"Just the same high, white forehead,  
 And rings of shining hair,  
 And smile of artless mischief  
 I have seen my Jamie wear.

"And I've sometimes thought—well, Mary,  
 The feeling perhaps you guess—  
 That my trouble would now be lighter  
 Had I loved my baby less."

My neighbor rose abruptly,  
 And left me in the gloom,  
 But the sob of a broken spirit  
 Was echoing in the room.

And when the lamp was lighted,  
 I knelt by my baby's bed ;  
 And wept o'er the noble forehead  
 And the ringlet-crowned head ;

For I thought of the bloated visage,  
 And the matted hair of him  
 Whom all the village children  
 Knew only as " Drunken Jim."

And my heart cried out, " O Father,  
 Spare me that bitter cup !  
 And destroy the liquor-traffic  
 Before my boy grows up."

—*Temperance Cause.*

**Remember the Mothers and Boys when you stand  
 beside the Ballot-Box.**