FOR SUNDAY READING.

IN DUE SEASON.

"In due season we shall reap if we faint not."
—*Gal. vi. 9.*

PATIENCE.—"In due season."

See ye yon patient tiller of the land
Scattering his seed, and singing as he sows?
Think you he aught of weary waiting knows,
Before the fruit be ready to his hand?
Surely he sees that weeks and months must flow,
That rain and sunshine, day and night succeed,
Each nurturing according to its need
The tiny grain, before the full ear blow.

So, too, oh laborers in God's fair field!
Sowing more precious seed, in hope for soil,
Weep not if time rewards not all our toil,
If love's own labor seems no fruit to yield;
Be patient—let the eagle eye of faith
Pierce through the ripening seasons that must roll
To God's "due time," the harvest of the soul,
When fulsome life shall spring from seeming death.

PERSEVERANCE.—"If we faint not."

When the stormy tempests sweep across the earth,
Down beating, may be, many a tender plant;
Or when the sun its scorching rays aslant
Pours down, and leaves a parched, barren death;
If in the heart despair's black darkness creep,
Lift up the single eye to Heaven's pure light;
We need not fear an universal blight,
Or, faint with weary striving, idly sleep.

The sunshine of God's love can raise the beads
That tempests bowed down helpless to the earth;
The rivers of His grace can turn hope's dearth
Into a land where peaceful plenty spreads;
But we must strike the Rock from whence they flow;
Our hearts, in never-tiring, earnest prayer,
Must bring down light, and warmth, nor once forbear
Because the work is hard, fruition slow.

FAITH, BECAUSE OF THE PROMISE.—"We shall reap."

It may be in the fields of Paradise
That earth-sown seed shall ripen into grain,
Or where perhaps we toiled through grief and pain,
Shall laughing valleys greet our gladdened eyes;
But this we know—though time its secret keep—
That whether here, or in the great "To be,"
Each faithful soul its harvest time shall see,
For we have this sure promise—"We shall reap."

Church S. S. Magazine.

RELIGIOUS TRIFLING.

Don't Let the Habit Get So Fixed That "It Come to Be a Cart-Rope Which Shall Bind You Fast."

Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart-rope.—Isaiah v. 18.

Let me give you a picture. Here is a man, who, as a young man, heard the Gospel and grew up under the influence of it. He is an intelligent man, a Bible reader, and somewhat of a theologian. He attended a Bible-class, was an apt pupil and could explain much of Scripture, but he took to lightness and frothiness. He made an amusement of religion and a sport of serious things. Sermons he frequented that he might talk of them, and say that he had heard the preacher. After the sermon, when others were impressed, he was merry. He had discovered some mistake in the preacher, in his pronunciation, in the grammatical construction of a sentence, or in a misquotation from a poet, and this he mentioned with gusto, passing by all the good that was spoken. That was only his way. He did not mean any hurt by it; at least he would have said so, had any one seriously reproved him.

He came under the bond of this religious trifling, but it was a cord of vanity small as a packthread. Years ago he began to be bound to his sin by this kind of trifling, and at the present moment I am not sure that he ever cares to go and hear the Gospel or to read the Word of God, for he has grown to despise that which he sported with. The wanton witling has degenerated into a malicious scoffer; his cord has become a cart-rope. His life is all trifling now. You could not make him serious. Every holy thing is now the subject of comedy. Like Belshazzer, he drinks his wine out of the sacred vessels of the temple. Earnestness hath a pleasantry of its own, and a bold spirit yokes mirth and laughter to its car, and subdues all the faculties of the mind to God, not even excepting humor; but this man owns no Lord within his heart, but laughs at the most solemn truths, and does not seem capable of any thing higher or better. His life is a sneer. He would pull a feather out of an angel's wing and wear it in his cap. On the solemn day of Pentecost he would have draw a picture of the cloven tongues upon his thumb nail, that he might show it as a curiosity. There is nothing sacred to him now. The habit of being contemptuous has grown to be a cart-rope with him, and it holds him most securely. I say, young men, break those wretched cords of vanity before they strengthen into cart-ropes. While yet there is but a slender thread snap it, before thread gathers to thread, and that to another, and that to another, till it has come to be a cable, which even a giant could not pull asunder. There are many lamentable instances of triflers ripening into scoffers, and it were a great pity that you should furnish further illustrations. Avoid trifling with religion as you would avoid common swearing or profanity, for in its essence it is irreverent and mischievous.

