WITH LOVE'S LEADING.

If Love'll only lead me I'll never ask the way—
Or if it's wild with Winter or blossom-blown with May.
If thorns—I shall not heed them—if roses—well-a-day!
If Love'll only lead me I'll never ask the way.

If Love'll only lead me—will hear the prayers I pray,
In even the darkest midnight my soul shall dream of day;
The thorn shall feel the blossom—the night the morning's ray;
If Love'll only lead me I'll never ask the way.

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

At the Last Moment.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

There are still people who talk of Wellington and 1815, but it is now generally understood that the real battle of Waterloo takes place every Saturday morning at the station of that name, when the special trains start for South Africa. It is a desperate struggle while it lasts, and the uniformed men have an exceedingly warm time of it, but they have always conquered before, and this encourages and gives them enthusiasm. Mr. John Beste—the name was on the leather label of his single portmanteau—Mr. John Beste, down in good time before the real tussle began, looked on with interest. He was a tall, reserved-looking man, with a short beard and the brown complexion that comes to men who have looked at the South African sun.

"No one to see me off," said John Beste. (A short mother was stepping on tiptoe to kiss a burly youth, and the sight gave him thoughts.) "Of course there is no one to see me off," he continued, argumentatively. "Why should there be?"

Mr. John Beste placed his portmanteau in the corner of a first-class compartment and laughed a little bitterly at his grumbled soliloquy. A light touch on his arm made him wheel round. The sound of a soft voice made him flush.

"Mr. Beste!"

"Miss Langham! Are you here to say good bye to me?"

"That was the idea," said the young woman, brightly. "I suppose there are others. How long before your train goes?"

"Only twenty minutes, Miss Langham."

"Only twenty minutes? I am sorry that you are going so quickly. And you will see Mr. Charterhouse, I suppose?"—she stepped aside to avoid a juggernaut trolley of luggage—"as soon as you arrive?" she resumed.

"I can't possibly avoid that. Is Mrs. Langham here?"

"My aunt does not know that I have come down. Did you want to see her, Mr. Beste?"

"Her presence," he said, gravely, "is not indispensable to my happiness."

"I'm afraid that you are inclined to be a little unjust to her. You don't know her as well as I do, Mr. Beste."

"That is so. But Mrs. Langham has made quite a confidant of me during the time that I have been here, and and—well, I think I understand her."

"I should like to know what you talked about. It occurred to me at dinner last night that——"

"Upon my word, Miss Langham, I have half a mind to tell you."

"Half a mind is plenty, Mr. Beste. I have a special reason for wanting to know. My dear aunt has not always the best tact in the world."

"That," he said, dryly, "occurred to me."

"Was it of me that she was talking, I wonder? Was I the object?"

"It was of you," he said.

"And my aunt said?"

"Am I bound to answer these questions, my lord?"

A band of Hebrew financial gentlemen came along the crowded platform, forming an entourage to some important individual in their centre. With the enterprise of their race, they forced the other passengers aside, and Mr. John Beste and Miss Langham were separated in the commotion.

"You are bound," said the young Portia, returning, "to answer all the questions that are put to you for the next fifteen minutes."

"Mrs. Langham," said Mr. John Beste, shifting his rug from one arm to the other and bending a little closer to the bewildering hat and the charming face that it selfishly attempted to hide, "Mrs. Langham was extremely anxious that I should convey certain information to Mr. Charterhouse. As manager of Mr. Charterhouse's valuable mine, Mrs. Langham seems to have thought that I should be a valuable—what shall I say?—a valuable fellow-conspirator."

"Go on," she said, quickly and with great concern.

"I wonder whether you can guess what I am going to say?"

"I hope I am not guessing rightly. It is too terrible!"

"Mrs. Langham was good enough to say that for anything I could say to my—my master, Mr. Charterhouse, that would assist the object she had in view I should be well repaid. This was, of course, very generous of your aunt."

"Go on, Mr. Beste."

The time was flying. Passengers were settling down in their compartments, and at every window was a bunch of heads. There were tears, too, because some of those on the platform—parents saying goodby to sons and wives saying adieu to husbands—were sufficiently old-fashioned to possess emotions.

"And what I had to do was this: Mr. Charterhouse is, as you know, a bachelor."

