

...asses were filled, but beyond a quiet refusal, he made no remark; and though he called upon Josephine at long intervals, he never again sat down at her table.

For a few years Josephine Morgan led a gay life. If to have a full purse, to dress handsomely, to have a handsome turnout at her command, to keep up a constant round of balls and parties and places of amusement could bring happiness, then Josephine was happy. If to have a handsome house, and well-trained servants to keep it in order; if to have a host of admirers and flatterers; if to have one's husband never sober; if to have him either staidly drunk or wild with partial intoxication two or three times a week, if this would bring misery, then Josephine Morgan was a miserable woman. Was it any wonder that the stimulant which she found necessary in her school-days was resorted to constantly in these days of awakening to the knowledge of the fact that she was a drunkard's wife? Before she had been six months a wife her husband would often remain away from her three or four days; and she knew not which to dread the more, his not coming, or his coming. If he did not come, she feared that some calamity had befallen him, and if he came she feared lest in the delirium of his drunkenness he might commit some deed of violence. Mr. Morgan appeared to her in a new character. Hitherto she had known him only as the polished gentleman. He had treated her and his aunt, and all other women in whose society she had seen him, with deference; he had always spoken of religion and of ministers and churches with profound respect; his business and its associations had been kept carefully out of sight, and this new phase of his character was somewhat startling. He could not afford to keep up the appearance of a gentleman when once he had given his real self. He was profane, obscene and blasphemous, as the outgrowth of his business associations; and in his own house, in the presence of his young wife, he soon threw off all restraint, and indulged in the indecent songs and unclean jokes of the saloon. Josephine had been quite unused to anything of the sort. In her early home there had been poverty and thriftless ways; her father had been morose, and her mother fretful, yet there had never been vulgarity or uncleanly speech; though the tones were harsh or fretful, the language was always pure, and naturally refined and ladylike. Coarseness and vulgarity in her husband were especially revolting to Josephine, and when she realized that his moral sense and his conscience were confused and dwarfed by the influence and associations into which he was brought by his business relations, her first impulse was to hide herself from all the world, especially from her own family. The next determination was to seek her own pleasure, and she soon drew around her a circle of admirers, some of whom were unfit companions for a pure woman. For months, as I have said, she led a life of gayety; so recklessly gay did she become that even Mrs. Stuart remonstrated, and Josephine turned fiercely upon her old friend with reproaches:

"Don't talk to me! You made me what I am, if you don't like your work it is a pity, because it is too late to alter it. You and your precious nephew did a good winter's work, and if you or not satisfied with it, you will do well to let me run my course, and then you can try your hands on some other innocent girl."

"Josephine, you talk insanely!" "Do I? Well, it may be that I do; it would not be strange if I should lose my reason."

"Why, Josie! isn't Morgan kind to you?" "Kind? O yes, he is kind. Look at the silks and velvets in that wardrobe; look at the jewels in that box; look at these handsome rooms; look at the gold which he put in my purse this very morning. See for yourself if he is kind. I could give you other and more startling proofs of his kindness,"—this last she added bitterly,—but on the whole I think I'd better not. It is not always well to parade the proofs of affection, even to your most intimate friends. O, yes, he is kind."

"Josie, I believe you take too much wine yourself," said Mrs. Stuart, speaking kindly, but seriously.

"Well, what if I do! Who taught me to drink wine? I was an ignorant girl when I came to this city. I have learned many accomplishments, and learning to drink wine

is one of them. I used to think it was wrong. One of your nephews thought so, and taught me to believe that it was, but your other nephew, with your help, taught me differently; and if I have proved an apt scholar, you ought to be proud of your work. But you need not be troubled; I shall try and keep my head clear, and I am a match for Will Morgan yet!"

"But, Josephine, you really ought to be careful about your selection of friends. A child like you ought not to be seen in company with a man like Col. Mills."

"Indeed! Why, my dear Mrs. Stuart, I first met Col. Mills in this house. He was an invited guest at one of my husband's dinner parties. Of course, people who are fit associates for him, ought to be proper friends for his wife."

"That does not follow. A man meets men in business relations to whom, as a matter of policy, he is bound to pay some attentions; but whom he might not like his wife to choose for her friends."

But Josephine would not listen; and altogether Mrs. Stuart's attempt at reformation proved a failure. Josephine pursued her recklessly gay course, defying her friends, her husband and her conscience.

Mr. Morgan had proved himself to be an invaluable assistant to the firm by whom he was employed, and had been promoted, and was now receiving a very large salary, which enabled him to keep Josephine well supplied with money. In spite of his dissipated habits, he was able to keep a clear head for business.