I have seen the same thing take another shape, and then it appeared as captious questioning. We are not afraid to be examined upon any thing in the word of God, but we dread a caviling spirit. I for one, believe that the more the Word of God has been sifted the more fully has it been confirmed. The result has been the better understanding of its teaching. The pure gold has shone the more brightly for being placed in the crucible. But there is a habit which begins thus: "I do not see *this;* and I do not understand *that;* and I do not approve of *this;* and I question *that.*" It makes life into a tangle of thorns and briers when ten thousand sharp points of doubt are forever tearing the mind. This doubting state reminds one of the old serpent's "Yea, hath God said?" If the statement made had been the opposite, the gentleman would have questioned it; for he is bound to doubt every thing. He is one who could take either side and refute; but neither side and defend. There are minds constructed in such a way that they can act in every way except that of plain up and down. Their machinery is eccentric; it would puzzle the ablest tongue to describe it. I like the old-fashioned consciences that go up and down, yes and no, right and wrong, true and false—the kind which are simple and need no great intellect to understand their methods. We are growing so cultured now that many have become like the old serpent, "more subtile than any beast of the field." The new-fashioned consciences act upon the principle of compromise and policy, which is no principle at all. To each inquiry the answer: "Yes and no. What is the time of day?" for it is yes or no according to the clock, or according to the climate, or, more generally, according to the breeches pocket, for so much depends upon that. Practically many are saying: "Upon which side of the bread is the butter? Tell us this, and then we will tell you what we believe."

People of that sort begin at first with an inquiring spirit, then go on to an objecting spirit, then to a conceited spirit, and then to a perpetually quibbling spirit. There is nothing earnest; for when a man is a sincere questioner, and is willing to receive an answer, he is on the high road to truth; but when he merely questions and questions and questions, and never stops for an answer, and is nothing but a heap of cavils, he is not worth clearing away. The last thing he wants is an answer, and the thing he dreads beyond every thing is that he should be compelled to believe any thing at all. Such a man at last gets bound as with a cart-rope; he becomes an atheist or worse; for all capacity for faith departs from him. He is as frivolous as Voltaire, whose forte seemed to lie in ridiculing every thing. You can not save him. How can faith come to him? How can he believe who must have every thing explained? How can he believe in Christ Himself when he requires him, first of all, to be put through a catechism and to be made to answer cavils? Oh, take heed of tying up your soul with cart-ropes of skepticism; take heed of a truth-denying spirit. God help you to break the bonds! Inquire, but believe. Ask; but do accept the truth; and be in earnest in your resolve that if you prove all things you will also hold fast that which is good. To be always using the sieve but never to be using the mill is starving work; to be always searching after adulterations, but never to drink of the genuine milk, is a foolish habit. Caviling is a curse, and carping is a crime. Escape from it while yet it is but a cord of vanity, lest it come to be a cart-rope which shall bind you fast.—*Spurgeon.*

WICKED THOUGHTS.

Some Progenitors of Sinful Deeds Classified—The Vile, the Blasphemous and the Selfish Brood of the Mind.

Human laws condemn wicked deeds. They have nothing to say about wicked thoughts. Yet the wicked deed was first planned in the mind. This planning was an act of the mind, and as a sinful act it is condemned by the law of God. It is a mistake to suppose that wicked thoughts can be pursued without detection or without guilt. Detection is very sure, even in this life; one's mind can not long be a cage of unclean birds without some sign of their presence becoming visible. Guilt is positively certain. The thought is an act, and the wrong-doer is guilty.

Let us name some classes of wicked thoughts. There is the vile, the obscene. A man can not touch filth with his hands and be clean; neither can his mind touch moral filth without defilement. Honor to our great army leader into whose presence an officer came, saying: "Oh, I have such a good story! There are no ladies present"— and was at once interrupted by General Grant: "No; but there are gentlemen present."

There is the blasphemous. Profane thoughts go before profane words. Persons are sometimes guilty of the first who are not of the second; although, as a rule, profane words do not delay very long in the rear of profane thoughts.

There are the thoughts which grow out of selfishness, such as are marked by envy, jealousy and hatred. We may have envious thoughts of one whom we imagine more favored than ourselves. We may be jealous of his success; we may be angered if we think we have received an injury. All this takes place if we are selfish, and think first of ourselves.

There are thoughts of opposition and disbelief of God's Word. As acts of opposition to God they are guilty. It is possible for one to cherish them, to seek such companionship and reading as shall produce them, or increase their influence. We can readily understand the guilt of this. We would not honor the man who would habitually seek the companionship of those who made a practice of ridiculing his mother. What should we think of the person who delighted to read such books or papers as were full of venom or falsehood, in their assaults upon his father's good name? This will illustrate what it really is for young or old to read and relish such papers or lectures as are characterized either by the vile or blasphemous.

Do we understand that one's thoughts must be controlled, as well as his deeds, and that he is responsible for both?

We say imagination has no bounds. All of us have day-dreams, "castles in Spain." That is, we imagine various beautiful and happy events and scenes. This is all very well, provided we do not waste time and energy which might be better employed, and provided, also, that we do not permit our imagination to lead our thoughts into those fields which are defiled with evil.