"Mr. Charterhouse may be an old maid for all I know or care," she said, hotly.

"And I—I was to use my influence with Charterhouse—which is, I admit, considerable—to induce him to come over here to—see Miss Langham."

"And buy her, I suppose," she exclaimed, trembling with excitement, but not allowing her voice to raise itself. "To buy me and to sign the agreement at St. George's, Hanover square."

"I think," he said, apologetically, "that your aunt is very anxious that you should make a good marriage."

"These good marriages are all bad ones," declared Eva Langham, hotly. "Mr. Beste, you must help me. I cannot allow my aunt to make me appear shameful and ridiculous in people's eyes. You must promise not to say a word to Mr. Charterhouse about me. I don't know him, and I don't want to know him."

"He saw you once, I think, when you were a girl at school."

"I beg of you, Mr. Beste, to do this for me. I shall marry—when I do marry—just whom I like, and I will not consider any one whom I don't like."

"I am glad to hear you say so."

"I should not dream of saying anything else."

"I thought, from what your aunt said, that you understood——"

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Beste," she said, pleadingly, "you must not think so badly of me as all that."

"I can't tell you how glad I am," he said, honestly, "to hear it. I shall, at any rate, take away pleasant memories now."

"Thank you."

"And," he went on, with something of a hurry in his manner, "I shall think of you a great deal, Miss Langham. Now that you have told me this, I shall look back upon this visit to England as one of absolute delight."

"And—and you will come back again?"

He waited a moment.

"I wonder whether I might write to you?" he asked.

"I think," she said, looking up with a pleased expression, "that there is no law against that."

"I was afraid you would consider it an impertinence on my part."

"You find that I do not."

"There is something else to explain," he said, awkwardly. "I have been here, to some extent, in disguise. I think, perhaps, I had better write and tell you all about it."

"There are still five minutes," she said, looking at the tiny gold watch on her wrist. "Why not tell me now?"

"I suppose," he said, with some nervousness, "that under no circumstances would you marry Mr. Charterhouse."

"Under no circumstances," replied Miss Langham, decidedly.

"He is very rich," he remarked, "and I happen to know that he——"

"I desire," said the young woman, with much spirit, "I desire not to hear Mr. Charterhouse's name again."

"Your mind is quite made up?"

"Quite."

A porter stood patiently at the door of the compartment, holding it open for the passenger to South Africa. "There's nothing like a young engaged couple," said the acute porter to himself, "for making trains late, They don't care."

"But suppose I were to tell you" he said, taking her hand and holding it, "that Mr. Charterhouse, who was a poorish man until three years ago, when this mine was found on his property, has been in England lately? Suppose I were to tell you that he has fallen in love with you——"

"Even that does not concern me, Mr. Beste."

"And supposing I were to tell you that, to avoid being pestered by financial people and to see the little schoolgirl who has grown so tall and so—so charming, he preferred to call himself, not Mr. Charterhouse, the owner of the West End mine, but Mr. Beste, the manager of——"

"That," said Miss Langham, her breath coming quickly, "would make all the difference."

The porter jerked his head toward the compartment, to hint to his client that moments were valuable. The client had no need of this intimation, for he knew better than the porter how very precious the moments were.

"Do you really mean that?" he asked, quickly.

"I never say things I don't mean, Mr. Beste—I mean Mr. Charterhouse." She laughed a little nervously. "I shall always think of you as Mr. Beste."

"But will you always think of me? May I come back here in three months' time and ask you formally——"

"Now, then, sir," said the porter, "you'll go and lose the special, that's what you'll do."

"I mustn't do that, my man. Good bye, Eva. I must take my seat, I suppose."

He stepped into the compartment, and the porter, shutting the door, received a tip that made him whistle with delight.

"And you won't give me an answer now, then?" he went on, anxiously. "I wish there was time to persuade you, dear, to say 'Yes.' But I suppose I must wait until I return, and we must talk it over then, and I must try to induce you——"

"I think," said Eva Langham, looking up and drawing her gray veil carefully up from her lips, "I think that, considering how very badly you have behaved, the wisest thing you can do is to—is to kiss me."

There was just time.

"And that means?" he said, delightedly.

"It means," she said, "that I am very, very happy."

