

## MAN'S CHIFF END.

Wealth is not the highest object,  
Which the sons of men can gain;  
Pleasure never satisfieth,  
It is always mixed with pain.  
Honor is an empty bubble;  
Soon as grasped it fades from view,  
All that earth can give is fleeting,  
As the transient morning dew.

Is there then no worthy object,  
Is there then no highest end,  
Which we ought to set before us?  
Yes, there is, my youthful friend;  
There is wealth of boundless treasure,  
There are joys that never die,  
There are honors all unfading,  
In the glorious world on high.

If we love the Lord our Maker,  
If the Saviour is our friend,  
We possess the noblest object,  
We have gained the highest end.  
If our hearts are turned to heaven,  
We shall find our treasure there;  
We shall taste the truest pleasure,  
Radiant crowns of glory wear.

Sel.

## THE INTOLERANCE OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

"When I visited the prisons of St. Petersburg, I have already described the overcrowding that I found in the small prison, which is a kind of Clearing-House for the transfer of prisoners from one place to another, and for their temporary accommodation, pending their dispatch to Siberia, or to their own native province. Shortly afterwards I went to inspect a charitable institution on the northern bank of the Neva. When there, I was told that the gardener of the establishment, a Russian, from Smolensk, who had lived for fourteen years in the capital, bearing an irreproachable character, had held a little prayer-meeting in his own house. He was what is called in St. Petersburg a Pashkoffetz—that is to say, he was an Evangelical Christian of the school of Lord Radstock, given to the singing of Sankey's hymns, and to the inculcation of the familiar doctrines of English Evangelicalism. He was arrested, with his wife and child, carried off to this overcrowded old prison and thrust in with the rest. When his friends came to inquire, they were told that he might have to stay in the prison two months, or he might be sent

away in two days. Fortunately for him his time came before the week was over; but he was sent off with his family to Smolensk, nor was he suffered to return to the home and situation in which he had spent the last fourteen years of his life. When I remembered the condition of that overcrowded prison, and the thought of the offence for which the poor gardener had been first thrust in among criminals and then banished from the place where he was making a living, I felt that there was only a difference in degree between the various members of the firm of Diocletian, Torquemada, Pobedonostzeff & Co., Limited, and that the sole surviving partner is a worthy representative of the Roman Emperor and the Papal Inquisitor."  
—*Truths about Russia.*

## DRINKING A TEAR.

"Boys, I won't drink unless you take what I do," said old Josh Spilit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him with astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions makes us laugh. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures down us. You are the chief of mixed drinkers, and I won't agree to your conditions."

"He wants us to run in castor oil and brandy," said the Jude, who would have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square. Take my drink, and and I'm with you."

The boys agreed and all stood along the bar. They turned to Spilit, and all looked at him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said he, "give me a glass of water."

"What! water?"

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me, I'll admit, and it's a scarce article, I expect. Several days ago a party of us went fishing. We took a fine lot of whiskey along, and had a heap of fun. Long toward evening I got powerful drunk, and crawled off under a tree and went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey and came back to town. They thought it was a good joke because they had left me cut there drunk, and told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got hold of the report and told it at home. Well, I lay under the tree all night, and when I woke in the morning my wife sat right there be-