We must have a care about our castles. If we build in the air let it be as a man who first builds his house in thought and then with trowel and hammer. Let us plan so as to guide and shape our lives. Especially, let us not people our castles with slimy reptiles. Let us have nothing there which should properly provoke a blush of shame.—*Rev. Charles F. Janes, in Christian at Work.*

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

—If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.—*Exchange.*

—A man without earnestness is a mournful and perplexing spectacle. But it is consolation to believe, as we must of such a one, that he is in the most effectual and compulsive of all schools.—*Sterling.*

—The strong man's Heaven consists of mind, soul, character; it means virtue which has taken root and flourished under the strong blasts of temptation, and holiness which has grown up through sacrifice and pain. —*Rev. Charles Dawe.*

—A sound profession is good, and it is one of the things every man is required to make, but righteousness is better. Some men, curiously contradictory, as they certainly are, seem to think that if they have only professed well they have nothing more to think of.—*United Presbyterian.*

—Poverty is the load of some, and wealth is the load of others, perhaps the greater load of the two. It may weigh them to perdition. Bear the load of thy neighbor's poverty, and let him bear with thee the load of thy wealth. Thou lightenest thy load by lightening his.—*Augustine.*

JESUS RISEN.

International Sunday-School Lesson for October 31, 1886.

[Specially arranged from S. S. Quarterly.]

John 20: 1-18: commit verses 15-17.

1. The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early when it was yet dark, unto the sepulcher, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulcher.
2. Then she runneth and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them: They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher, and we know not where they have laid Him.
3. Peter therefore went forth and that other disciple, and came to the sepulcher.
4. So they ran both together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulcher.
5. And he stooping down *and looking in,* saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in.
6. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulcher, and seeth the linen clothes lie.
7. And the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.
8. Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulcher, and he saw and believed.
9. For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead.
10. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.
11. But Mary stood without at the sepulcher weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulcher.
12. And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.
13. And they say unto her: Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them: Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.
14. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.
15. Jesus saith unto her: Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing Him to be the gardener, saith unto Him: Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away.
16. Jesus saith unto her: Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto Him: Rabboni; which is to say, Master.
17. Jesus saith unto her: Touch Me not; for I am not yet ascended to My Father; but go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God.
18. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and *that* He had spoken these things unto her.

TIME—Sunday, April 9, A. D. 30, early dawn.

PLACE—Jerusalem, in the vicinity of Calvary.

INTERVENING HISTORY—John 19:31-42; Matt. 27:57-66; Mark 15:42-47; Luke 23:50-56.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS—Matt. 26:1-15; Mark 16:1-11; Luke 24:1-12.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES—(1) The Burial. Friday afternoon between four and six o'clock, in a new sepulcher near Calvary, aided by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. (2) Precautions. The Sabbath (Matt. 27:62-66). In order to prove the resurrection, the death must be proved beyond doubt. In the providence of God, the centurion testified to the death of Jesus; the soldiers pierced His heart; the tomb was new, and at the request of the chief priests the tomb was sealed and guarded. (3) The Resurrection. Very early Sunday morning (Matt. 28:2-4), accompanied by an earthquake and by a shining angel. (4) The Women at the Sepulcher. Early Sunday morning (vs. 1-2). 1. *Mary Magdalene:* accompanied by several others. 2. *Then she runneth:* she went ahead, saw the stone rolled away, and hastened back without looking in. The others waited, looked in, and saw an angel. (5) Peter and John visit the Sepulcher (vs. 3-10). 8. *Believed:* that Jesus was really risen from the dead. (6) Two Angels appear to Mary Magdalene (vs. 11-13). Mary returned more slowly, and reached the tomb just after Peter and John had left. (7) Jesus reveals Himself as a Risen Saviour first to Mary Magdalene (vs. 14-18). 14. *Knew not that it was Jesus:* she did not look up; her eyes were dimmed with tears; His garments must have been different; she was not expecting to see Him. 17. *Touch Me not:* do not stop now to express your wonder and praise, but hasten on and tell the disciples the news. *I am not yet ascended:* I have not gone yet; there will be other times for you to see Me. Jesus appeared on eleven different occasions during forty days.

THE BODY OF JESUS DURING THE FORTY DAYS. It is of the utmost importance that we remember that the body that Jesus rose with was the very same body which died on the cross (1) Jesus expressly says that His resurrection body was flesh and blood. While Paul tells us that our resurrection body is to be a spiritual body, and is not flesh and blood. (2) There is no possible way to prove that Jesus arose from the dead, if the body was not precisely the same after He was buried that it was before. (3) Jesus' body was doubtless changed at the ascension into a spiritual body. It was not till that change that we have in the resurrection of Christ a type of the change to be made in our bodies by the resurrection. Then took place what Paul declares is to take place on the resurrection day in those who are alive. "We shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.—John 24:34.