Out you go, special train to Southampton. Go slowly for a space, mind, because there are folks in the train who are reluctant to leave; go slowly, because there are hopes and ambitions among your passengers, and this start of yours is the first step toward their realization of their disappointment; go slowly, because a bearded man, with a look of content, is straining his sight to miss nothing of the picture of his future wife.

"Well," said Eva Langham to herself, shyly, "this has been a busy twenty minutes."—Woman at Home.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A ton of pure gold is worth $602,789.21.

Marriages in India during the year ended June 30 last numbered 23,990 and the divorces 3080.

The great astronomical clock at Strasburg is the most intricate piece of clockwork in the world.

Over 4,000,000 frozen rabbits are annually exported to the London market from Victoria, Australia.

A consignment of sixty-five tierces of corned horse meat has been sent from Linton, Ore., to Rotterdam.

Queen Victoria rules more people than ever before acknowledged the sovereignty of king, queen or empress.

In the Franco-German war every third German soldier had a map of the country through which he was traveling.

The atmosphere is so clear in Zululand that, it is said, objects can be seen by starlight at a distance of seven miles.

A Kansas City hardware firm received an order from a country town for a case of iron tonic. It was turned over to a drug house.

Figures have been collected in a suburb of Berlin showing that 44 per cent. of all the children work two to three hours at home before school hours.

The oldest city in the world is Nippur, the "Older Bel" of Babylon. The foundations were laid 7000 years B. C. The ruins have lately been unearthed.

The British Institute of Public Health will be styled in future the Royal Institute of Public Health, and Queen Victoria has accepted the office of patron.

Chicago, in the past eight years, has spent the huge sum of $32,225,730.83 for street paving, and is still one of the worst paved of the large cities of the world.

Bonaparte's house at Longwood, St. Helena, is now a barn; the room he died in is a stable, and where the imperial body lay in state may be found a machine for grinding corn.

At Munich there is a hospital which is entirely supported by the sale of old steel pen nibs, collected from all parts of Germany. They are made into watch springs, knives and razors.

In 1877 Falcon Island, in the Friendly Group, began as a smoking shoal; ten years later it was a volcanic island about three hundred feet high and over one and one-half miles long. Now it is disappearing.

Greenlanders get their growth when about twenty-five years old. The oldest persons known are about sixty years of age. Every person has a sack for telling his age, and each sunrise (once a year) a bone is put into this sack.

Three miles from the village of Krisuvik, in the great volcanic district of Iceland, there is a whole mountain composed of eruptive clays and pure white sulphur. A beautiful grotto penetrates the western slope to an unknown depth.

Many well-dressed London dandies have contracts with West End florists for the supply of button-hole bouquets. As a rule, the charge is about £1 a week, and this includes two buttonholes daily, one for wear during the day, and the other for the evenings.

The authorities in the government of Samara, Russia, have recently been actively engaged in the criminal pursuit of kidnapping children whose parents belong to heterodox sects. The police usually make their visits in the middle of the night, take the children out of bed and carry them off in the cold night air.

Only Ball Players on Board.

During the night of the terrible hurricance in the harbor of Apia, Samoa, Lieutenant Carlin was the executive officer of the Vandalia. In shipping the crew at Mare island he had given preference in the selection of sailors to those who were baseball players, as he was an enthusiast in the game. While in this port on a previous voyage his baseball team of the ship's men had been badly beaten by the Honolulu team, and he determined to meet it again with a better set of men. The Vandalia, however, left this port for Samoa. After the vessel struck the reef and the men were clinging to the rigging, and the surf was making a clean sweep over the deck, and many of the men had been washed overboard, Lieutenant Carlin determined to make a desperate attempt to carry a line from one part of the vessel to the main yard. He shouted out in the howling wind:

"I want some volunteers; good sailors."

A voice out of the dark tempest replied: "Lieutenant, there ain't no sailors here, but plenty of baseball players."—Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

SERMONS OF THE DAY.

RELIGIOUS TOPICS DISCUSSED BY PROMINENT AMERICAN MINISTERS.

"Our Yesterdays and Our To-morrows" is the Title of Dr. Hepworth's Sermon in the New York Herald—Dr. Talmage on Trying Life's Journey Over Again.

[NOTE: The one-thousand-dollar prize for the best sermon in the New York Herald's competition was won by Rev. Richard G. Woodbridge, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Middleboro, Mass. "The Power of Gentleness" was the title of Mr. Woodbridge's sermon. Fifteen sermons in all appeared in the Herald's competitive series.]