No matter how deeply he drank at night, he always came out straight by the time office hours came around again. He might come in at night, raving like a madman, and break every dish on the tea-table, or follow his wife about with a loaded pistol, but he would appear at his late breakfast, "shaven and shorn," with scarcely a trace of last night's debauch. If his attention was drawn to the broken crockery, he would laugh and say:

"Oh, well, we will have a new set. I suppose if I chose to play ball with the tea-cups, I can do so, as long as I pay for them."

Also for Josephine St. John, dragged down to this man's level! Alas for any young girl going out from home unfortified by a living Christian faith!

(To be Continued.)

PENS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

"Aunt Marian, I heard you say the other day that you liked quill pens," said Tom one morning, coming in with a handful of goose quills, "so I thought I'd bring you some from our geese."

"Oh, thank you, Tom!" said Aunt Marian. "I do like them very much, they are so much more flexible than steel pens."

"I suppose people had to use them, whether they liked them or not, in old times before steel pens were made," said Tom. "Yes," said Aunt Marian, "but fine pens were not needed until paper began to be manufactured. In very early times writing was done on stone or metallic plates with a graver of steel, which is spoken of in the Bible as an 'iron pen'; and for the waxed tablets of the ancients a sharp instrument called a style was used. The early Arabs wrote their poetry and other compositions on the shoulder bones of sheep. For writing on papyrus, reed pens about the size of a swan's quill were used, with fluid ink. After the introduction of paper the quills of the goose, the swan, and the crow came into use, and for several centuries these articles were in great demand. In Poland and Russia immense flocks of geese were raised chiefly for their quills."

"In 1803 a Mr. Wise of Great Britain produced a barrel-shaped steel pen, mounted in a bone case for carrying in the pocket, but it was clumsy and expensive; and it was not until Mr. Gillet of Birmingham introduced his famous steel pens, that people began to abandon quills. In the school I went to, when I was a little girl, quills were used altogether; and the making and mending of pens took a great deal of the teacher's time. He was a tall man and wore glasses, being a little near-sighted; and one day while he was mending my pen some one called at the door to see him. As soon as the visitor went away he came back with his penknife in his hand. 'Where is your pen, Miss Marian?' he asked in his stern voice. I told him that I had not had it,

'But I certainly left it on your desk,' he said; and then the boys and girls began to laugh, for there was the pen stuck behind his ear, with three or four others that he had had in his hand keeping it company."

"I don't wonder the scholars laughed," said Tom; "but I've found out something; that's why they call them pen-knives, because they used them for making and mending pens. I never thought of that before."

"But what kind of ink did they use in old times, Aunt Marian?" asked Grace, who had come in behind Tom so softly that Aunt Marian did not know she was there.

"Various kinds, you sly puss," said Aunt Marian, slipping an arm around Grace and giving her a kiss. "It is thought that in the early ages common ink was made of water and pulverized charcoal, with the addition of some kind of gum. The ink used by the ancient Romans was a dark purple liquid obtained from a species of fish; and the Chinese and Japanese from very early times have used the preparation which we call Indian ink,—applying it with fine brushes. In Japan the children carry to school a box, containing camel-hair brushes and a cake of this ink, and when the copy is written, the copy-book is hung up to dry. It is the custom in their homes to see who can be up in time to write the first copy on New Year's morning, as it is believed that the one who is first is sure to become a great scholar, so there are some early risers among the Japanese little folks on New Year's morning."

"I don't think I'd like writing with brushes," said Grace; "it would be too much like painting."

"I should think they might just as well use pen and ink," said Tom; "anybody can make ink. We boys made some once of elder berries, and put up a dozen bottles to sell."

"And what did you get for them?" asked Aunt Marian, taking up one of Tom's quills and beginning to shape it into a pen.

"Nothing," said Grace, with a teasing little laugh.

"Yes we did," said Tom meekly; "we got a scolding when our cuffs and handkerchiefs came out of the wash."—Christian Intelligencer.

WHAT DID IT.