CENTRAL TRUTH—The risen Saviour is our resurrection and life.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. We have here an excellent example of keeping the Sabbath.
2. How often we say, as we approach a difficult duty: "Who will roll away the stone?" only to find, if we go straight on, that God in His own way has removed the obstacles. Often exemplified in the history of modern missions.
3. The very efforts of opposers God compels to minister to the success of the Gospel.
4. Our eyes are often holden from seeing our Lord because He comes in unexpected ways and strange providences.
5. The resurrection of Jesus is (1) the crowning proof that Christ is the Son of God; (2) the proof of life beyond the grave; (3) the assurance of our own resurrection; (4) that our Saviour has power over death and all enemies; (5) it is a symbol of our resurrection.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. When did Jesus rise from the dead? ANS.—On Sunday morning, the third day after the crucifixion. 2. To whom did He appear first? ANS.—To Mary Magdalene. 3. How many times did He appear to His disciples? ANS.—On eleven different occasions. 4. During how long a time? ANS.—During forty days.

—The Straw Hat Lament.—

How dear to my head was the straw hat of summer,
The plain-woven basket that now I am fain
To swap for the sable and felted newcomer,
Which, hot as an oven, is baking my brain!
Like a poor crofter's thatch on a hut of Kilkenny,
The breezes of morning crept through it alway;
'Twas lighter and brighter and cooler than any,
And cheaper it cost but a quarter in May!
The headgear of summer, the straw hat of summer,
I loved it—it cost but a quarter in May!

—*Washington Post.*

—"These Eastern ball-players are poor sticks," remarked the squire, at the country post-office, after the mail was opened. "I see here that in a game played a few days ago the score stood only two to three. Why, our club, in playing with the Crooked Creek boys, made forty-three runs. If these Eastern fellers knowed that, I reckon they wouldn't blow so much.—*Tid-Bits.*

—Mrs. Montague — "Why, Mary Ann, what is the reason you are leaving us so suddenly? Don't you like the place?" Mary Ann—"Yes, mamma, the place is very well, and you do your best; but your dresses are a miserable fit for me, and so I just made up my mind to leave this day."

TEMPERANCE READING.

KING ALCOHOL'S VIEWS.

What Kaiser, Czar or King since the birthday of the world
Had a rule so universal as I claim?
What conquering banner yet was so far and wide unfurled
As my ensign of destruction and of shame?
My burning fetters bind every race of human kind:
My dominion rules their bodies not alone,
But heart and soul and brain are encircled by my chain,
And their future as their present is my own.

Then clink-a-clink the bottle and chink-a-chink the glass!
Send the tankard round, imps, and let the goblet pass!
Ply the fools with whisky and fill them up with rum,
Till fiends are hoarse with laughter and angels stricken dumb.

Talk not to me of Nero, that ancient Roman ass;
His tortured slaves in death at last were free,
But the serf who bears the sway of bottle or of glass
Belongs for all eternity to me.
The bravest man who broke a human tyrant's yoke,
If he once began to worship at my shrine,
Would submit strength, courage, all of his manhood to my thrall,
Lose truth and pluck and honor, and be mine.

Then pass the poison freely, circle round the drink,
Do not give the drunkard time to even think.
In a stupid slumber let his conscience dwell,
Till, too late, ha! ha! it awakens up in hell!

Despots oft are hated: it is not so with me—
Homage pay my bondsmen for their pains;
Common helots struggle madly to be free,
Mine lie down and hug their bitter chains.
My triumph through the years is told in blood and tears,
On the scaffold, in the dungeon's dreary gloom,
I whet the murderer's knife—rob mother, children, wife—
And build my horrid throne upon the tomb.
Then let the red wine gurgle, let the whisky flow,
Satan turns the hose on, for the demons know
God and Heaven are lost to the fools who sink
Underneath the sway of that cruel monarch, Drink!

—*Irish World.*

"DOMESTIC REMEDIES."

A Temperance Paper Addressed to Mothers—How Moderate Drinking Affects the Vital Organs—Total Abstainers, the Physician's Favorites.

There is no falsehood more universally accepted as truth that is more deadly in its tendency than the belief that brandy, whisky, rum, gin, and the alcoholic stimulants generally, are necessary as domestic remedies. If you value your children's best interests, never use wine or any of these beverages upon your table. Never use them for the ordinary ailments occurring in every household, for it is not necessary.

By alcoholic stimulants I mean every thing which has alcohol in it, however disguised in name or character. Fruits and their juices, so valuable when fresh, are as unfit to use during fermentation as fermenting food. The juice of apples fermented becomes cider, and then takes its place in the same class as wine, brandy, whisky, rum and gin. These with ale, beer, and the punches—egg nog and mint juleps—should be kept out of the list of our home remedies as much as strychnine and arsenic.

