

And this piece of advice may be worth more than gold;

Remember it, practise it, tell it your friend—

*'Tis not what you earn, but it is what you spend.*

*Shun drink, 'tis an enemy; spurn its control,*

*Or be sure it will ruin you body and soul.*

And now my dear friends I think you see why

I'm so anxious that each his own cherries should buy.

—Band of Hope Review.

### SKETCHES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

In conclusion I will give two or three sketches of every-day life amongst us at this time.

A man who was living with a woman, not his wife, and was much given to drunkenness, was awakened. The first thing he did was to get properly married, and wholly to give up brandy; but he had been so long used to the stimulant that he had terrible physical suffering to endure from the sudden change, and was only supported by constant prayer. Upon the occasion of a visit that he paid to certain of his relatives, he met with a great deal of ridicule on account of his having grown pious and left off brandy, and at length, to show that he was a free agent, he consented to to drink a small quantity. At once the old temptation came upon him in full force, and he got drunk. I have scarcely ever seen a man so downcast and depressed as he was in consequence of this fall, and much time and tender consolation were needed to restore him. He now made a rule of putting by all the money that he would formerly have consumed in drink. At the end of a year he showed me, with much delight, the amount of his savings, and the new coat that he bought therewith was indeed a true robe of honour.

A woman, whose husband was in the habit of spending his week's wages, in gaming and drinking at the public-house, on Saturday evenings, led a very wretched and very quarrelsome married life. But sorrow and God's word together changed her heart; she grew gentle and patient, and bore her heavy cross in a strength not her own. While her husband was at the tavern, she would keep crying to God, who can turn the heart of man at his will. One evening her husband came back earlier than usual; he had got into a dispute with his companion about the game they were playing. From words they had come to blows, and he had been knocked down. His wife, received him most kindly, prepared him as good a supper as ever she could, and then took up Starke's prayer-book to read the evening benediction. Her husband listened and then went to bed, but there was no sleep for him that night. He woke his wife, saying, "Mother, I am too wretched, I can bear it no longer; I shall certainly be lost." The good woman began at once, in full confidence of faith, to return thanks to the hearer of prayer, while her husband went on imploring grace and forgiveness. With many tears he asked his wife's pardon for all the wrong he had done her, and went to kiss his sleeping children. His wife, on her part, confessed, with all humility that she had been equally to blame for her quarrelsome temper, and prayed him to forgive her. The next morning, at breakfast, he burnt his pack of cards. Great was the joy of the poor woman, who used often to declare that she had the best husband in all the world.

The son of a pious man enlisted in a regiment of the guards. His father accompanied him to his quarters, exhorted him to remember his daily prayers, and on parting from him, spoke as follows:—"My son, if our gracious God brings thy sins to remembrance

when thou art among strangers, stand still and take of thy hat, for the Lord is about to speak with thee." The young man entered the barracks with the best intentions; at first he was much ridiculed by his comrades on account of his habit of prayer, then he quite left it off and forgot all about it. The first time, however, that he mounted guard, and had to take off his helmet at evening prayer, his father's words returned to his mind; he prayed in very deed, and the Holy Spirit brought his sins to his remembrance. This was how the turning-point of his life came about, and the letter that he wrote on the subject to his father occasioned much joy and thankfulness in his old home.

On one occasion, it was past midnight when I returned from the district connected with the chapel of ease, where I had been administering the last Sacrament to a dying man.—My way lay near the churchyard; the moon was shining brightly. I climbed over the wall and stood for a while beside the grave of the dear child I had recently lost. All at once I heard the sighs and groans of great distress, and looking round, found they proceeded from a half-clothed woman, who lay upon one of the neighbouring graves. She was the wife of a drunkard, who had returned home late; she had quarrelled with him about it, upon which, he had dragged her out of bed and turned her out of doors. Her old and respectable father had over and over again warned her, but in vain. She took to evil courses, and finally married this confirmed toper. Now she lay there, crying, "O had I but listened to my old father, alas! alas! how much sorrow I gave him." In her agony of mind she sought for refuge on her father's grave. Our sins against those who loved us the most, bring misery in their train. What, then, must be the sufferings of lost souls who have neglected and despised all the patience, grace, and love of the Lord Jesus, who so often called them, and entreated them in vain! —*Doctor Buchsel.*

