

Inebriety.

There is in England a society for the study and cure of inebriety, whose membership is only open to doctors and students of medicine.

THE REST OF RESTS.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean, And billows wild contend with angry roar,

A BIT OF RIBBON.

From the Youth's Companion. Outside the keen, sharp winds of a cold winter day, the particles of snow and ice gleaming like diamonds in the bright rays of the sun, which possessed no power to melt them.

At the farther extremity of the long ward, where the sunshine fell softly over the white-draped cot, lay a little girl of eight years, but so small, so frail and delicate, she seemed scarcely more than half that age.

To-day she lay quietly upon her cot, twisting in and out over her slender fingers a strip of bright tinsel paper, which she now and then held in the sunlight, turning it to and fro to catch the lustre upon its shining surface.

Dr. Jay, one of the visiting physicians, was making his morning tour of the hospital, and had stopped for a moment to watch the child's patient endeavors to amuse herself.

"You should petition for a supply of dolls," was the doctor's humorous rejoinder. "I think in this case they would be more beneficial than medicine."

The next day in making his morning round of calls, he was delayed a few moments by a passing procession. His carriage had stopped just in front of the windows of a millinery store, and a piece of bright, brocaded ribbon caught his eye.

"Run in there, Jim, and buy me two yards of that flowered ribbon," said the head nurse whom he had just seen.

Why Boys Should Not Be Snubbed. From the Christian Advocate. Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes.

ing a lovely contrast to the lustrous blue of the groundwork. Older eyes than Maggie's, and those more accustomed to luxuries, might have dilated in delight at sight of so beautiful a gift.

"And it is mine-for true?" she said, at last, as if such great good fortune could not possibly be hers.

"You have made a heaven for little Maggie," the head nurse said, upon his next call. "I never saw such pleasure as the child takes with that bit of ribbon."

She had evidently exercised all her taste and skill in arranging her beloved ribbon to the best advantage, in anticipation of the doctor's visit.

Every night the beloved gift was carefully smoothed and folded in tissue paper. With one bunch of roses turned on the outside of the package, and with a tender pressure of it against her cheek, and a loving good-night kiss, Maggie would fall asleep, her hand resting lovingly upon its soft, lustrous folds.

She seemed unconscious of his presence, even when he pressed the thin white hand as he felt her pulse. The pallid, pain-marked face, the limp, wasted little form, appealed most pathetically to his kind heart, and bending over her he pressed a kiss of fatherly tenderness on the white forehead.

It was a brother of Dawson who was being examined as a witness before a committee of the presbytery which was "sitting" on a brother for drunkenness.

"Na, I canna say that I ever see'd him the waur o' drink, but mony a time hae I seen him muckle the better o't!"

"Did you ever see him helplessly drunk?" "Me-see-him-helplessly drunk! Ma conscience! Afore he ever cam to be that I was ae blin' fou' mysel that I couldna see ony thing!"

The teacher in one of the Pawtucket schools had a lesson in language, giving for the subject the word "Boy," scholars to write out what they thought of the subject, and this was done without any aid or suggestion.

Following is a composition written by a boy of ten years of age. "The head nurse whom he had just seen will please tell me how she likes the ribbon."

cians who stood around, looking in vain for Dr. Jay, who, delayed by patients, had but just arrived. She called his name softly, and hastening to her side, he bent over her with a kindly, reassuring smile.

"I'm not afraid if you do it—you'll save me if you can, I know—but if I should die"—she hesitated, stopped, looking up appealingly into the kind face above her.

Perhaps so. There certainly were tears in the kind eyes as he tenderly raised the frail little form in his arms and pressed her to his breast.

The slender, childish arms were clasped about his neck, and her lips met his with a tender, clinging kiss. For a moment her cheek nestled fondly against his, then touching her lips lightly to his forehead, she sank softly back upon her pillow.

Picking it up from the floor where it had fallen, he laid it in her outstretched hand. Feebly she raised it to her cheek, her lips, then the hand fell, with a slight, tender pressure on that of Dr. Jay.

A Scotch Minister and his Beadle. From the Chicago News. The late Dr. M. was removing on a "call" from one parish to another, and was making the rounds bidding the "tearful farewell" to his parishioners.

"Well," said he to one old lady, "it breaks my heart to leave you all, but I have given the matter prayerful consideration, and I feel that it is a call from the Lord."

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The Best Way. From the Philadelphia Call. "What a sober little face?" said brother George, as Lulu came and sat down near him.

"Not all, perhaps, said Lulu, but a great deal of it—to me." "Such as what?" said her brother.

"I suppose that is rather trying, little sister; but I dare say Bertie will be better-natured when he is older, and then it won't be so hard."

"What else?" he went on, taking up a piece of pine wood from the wood-box near and whittling as he talked.

"I should be very sorry to think you could do such a thing as that, little sister," said George.

"But you know better than that, Lulu," said her brother with a sober face. "It is not only mean, as all underhand work is mean, but it's deceitful and dishonest."

"Now, go and dress this jumping-jack for Bertie," he added, laying in her lap a queer figure he had been cutting. "Perhaps it may keep the young gentleman in a good humor for at least five minutes."

But Lulu was to learn to her full satisfaction that, however fair a show may for a season be made by falsehood and deceit, the time will come when it must fail.

Old Nelson Betrage, while working in the woods, was bitten by a rattlesnake. In much alarm and in great pain he ran to the house. A physician, who happened to be near at hand, was summoned.

"Old man," said the doctor, "nothing but whiskey and a great deal of it, can do you any good."

"But, doctor, I am a temperance man. I haven't touched a drop of liquor for thirty years."

"All the better. The whiskey will have more effect."

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