The plea that stimulants make those who use them "feel better" and grow fat is full of deception. The fat and blood of those who use these articles is never healthful. In most guarded, moderate drinkers, physicians never expect the same favorable recovery from sickness or injury as in one who is extremely temperate.

In post-mortem examinations and dissecting rooms, we see constantly the character of this fat, or, rather, bloat, which is so deceptive to the careless observer. I have seen the fat of a woman in high life, who had, for a few years previous to her death, "kept up" upon her regular potion of the best brandy, show the same foul degeneration as the fat of the common drunkard. This most undesirable accumulation of adipose piles up about the liver, kidneys, bowels and heart, penetrates the intestines, between the muscles, burdening and impeding the natural action of the organs, until it requires a goad of some kind to keep them moving.

The more of such flesh any one accumulates the weaker he will become; it is no more a reason for satisfaction than the pail of soap grease which might be carried in the hand. Alcohol does not furnish nutriment to the body or give real strength; during the alcohlic fever there is an appearance of strength which is wholly deceptive. It makes a fire so intense that the whole system is roused to fever heat and the brain to active congestion by it. It is this forceful driving of the brain and circulatory system while the alcohol fever is on that gives the false strength, and when the fierce fire subsides, leaves its subject so weak and exhausted; for here as everywhere action and reaction are equal, unnatural excitements are followed by undue depression.

A mischievous error, now misleading many of our overworked men and women, and shared, I am sorry to say, by many of our trusted physicians in good standing, is that this class of stimulants, from the purest brandy to the ale and beer in common use, are valuable aids in securing sleep and are comparatively harmless. It is true that spirituous liquors, both in their moderate and excessive use, do, after a period of excitement, in most cases, produce sleep; but the rest thus obtained is widely different from the simple, quiet sleep of health; in natural sleep, the blood vessels of the brain contract and carry a less volume of blood than when in an active state, much as the healthful stomach contracts upon itself, emptying its large vessels partially, during its period of rest.

Under alcoholic stimulants the arteries and veins, even to the smallest brain capillaries, become over filled and distended with blood; for this reason, the sleep thus secured is a sleep like the heavy sleep in apoplexy. The walls of the capillaries under such repeated distension become more dilated and dilatable, until the unnatural engorgement is fixed and permanent and the tissues are thickened, so that the power to contract is lost by the naturally elastic vessels. When such changes have taken place in the brain, the nervous system acts feebly, unless it is goaded by that fierce alcoholic fire which can make every passion demoniac and uncontrollable, until the frenzy is stilled in lethargic sleep. Every period of rest thus gained is at the expense of future recuperative power.

It requires three or four times as much medicine to secure the same good results in a patient who has made moderate habitual use of wine or other liquors, as it does in the perfectly temperate individual of the same age and general vitality.

Mothers, let me make to you an earnest appeal: The home-made wine, the sweetened brandy and water, hard cider or nice gin sling taken hot, for a cold, the tempting egg nog, or mint juleps, or fine old Jamaica rum and molasses are dangerous remedies. Mixed by your hand, and given to your son or daughter when they are chilly, a little run down or exhausted and must keep up, or to relieve a severe attack of pain, colic, indigestion or neuralgia, the moral and physical effect will be doubly dangerous. Your hand, of all others, should not be the one to make an opening in the embankment of habit which may flood your child's life with destruction or your own heart with bitter sorrow.—*Cornelia Green, in Union Signal.*

TRAMPING OVER THE DEAD.

This the Saloon-Keeper Is Doing for the Glittering Dollar and Rather Than Surrender His "Liberty."

"We will kill every preacher, burn every church, massacre every member of every Temperance society and all praying women before we will surrender our liberty or give up our lawful business." A sentence, and quite an expressive one too, from a letter written recently by "Saloon-keepers" to a respectable American citizen, who is informed that unless he complies with their conditions he has "not got many more days to live." Terrible though this language be, it need not occasion surprise. It is the echo of the old cry: "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." The temple of Diana is among the things that were, and "saloon-keepers" may console themselves with the thought that the day is almost at hand when breweries, distilleries and saloons will take their place with it. Demetrius had no great love for "this Paul," and "saloon-keepers" have no great love for "this Paul's" successors. The business that pauperizes our country, robs men of all natural feeling. One evening during my ministry in South Chicago I was startled by the awful news that a peaceable citizen, whose besetting sin was intemperance, had been murdered. I went to the morgue to view his remains. A few hours before he had been drinking in a saloon; in front of that saloon he was killed, from that saloon, unprepared, his soul passed out into eternity to meet a holy God. Strong drink brought death to his body and to his soul. Would you wish to know some of my thoughts while I stood in that gloomy spot beside the dead? I felt a sorrow which tongue could not describe. There was a man whose earthly race was ended. He was my brother. The man who sold him drink was his brother; for we are all children of the same great father. With Gough I could truly say, as I looked at that poor lifeless man: "O God, as I shall answer to Thee in the day of judgment, I would rather be the veriest sot that ever reeled through the streets, than I would be the man who sold him his liquor!" What will be the surprise of the readers of the *Northwestern* when I affirm that that saloon-keeper on the day of the inquest asked a young lad, one of my Sunday-school scholars, into his saloon to give him a glass of beer! To that invitation, the dealer of death received an unmistakable "No."

