

ago the saloon was a thing unknown in the United States. We imported the accursed thing from Europe, and now 200,000 leeches are fattened by it, and 3,000,000 wait on the saloon leeches, get poorer, and grow mad in sin and crime.

Dr. Story insists that deaths by alcohol reach the number of 100,000 every year in this country, and England and Germany would certainly furnish as many more. We cry out over the slaughter of 500,000 strong men in four years by the last gigantic war, yet every five years alcohol furnishes an equal number of victims. Every year 20,000 in India die of snake-bites, but what is the snake in the grass compared with the snake in the glass? Are we a Christian, are we even a civilized people? And yet the optimist shouts, Progress?

The official report says the total money expended for liquors in 1883 in the United States amounted to \$900,000,000. Nine hundred millions for red-rum which spelled backwards means *murder*! And murder it is. Beside these awful figures of evil the figures of good shrink into insignificance.

TERRIBLE FIGURES.

Nine hundred millions! Do we realize the vastness of this sum wasted yearly by our 60,000,000 people? Let me try to show it. When Vanderbilt died he left, it is said, \$200,000,000. But our liquor bill—useless and devilish—is more than fourfold greater in a single year than the wealth of the richest man on this continent. In standard silver dollars piled up on top of one another, Vanderbilt's wealth would reach a height of 355 miles. Multiply this by four and a half, and you have the dizzy height to which you must pile up the dollars of the liquor bill. The lofty column, a mad world's monument to crime, would stretch away from the earth into the sky 1,600 miles! It is a sin that "reaches unto heaven." Unrepented of, hugged as a rare blessing, persisted in tenaciously, increasing year by year, every solemn year of our Lord, shall not a just God avenge this colossal crime speedily.—*Rev. T. D. Taylor.*

"How mournfully we write it or speak it at times, *We have nothing left but God!*" As though that were the extreme of destitution, just one spark of hope to save from despair, one faint star only, glimmering through the deep, black night! Nothing left but Infinite Power, Infinite Wisdom, and Infinite Love! Why, having this, we have all the blessedness and wealth of heaven, the full joy of immortals, the glory and peace of the redeemed in the mansions of light."

SET APART FOREVER.

Miss Havergal wrote the following golden sentence: I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever. For the Lord is our keeper, and He is the Almighty and the Everlasting God, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. He will never change His mind about keeping us, and no man is able to pluck us out of His hand. He that keepeth us will not slumber. Once having undertaken His vineyard, He will keep it night and day till all the day, and nights are over, and we know the full meaning of the salvation ready to be revealed in the last time, unto which we are kept by His power. And then, forever with Him, passing from the gracious keeping by faith for this little while to the glorious keeping in His presence for all eternity. Forever filling the object for which He formed us and chose us, we showing forth his praise and He showing forth the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us in the ages to come. He for us and we for Him forever. O! how little we can grasp this! Yet this is the fruition of being kept for Jesus.

"Set apart to love Him,
And His love to know,
Not to waste affection
On a passing show;
Called to give Him life and heart,
Called to pour the hidden treasure
That none other claims to measure,
Into His beloved hand, thrice blessed set apart.

"Set apart forever
For Himself alone!
Now we see our calling
Gloriously shown.
Owning with no secret dread,
This our holy separation,
Now the crown of consecration,
Of the Lord our God shall rest upon our willing head."

Christian Advocate.

"George Macdonald says a man is only growing old when he ceases to have sympathy for the young. That is a sign that his heart has begun to wither, and that is a dreadful kind of old age. When we are out of sympathy for the young, then I think our work in this world is over. The heart needs never be old. Indeed it should always be growing younger. Some of us feel younger—do we not?—than when we were nine or ten. Only that person in whom the child's heart hath not died, can successfully teach the young."