TEXT: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Matthew vi., 34.

Here is a bit of philosophy too profound to be appreciated without careful and continuous study. It also contains a stern injunction not to worry over what cannot be helped, but, on the other hand, to make the best of your circumstances. You are commanded to let the past go its way into the land of forgetfulness, and not to borrow from the future the troubles which you fear it may contain, but to live in the present as far as possible. It is a command very difficult to obey, and yet obedience is absolutely necessary if you would get out of life all that God has put into it.

The man who has a vivid remembrance of his past troubles and who cherishes that memory deliberately throws a gloom over his present. If he will confine himself to the duty of the moment he will generally find that he is quite equal to it, but if he collects all the miseries of yesterday and of the day before and adds them to the burdens of to-day he becomes disheartened, and his discouragement saps his moral strength and produces moral weakness. You have enough to do to face what is immediately before you, and if you conjure up the ghosts of misdeeds and of trials which have been outlived you do yourself a serious injury and interfere with your spiritual or business success.

In like manner, if you think you can master to-day's work, but dampen your ardor by wondering how you are going to get through to-morrow, you produce a nervous tension which debilitates and brings about the very failure that you dread. No man can carry more than one day at a time. When Jesus asks you not to attempt to do so He gives you wise counsel, and you had better follow the advice. Life is not so smooth that you can afford to make it rougher by recalling the bad roads over which you have already passed or anticipating the bad roads over which you will have to pass before the end of the journey is reached. You may be cheerful, and therefore strong, if you will forget the things that are behind and let the future take care of itself; but if you propose to add yesterday and to-morrow to to-day you will add what God warns you against doing, and will certainly make a great mistake.

If the sun shines now, be grateful and contented. Suppose it did rain yesterday, or suppose we are to have a blizzard to-morrow. You have got beyond the rain on the one hand, and, on the other, the time has not come to meet the blizzard. It is foolish to make yourself miserable now because you were miserable a few days hence. One duty, one labor at a time is quite enough. If there is any enjoyment to be had, take it with an eager grasp; for if you sit in the warm sunshine for only five minutes it helps you bear the cold of the next five minutes. It is poor policy to spoil those first five minutes by worrying about the other five minutes.

Let me illustrate. There is nothing in connection with death more wearing than the regret that you did not do more for the one who has gone. This is a universal experience with those who have any heart. The fact of separation seems to have a magic in it, for it is suddenly revealed to you that there were many little attentions which you failed to render, and the remembrance pierces like a knife. No one ever parted with a loved one without self-blame of that kind.

But as a general thing it is all an illusion conjured up by overwrought nerves. In very truth you did whatever the circumstances suggested, you did as much as human nature is capable of doing, but in the presence of death you accuse yourself of things of which you are quite innocent, and in doing so you make the parting harder to bear. It may be well for the dear one that he has gone. He has sweet sleep for the first time in many months. He is glad that the bonds of mortality are broken, that he is at last released, and in the lower depths of your own heart you are also glad for his sake. But there comes this thorny thought, that you may have been remiss, and your soul is wrung by it.

You do yourself a wrong. You did what you could. You were loving, tender, gentle and more than kind. You have real burdens enough without adding imaginary ones. Your tears must not be embittered by an accusation which has no basis in fact. Life is too precious and too short to be wasted in regrets of that kind. The duties of the future demand your close attention, and you have no right to think of the dead except to recall a sweet relationship and to dream of a reunion.

Live your life as quietly and as peacefully as possible. Live in each day as it comes. Other days, whether past or future, must not be allowed to press on your heart. This is the noblest policy you can adopt, the policy which comes to you as a divine injunction. Let neither regret nor anticipation intrude upon you to make you weak.

It is evident that there is a plan according to which your life is arranging itself, and equally evident that if you are repose-ful and trustful, doing the duty of the present hour and not fretting over the duty of the next hour, you are in a mental condition which keeps all your powers at their best.

It is the grandest privilege to feel that there is a God, a guardian of human destiny, and that you are in His hands. If that conviction is one of your possessions, your pearl of great price, you can be quiet even in the midst of tumult and cheerful in the midst of sorrow, for your very tears will serve as a background for the rainbow of hope and promise.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"Would You Like to Live Your Life Over Again?" is the Subject.