Again I assert: The business that pauperizes our country robs men of all natural feeling. In the summer of 1880, while traveling in Minnesota during my vacation, I met in one of the leading cities of that State, a fine-looking, intelligent, well-preserved man in the middle of life who was in the wholesale liquor business. To me that man was an anomaly. He had the easy manner, the grace and polish of a cultured gentleman, and yet he had a heart as cold as an iceberg and as hard as the nether millstone. His was a nature entirely devoid of the milk of human kindness. Over the bodies of dead men, with a smile on his face, he would have walked for the glittering dollar. Are you inclined to think that I exaggerate? If so, give ear to the following facts: In a drunkard's grave, side by side, that man's two sons lay. They were his own flesh and blood, and their father's damnable business had hurried them into the presence of the Judge. That man's wife besought him with tears to give up the business, but neither the pleadings of the woman whom he had promised to cherish and love, nor the awful thought that he himself had been the executioner of his own sons, produced the slightest effect upon him. Will his illgotten wealth hide him from the wrath of a righteously offended God? A murderer of his own sons! A viler character than the man to whom the Almighty said: "A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth." If God gives him not "space to repent" he will bear the brand of murderer forever. Let us look no longer on such an awful picture.—*Rev. John Lee, in N. W. Christian Advocate.*

From Opulence to Poverty.

Richard Young, of Lower Merrion, Norristown, Pa., twenty years ago was worth $40,000. He was a justice of the peace. He had two sisters—Sarah and Margaret—both inheriting a competency. The brother became addicted to drink and now lives in utter poverty at Reiff's Corner, Hatfield township. His two sisters have just died in wretchedness and neglect. Sarah was sixty-seven years old. The doctor found her dirty and ragged, crouched in a corner in the kitchen. Richard was intoxicated. The doctor left medicine, but on the next visit found that the woman had not taken it. She was on the third floor in a filthy room, quite ill, but able to chew tobacco in bed. Margaret, the other sister, was seventy years old and suffering from rheumatism and entirely helpless. The neighbors and poor authorities were informed, but before they arrived Sarah had died. There was no food in the house. Every thing was filth. The people who prepared the woman for burial found things in a horrible condition. While this was going on Margaret died. All their money had been exhausted. Pine coffins were furnished by the county officials, and the women were buried at Leidy's Church without any funeral ceremony whatever. There were no mourners, yet a short time ago the women were respectable, well-to-do people. The women spent all their money for laudanum. How they lived during the past six months is a mystery. Every thing had been spent. For months their house was closed and their misery locked in with themselves unknown to the neighbors. Their story is the worst of its kind that ever came to light in Montgomery County. Richard, the last survivor of the wretched family, is reported dying.—*Irish World.*

THOMAS ROGERS, a New York printer, three months ago was left a fortune of $30,000. He at once quit work at his trade and went to work for the saloon-keepers, and so earnestly devoting himself to their interests that he speedily ran through with the first installment of his fortune and reduced himself almost to insanity. The other night he made a desperate attempt at suicide.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HE DIDN'T GO WEST.

How a Chicago Boy's Plans About Wild Life on the Plains Came to Nothing.

Billy lived in Chicago. I dare say you may have heard of Chicago, though perhaps you have never heard of my friend Billy, the buffalo-hunter, who lived in Chicago, away down on the South side, where he could hear the waves of Lake Michigan breaking upon the gravelly beach. In the winter these same waves piled up a curious ice-wall against the break-waters. But Billy got tired of listening to this thunder of the waves winter and summer. He did not care for the ice-wall on the break-water. He just thought Chicago was the most uninteresting town a fellow ever lived in. Many a country boy would have been delighted to see what Billy saw every day, but Billy didn't care for it. We all of us incline to think our own surroundings the dullest of all, and to wish we were somebody else, or that we were somewhere else, or that we did something else, or knew somebody else, or had something else, or that somehow we could kick this world about us into a cocked hat, and have things different from what they are.

