

FOR SUNDAY READING.

A HARD MASTER.

The devil has plenty of service. He keeps all his agents at work. And he keeps no one to be idle. And he keeps no one to be idle. And he keeps no one to be idle.

He will start a carcass or a racket. And he will start a carcass or a racket. And he will start a carcass or a racket.

He tells you of joy in the wine-cup. And he tells you of joy in the wine-cup. And he tells you of joy in the wine-cup.

He takes you to the gaming table. And he takes you to the gaming table. And he takes you to the gaming table.

He tells you of a fortune to be made. And he tells you of a fortune to be made. And he tells you of a fortune to be made.

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Habit breaks about the whole of patience.

When, under grace, the soul acquires the habit of patience, this habit is nearly won. The conquering then is done without exhaustion of vitality. God so made us that the will-power will act unconsciously when once habit has taken the details of the matter in hand.

Many a patient and peaceful nature, too, has the credit of being pliable and characterless, while many a blustering, forceful nature has the credit of being very mighty. A mother sometimes ratchets her will-power into a snapping ring to have much character. But willfulness may be anything but strength.

It is more probably pure weakness acting out its contortions. Yet in these days of disordered nerves it is doubtful if impatient people should not very often be pitied instead of blamed. They will-power is like a pair of, and to sit in judgment upon ourselves or others may very often aggravate the case.

Believe that the Word is Life as well as Light. We must more than read it, we must eat it. Christianity is more than a system of truth; it is Life, and if we really partake, we shall have that complete dominion which God gave. There is none greater.—Mrs. Mary Bull, in Advance.

PLAY.

Plays in neither idleness nor folly. It is one of the many good things which have come into your life from Heaven. It is a gift from God. It is one of His wonderful works. When he made the beautiful earth and the sky, and the body and soul of man, he made the happy play of childhood. It is a part of your life as truly as prayer is, as truly as the soul itself is.

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JESUS CRUCIFIED.

International Sunday-School Lesson for October 24, 1896. (Specially arranged from S. S. Quarterly.) John 19:17-30; commit verses 17-19. And he bearing His cross went forth into a place called Golgotha: which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha: that is, the place of a skull. And there crucified Him, and with Him two others, one on either side, and Jesus in the midst.

And Pilate wrote a title and put it on the cross. And the writing was: JESUS OF NAZARETH KING OF THE JEWS. This title then read many of the Jews; for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city; and it was written in Hebrew, and in Greek, and in Latin.

And Pilate said to the chief priests of the Jews: Write not, The King of the Jews; but that He said, I am King of the Jews. Pilate answered: What I have written I have written.

Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took His garments, and made four parts; to every soldier a part; and also His coat; now the coat was without seam, woven from the top. Thus they said among themselves: Let us not rend it, but let us cast lots; that it may be ours. And they cast lots for it, and they were divided thereon. And when it was noon, there came darkness over all the land, until three o'clock.

And when Jesus therefore had received His girdle, He said to Him who stood by Him: Behold, I commend thee to My Father. And He bowed His head, and said: God, I commend My spirit to thee. And He said: Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And He said: I thirst. Then they gave Him a sponge full of vinegar, and put it upon a hyssop, and put it to His mouth.

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FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BIDDY'S BABIES.

Old Biddy walked forth from her nest in the grass. And saw something too ugly for her to let see. "What is it?" she thought, with her head in the air. "Oh, now I remember, it's a duck. I declare! So, forthwith she caught it by the back of its neck, and tossed it about till it was near dead. Little Geoffrey, who saw it, rushed into the yard. Picked up little duckling, and drove Biddy away.

"And now, Mrs. Biddy, just see what I'll do. To punish and give a lesson to you! He took all the eggs she had laid in her nest. And put in some ducks' eggs, the freshest and best. "And now, Mrs. Biddy, when you've had the duck-eggs, I'll show you how to hatch them. Instead of a chicken, to hatch out a duck. We'll see if it looks just as ugly to you. As other hens' ducklings now seem to do."

So in Biddy's warm nest, four weeks to a day, hatched through the white walls the broad bills and tucked away. And Biddy, good soul, lent all the aid she could. As any good mother-in-law in such a time would. "And they came out of ducks there were nine. She gazed in delight! "Now, these are all the ducks. And she swelled in her pride, as if never before. And a young creature had knocked off a hen. Their feet were like paddles, their bills broad and wide; They were all walking, all time by her side. They were all walking, all time by her side. They were all walking, all time by her side.

