

w threadbare was meagre the winner, herself, too, how ! Could those mean insufficient

Charlotte?" he

last birthday."

ou look very old in you for thirty. Nothing ages like face remains that

Charlotte to come some use in the

Charlotte: "we ut poverty is not

why you should little sister, she hree months to He seemed de-

ounded her with when I came to ut her dear arms to darling should

He was a good ree for my bright ed better than It was my one

Daisy, to feel or anything that

that during my rich woman,"

afterwards. Did ut I don't see ired from busi-

very wealthy

her well off I ll me, Charlotte rec' to do any-

of money to and to you? own lips that

provision for white face grew of terror came

was—ther's death we

well he's out To think of my realth at least,

your mother, Sandy sprang left my Daisy

Then he did i rich."

entioned in the

ave you seen all happened

aw the will?"

aw, did he leave

that my fath- and two sons

sons came in they said they d they settled

pounds a year that pittance

ther. When l."

up and down

Daisy's name thers sorry—

sy a pittance child. Char- n front of his re a good bit

But I never ut the will?"

a mother told credulous, a But you— You believe

"I—I—Don't ask me, Uncle Sandy."

"You do not believe it?"

"If you will have it so, I do not believe it."

"Ay, my lass, shake hands on that. You are not a fool. Oh! it was full time Sandy Wilson came home. Sandy can see to your rights, late as it is in the day."

"Mrs. Home was silent. The old Australian was stamping his feet on the hearth-rug. His face was now crimson from excitement and anger."

"Charlotte," he repeated, "why don't you speak to me? I have come back to see to your rights. Do you hear me, niece?"

Charlotte put her hand into his. "Thank you, Uncle Sandy." Then she added, "You can do nothing. I mean you can take no legal steps without my knowledge and sanction."

"Well, it is not likely you will withhold your sanction from getting back what is your own. Charlotte, where are these half-brothers of yours? Why, they were a good bit older than Daisy. They must be old men now. Where are they, Charlotte? Are they alive?"

"They are alive. I well tell you about them to-morrow. I want to think to-night."

"And so do I want to think. I will run away now, my dear niece. I am staggered by this tale, perfectly staggered. I will look in to-morrow evening, and you shall tell me more. Ay, I guess they never reckoned that Sandy Wilson would turn up. They thought with the rest of you that old Sandy—sharp old Sandy was in his grave, and they said to themselves that dead men tell no tales. If I remember aright, your father told me I should be one of the trustees to my sister. He did mention it; though just like me, I never thought of it until this minute. Is it likely that he would speak of trustees if he meant to cut off that poor darling with a shilling? Oh! it's preposterous, preposterous. But I'll sleep over it. We'll think how best to expose the villains!"

"Uncle Sandy, you will promise me one thing: you will do nothing until you see me again!"

"Well, child, I can scarcely do much. I don't want to be long away from you niece Charlotte. I'll look in to-morrow, about six o'clock. See that little Daisy is up, and introduce me to your husband. Oh! it was plain to be seen that Sandy Wilson was wanting in this country. Bless my old heart, what a Providence is over everything! Oh, the scoundrels! But Sandy will expose them. My Daisy cut off with a shilling!"

(To be continued.)

THE OPIUM HABIT.

Opium demands emphatic recognition. It is made, as you know, from the white poppy. It is not a new discovery. We read of it three hundred years before Christ but it was not until the seventeenth century that it began its death march, passing out from the medicinal and the curative, and by smoking and mastication becoming the scourge of nations. In the year 1861 there were imported into this country 107,000 pounds of opium, but last year 533,000 pounds of opium. It is estimated that in the year 1876 there were in this country 225,000 opium-consumers; but I saw statistics yesterday that said there are probably now in the United States at least 500,000 opium-consumers. The fact is appalling. Do not think that they are merely barbaric Asiatics who go down under that stroke. Read the great De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater." He says for the first ten years it gave him the keys of paradise; but it takes his own powerful pen to describe the horrors consequent. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, after conquering the world with his pen, was conquered by opium. The most magnetic and brilliant lawyer of this century fell a victim to its stroke, and there are thousands of men and women—but more women than men—who are being bound, body, mind, and soul, to this terrific habit.

There is a great mystery about some families. You do not know why they do not get on. The opium habit is so stealthy, so deceitful, and so deathful. You can cure a hundred drunkards easier than you can cure an opium-eater. I have heard of cases of reformation, but I never saw

any. I hope there are cases of genuine reformation. I have seen men who for forty years have been the victims of strong drink thoroughly reformed; but the opium-eaters that I have seen go on and go down. Their cry in the last hour of life is not of God, nor for prayer, nor for the Bible, but for opium. Perhaps there are only two persons outside the household who know what is the matter—the physician and the pastor; the physician called in for physical relief, the pastor called in for spiritual relief; but they both fail.