### HER LAST HALF CROWN.

Hugh Miller, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left, and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said, "Come in," and, looking towards the entrance, saw a little ragged child all wet with sleet. "Are ye Hugh Miller?" "Yes."—"Mary Duff wants ye." "What does she want?" "She's deein'." Some misty recollections of the name made him at once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick, he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High Street into the Canongate. By the time he got to the Old Playhouse Close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff; a lively girl who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason's marriage, where Mary was "best maid," and he "best man." He seemed still to see her bright, young, careless face, her tidy shortgown, and her dark eyes, and to hear her bantering, merry tongue.

Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty; in the passage she held out her hand and touched him; taking it in his great palm, he felt that she wanted a thumb. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying "That's her!" vanished. By the light of a dying fire he saw, lying in the corner of the large empty room, something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer became aware

of a thin pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly up at him. The eyes were plainly Mary's Duff's, though he could recognize no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. "Are you Mary Duff?" "It's a' that's o' me, Hugh." She then tried to speak to him, something, plainly, of great urgency, but she couldn't; and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feverish hand, and said he would call again in the morning. He could get no information about her from the neighbours; they were surly or asleep.

When he returned next morning, the little girl met him at the stair head, and said "She's deid." He went in, and found that it was true; there she lay, the fire out, her face placid, and the likeness to her maiden-self restored. Hugh thought he would have known her now, even with those bright black eyes closed, as they were, in *eternum*.

Seeking out a neighbour, he said he would like to bury Mary Duff and arranged for the funeral with an undertaker in the close. Little seemed to be known of the poor outcast, except that she was a "licht," or, as Solomon would have said, a "strange woman." "Did she drink?" "Whiles."

On the day of the funeral one or two residents in the close accompanied him to the Canongate Churchyard. He observed a decent-looking, little, old woman watching them, and following at a distance, though the day was wet and bitter. After the grave was filled, and he had taken off his hat, as the men finished their business by putting on and slapping the sod, he saw this old woman remaining; she came up, and, courtesying, said, "Ye wad ken that lass, sir?" "Yes; I knew her when she was young." The woman then burst into tears, and told Hugh that she "keeps a bit shop at the close-mouth, and Mary dealt wi' me, and aye paid reglar, and I was feared she was dead, for she had been a month awin' me half-a-crown;" and then, with a look and voice of awe, she told him how on the night he was sent for, and immediately after he had left, she had been awakened by some one in her room; and by her bright fire—for she was a *bein*, well-to-do body—she had seen the wasted, dying creature, who came forward and said, "Wasn't it half-a-crown?" "Yes." "There it is," and putting it under the bolster, vanished!

Poor Mary Duff! her life had been a sad one since the day when she had stood side by side with Hugh at the wedding of their friends. Her father died not long after, and her mother supplanted her in the affections of the man to whom she had given her heart. The shock made home intolerable. She fled from it blighted and embittered, and after a life of shame and misery, crept into the corner of her room to die alone.—*Dr. John Brown.*

### THE PUZZLE EXPLAINED.

"It puzzles me," said a gentleman to his friend, who was a member of the same congregation, "how you manage to give away so much as you do. You have not so large an income as I have; and yet, although I think that I give as much as I can, I frequently find that you give sovereigns where I give half-crowns, and five-pound notes where I give sovereigns. Tell me, how is it, for it puzzles me?"

"Come with me and I'll show you," was the reply. They walked into the dining-room, and opening a closet door, the friend pointed to the rows of empty bottles and decanters, and said, "I save it from the bottle."—*British Workman.*