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FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE UNKNOWN "DOCTOR."

A story of Emperor Joseph II and a Croat. Night was falling over Vienna, and the cold November rain, which had been threatening all day, was beginning to come down in earnest. Every one seemed to have gone home who had a home to go to, and the streets were almost deserted, when a tall man, in a broad-brimmed hat and long, dark cloak, came tramping down a narrow lane in one of the poorer quarters of the city.

Nowadays, any one can walk about Vienna at night safely enough; but a hundred years ago, when rogues and vagabonds swarmed in every street, few honest people cared to be out after dark more than they could help. The cloaked man, however, went forward briskly and fearlessly enough; but any one who had been watching him would have noticed that, whenever he happened to pass a policeman, he kept his head down, and pulled at the collar of his cloak, as if wishing to hide his face as much as possible.

At all once a ragged, half-starved boy came flying past, who, catching sight of the tall man, ran up to him, and said, imploringly: "One guinea (forty cents), good sir; just one, for pity's sake!" He hung back a little as he spoke, as if fearing that his petition might be answered with a hard word, or even a blow. But the tall man replied, in a kindly tone: "Why do you want a guinea so much, my boy? Are you hungry?"

"It's not that," panted the boy. "Mother's very ill, and the doctor won't come to see her unless I give him a guinea first, and I haven't got so much as a cent; and perhaps mother may die in the meantime." The stranger passed and looked keenly at the boy, his large eyes seeming to glow like live coals under the dark shadow of his slouch hat. Such tales were told every day by the knaves and swaggers of the town; but the poor little fellow looked thin and miserable enough to make his assertion that he had no money only too probable, and the earnestness of his voice and look could not be mistaken.

"Here's a guinea for you, my lad. Go quick and fetch the doctor, and I'll look after your mother; the mean doctors in this town, it would seem, who would let a sick woman die rather than lose a guinea. And yet people call me hard-hearted. Bah!" Just then he passed a baker's store, and a sudden thought appeared to strike him. He went in and bought a small round loaf, and took care to choose the freshest he could find. In that part of the town most men were fond of keeping their faces hidden, so that the baker was not surprised to see his customer pull his hat over his eyes as he came in; but it struck him that the hand which took the loaf was far too white and well shaped to suit the ragged, threadbare cloak that hung over it. The stranger pushed on at a brisk pace through the maze of crooked, gloomy alleys, and soon reached the house to which the boy had directed him.

A dismal den it was, much more like a wild beast's lair than the abode of any human being. Not without more than one awkward stumble did the visitor make his way up the pitch-dark and tumble-down stairs, to the small, bare, chilly garret in which the sick woman was lying, with nothing but an old plank between her and the outside world. She lay on her back, kindly, and she, supposing him to be the doctor whom her son had gone to fetch, told him all about her illness readily enough. But he soon saw that what she was suffering from was simply starvation, and breaking up the loaf which he had brought, he proceeded to feed her with the soft morsels of it.

"Now," said he, seeing that she was beginning to revive a little. "I'll write down the name of a medicine which I think will do you good. Send your son with this paper to-morrow morning to 23 Ferdinand street, and they'll give you what you want, and not charge you anything for it." "May God bless you!" murmured the poor woman, faintly. At that moment the rickety stair creaked beneath a heavy tread, and in the room strode the doctor, with the boy at his heels.

"Hello!" cried he, roughly, "what sort of a dog-hole's this that you've brought me to?" "It is a dog-hole," said the stranger, eyeing him sternly, "it's all the better for you." "What do you mean by that, you rascal?" roared the burly doctor, stalking up to him. "Do you know who I am?" "Yes, I do," retorted the other, with crushing contempt. "You are a doctor without brains and a man without a heart."

The answer to this taunt was a blow which would have ended the dispute at once, had not the unknown man leaped nimbly aside. But as he did so, his hat fell off, disclosing features at the sight of which the bullying doctor started back as if he had seen a ghost, his coarse, red face growing pale as death.

"Do you know who I am?" asked the stranger in turn. "You look as if you did. Indeed, for he slunk out of the room like a beaten dog, without daring to utter a word. Meanwhile the sick woman, who had been listening in amazement, opened the paper given by the stranger, and read: "To the bearer the sum of fifty ducats in gold." "The Emperor!" cried she, clasping her hands. "The Emperor!" echoed the other. "Is this kind gentleman really our Emperor himself?" "Yes, my boy," said Joseph II, laying his hand tenderly upon the crying child; "and as you've been such a good son to your sick mother, I promise you I won't lose sight either of her or of you."