"A glass of milk and a bun, if you please," says a young lad as he lays down his two-pence on the counter of the confectioner's shop where he daily resorts at noon—his own home being too far from his employer's office to dine there. At the other end of the counter stands Mr. —, his Sunday-school teacher, tossing off his glass of beer, while talking earnestly with a friend. The lad had never tasted beer—his father had liked it too well—his mother had died broken-hearted when he was very young, and for her sake, whose memory he loved, he had stood firm against that which had robbed her of her husband's care and him of a father's protection. How he wondered to see his teacher drink! he who had begged his scholars so often to avoid all temptation to evil, and who only last Sunday had entreated all in the class to listen to the Good Shepherd's voice and follow Him, and who had even kept the boys behind to pray with them and to beg them to pray for themselves. Could he be taking beer? He thought it had been beer that his teacher meant when he warned them against anything that might lead them from Christ, but he must have been wrong. Perhaps beer was not dangerous to Christian people, only to drunkards like his father; at all events it could not be so bad as the Band of Hope conductor told them on Monday, and yet he had joined the Band of Hope because his dear teacher advised it. He was sorely perplexed. The next day—and the next—as he asked for his milk over the counter he thought of his teacher's beer, and then he considered if, after all, milk was not rather cold for that weather, and if beer would not warm him up better. And so the devil got his own way with the lad! Already the desire to try was getting stronger, the shrinking from the deadly thing grew weaker, and before many weeks had passed the Sunday scholar was missing from his class—the Band of Hope boy from his place in the meeting, and might be found wandering in the country with ungodly companions on the Sunday, and at the dancing and singing saloons on the week night.

But the Sunday school teacher only warned the other boys afresh, and "never thought"

that his glass of beer at the confectioner's shop "had done it."—Mrs. Hard Smith.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS. (From Paloube's Select Notes.)

July 12.—1 Kings 12: 25-33.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Have a brief review of the last lesson, so as to enter upon this with a clear understanding of the circumstances.

By questioning the class, present a vivid picture of Jeroboam and his kingdom as they stood upon the threshold of their career. What bright prospects were before them! A bold, free, energetic, prosperous people; a talented and experienced king; promise of success from God; every reason to hope for a noble career.

Subject.—Bright hopes blasted by disobedience.

I. They were destroyed by a worldly policy which distrusted God. Jeroboam went to work to bring about the things promised by a course which forfeited the promise itself.

Illustration. Jacob's course in obtaining the birthright blessing by fraud. It had been promised him, and instead of trusting God to fulfil this promise in his own way, he robbed Esau of it, fearing that in no other way could he obtain it. He obtained it, but a curse with it was the fruit of his method of obtaining it, instead of the unalloyed blessing God had for him.

There was reason in Jeroboam's fear of the dangers he foresaw. His own rebellion against Solomon in former days increased these fears.

Illustration. Scott, in *Marmion*, shows Lord Marmion,

"Who scarce could brook
Even from his king a naughty look,"
trembling before the song of a stranger,
"Which full upon his conscience strook."

"For when within
Men shrink at sense of secret sin,
A leather daint the brave;
A fool's evil speech surrounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their weanest slave."

There are many temptations to repeat in our day Jeroboam's worldly policy, especially in seeking wealth or honors.

II. This worldly policy led the king and people into idolatry, as described in the text. It resulted much worse than the king intended. He meant still to worship Jehovah, only in a forbidden way. But when one commandment was broken, all evils could enter the broken wall of the fortress of righteousness.

Illustration. There was an abbot who desired a piece of ground that lay conveniently for him. The owner refused to sell; yet with much persuasion was contented to let it. The abbot hired it, and covenanted only to farm it for one crop; he had his bargain, and sowed it with acorns,—a crop that lasted three hundred years. So Satan asks to get possession of our souls by asking us to permit some small sin to enter, some one wrong that seems of no great account. But when once he has entered and planted the seeds and beginnings of evil, he holds his ground, and sins and evils multiply.

Illustration. Jeroboam's policy in keeping his people from going up to Jerusalem to worship was precisely the policy of Abderrahmann, caliph of Spain, when he arrested the movement of his subjects to Mecca by the erection of the holy place of the Zecca at Cordova, and of Abd-el-Malik when he built the Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem, because of his quarrel with the authorities of Mecca.—Stanley.

III. Show the disastrous result of this sinful policy in Jeroboam's career, and that of the nation. He threw away all he might have been. He trampled the divine pearls under his feet. Show how this is the continual and necessary result of seeking success or wealth, or happiness, by doing wrong.

FROMAGE is another delicate dish for tea; it is of English origin, but does not seem to have suffered by being transplanted to our side of the Atlantic. Beat separately the yolks and whites of four eggs; take the weight of two eggs in butter, and the same in grated cheese. Mix the butter and yolks together, stir in the cheese, a little salt, and sprinkle in a few grains of red pepper; beat well, and add the whites the last thing. Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes, and serve as soon as it is taken out.