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SUNDAY READING.

Only a Glass of Beer.

"COME, ROBERT," take a glass of beer only a glass of beer; for it cannot harm you. "I never drank a glass of beer in my life," was the low reply; "I think I will not drink it." "Why, what harm will it do?" again said the tempter. "Do you think a glass of beer is going to kill you or make a drunkard of you? What a fool you are Robert Barnes? I think that you had better go around delivering temperance lectures."

Robert could not bear ridicule, and he wished very much to keep on friendly terms with Mark Bently; and so he said; "I am not afraid to drink it, Mark, and to please you I will do so." He drank the beer to please his friend, and also two or three more for the same purpose; but in a very few weeks he began to drink it to please himself. Ah! it was a sad day when he first yielded to partake of "only a glass of beer."

He was hardly a man when he thus yielded to the tempter's voice and so, being young in years, he was easily led into sin and temptation. Soon he drank something stronger than beer, and in a short time nothing but rum would satisfy that terrible appetite. The eyes of Robert Barnes lost their gleam of truth and nobleness, his cheeks their rosy glow of health, and once noble from its sprightly activity. Alas! for poor Robert Barnes.

A year ago, I stood by an open grave, that was to be filled by a poor wretched drunkard—one that had died in his shame and misery. A weeping mother and aged father bent over that dark grave, and, as the sod and stones fell on the coffin, I heard the words, "Oh! why did my boy not die in his infancy?" and then the saddest groans I ever heard came from the hearts of these parents. "Poor boy!" I heard the father say, "he died a drunkard; but I never taught him to drink liquor; for a drop of the deadly poison was never found in my house. Oh! why did my noble Robert yield to the tempter?"

This was the end of Robert Barnes, and it was the "one glass of beer" that led him to ruin. He died in the prime of manhood, in consequence of drinking one glass of beer; for it awakened the fires of an appetite that never could be quenched. I sometimes wonder if Mark Bently fully comprehended what a deed he did when he held the beer-glass to the lips of his victim. Perhaps he does; but still he tempts the weak ones of earth to drink the awful poison, and his own red glaring eyes betray the fact that he is also on his way to ruin.

"Only a glass of beer!" Beware, boys, and do not touch it any sooner than you would a crested serpent, for it is far more dangerous. Do not for a moment listen to the voice that tells you that it cannot harm you; for it may lead you to ruin, as it did poor Robert Barnes. Boys, never, never touch a glass of beer!

Spurgeon on Preaching and Preachers.

At the annual session of the Baptist Union at Cambridge, the other day, Mr. Spurgeon said:—"I recommend every young minister to make preaching his first business. The pulpit is the Thermopylae of Christendom. Your people may grumble that you don't go about and drink as many cups of tea at their houses as they would like. If you give them good food on the Sabbath, they will put up with great deal. If the Sabbath joint is only a grim scrag of mutton, with plenty of divisions and nothing to divide (laughter), you will soon discover that your people will not be satisfied. In the next place do not neglect visitation. It is true that I cannot visit my four thousand three hundred and fifty members. But my visitation is done by my elders. Next let me say a word or two to the people. It is a remarkable fact that ministers of the gospel are not able to live on much less than other people. —Laughter.—They cannot make a shilling go as far as other people can make a sovereign. Some of them try very hard, but they do not succeed. A member once said to a minister who wanted a little more salary as his family increased:—I did not know you preached for money." "No I don't," said the minister. "I thought you preached for souls." "So I do; but I could not live on souls—laughter.—and if I could, it would take a good many the size of yours to make a meal." —Renewed laughter.—

We may desire, but cannot command success.

The Dutchman gets Married.

I PELIEF dat's so, you will pe tread-ful extonished ven you ish founded out vot I vas now going to dell mit you. I hardly didn't like to told you vot dis dings ish, on account dat maybe you will dink I ish a large pig fool, mit out no sense mit mine head, und also dat you will maken funny dings about me, und dalcken right out before everybody of dat; und, besides, I dinks you vill laughen over me behind mine pack ven you years about dat dings which I have done. So dat's de vay why I vas a drifele pashful mit mineself, und don't liken to speaken mit you out quick about dat, undill some odder fool pesides me, pegins to whisper und dalcken over it.

Vell den I told you. Last Montag night dar ish a vedding dings dooken blace py mine poarding haus. Vell I pelief you dinks, vot's dat? Holt on a drifele, den you saw dat. Mit dat vedding marriage mine lantlady, Mrs. Schmidt, vas in mit. Still dat's noding vouterfull. Stop a leetle, den you know vot you vill know. Also dat's not every- body vot ish mit dat vedding. I ish dar. Yaw, dat's drue. But I von't pelief, if you dry a whole hundret years, dat you can guess who de doo beeples ish dat dis vedding vas got up for. Pesuro dat's so. Mrs. Schmidt vas one of de bartners in dat marriage ding, but who ish dat odder one? Dat's where de guessing ish vanted. One vomin can't make up a vedding party alone py herself, mitout she vas got some help mit a bartner.