And the Emperor kept his promise.—David Kerr, in Golden Days.

TEMPERANCE READING.

A STRANGE APATHY.

The terrible onslaught of the Rum Power Against the People, and the Fatal Indifference to the Havoc Shown by the Masses. The terrible onslaught that is now waged by the belligerent forces of the rum power against the people has no parallel in history for viciousness and fearful carnage. The devastation of numerous happy homes, an immense waste and destruction of property, the suffering of innocent children, crime, wretchedness, pauperism and the vicious tendencies that pervade a large proportion of the community are among the terrible consequences of this awful warfare now being waged by this unscrupulous and relentless foe. The conflict is an irrepressible, unmitigated antagonism of many, many thousands who are the very demons of selfishness, or incarnate evils impelled within the room and pervading a mercenary and debauched human nature and opposed by the patriotic, conscientious masses of the people possessing generous susceptibilities and a noble manhood, quietly aspiring after a moral and Christian civilization.

The rum power with their numerous sympathizers are combined in a solid, unbroken compact, and are strongly fortified with both money and influence. They have secured as allies the forces of political power, have large vested interests, and are strongly barricaded and protected behind the social habits and prejudices of the masses. The majority of the people, men, women and children, are on the other side; most of them seem too timid or too much occupied with their own personal affairs to know or care what will be the final outcome of this terrible conflict. This apathetic carelessness of the people has given the rum power many and special advantages, and also given them favorable opportunities to fortify and intrench their position. They have also succeeded in deluding the people with the conviction that they have the most innocent intentions in placing their batteries in every available point and on the most eligible positions, so that they can sweep the whole field, and reach every man, woman and child.

Their numerous fortifications are also barricaded with legal and governmental sanction, and these still further are protected by political earthworks and intrenchments of perverted appetites. Some of these fortifications and batteries have the fascinations of beautiful surroundings to attract the taste and fancies of the rich and high-toned among people, especially the young, and in some cases other grand and all the gorgeousness of color, gilding and draperies. These fortifications are often covered with banners and gold mountings, and are sometimes made to appear like fairy grounds, and the display of elegant mirrors, stained glass and other rich decorations all arranged and designed to make the impression that no harm can come from their belligerent and dangerous attitude.

For an opposite class of the people the batteries are of the meanest and lowest character, and are marked off by occasional hilarious songs and dances, showy placards and pictures all arranged to mislead and deceive the unwary. To cover up their deadly object their guns are masked and supplied with euphonious names, and even their shot is so poisoned that when it strikes it produces a delirious and pleasurable frenzy, and while they do not kill their victims outright, they are often reduced to an inanimate stupor and left to drag out a miserable existence of disease and suffering, besides impoverishing their families and filling their surroundings with the most violent tendencies.

Every hour in the day and long into the night these batteries of the rum power are opened on the people with fearful havoc, but their most effective work is done at night, when they find a large proportion of the victims of their diabolical warfare are massed in such positions that they can mow them down with the least opposition and the most deadly effect.

The moral portion of the people, especially those belonging to the Christian church, are to some extent aware of the character and designs of these batteries, and the terrific destruction and death struggle that is going on among the people, and occasionally rally in opposition, but their chief effort seems to be confined to a mild attempt to persuade the multitude to keep out of the range of the shot and shell that are constantly though silently hurled forth from the deadly guns of the enemy, and not a few of the people seem to be animated with an ardent taste to take care of the wounded. These are often taken to hospitals especially provided, where they are carefully nursed, and when convalescence is insured to keep out of the range of the guns of the enemy, but as the marksmen know their victims they become their targets and an easy prey to their practiced eye.

These victims of the rum power are very numerous, and known to be the especial objects for their shot, and liable to be struck down again and again, until some final and more deadly aim from some of the batteries ends their career, accompanied with the most terrible sufferings, which is often made to include their families and even entailed on their children. In some cases the shot of the enemy produces all the horrors of hell itself, and the victims rage with a demoniacal frenzy, sometimes torturing their families with indescribable violence and brutality.

One of the most lamentable features of this war is that the mass of the people are indifferent, and seem ignorant as to the designs and the vigilance of their enemies.—W. Jennings Democrat.