TEXT: "All that a man hath will he give for his life."—Job. ii., 4.

"That is untrue. The Lord did not say it, but Satan said it to the Lord when the evil one wanted Job still more afflicted. The record is: 'So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils.' And Satan has been the author of all eruptive disease since then, and he hopes by poisoning the blood to poison the soul. But the result of the diabolical experiment which left Job victor proved the falsity of the Satanic remark: 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.' Many a captain who has stood on the bridge of the steamer till his passengers got off and he drowned; many an engineer who has kept his hand on the throttle valve, or his foot on the brake, until the most of the train was saved, while he went down to death through the open draw bridge; many a fireman who plunged into a blazing house to get a sleeping child out, the fireman sacrificing his life in the attempt, and the thousand of martyrs who submitted to fiery stake and knife of massacre and headman's ax and guillotine rather than surrender principle, proving that in many a case my text was not true when it says, 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.'

"But Satan's falsehood was built on a truth. Life is very precious, and if we would not give up all there are many things we would surrender rather than surrender it. We see how precious life is from the fact we do every thing to prolong it. Hence all sanitary regulations, all study of hygiene, all fear of draughts, all waterproofs, all doctors, all medicines, all struggle in crisis or accident. An Admiral of the British Navy was court-martialed for turning his ship around in time of danger, and so damaging the ship. It was proved against him. But when his time came to be heard he said: 'Gentlemen, I did turn the ship around, and admit that it was damaged but do you want to know why I turned it? There was a man overboard, and I wanted to save him, and I did save him, and I consider the life of one sailor worth all the vessels of the British Navy.' No wonder he was vindicated. Life is indeed very precious. Yea, there are those who deem life so precious they would like to try it over again. They would like to go back from seventy to sixty, from sixty to fifty, from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty, and from thirty to twenty.

"The fact is, that no intelligent and right feeling man is satisfied with his past life.

"However successful your life may have been, you are not satisfied with it. What is success? Ask that question of a hundred different men, and they will give a hundred different answers. One man will say, 'Success is a million dollars;' another will say, 'Success is world-wide publicity;' another will say, 'Success is gaining that which you started for.' But as it is a free country, I give my own definition, and say, 'Success is fulfilling the particular mission upon which you were sent, whether to write a constitution, or invent a new style of wheelbarrow, or take care of a sick child.' Do what God calls you to do, and you are a success, whether you leave a million dollars at death or are buried at public expense, whether it takes fifteen pages of an encyclopedia to tell the wonderful things you have done, or your name is never printed but once, and that in the death column. But whatever your success has been, you are not satisfied with your life.

"But some of you would have to go back further than to twenty-one years of age to make a fair start, for there are many who manage to get all wrong before that period. Yea, in order to get a fair start, some would have to go back to the father and mother and get them corrected; yea, to the grandfather and grandmother, and have their life corrected, for some of you are suffering from bad hereditary influences which started a hundred years ago. Well, if your grandfather lived his life over again, and your father lived his life over again, and you lived your life over again, what a cluttered-up place this world would be—a place filled with miserable attempts at repairs. I begin to think that it is better for each generation to have only one chance, and then for them to pass off and give another generation a chance. Besides that, if we were permitted to live life over again, it would be a stale, and stupid experience. The zest and spur and enthusiasm of life come from the fact that we have never been along this road before, and everything is new, and we are alert for what may appear at the next turn of the road. Suppose you, a man of middle-life or old age, were, with your present feelings and large attainments, put back into the thirties, or the twenties, or into the tens, what a nuisance you would be to others, and what an unhappiness to yourself! Your contemporaries would not want you, and you would not want them. Things that in your previous journey of life stirred your healthful ambition, or gave you pleasurable surprise, or led you into happy interrogation, would only call forth from you a disgusted 'Oh, pshaw!' You would be blase at thirty, and a misanthrope at forty, and unendurable at fifty. The most insane and stupid thing imaginable would be a second journey of life.