Billy thought he would like to go to Colorado and hunt buffaloes, or do any other wonderful thing that offered itself. He never stopped to think how much easier it is for a boy to build a railroad, or command a canal-boat, or go to sea, or kill an elk in a story, than it is for a real boy to build a real railroad. We folks who write stories do not often feel sorry for our boys when we get them into scrapes. We know how easy it is to get a boy out of a scrape, if the boy is only a story boy. But when a real boy gets into a real scrape, it is quite another thing.

But Billy was bound to go to the plains and shoot a buffalo. He had saved his small change until he got a quarter. So one day it was made up between him and Ben Clark and Tommy Oates that they would go to Colorado. They were in the loft of Billy's father's stable when the plan was fixed upon. Then they told all the wonderful Indian stories and robber stories they could think of, and when these gave out, they came to ghost stories. Poor Billy got his head so full of these things that he was afraid to blow out the lamp when it came to be bed-time. He awoke in a fright, sure that burglars were climbing in at the window, and he covered up his head, and kept it covered for several hours; and when at last he peeped timidly out, he found that it had been daylight for an hour. The sun was blazing down on the waves of Lake Michigan, and making it look like a sea of gold.

But Billy was bent on his "expedition." Ben Clark had some money in the bank, and it would not cost much to go in an emigrant train. Billy had a watch which his uncle had given him because Billy was named for him. He could pawn that for money.

Tommy had a good many plans for raising money, but they never came to any thing. He read over all the stories about boys who had become sailors and buffalo-hunters and railway-builders, and money always seemed to come to the boys in the stories just in the nick of time. Tommy did not doubt that he also would find some old uncle that he had never heard of, or some benevolent robber, or some doting aunt, or somebody who would put the money in his pocket before the appointed time should arrive.

But when the first day of April came —the time appointed for setting forth —Tommy had no money. Billy, who had talked so much about buffaloes and hunters that the boys called him already "the buffalo-hunter," was all ready to go. Poor Tommy could not go! But never mind; the others would ship their buffalo-skins to Tommy, who could sell them and come to Colorado on the proceeds. Then the three friends would form an invincible band, which no Indian or buffalo could resist or evade.

Billy and his friend Ben were to go on the midnight train. Tommy was coming down to see them off. Billy got an old revolver out of the drawer, where the harmless thing was kept, and put it under the head of his bed. He went to bed early. But when his mother kissed him a gentle good-night, a lump came in his throat. How could he give her so much pain? Never mind, he thought he would write to her; and then she would be so glad when he should come back, in three years, and tell her all his adventures. Women never could understand boys, anyhow. They were such cowards! If a boy were to stay by his mother always, he might as well be a fool at once—or a girl.

But it was an unlucky night for Billy. The more he thought of it, the worse he felt about leaving his mother, and the more he thought of how she would feel when he was gone. He turned over restlessly on his bed so often that his mother grew uneasy, and came into the room.

"Why, Billy, what's the matter?" she asked.

"I don't feel very well, mother," said Billy.

Unlucky word! His mother felt his pulse, which, indeed, was beating at a furious rate from excitement. She was sure that he had a fever, and she thought of calling a doctor, but Billy would not consent to it. At least his mother could give him a little sweet spirit of niter, which she said was very cooling in fever. Then she fixed Billy's pillow for him, so that he could sleep.

"Why, goodness me! What's this?" and with that she drew out the revolver, but she had no sooner drawn it out than she let it drop to the floor, as though it were a snake.

With that, Billy's father, hearing the outcry and the noise, came running into the room.

"How on earth did that get under your pillow?" he said.

"I—I—I was afraid"——

"You were afraid! And you thought you could shoot him! Why, you would kill yourself sooner than the thief if you should shoot. Besides, this rusty old thing hasn't been loaded for five years, and you couldn't make it go off if it was loaded. Maria, that boy's out of his head. I am sure it is a case of scarlet fever. Rise up here; let me see your throat."

The throat looked well enough; but something was the matter. At last it was concluded that he was bilious. Whenever you can not tell what is the matter with a person, you may safely conclude that he is bilious. So Billy had to take one of McHum's World-Renowned, Anti-Bilious, Blood-Purifying and General-Regulator Pills. He had taken them before, and he knew that if he were not sick before taking one, he would be sick enough afterwards. His father locked up the five-shooter in a drawer where no thief would be likely to kill himself with it, and his mother left a lamp burning in Billy's room and the door open into her own. The General-Regulator made him so deathly sick that Billy had to give up the buffaloes for that night.

What was his disgust when his mother came into his room in the morning with a cup of tea and told him that Ben Clark had run off in the night. And his mother added that it was all because Ben's mother hadn't managed him right. Mrs. Clark never did know how to manage her son. And then Billy's mother said it would just kill her if her boy should run off. But Mr. Clark said Ben could stay till he got sick of it, and then he'd surely come back.