THE SALOON MUST GO. However Men May Deceive as to the Necessity of Its Existence. Public sentiment is well-nigh omnipotent. It enacts laws; it speaks through the Judge's charge; it gives eyes to policemen; it governs the crowd on the street, and like a subtle atmosphere pervades all things, and with commanding power. And public sentiment is rising up against the saloon. Every day enlarges and intensifies the conviction that the dramshop is an altogether useless and irreparable wicked thing, that it is a burdensome barrier quite in the way of the highest civilization and of enlightened Christianity. Though tolerated in the past, its baleful, dreadful influence has always been felt and protested against by the noblest philanthropists, as well as by the wretched

widows and orphans from whom it has taken the husband and the father.

Men may differ widely about the questions—whether taking a glass of wine is sin per se, whether saloons are innocent, or the use of a thing with self-restraint embodied in the word Temperance shall be the Christian's law, whether the absolute prohibition of the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits is practicable or otherwise, etc.; but surely there is, or ought to be, a ground of agreement among all good and thoughtful men on the demand that the saloon must go. It has already wrought mischief enough, without ever doing one iota of benefit. To attempt to put into language even a few of the awful crimes that have issued directly from the saloon, and seem like the outburst of rant. And yet no words can begin to convey any just conception of the various forms of vice and misery, of intellectual as well as moral debasement caused by the saloon. It is infinitely pathetic and harrowing for us to imagine just one night's doings in the saloons of this broad land. Who can bear to think of the profanities, of the malignant curses, of the demented wits, of the bloody encounters, of the murders, of the scalding tears and bitter agonies, and unpeppable remorse which were wrought some how and somewhere by the saloon devil; and therefore it is certainly wise and just for all our families to combine for its overthrow. Let us agitate to make the saloon indisputable, to secure ample legislation against it, to help judge its every movement, to feel that their duty with regard to it, to create a public sentiment rendering it disgraceful to peddle out standing drinks and equally disgraceful to swallow standing drinks—in short, let us be loyal to humanity and to Christian civilization and to God by crying out with the saloon!—Christian at Work.

POISONED SPIRITS. A Wholesale Liquor Dealer Gives Away Secrets of the Trade. "There is not one saloon in fifty in this city where you can get a pure drink of whisky. I will make it stronger. Forty-nine out of every fifty liquor dealers are selling whisky, which is neither more nor less than poison. I would not drink it, sir. I would not allow a good dog to drink it."

This remark was made by a reputable wholesale liquor man to a reporter. He is ready, he says, to substantiate his statements by proofs that can not be denied. "You do not mean to say that I can not get good whisky in a fine saloon where I am charged twenty-five cents a glass?" inquired a bystander in amazement.

"I will make no distinction between fine saloons and the holes in the wall. They all handle about the same kind of goods. The cheap saloons may put a little more water in their whisky, but it contains no more poison than that which you purchase in the saloon where oil paintings adorn the walls and high-priced mirrors set off to an advantage every corner of the wall. This whisky is purchased by multitudes of money in order to make their expenses."

"A law should be passed prohibiting the rectification that makes five barrels of whisky out of one. Some whisky is put through a certain process whereby a large quantity of fusel oil is taken out. This whisky is purchased by multitudes of money in order to make their expenses. I saw the compound put several ounces of carbolic acid in a barrel of stuff he had compounded and called whisky. This was, he said, for the purpose of giving it a head, make it sparkle, sharp, biting. A barrel of this acid quantity of fusel oil is taken out to kill half dozen men. I would just as willingly take a small dose of poison as drink a glass of it. Step into a saloon and take a glass of this vile stuff and you will feel the evil results before you cross the threshold. It acts directly upon the brain, and is likely to fill the head with ideas. Men who drink any amount of it become weak, lost to their better judgment and reason, and are scarcely responsible for what they do. Besides, they are being slowly poisoned to death. Young men are stunted in their vigorous growth, and the energies of older men are wasted. The law which allows men to mix up poison and sell it simply for the purpose of making money should be repealed. This whisky often finds its way into sick chambers, and the results can be imagined."

"An old liquor man stated to me a short time ago that he could sell a good deal of whisky for a few cents, and in order to meet the demand for cheap whisky he had been compelled to adulterate. These statements I am ready to prove. Show me a man who adulterates his whisky and I will show you one that will not drink that which he sells to others."—Pittsburgh Press.

The World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union has a hearty supporter in the Mother Superior of the convent at Springfield, Mass. She has secured the names of 1,000 Catholics there to the petition, and Temperance text books are to be used hereafter in the convent schools.