"Out yonder is a man very old at forty years of age, at a time when he ought to be buoyant as the morning. He got bad habits on him very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evil habits, out with the world and the world out with him. Down, and falling deeper. His swollen hands in his threadbare pockets, and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the streets, and the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God. Fallen sick, with no resources, he is carried to the almshouse. A loathsome spectacle, he lies all day long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of what he might have been and what he will be. He started life with as good a prospect as any man on the American continent, and there he is, a bloated carcass, waiting for the shovels of public charity to put him five feet under. He has only reaped what he sowed. Harvest of wild oats! 'There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death.'

"To others life is a masquerade ball, and as at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies put on the garb of Kings and Queens or mountebanks or clowns and at the close put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a mask, taking off the mask at death. While the masquerade ball of life goes on, they trip merrily over the floor, gemmed hand is stretched to gemmed hand, gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flush and rustle and laughter of immeasurable merry-making. But after awhile the languor of death comes on the limbs and blurs the eyesight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddened into a wail. Lights lower. Now the maskers are only seen in the dim light. Now the fragrance of the flowers is like the sickening odor that comes from garlands that have lain long in the vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower. Mists gather in the room. Glasses shake as though quaked by sudden thunder. Sigh caught in the curtain. Scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty a shroud. Lights lower. Over the slippery boards in dance of death glide jealousies, envies, revenges, lust, despair and death. Stench of lamp-wicks almost extinguished. Torn garlands will not half cover the ulcerated feet. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands closed. Voices hushed. Eyes shut. Lights out.

"Young man, as you cannot live life over again, however you may long to do so, be sure to have your one life right. There is in this assembly, I wot not, for we are made up of all sections of this land and from many lands, some young man who has gone away from home and, perhaps under some little spite or evil persuasion of another, and his parents know not where he is. My son, go home! Do not go to sea! Don't go to-night where you may be tempted to go. Go home! Your father will be glad to see you; and your mother—I need not tell you how she feels. How I would like to make your parents a present of their wayward boy, repentant and in his right mind. I would like to write them a letter, and you to carry the letter, saying: 'By the blessing of God on my sermon I introduce to you one whom you have never seen before, for he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus.' My boy, go home and put your tired head on the bosom that nursed you so tenderly in your childhood years.

"A young Scotchman was in battle taken captive by a band of Indians, and he learned their language and adopted their habits. Years passed on, but the old Indian chieftain never forgot that he had in his possession a young man who did not belong to him. Well, one day this tribe of Indians came in sight of the Scotch regiments from whom this young man had been captured, and the old Indian chieftain said: 'I lost my son in battle, and I know how a father feels at the loss of a son. Do you think your father is yet alive?' The young man said: 'I am the only son of my father, and I hope he is still alive.' Then said the Indian chieftain: 'Because of the loss of my son this world is a desert. You go free. Return to your countrymen. Revisit your father, that he may rejoice when he sees the sun rise in the morning and the trees blossom in the spring.' So I say to you, young man, captive of waywardness and sin. Your mother is waiting for you. Your sisters are waiting for you. God is waiting for you. Go home! Go home!"

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Camel's Nose—Interesting Statistics on the Drink Habits of the Various Nations—Most Drink Consumed is Made in the Country Where it is Absorbed.

[The Arabs have this proverb to warn against letting bad habits begin: "Beware of the camel's nose."]

Once in a shop a workman wrought
With languid hand and listless thought,
When, through the open window space,
Behold, a camel thrust his face!
"My nose is cold," he meekly cried;
"O, let me warm it by thy side!"

Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head;
As sure as sermon followed text
The long and shaggy neck came next;
And then as falls the threatening storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast, the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced, as closer still he pressed,
There was no room for such a guest;
Yet, more astonished, heard him say,
"If thou art troubled, go thy way;
For in this place I choose to stay."

O, youthful hearts, to gladness born,
Treat not this Arab lore with scorn!
To evil habit's earliest wile
Lend neither ear nor glance nor smile!
Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,
Nor e'en admit the camel's nose.

Some Statistics on Nations' Drinking.

The country owes thanks to Sir Courtenay Boyle. Most blue-books are dry, and few of us care to master their contents. Sir Courteney Boyle has succeeded, however, in producing one that almost might be described as fascinating—the drink statistics of the civilized world, or, to give it its official and rather long-winded title, "The Production and Consumption of Alcoholic Beverages" (wine, beer, spirits).