Now der ding ish, who vas dat bartner? You know him just so vell like a prudder. You can guess him out in drie minnuts, if you vas a leetle smart, but ash I don't pelief you can do it, I vill told you who dat vas. If I dell dat, und you makes about some funny dings und laughen over him, I vill not haben never somdings more to do mit you, und I dreat him ash a disgracefull scountrel, no more fit for mine nodice. You know ven I speaks I say somdings; und ven I vas mad, dat's no fooling mit me. You know dat ish it? vell so dat's de vay mit me. I don't care.

Dat man vot marry mit Mrs. Schmidt, or vot she marry mit—vell dat's all de same in English—ish named—. Now I dinks you are getting readic to laughen mit me, Don't you do that. If dat is so, I get so mad ash I can got, und den—vell you know how it is mit me, und I don't care. Vell den I speaks him right out quick. Mrs. Schmidt gets married mit me, und I gets married mit Mrs. Schmidt und dat's de whole blain circumstances of the matter; und ven you can saw anyting fanny mit dat to laughen over, you can't inshure neider one of us. So ve don't care—go ahead.

Martha and Mary.

COMMEND us to our good brethren the clergy for anecdotes of pith and delicacy. At the house of the late Dr. Archer, in London, there was a gathering of friends, and among them Dr. Harris, author of "Mammon," and Dr. Philip, Maberly Chapel, author of "The Marthas," "The Marys," etc. In the course of conversation the question was mooted, which was the most amiable of the two sisters of Bethany, Mary or Martha?

Dr. Archer replied: "I prefer Martha for the unselfishness of her character, in being more ready to provide for the comfort of her Lord than gratify herself."

"Pray," rejoined Dr. Harris, addressing Dr. Philip, "what is your view? Which of the two do you think would have made the best wife?"

"Well, really," replied the good man, "I'm at a loss; though I dare say, were I making the choice for myself, I believe I would prefer Mary."

Dr. Archer, turning to Dr. Harris, said, smartly, "Pray, Dr. Harris, which of the two should you prefer?"

The author of "Mammon" was only for a moment disconcerted, and replied, in a style, that set the table in a roar; "Oh, I think I should choose Martha before dinner and Mary after it."

Take any variety of grain, fruit, or potato, and give it a queer name, conceal its faults carefully, publish its virtues liberally, and you may make a fortune out of a humbugged community.

An English farmer by picking over his seed wheat with the utmost care and planting a grain in a place, at intervals of a foot each way, produced 162 bushels to the acre.

Sleeping with the Landlord's Wife.

WE give the annexed incident in regard to Rev. Zeb. Twitchell, a Methodist minister, in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont Conference:

At one time he represented Stockbridge in the Legislature. Zeb., says our informant is a man of fair talent both as a minister and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified, and a thorough systematic sermonizer; but out of it there is no man living more fond of fun and drollery. On one occasion, he was wending his way towards the seat of the annual conference of ministers in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn, Zeb. remarked to the other:

"The last time I stopped at that tavern, I slept with the landlord's wife."

In utter amazement his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant.

"I mean just what I say," said Zeb., and on went the two travelers in unbroken silence, until they reached the conference.

In the early part of the session the conference sat with closed doors for the purpose of transacting some private business, and especially for the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct, during the past year.

For the purpose, the clerk called Zeb.'s name.

"Does any one know aught against the character of Brother Twitchell during the past year?" asked the bishop, who was the presiding officer.

After a moment's silence Zeb.'s traveling companion arose with a heavy heart and a grave countenance; he said he had a duty to perform—one he owed to God, the church and himself; he must therefore proceed to the discharge of it fearlessly, though tremblingly. He then related that Zeb. had told him while passing the tavern, that he had slept with the landlord's wife, etc.

The grave body of men were struck as with a thunderbolt, although a few smiled first at Zeb. then at the presiding officer, knowingly, for they knew better than the others the character of the accused.

The bishop called upon brother T., and asked what he had to say in relation to such a serious charge, Zeb. rose and said:

"I did the deed. I never lie!"

Then pausing with awful seriousness, he proceeded with a slow and solemn deliberation:

There is one little circumstance, which I think make the act justifiable, I did not mention to the brother. It may not have much weight with the conference, but although it may be of trifling importance, I will state it. When I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, I kept the tavern myself."

Couldn't Spell.

