

"Very little. The condition of these people seems hopeless; and they are hopeless. All that we can do is to help them from time to time; and we find them always where we left them, or if possible, yet lower, more degraded, more wretched. And at the bottom of it all is drunkenness. The men are always more or less drunk, and the women are almost as bad. They earn a little money, and they get drunk. Husband and wife get drunk together; they quarrel; they fight; and the children grow up with this before them. They are never really quite sober unless they are starving or ill. What can be done for such people? How can they or their condition be made better?" The tears gushed from her eyes as she spoke. I knew that it was so. My own observation, very small and of little worth as compared with hers, had yet shewn me this. And I was struck with horror at the besotted condition of so many of the women—women who were bearing children every year, and suckling them, and who seemed to be little better than foul human stills, through which the accursed liquor with which they were soaked, filtered drop by drop into the little drunkards at their breasts. To these children drunkenness comes unconsciously, like their mother tongue. They cannot remember a time when it was new to them. They come out of the cloud-land of infancy with the impression that drunkenness is one of the normal conditions of man, like hunger or like sleep. Punishment for mere drunkenness, unaccompanied by violence, must seem strange to them, one of the exactiments which separate them from the superior classes, from whom come to them, as from a sort of Providence, both good and evil.—*Richard Grant White.*

FIVE CENTS.

"Well, my boy," said John's employer, holding out his hand for the change, "did you get what I sent you for?"

"Yes sir," said John; "and here is the change, but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two cents change, and there are only seventeen."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money?"

"No, sir; I counted it over in the hall to be sure it was all right."

"Then perhaps the clerk made a mistake in giving you the change?"

But John shook his head. "No, sir, I counted that too. Father said we must always count our change before we leave a store."

"Then how in the world do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"

John's cheeks were red, but his voice was firm: "I don't account for it sir; I can't. All that I know is that it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for that five-cent piece that is hiding inside your coat sleeve?"

John looked down quickly, and caught the gleaming bit with a little cry of pleasure. "Here you are!" he said. "Now it is all right. I could not imagine what had become of that five-cent piece. I knew I had it when I started from the store."

"There are two or three little things that I know now," Mr. Brown said, with a satisfied air. "I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth, whether it sounds well or not—three important things in an errand boy. I think I'll try you, young man, without looking farther."

At this John's cheeks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up, and finally said, in a low voice: "I think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the change if you didn't ask me."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown; "and if you had done it, you would have lost the situation; that's all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over five cents, whether he is asked questions or not."

WEALTH OF OLD ROMANS.

According to Cicero the debts of A. Milo, amounted to above twenty-eight million dollars; Julius Cesar, when setting out for Spain, is reported to have said himself, that he was ten million dollars worse than nothing. When he first went to Rome, after crossing the Rubicon, he took from the public treasury five million five hundred thousand dollars, but at the end of the civil war put 24,000,000 dollars in it. He purchased the friendship of Curio with a bribe of over two million five hundred thousand, and of the Consul L. Paulus, with half that sum.

Cicero was worth in real estate over eight million dollars, and about as much in money, furniture and slaves. Seneca was worth over twenty million. Lentulus, the augur, over sixteen million. Augustus realized by the testament of his friends over one hundred and sixty-one million. Tiberius left at his death nearly one hundred million, which Caligula spent in less than one year, and Vespasian at his succession said that he required for the support of the State over \$1,614,000,000. Nevertheless, though greatly enriched by her conquests, imperial Rome never came into the full inheritance of the high wealth of the East, and the larger quantity of the precious metals must have remained excluded from the calculations of ancient historians.—*Anon.*

THE LITERARY KITCHEN.

There is a lady living in a little four-roomed cottage in the environs of Boston, whose name is well known to the literary people. She depends wholly upon her own exertions for the support of herself and children, and does all her own housework, yet her cottage is the focus of the best society of the locality. A gentleman calling there recently was received at the door by a daughter of the lady, who told him her mother was too busy to be called, but that he could see her in the kitchen, if he pleased; and he followed her to that room. The lady greeted him without the least

embarrassment, though she had on a big apron and her sleeves were pinned back to her shoulders. She was cutting a pumpkin into strips for pies; and there sat a venerable gentleman, gravely paring the strips to the accompaniment of brilliant conversation. I was asked to guess who this gentleman was, and after several fruitless attempts, was told that it was the poet Longfellow. While the pumpkin-paring was in process another distinguished poet called, and he also insisted upon being impressed into the service. It was a dreary day outside, and no one cared to leave the pleasant cottage, so they all stayed to lunch, one of the pies forming the *piece de resistance* of the occasion. Speaking of this incident afterward the lady said:

"My friends are kind enough to come to see me, though they know I cannot leave my work to entertain them. Visiting and work must proceed together; and when I set my callers at work with me, we are sure to have an agreeable time."