Oh, man! oh, woman! are you tampering with this habit? have you just begun? are you, for the assuagement of physical distresses or mental trouble, making this a regular resource? I beg you to stop. The ecstasies at the start will not pay for the horrors at the last. The paradise is followed too soon by the pandemonium. Morphia is a blessing from God for the relief of sudden pang or acute dementia, but was never intended for prolonged use. And what is the peculiar sadness of it is, it comes to people in their weak moments. De Quincey says, "I took it for rheumatism." Coleridge says, "I took it for insomnia or sleeplessness." What do you take it for? For God's sake, do not take it too long.

What is remarkable, they are going down from the highest and the wealthiest classes, and from the most fashionable circles of New York and Brooklyn—going down by hundreds and by thousands. Over 20,000 opium-eaters in Chicago. Over 20,000 opium-eaters in St. Louis. In the same proportion, that would make over 70,000 in New York and Brooklyn. The clerk of the drug store, says, I can tell them when they come in. There is something peculiar about their complexion, something peculiar about their nervousness, something peculiar about the look of their eyes that immediately reveals them." In some families chloral is taking the place of opium. Physicians first prescribe it for sleeplessness. Then the patient keeps on because he likes the effect. Whole tons of chloral are manufactured in Germany. Baron Liebig says that he knows one chemist in Germany who manufactures a half-ton of chloral every week. There are multitudes being taken down by this habit. Look out for hydrate of chloral. But I am under this head writing chiefly of opium. It seems to me there ought to be ten thousand pulpits turned into quaking, flaming, thundering Sinai of warning against this plague narcotic. The devil of morphia in this country will be mightier than the devil of alcohol. But repentance and hashesh and opium and chloral shall not have all the field to themselves.—Sunday Magazine.

FAITHFUL TOM.

The Rev. Charles Garrett the president of the Wesleyan Conference says: "I once went into a house—the house of one of my foremost friends—and there was a bright eyed boy to whom my heart was especially drawn. I said to him, 'Tom, I wish you would be a teetotaler.' His father spoke up at once, and said, 'Mr. Garrett, the only thing I don't like about you is your teetotalism.' I replied, 'I believe you, sir, are incorrigible, but Tom is not. Let me have him!' The father replied, 'Well I will do anything you want.' 'Then,' I replied, 'just let me have the chance of making him a teetotaler. Will you be a teetotaler?' The boy looked to his father for approval, who said, 'You may, Tom, if you like; but mind, Mr. Garrett, he shall be the only one in the family.' 'But here is William; let me have him too.' 'Oh! no,' was the reply; 'it is all very well for children, but William is in business, and he must be a man.' They went their way. Tom was firm and faithful. I knelt with Willie when he found mercy. I went home with him from the sanctuary when his eyes were red with weeping. His father poured out a glass of wine, and the lad took it into his hand, and said, 'Mr. Garrett, this is a good creature of God. My father always told me so. I wish you would have a glass. You are killing yourself with work; but if I can't do anything else, I will drink to your health.' What was the result? The last time I met that father he was in London, and then I heard that that beautiful home where that event had taken place, had been broken up by the drunkenness of that very William. That lad had been in prison, and he was now transported, and Tom, the

little bonny boy who was allowed to be a teetotaler, was keeping the family. Let fathers, then, set an example their children might safely follow. Fathers often declare that they would die for their children. There is no need to die—let them live for their children.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

October 14.—Sam. 7: 3-17.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Divine power. (Ver. 12) "The Lord helped us." I can myself go back almost twelve years and remember two holy women who used to come to my meetings. It was delightful to see them there. When I began to preach, I could tell by the expression of their faces that they were praying for me. At the close of the Sabbath evening meetings they would say to me, "We have been praying for you." I said, "Why don't you pray for the people?" They answered "You need the power." "I need power?" I said to myself; "why, I thought I had power." I had a large Sabbath school, and the largest congregation in Chicago. There were some conversions at the time. I was, in a sense, satisfied. But, right along, these two godly women kept praying for me, and their earnest talk about "anointing for special service," set me thinking. I asked them to come and talk with me, and we got down on our knees. They poured out their hearts that I might receive an anointing from the Holy Spirit, and there came a great hunger into my soul, I did not know what it was. I began to cry as I never did before. The hunger increased. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with his Spirit. Well, one day, in the city of New York—oh, what a day! I cannot describe it; I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for 14 years. I can only say that God that revealed Himself to me, and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different; I did not present any new truths; and yet hundreds were converted, I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience, if you would give me all Glasgow—it would be as the small dust of the balance.—Dwight L. Moody, in Address at Glasgow.