Poor Billy! he was so overcome by his mother's kindness that he made up his mind not to go away for the present. But his heart was full of envy for the good luck of Ben Clark. He had one little note from Ben announcing his arrival at Denver; and from not getting any more letters, he supposed that Ben had gone directly out on the plains to hunt buffaloes. Clearly he was where there were no post-offices. The other supposition that he might not have money enough to buy a two-cent stamp did not occur to Billy. In the stories he read, boys always found money somehow when they needed it badly.

But Billy had lost all interest in his lessons. The teacher had written to his mother, but nothing could make Billy study. He pasted the walls of his room over with pictures of bloody encounters between white men and red men and between all sorts of men and wild beasts. At last, after half a year, he determined to go to Colorado, having had a second letter from Ben. Then came another letter. This last letter from Ben Clark had been very short and very indefinite. It said: "I have had many adventures, some of them awful rough ones, but I have not killed a buffalo yet. They are not so thick as I thought. Better stay where you are if you don't want to see rough times. Now, my dear friend, I want you to lend me a little money. I haven't got any clothes, and am almost starved to death. I expect to find a place in a restaurant, and when I come home I will pay you."

This was an unexpected turn of events. Billy thought the matter over.

Billy did not go off that night. The next morning he had a conversation with poor Mrs. Clark which resulted in the disgusted Ben's coming home.

Billy's father and mother found it all out after awhile, and Billy tore down all the pictures of hunting. The next week he began to improve in his studies. In a month he was again among the best scholars in his class. But he has never shot a buffalo with that old rusty revolver.—*Edward Eggleston, in Youth's Companion.*

A CURIOUS CUSTARD.

How a Little Boy Was Cured of Taking Sweet Things Which Did Not Belong to Him.

We had three pets on board the Orinoco, our passenger steamer from Southampton to Lisbon and Brazil. The first was a big Newfoundland dog, the second was a tiny black and white kid and the third was Tommy Tackle. Neptune, the dog, belonged to the captain himself, and a stately old fellow he was. Billy, the kid—who lived in the forepart of the ship and was considered by the sailors as their own especial property—was a particular friend of Black Neptune, and took delight in frolicking round the big, good-natured beast, and prodding its shaggy sides with his little stumps of horns, which were not much longer than a bodkin.

As for Tommy Tackle he was a bright-eyed, curly-haired, sturdy little ten-year-old, who was going out under the captain's charge to join his father in South America. But Tommy Tackle, like most other boys of his age, was very fond of sweets, and not at all particular as to where or how he got them.

A day or two after leaving Lisbon Tommy Tackle, peeping into the pantry, saw the store-room steward beating up some eggs for a custard, a dish of which our friend Tommy was especially fond. So he waited about the passage till the work was done, and then, from a safe corner, watched the steward put away the bowl that held the precious custard upon one of the lower shelves of the store-room. Then he slipped away, licking his lips to think of the fine feast that he would have by and by, when no one was looking.

Poor Tommy!

About the middle of the afternoon, our adventurous hero, finding the coast clear, stole along the passage, and crept into the store-room, where there was just light enough to show him the custard-bowl in its place on the shelf, with a spoon standing in it. He eagerly seized the bowl with one hand, and thrust a huge spoonful of its contents into his mouth with the other.

The next moment every one within hearing was startled by a terrific howl and the crash of a breaking bowl: and then Tommy Tackle was seen flying along the passage at full speed, roaring like a bull, his face red as fire, his eyes starting out of his head, and a yellow liquid streaming down his chin as fast as the tears of pain streamed down his cheeks. But at the end of the passage (horrors of horrors!) he was met by all the stewards in a body, and the table-boys as well, who greeted him with a roar of laughter that seemed to shake the whole ship.

"What on earth's all this about?" asked the captain, who happened to come up at that moment.

"Mr. Tommy's been lookin' for some custard in the store-room, sir, and got hold o' the mustard instead," replied the crafty steward, who, of course, had purposely changed the bowls in order to catch Tommy in his own trap. The lesson was a sufficient one for Master Tommy, and there was no more pilfering from the store-room after that.—*David Ker, in Little Folks.*

—I asked a sleeping-car porter the other day how he managed to live on a salary of twelve dollars a month. "Well, sah, to tell the truth, we don't 'pend much on the company for a livin'. If they would only let us alone and not take all our salaries for fines, we kin manage to scrape up fifty dollars to sixty dollars a month from the passengers, if there ain't too many women among 'em. We never get any thing out of them."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

—A bank messenger who carries the bank wallet in his "hip pocket" on the platform of a horse-car should be sent to some convenient infant school for a while.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—A locomotive engineer is about the only man in the world to whom is intrusted the privilege of making time. Almost anybody can kill time.—*N. Y. Ledger.*