RESTFULNESS.

Long time my restlers wishes fought and strove,
Long time I bent me to the heavy task
Of winning such full recompense of love
As dream could paint, importunate fancy ask.

Morning and night a hunger filled my soul;
Ever my eager hands went out to sue:
And still I sped toward a shifting goal,
And still the horizon widened as I flew.

There was no joy in love, but jealous wrath;
I walked athirst all day, and did not heed
The wayside brooks which followed by my path
And held their cooling threadlets to my need.

But now, these warring fancies left behind,
I sit in clear air with the sun o'erhead
And take my share, repining not, and find
Perpetual feast in just such daily bread:

Asking no more than what unasked is sent;
Freedom is dearer still than love may be;
And I, my dearest, am at last content:
Content to love thee and to leave thee free.

Love me then not, for pity nor for prayer,
But as the sunshine loveth and the rain,
Which sped them gladly through the upper air
Because the gracious pathway is made plain.

And as we watch the slant lines, gold and dun,
Bridge heaven's distance, all intent to bless,
And cavil not if we or other one
Shall have the larger portion or the less.

So with unvexed eye I mark and see
Where blessed and blessing your sweet days are spent,
And, though another win more love from thee,
Having my share I am therewith content.

LEARN ACCURACY FOR ONE THING.

Every boy and girl should determine to be accurate. In studying lessons be sure to get the exact meaning; in talking state the truth of the thing; in working, do everything just right. I have lately heard of two boys who worked in the same store. They were named John and James. Their duties were alike, and they were required to be at the store at half-past seven in the morning. John was always there on the minute, or a few minutes before the time; James came the same number of minutes after. When John arranged the goods in the windows they were accurately marked and priced; James forgot to put the number on, or priced them incorrectly.

These are only two of the things which marked the distinction between the two boys. But every day and week they grew further apart—John doing his work accurately, and therefore well; James slighting all he conveniently could. Soon John was promoted for carefulness in his duties. James was warned to alter his manner, and finally discharged. The accurate boy grew to be a wealthy, self-made man. Men liked to deal with him; they were sure of being treated fairly. James tried several positions, but lost them on account of his inaccuracy in little details, and though he gets through the world somehow, he has not the happiness and success which with the same opportunities John achieved.

There are many things that tend to make a noble character. Place accuracy high in the list.—*School Journal.*

THE "Country Parson" gives an anecdote of President Lincoln: "He was a wise man, and something more, that American President who one morning said to an evil-boding prince, 'My rule through life has been never to cross the Great Bigmuddy creek till I came to it.' I could quote very grave words expressing exactly the same sentiment, but not here. And I could, if need were, quote an authority several millions of times more venerable than great and good Abraham Lincoln. All I add is, that till we learn by lengthened education we all tend to cross the Great Bigmuddy creek many times before we come to it, and find it in anticipation a great deal bigger and more muddy than in fact it proves to be. I recall very clearly a good old lady of eighty years, who said to me: 'Do you know I always used to keep myself anxious by looking ahead, but now I am quite happy, and I'll tell you how I do it: Day by day, day by day.' She meant what she said, I know. And she did it."

NOTHING is necessary which is not eternal, or which does not lead to eternity.

DON'T let us ever stop our work to mourn over the low state of Zion, but get a little nearer to the Great Head of the Church. Let us lay hold by an active faith on the promises of God, and go forward.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE Presbyterian Church of Australia proposes to undertake, as soon as possible, the entire support of the Presbyterian mission in the New Hebrides.

THERE are now in India 644 foreign missionaries, 682 native preachers, 6,836 native helpers, and 130,958 communicants. The most auspicious fact is the rapid growth of the native ministry. The increase since 1850 has been fourteenfold, while the number of foreign missionaries has not doubled. The increase of communicants has been sevenfold.