PRACTICAL.

1. The fruit of years of labor may be reaped in a day.
2. One sermon may bring out the results of many.
3. Convictions must be followed up immediately. "Now."
4. True repentance must precede all thorough reformation.
5. The prayer of a righteous man availeth much.
6. A revival of religion excites a revival of opposition.
7. Israel was punished with the absence of the ark, the Philistines with its presence.
8. Consecration is followed by victory.
9. A godly fear leading to trust in a divine power, results in victory; a superstitious courage leading to self-confidence, results in defeat.
10. Better piety without the presence of the ark, than the presence of the ark with impiety.
11. Effective help is divine help.
12. Ascribe the glory of deliverance to God.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Notice the results of faithful religious instruction. (1) Repentance (ver. 3); (a) a determination to put away strange gods; (b) fix the heart upon the Lord; (c) serve him; (d) to the exclusion of all others "only." (2) Works meet for repentance (vers. 4-8). An assembly, fasting, prayer, trust in Samuel's intercession. (3) Immediate victory (vers. 9-12). The Lord led Israel followed, and ascribed the glory of God.—Golden Text. (4) A lasting peace (vers. 13-17). The war against the Philistines. Samuel judged Israel.

A LITTLE GIRL in the city of Washington, thirteen years old, is so enslaved by her appetite for beer that they cannot trust her out on the street alone.

DO WHAT YOU ARE BID.

It is related of a man who stands very high in this country that once, when he was young and poor, seeking a situation in order to make a living, he went into a rich man's office and inquired if he wanted to hire a boy. The rich man, who was sitting at his desk, leaned back, looked at the weakly little child before him, and quizzically asked, "Why, what can a little fellow like you do?"

"I can do what I am bid," was the reply promptly and respectfully yet decisively.

The man was so pleased with the boy's answer and manner that he hired him at once. The little fellow was diligent, honest, and faithful. In course of time he became a clerk, then book-keeper and partner, and is now rich and respected by all.

Boys, be willing to work, and to do what you are bid cheerfully and promptly. Be faithful and diligent too, and you, also will succeed in life.—Child's Paper.

Question Corner.—No. 19.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Into a darkened world, Behold, as this I came; But blinded men their darkness loved, And called not on my name.
2. Thy name is poured forth As this; its fragrance shed Shall draw us, that we ever may By Thee henceforth be led.
3. Lo, smitten for our sins, From this sweet waters flow, And ever, through our desert life Beside us still they go.
4. Into that Heavenly Fold The only way am I, Enter by this—and, sheltered, safe, In pastures green, you'll lie.
5. Before the Lamb in robes of white, In every hand a palm, With mighty voice, the ransomed shout This keynote of their Psalm.
6. As this—for us, within the veil, Lo! Christ the righteous stands; For those who sin He pleadeth there, Lifting up holy hands.
7. Abide in this—ye, nourished thus, A fruitful branch may prove, Keep my commandments, so shall ye Continue in my love.
8. Suffering for us—the Holy One— Christ left us this, that we May follow in His steps, who bare Our sins upon the tree.
9. That Israel of old might live This in their need was given, Type of life-giving, living Bread For men sent down from Heaven.
10. As this—shall He who's Jesse's root, For all the people stand, To it shall all the Gentiles seek From many a far-off land. A helpless man is sinking Beneath tempestuous waves; In my initials you will find His cry to Him who saves. Each son of Adam's race Must turn with that same cry. To him who came to save the lost And give them life on high. He waits with longing heart— Freely his life he gives— Oh! take it from his pierced hand, Who takes it ever lives.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE CORNER NO 17.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.—(1) 2 Sam. 20: 19; (2) Ishb'beroth, 2 Sam. 21: 16; (3) Doeg, 1 Sam. 22: 19; (4) Eleazar, the son of Dodo, 2 Sam. 21: 10; (5) Benaiah, 2 Sam. 20: 21; (6) After numbering the people, 2 Sam. 24.

BIBLE STUDY.

Balsam, or Balm of Gilead; Josephus; the Queen of Sheba; Jericho; Bruce; Balsam; the Sultan Selim, who conquered Egypt and Arabia in 1517 Constantinople; Jeremiah viii, 22.