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## MY BOOK.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

*"My word shall not return unto me void."*—Isa. iv., 11.

"When saddened by the little fruit thy labors seem to yield,  
Or when no springing blade appears in all thy barren field;  
When those whom thou dost seek to win, seem hard, and cold, and dead—  
Then, weary worker, stay thine heart on what the Lord hath said;  
And let it give new life to hopes which seem well-nigh destroyed—  
This promise, that His word shall not return unto Him void.  
For if it be indeed, His truth, thy feeble lips proclaim,  
Then, He is pledged to shadow forth, the glory of His name.  
True, this may be at present veiled; still trustingly abide,  
And "cast thy bread," with growing faith, upon life's rolling tide.  
It shall, it will, it must be found, this precious living seed,  
Though thou may'st grieve that thoughtless hearts take no apparent heed.  
'Tis thine to sow with earnest prayer, in faith and patient love,  
And thou shalt reap the tear-sown seed, in glorious sheaves above,  
Then with what joy ecstatic, thou wilt stand before the throne,  
And bless the Lord who used thee thus to gather in His own!  
Adoring love will fill thine heart and swell thy grateful lays,  
That thou hast brought some souls to Christ, to His eternal praise,  
That thou hast helped to deck His brow with blood-bought jewels bright;  
Trophies of His wonderous love, and His all-saving might.  
Oh, grandest privilege to be thus used to bring them in,  
Oh, grandest joy to see them safe beyond the reach of sin!  
Then mourn not, worker; though thy work shall cause thee many a fear,  
The glorious aim thou hast in view, thy saddened heart will cheer,  
Remember, it is all for Him who loveth thee so well;  
And let not downcast weary thoughts, one moment in thee dwell,  
It is for Him! this is enough to cheer thee all the way;  
Until He says the glad "Well done" and night is turned to day."  
—Author Unknown

## A MOTHER'S CRY.

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Yes I represent the mothers. "Rachel wept for her children and would not be comforted because they were not." So I am crying for help, asking men to vote for what their forefathers fought for--their firesides. Republican and Democratic votes mean saloons. There is not one effort in these parties to do aught but perpetuate this treason. Yes, it is treason, to make laws to prohibit crime and then license saloons, that prohibit laws from prohibiting crime. There is not a lawful or legalized saloon. Any thing wrong can not be legally right. "Law commands that which is right and prohibits that which is wrong." Saloons command that which is wrong and prohibit that which is right. This is anarchy. There is another grievous wrong. The loving moral influence of mothers must be put in the ballot box. Free men must be the sons of free women. To elevate men you must first elevate women. A nation can not rise higher than the mothers. Liberty is the largest privilege to do that which is right, and the smallest to do that which is wrong. Vote for a principle which will make it a crime to manufacture, barter, sell or give away that which makes three-fourths of all the crime and murders thousands every year, and the suffering of the women and children that can not be told. Vote for our prohibition president and God will bless you, and

CARRY A. NATION,  
Your Loving Home Defender.