A study of the paper leads to one conclusion, namely—that not only will people drink as long as they can afford to pay for it, but that they will drink. France produces ten times as much wine as Germany; it also exports ten times as much; and yet more German wine is imported into the United States than French wine. The answer is obvious: There are in the States many successful German settlers, and they, having the money, will have the hock of the Fatherland, no matter what they pay for it. Thus also in prosperous Belgium people put scarcely any limit on themselves in the matter of drink, and whether it be beer or spirits Belgium stands at the head in the matter of consumption per head, while even as regards wine, although it is not a wine-producing country, the inhabitants consume as much as do the Germans, whose country is wine-producing.

One point that is brought out very clearly in these tables is the fact that the drink trade is almost everywhere a home industry, i. e., that by far the greater portion of the drink consumed is made in the country consuming it. We in England import so much wine and brandy from the continent that we are perhaps not altogether in a position to realize the fact, and yet even in England by far the greater part of the drink consumed is home-made. This is proved by the relative proportions of the customs receipts from imported and the excise receipts from home-made liquors. The customs receipts amount to £5,500,000, and the excise receipts to £27,000,000, or in the proportion of seventeen per cent. to eighty-three per cent. in favor of the home-made. Perhaps very few realize to how great an extent France is the great wine-producing, and also the great wine-consuming country of the world. The statement that the quantity of wine annually drunk in the United Kingdom, Germany and the United States, which, taken together, have a population of 150,000,000 souls, barely exceeds a tenth part of what is consumed in France, with its 38,000,000 of inhabitants enables us to more fully realize the fact. Many, moreover, will be surprised to find that the consumption per head of beer in this country exceeds that of Germany, for while the German drinks twenty-five gallons per annum, the Englishman drinks thirty gallons. In both countries the consumption of beer is distinctly on the increase.

The following is an interesting fact taken at hazard: Seventy-seven gallons of beer are consumed in this country for every gallon of wine that is drunk; could any clearer proof be wanting that it is the masses who drink, not the classes? Scarcely the seventh part of a bottle of champagne per head is drunk per annum by the inhabitants of this country; in the United States scarcely the twentieth part.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Influence of Good Example.

Every one of us, no matter how obscure, has an influence for good or bad in this life. None of us lives for self alone; so strangely are our lives interwoven with those around us, and so interdependent are we upon one another that even the weakest of us has a part to sustain, and a duty to do in the world. For this reason we should be most particular as to our words and actions; for, all unknown to us, some one else may be modeling his life after ours, accepting as his standard of right and wrong the opinions we express, and the way in which we act.

In the matter of drinking, particularly, does each of us become either a guiding-light or a stumbling-block to our neighbor. Because the evil of drink is so widespread, our attitude in relation to it is of especial importance to those around us. And the fact that we are, or are not, addicted to drink, though at first sight it appears to concern nobody except ourselves, may be the means of breaking down or building up some one's character in that particular point. And the strengthening of our fellow men's character in regard to liquor should be one of the gravest concerns of us all, whether as citizens of the State whose integrity is endangered by the drunkenness of its people, or as members of the Church whose progress, humanly speaking, is hampered by the bad example shown in this respect by her children.

Young men and women are growing up, and the people with whom they associate, as well as those whom they know even indirectly, have an influence in forming their characters. It is our duty to so live that we scandalize none of these. It behooves each and every one of us to take a position on the drink question, which shall conduce to the glory of God, the good of the Church, and the salvation of souls.—Sacred Heart Review.

Suited Him Better.

Two men had a sharp discussion; one was an abstainer; the other was no. The latter: "Depend upon it, there is nothing like beer. Why, when I get home night, and have drunk a quart or two I feel as if I could knock a house down." "Ah," replied the other, quietly, "but since I have been a teetotaler, I have put houses up, and that suits me better."

Imitation Tokay Wine.

A secret formula for the manufacture of Hungarian Tokay wine was recently made public in a lawsuit in New York. The ingredients were alcohol, fake honey, tokay essence, lemon, acetic acid, gelatine and water. There is no mention of the juice of the grape.

A Shot at the Decanter.

A gentleman, having called a physician, said: "Now, sir, I wish you to diagnose my case. My desire is that you at once strike at the root of my disease!" "It shall be done," replied the doctor; and lifting a heavy club, he smashed the wine decanter, which was on the table.