ST. BRUCEDALE Free Church, Kircaldy, which has been opened for public worship, is said to be the finest ecclesiastical edifice in Fifeshire. It has been erected at a cost of £20,000, and contains a memorial window to the late Rev. Dr. Carstairs Douglas, the Chinese missionary. Two members of the Church subscribed £3,000 each towards its cost, and others also gave handsome contributions.

THERE is a pleasant story of a rebuke once administered by Admiral Farragut in a most neat and decorous, but very effective, manner, to a tobacco smoking bishop. At dinner with Farragut, and after the meal was over, the bishop, about to select a cigar, offered the bunch to the sailor. "Have a cigar, admiral?" said he. "No, bishop," said the admiral, with a quizzical glance; "I don't smoke—I swear a little, sometimes."

THE Dean of Chester, speaking at a meeting at a deaconess' institution recently, said: "The revised translation of 1 Timothy iii. 11, would shew that in the ancient church the word 'deaconess' did not mean merely the wives of deacons, but a separate organization of women deacons. Had this passage been so read heretofore the English people would not have so long allowed that ancient institution of the Church to remain in abeyance."

THE men of Ross-shire, in Scotland, are of the sternest type of Calvinists now to be found. One who wishes that their religion had more "sweetness and light" testifies of them: "In no county in Scotland is there less illegitimacy. Flagrant crime is almost unknown. No householder need have a lock upon his door. Public worship is well attended. Family worship is largely practised. The people are honest, hard-working, peaceful; submitting at times to great hardship and cruelty with patience; faithful, whether as servants or friends."

THE efforts of the German traveller, Herr Rohlf, who consented not long since to represent Egypt in negotiations for the establishment of mutual relations between that country and Abyssinia on a more friendly basis, have, it appears, been entirely successful. King John has conferred upon Herr Rohlf full powers to conclude a peace with Egypt, and that gentleman has arrived at Cairo en route to Berlin to obtain authority to so act from the German Emperor, and to take Prince Bismarck's advice as to the basis of a treaty. He reports Abyssinia as successful in its war with the Gallas, whose territory has been annexed. The establishment of a firm peace between the two countries, it is hoped, will lead to the complete abolition of the slave trade, for which Abyssinia is at present the great depot and outlet.

THE religious condition of Italy is thus described by a writer in "Scribner's Magazine": "That the losses of the Roman Church have been serious can hardly be disputed. Between the Holy See and the governing classes of Italy the breach is wide; the loss of prestige that the Pope has suffered is altogether irreparable. It was a curious commentary upon the decree of the Vatican Council proclaiming the supremacy of the Pope to see Victor Emmanuel marching into Rome within a twelvemonth, and taking the sceptre out of the hands of the supreme pontiff. Few Italians outside of the clerical orders failed to applaud when the Holy Father was thus despoiled of his realm; their patriotism triumphed over their devotion to the head of the Church. The Pope was thus put in a sorry plight in the eyes of those who still wished to be good Catholics, his complaints and oburgations might excite their pity, but did not convince their judgment. And when they found themselves wishing that His Holiness would make less fuss about his imprisonment, they must have experienced some misgivings concerning his supremacy and infallibility."

THE "Evangelist" says that the difficulty between France and Tunis brings into prominence the once renowned but now obscure and insignificant country of Hannibal and Augustine. As late as the tenth century, Tunis, which is about as large territorially as the State of New York, contains no less than seventeen millions of inhabitants. Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century it had a population of five millions. But now its population, estimated by some at two millions, and by others at no more than a million and a half, is continually decreasing. Among its inhabitants, who are chiefly Mohammedans, are 25,000 Roman Catholics, and only about one hundred Protestants. The early Christian Church contained one hundred and thirty-two Episcopal Sees within its limits. Since it has for centuries been free from what Col. Ingersoll calls the curse of Christianity, perhaps he can explain why it has steadily run down instead of entering, as it should have done according to his principles, upon a new career of prosperity. The trade of Tunis is inconsiderable. In 1878 there were three short railroads in the country and 550 miles of telegraph lines. If France shall assert her control over it, as she has done over the bordering State of Algeria, she will add somewhat to the extent, though very little to the value, of her colonial possessions in Northern Africa.

CHARACTER is a perfectly educated will.

THE comfort of the Scriptures, the source of its inspiration to man in all ages of his troubled pilgrimage, is that in the midst of the system of things it reveals an intelligent will, a living God.