"DOESTICKS" says on coming down from a town that is situated "a small few of distance" up the Harlem railroad the other day, I was first annoyed, then amused, by the writhing antics of a green-looking chap who occupied a seat just in front of me. He observed closely every person that came in, scrutinized their dress, manners, style, and conversation, and seemed to solve all social problems to his satisfaction, until at last he began to take a strange and peculiar interest in those posts that are set up at the approach of every station. These are painted white, and bear some of them the letter "W," others "R," that the engineer may "whistle" or "ring," as the case may be for the warning of the station master.

My verdant genius looked with ever increasing curiosity at these mysterious posts. Town after town was passed, station after station slipped by; at every one he beheld the posts with cabalistic inscriptions; he could make nothing of them. At last curiosity overcame his bashfulness, and he turned to me and asked for an explanation of the puzzling hieroglyphics. I informed him, with all my customary politeness, that the letters were directions to the driver of the engine when he reached the "W" post he was to whistle, while, as he was passing the "R" he was to ring.

The anxious inquirer turned away with a muttered word of thanks, but presently he turned to me and said:

"Stranger, I s'pose you're right; but blamed if I can understand it. I know that, 'W-r-i-n-g' spells 'Ring,' but how you can spell 'Whistle' with an 'R' beats all my district schooling." I give this for a fact.

Poetical Selections.

INGENIOUS WORD GAMES.

What is called "putting the cat before the horse," in changing the beginning of words, is thus cleverly illustrated:

Oh! for some deep, secluded dell,
Where brick and mortar lines may cease;
To sit down in a pot of grease—
No, no—I mean a grot of peace!
I'd choose a home by Erin's wave,
With not a sound to mar life's lot;
I'd by the cannon have a shot—
No—by the Shannon have a cot!
How far that rocky Isle around,
That wide expanse to scan it o'er;
I loven shiver with a roar—
No—I mean a river with a shore!
Romantic Erin's sea-girl land,
How sweet with one you love the most;
To watch the cooks upon the coast—
No—I mean the rocks upon the coast!
'Twere sweet at moonlight's mystic hour,
To wander forth where few frequent,
And come upon a tipsy gent—
No, no—I mean a gipsy tent!
Or, in your solitude to meet,
Some long-lost friend, surprised and pleased,
And find you're by his sarsen pan greaved—
No—I mean his grasped hand seized!
In that retirement alone I would
Pursue some rustic industry,
And make myself a boiling tea—
No, no—I mean a tolling bee!
Beneath a shady sycamore,
How sweet to breathe love's vow,
Your dear one bitten by a sow—
No—I mean sitting by a bough.

A Ship Found in a California Desert.

BY many it has been held as a theory that the Yuma desert was once an ocean bed. At intervals, pools of salt water have stood for awhile in the surrounding waste of sand, disappearing only to rise again in the same or other localities. A short time since one of the saline lakes disappeared, and a party of Indians reported the discovery of a "big ship" left by the receding waves. A party of Americans at once proceeded to the spot, and found imbedded in the sands the wreck of a large vessel. Nearly one-third of the forward parts of the ship or bark is plainly visible. The stump of the bowsprit remains, and portions of the timbers of teak are perfect. The wreck is located forty miles north of San Bernardino and Fort Yuma road and thirty miles west of Los Palmos a well-known watering place on the desert. The road across the desert has been traveled for more than a hundred years. The history of the ill-fated vessel can, of course never be known, but the discovery of its decaying timbers in the midst of what has long been a desert, will furnish savans with food for discussion, and may furnish important aid in the calculations of science.

The Garden of Eden.

A traveler in the East writes that the site of the Garden of Eden, is, according to tradition, located at the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris at an Arab village called Korneh. Scattered along the banks are about two hundred houses, made of reed and thatch, while on the extreme point, where the rivers meet, a shanty has been built for a telegraph station! It is—says the Churchman—some- what curious to think of telegraph dispatches being sent to the Garden of Eden—and it removes a certain halo which our imagination has surrounded the spot. But modern progress has penetrated those countries of the East which have been in decay and they are doubtless destined to undergo a wonderful resurrection.

Artesian Well in Nebraska.

The labors of the parties who have been boring for the last eighteen months in Lincoln, the capital city of Nebraska, for salt water, were crowned with success. At the depth of 600 feet below the surface, in a strata of sandstone, a lead to the great subterranean sea of salt water was recently struck, and the briny torrent came struggling up around the augur shot into the air some eight or ten feet. It has since flowed strongly and steadily, and with great force and increasing strength, forming a briny rivulet. It is believed by experts who have seen the flow, that when the augur is withdrawn and tubing inserted, a stream of water will be projected from the well to the height of fifty feet making it the most magnificent artesian well of salt water in the world.

There is a base ball club called "The Silent," at Iowa City, composed entirely of deaf mutes.